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August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

A Cooperative Project Between the Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives and the Boston Public Library (August 1993 - April 1994)

The Microfilming Project incorporates two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection of the Boston Public Library (BPL) Music Department. Their call number is **M.125.5. **The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Press Clippings collection of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives. They have the designation** Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repository:

Music Department
Boston Public Library
Post Office Box 286
Boston, MA 02117

Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOKS

1889 - 1973

132 VOLUMES

Source: Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives

FINDING AID

Boston Symphony Orchestra Scrapbooks (Series 56, Sub-Series 1)

Source: Press Office (Office of the Public Relations Director)

The BSO scrapbooks comprise part of one series in the BSO Archives. Series 56, Press Clippings, is divided by format into 3 sub-series: 1) Scrapbooks, 1889-1973 (132 volumes); 2) Loose Clippings, 1931-1991 (9 record cartons); and 3) Oversize Newspapers and Journals, 1919-1979 (1 oversize box). Each sub-series is arranged chronologically.

The scrapbooks contain concert notices and reviews, record reviews, and feature articles. Early scrapbooks may also contain programs, tickets, and subscription orders. Materials are organized by concert season into the following categories: BSO **(including tours);** Kneisel Quartet **(and later Boston Symphony Chamber Players); Boston** Pops **(referred to in early years as** Promenade **concerts); and** Tanglewood **(including the Tanglewood Music Center, the Tanglewood Festival, Tanglewood-on-Parade, and the Fromm Festival of Contemporary Music).**

Reviews and articles cover a wide range of subjects: Founder H.L. Higginson; BSO conductors, players, trustees, and other personnel; guest artists and composers; BSO and Pops performances and recordings; U.S. and overseas tours; BSO/Cecilia Society joint performances; open rehearsals; and special events connected to anniversary celebrations and fundraising.

Feature stories document changes in the size, composition, and location of the orchestra. Topics include the hiring of women and minorities; the unionization of players; controversies (such as the internment of conductor Karl Muck during World War II); the sale of the old Music Hall; and the construction of Symphony Hall and other structures (such as the Koussevitsky Music Shed at Tanglewood).

Reproductions of the materials in the collection may not be made without permission from the Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives.

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Series Name: **PRESS CLIPPINGS**
Series Number: **56**
Series Dates: **1889-1991**

Sub-series Name: **SCRAPBOOKS**
Sub-series Number: **1**
Sub-series Dates: **1889-1973**

VOLUME LISTING

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1	BSO	1889-1890
2	BSO Kneisel Quartet	1890-1891
3	BSO	1891-1892
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MATERIALS NOT FILMED

SUB-SERIES NUMBER	SUB-SERIES NAME	SUB-SERIES DATES
2	Loose Clippings	1931-1991
3	Oversize Newspapers and Journals	1919-1979

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TECHNICAL DATA

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VOLUME 52

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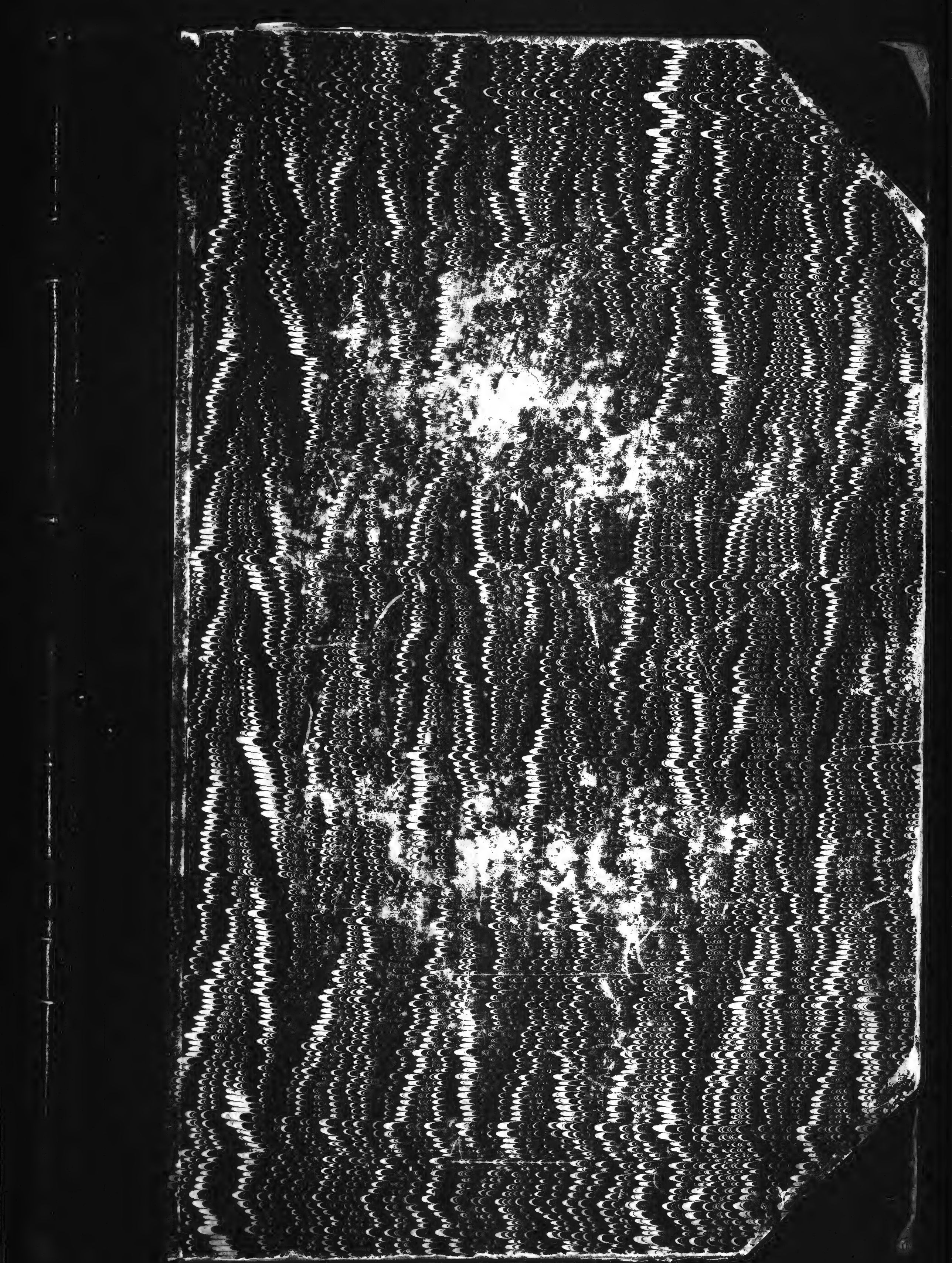
Pops
U.S. Tour

1929 - 1930



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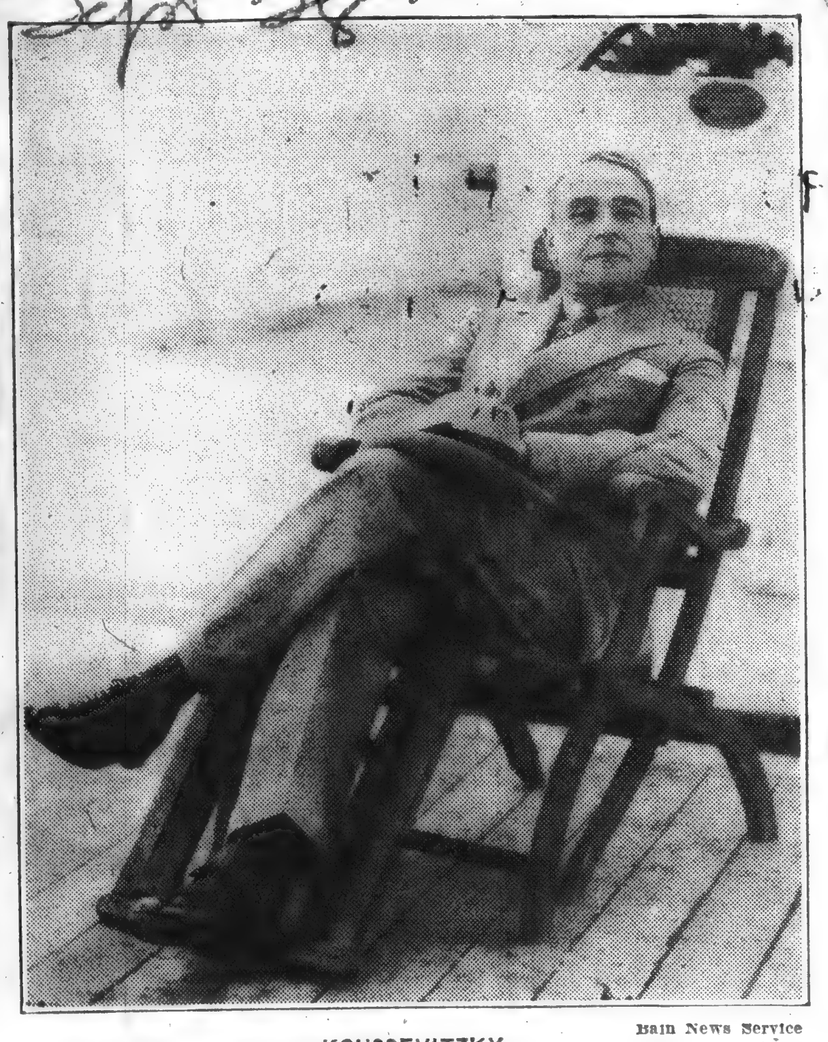
Boston - Sept. October - General

Post Sept 28, 1929

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON, SATURDAY, S

A Symphony in Smiles



KOUSSEVITZKY — Bain News Service

Koussevitzky Home, Goes Looking, With Madame, for Place to Live

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, came home yesterday to Boston, at least as much as a man may come home who must hurry directly from the train on a house-hunting expedition. By this time it is almost a classic of the Koussevitzky household that the first thing it does upon arriving in Boston after the European summer, is to hunt a house to spend the winter in.

You suspect it has got to be a little joke by now; madame comes on, a day or two ahead; she goes through the forms of looking to see what houses offer; monsieur comes along, and his first question is "Where are the houses we shall look at, and where is the car to take us there?" and away they go in a motor, driving up to and away from front doors until they find a house behind one of the front doors from which they need not drive away because it suits them.

In 1924 Koussevitzky came a stranger to Boston to be conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. None except Symphony officers, knew much about him except that he was Russian and bore a great reputation as a musician.

That Gray First Day

It was a gray day, that first one; Koussevitzky and Madame stood on the platform of the incredibly old and dirty Back Bay Station, and gazed at each other, and at a circle of reporters, unhappy in the knowledge of the price of having no English to speak of, or with, as you please. Koussevitzky smiled timidly, and twiddled his stick, and murmured deprecatingly, "Mesdames, Messieurs . . ." and it was pretty hard going for everyone.

But now what happens? Koussevitzky returns to Boston for his sixth season. He does not come a stranger, but as a man coming home, after a summer in Europe. Every year since the first there have been a few more words of English, and six times a few words . . . equals a feeling of some assurance as well as a pretty usable vocabulary. Madame is on the platform, with Mr. Judd, and Mr. Brennan and Mr. Burke of the Symphony Hall staff, and a dark, gay young man.

The train slides in; Koussevitzky, grinning cheerfully, is out in the vestibule; he and the last bag the porter hands down from the mountain on the step make the platform of a new, clean Back Bay station as a man makes a hole in one, and with about the same expression. He beams. He salutes Madame affectionately, Madame whose grave, pallid face shows a sudden little flickering smile. Then, with high verve he embraces all the men. It might be the Gare du Nord. It would please Frenchmen, that scene, but it grieves the porters who evidently do not wish to see Continental ways get any foothold in Boston.

"Ah, But I Am Glad"

"Ah, but I am glad, . . ." exclaims Koussevitzky, his eyes glittering with excitement. Not much like the first gray day. . . . Madame allows nothing to dislodge the idea of the house-hunting. . . . Her eyes follow a porter bearing a bass viol, its waterproof striped and blotched with steamship labels. Le Havre . . . Paris. S. S. Beren . . . bits of marine blue and brick red and white, tattered and overlapping each other. . . .

"The house? Have you a house to look to . . . at?" says Koussevitzky, his arm thrown over the shoulder of the dark, gay young man. A porter, looking askance, seizes more luggage than he is willing to carry and begins to stagger away with it. . . . One cannot think of two things at once. . . .

The parade starts. A little parade, along the platform to the elevator. Koussevitzky will speak with a reporter. "But I haf—haVE—so little to say. Yesterday, in New York, I haf—haVE—say somesing. . . ."

"And the name of the composer for the Symphony festival?" he is asked. In New York he wagged a finger when he was asked that and said, "Ah, but not yet, not yet." To ask him in a hurry might fetch the name from him before he thought. A little trick, but Koussevitzky is, at heart, a cheerful name, and if he gives up the name without meaning to, well. . . . But the little trick is no good. Again the wagging finger.

"No, I shall not gif—giVE—it you. Not yet."

"When?"

"I—don't know." The smile of a man who warms himself cheerfully at the little fire of a good secret.

"Soon?"

"I don't know. You — shall see. . . ."

"Well then, the program for the first concert?"

Beethoven Leads First Program

"Yes, that. You may have that. I think that will make up to you for the other, yes? Well, Beethoven. The overture from 'Egmont.' You know? And then a prelude and a fugue from Pick-Mangiagalli. And then La Mer, Debussy. Trois Exquisses Symphoniques. Ver' nice. . . . And then the Beethoven Five Symphony. You see?"

The little parade was moving well along toward the elevator. Koussevitzky's stick tap-tapping. . . . Madame anxious, thinking houses. Last year, a house. The year before, a house. The other years, a house. They say the Koussevitzkys will buy a house, or build a house, but the Koussevitzkys always seem to hunt a house belonging to someone else in the autumn. Regularly as leaves falling.

The house must be near a park, or by a lake because Koussevitzky walks, in the morning, in the wind, in the dark when stars pin the sky's velvet securely together. The elevator is there. The porters with the luggage. Koussevitzky's arm around the shoulders of the dark, gay young man still. . . . Smiles, smiles, smiles. All but Madame.

"We must go to see this, and this, and another, before dinner. The car is here. Where is the viol. Had you a good journey. Pray heaven we shall select one of the three houses. . . . Good-by, good-by. . . ."

And the Koussevitzkys, home, but homeless in Boston, go to hunt a house.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU REPORT

Boston and Vicinity: Fair and somewhat warmer tonight; Sunday partly cloudy; moderate shifting winds, mostly south or southwest.

Southern New England: Generally fair and [illegible] tonight; Sunday [illegible] probably followed by showers; [illegible] shifting winds becoming south [illegible] cloudy

1929

KOUSSEVITSKY BACK WITH NEW MUSIC

Symphony Conductor Arrives On Ile de France

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

NEW YORK, Sept. 24—The seasonal future of the Boston Symphony seems to be assured, for Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitsky, its conductor, has returned from Europe for his annual American pilgrimage. He arrived today, on the Ile de France and paused for a few remarks before taking the train for Philadelphia, whence he will go to Boston.

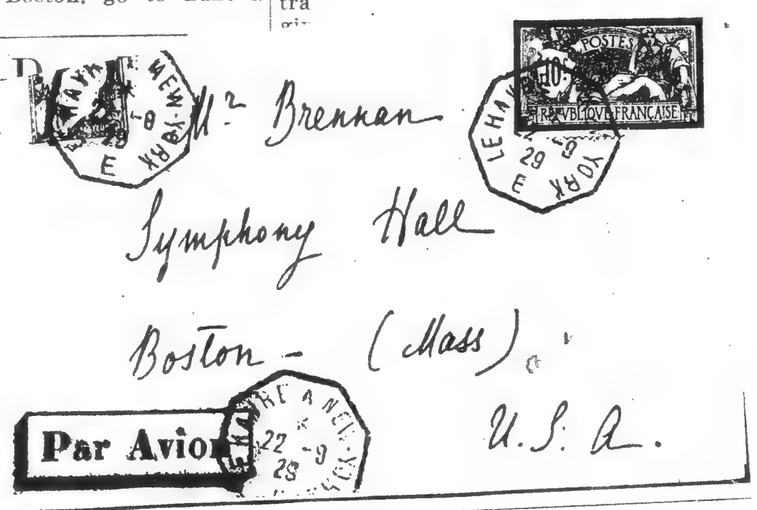
He promises new works for Boston this year, a promise he has kept in former seasons. He will produce a few works of standard heritage, so far withheld from the chill scrutiny of American audiences; also a few more previously tagged as "modernistic." Among the latter are a symphony by Aaron Copeland, a piece by Werner Josten, and a new Prokofieff creation, "Ballet de l'Enfant Prodigue."

"But the most wonderful thing of all, said Mr. Koussevitsky, "is a work by Spohr which I found in Berlin, a concerto for wind instruments. Richard Strauss recommended it to me."

N SCIENCE MONITOR,

s Winged Letter

Door-to-D



SHIP TO SHORE MAIL AIRPLANE LANDS IN BOSTON

Koussevitzky Letter Is One of Consignment From Ile de France

Airmail from the Ile de France, including a letter from Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the manager of the orchestra, was received at the East Boston Airport on the afternoon of Sept. 23, a whole day before the liner docked at New York, and served to accentuate the announcement of the French Line and the North German Lloyd that they definitely plan to make Boston a permanent port of entry for European mails.

M. Koussevitsky's letter came too late for afternoon delivery, but still reached Symphony Hall on the morning of Sept. 24, several hours before the Ile de France docked in New York. It was part of a large consignment of mail brought from the liner by Lieut. Leon Domergue, which was in plenty of time to be put on the Merchants' Limited express for New York, or aboard the evening air-mail planes for that city. The Koussevitsky letter was addressed to William H. Brennan, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The delivery was the second successful attempt of the French Line, and elaborate plans are announced by the North German-Lloyd for a regular service. As soon as their new steamship, the Europa, is completed and the re-engined Columbus is in service, the two lines will have in all about one plane every week reaching Boston with mail, it is expected. Extension of the ship-to-shore service is planned by the French Line, whereby the mail destined for New England can be landed at Boston and the same plane then continue on to New York with the balance of the ship mail.

C. H. Bockelmann, assistant general passenger agent of the French Line, is in Washington to arrange with postal authorities for this expansion, which is not possible because postal regulations require that all foreign mail be landed at the port of entry.

Boston is more than 200 miles nearer Europe than is New York, Mr. Bockelmann pointed out, and is also nearer the position of the ocean steamers on their inbound voyage when it is most practicable to make a hop.

For the present the seaplane will be catapulted from the Ile de France every 21 days when that vessel is approaching the New England coast, and efforts will be made to continue the service the year round. It is planned eventually to add a passenger ship-to-shore service. Should this take place, Boston will be made an official airport port of entry, which would alter the existing customs status and place Boston in the same position with several convenient points in the United States which already have that privilege. Efforts to secure this rating for Boston have heretofore been unavailing, since it was objected that Boston had lacked a regular air service from foreign countries.

Radio Tonight

NOVELTIES LISTED FOR SYMPHONY

Koussevitzky Returns With New Pieces to Be Played

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

"The young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans. I much prefer the young Americans. Thus spoke Serge Koussevitsky, yesterday afternoon, as, just arrived from New York, he talked of the season's plans at the Hotel Hemenway, his temporary Boston residence.

FOUR EXPERT SAXOPHONES

By way of illustrating what these same youthful Americans can do Mr. Koussevitzky will proffer during the course of Symphony concerts, soon to begin, a symphony by Aaron Copland and tone poems by Werner Josten and Roger Sessions, all in their initial performances, together with a piece that has particularly struck the conductor's fancy, Samuel Gardner's "Broadway." This "Broadway," let it be known, requires four expert performers upon the saxophone, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky believes, can at present yield but three of the requisite virtuosity, although he is confident that in one way or another this difficulty can be overcome.

There will, of course, be European novelties too: a Concerto Grosso by the Rumanian, Lazar, whose name has twice appeared upon Mr. Koussevitzky's programmes; the Third Symphony of Prokofieff; a Prelude and Fugue by the Italian, Pick-Mangiagalli, a new name at the Symphony concerts; and a suite of Bach transcriptions drawn from the ballet made by Honegger for Ida Rubinstein from the Leipzig Cantor's music. In general Mr. Koussevitzky says that he "detests" transcriptions from Bach, but Honegger's are too charming to be resisted.

Mahler's Ninth

The older, established composers will furnish novelties, too. For the first time Boston will hear Mahler's Ninth Symphony and his "Kindertotenlieder," a cycle of five songs with orchestra; also a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, the only existing copy of which had lain in the archives of the Berlin State Opera until Richard Straus last Summer commended the work to Mr. Koussevitzky's attention. Forthwith Mr. Koussevitzky had the manuscript copied for his own and Boston's benefit.

From the music of Strauss himself will come a revival of "Don Quixote," from Bruckner the unfinished Ninth Symphony, from Debussy the incidental music to d'Annunzio's "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," the choral portions of which will be heard here for the first time.

Begin With Short Pieces

The programmes of the season will follow a "system" the exact nature of which Mr. Koussevitzky prefers, for the time being, to keep a secret. A hint of it, however, he did disclose, a short piece will begin and a symphony conclude each of the first three programmes, from the respective hands of Beethoven, Sibelius and Tchaikovsky. In detail the first list runs: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmot;" Pick-Man,-giagalli, Prelude and Fugue; Debussy, "La Mer;" Beethoven, Symphony No. 5.

The summer just past found Mr. Koussevitzky in Paris, in Berlin, where he attended a festival of Straussian opera, and elsewhere in Europe in the pursuit of first of recreation. He reached New York last Tuesday on his favorite ship the Ile de France. On Friday next he assembles the Boston orchestra for its first rehearsal, and the first concerts of the season will be on Friday afternoon, Oct. 11, and Saturday evening, Oct. 12.

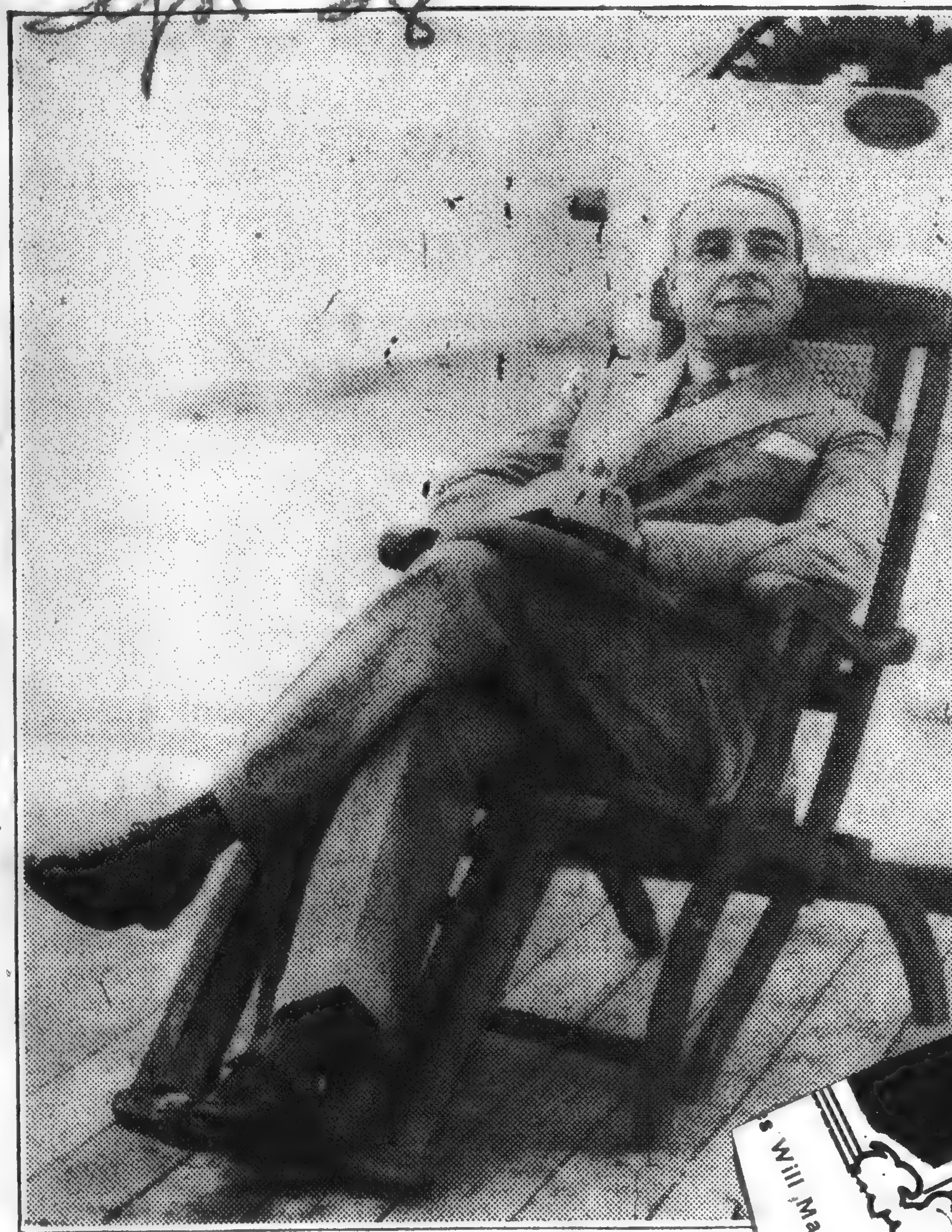
GOLD DIGGER

Boston - Sept and October - General

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON, SATURDAY, S

Sept 28

A Symphony in Smiles



KOUSSEVITZKY

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The train slides in; Koussevitzky, grinning cheerfully, is out in the vestibule; he and the last bag the porter hands down from the mountain on the step make the platform of a new, clean Back Bay station as a man makes a hole in one, and with about the same expression. He beams. He salutes Madame affectionately, Madame whose grave, pallid face shows a sudden little flickering smile. Then, with high verve he embraces all the men. It might be the Gare du Nord. It would please Frenchmen, that scene, but it grieves the porters who evidently do not wish to see Continental ways get any foothold in Boston.

"Ah, But I Am Glad"

"Ah, but I am glad, . . ." exclaims Koussevitzky, his eyes glittering with excitement. Not much like the first gray day. . . . Madame allows nothing to dislodge the idea of the house-hunting. . . . Her eyes follow a porter bearing a bass viol, its waterproof striped and blotched with steamship labels. Le Havre . . . Paris. S. S. Beren . . . bits of marine blue and brick red and white, tattered and overlapping each other. . . .

"The house? Have you a house to look to . . . at?" says Koussevitzky, his arm thrown over the shoulder of the dark, gay young man. A porter, looking askance, seizes more luggage than he is willing to carry and begins to stagger away with it. . . . One cannot think of two things at once. . . .

The parade starts. A little parade, along the platform to the elevator. Koussevitzky will speak with a reporter. "But I haf—haVE—so little to say. Yesterday, in New York, I haf—haVE—say somesing. . . ."

"And the name of the composer for the Symphony festival?" he is asked. In New York he wagged a finger when he was asked that and said, "Ah, but not yet, not yet." To ask him in a hurry might fetch the name from him before he thought. A little trick, but Koussevitzky is, at heart, a cheerful name, and if he gives up the name without meaning to, well. . . . But the little trick is no good. Again the wagging finger.

"No, I shall not gif—giVE—it you. Not yet."

"When?"

"I—don't know." The smile of a man who warms himself cheerfully at the little fire of a good secret.

"Soon?"

"I don't know. You — shall see. . . ."

"Well then, the program for the first concert?"

Beethoven Leads First Program

"Yes, that. You may have that. I think that will make up to you for the other, yes? Well, Beethoven. The overture from 'Egmont.' You know? And then a prelude and a fugue from Pick-Mangiagalli. And then La Mer, Debussy. Trois Exquisses Symphoniques. Ver' nice. . . . And then the Beethoven Five Symphony. Yo[u] see?"

The little parade was m[...] along toward the ele[...] vitzky's stick ta[...] dame anxious [...] year, a [...] hou[...]

WEATHER PREDICTIONS

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU REPORT

Boston and Vicinity: Fair and somewhat warmer tonight; Sunday partly cloudy; moderate shifting winds, mostly south or southwest.

Southern New England: Generally fair and [...] tonight; Sunday [...] probably followed by showers; [mod]erate shifting winds becoming south [...]

1929

KOUSSEVITSKY BACK WITH NEW MUSIC

Herald

Symphony Conductor Arrives On Ile de France

Sept 25

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

NEW YORK, Sept. 24—The seasonal future of the Boston Symphony seems to be assured, for Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitsky, its conductor, has returned from Europe for his annual American pilgrimage. He arrived today, on the Ile de France and paused for a few remarks before taking the train for Philadelphia, whence he will go to Boston.

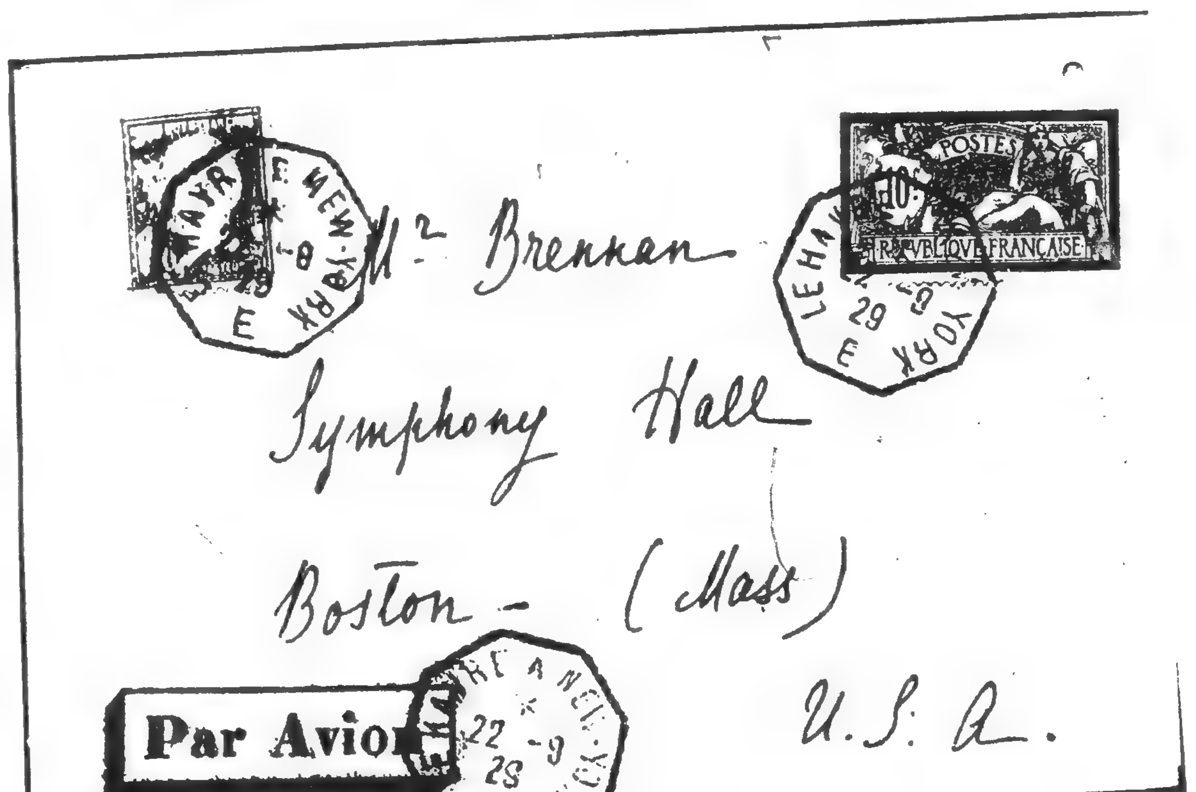
He promises new works for Boston this year, a promise he has kept in former seasons. He will produce a few works of standard heritage, so far withheld from the chill scrutiny of American audiences; also a few more previously tagged as "modernistic." Among the latter are a symphony by Aaron Copeland, a piece by Werner Josten, and a new Prokofieff creation, "Ballet de l'Enfant Prodigue.

"But the most wonderful thing of all, said Mr. Koussevitsky, "is a work by Spohr which I found in Berlin, a concerto for wind instruments. Richard Strauss recommended it to me."

Sept 24

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR,

Koussevitzky's Winged Letter



SHIP TO SHORE MAIL AIRPLANE LANDS IN BOSTON

Koussevitzky Letter Is One of Consignment From Ile de France

Airmail from the Ile de France, including a letter from Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the manager of the orchestra, was received at the East Boston Airport on the afternoon of Sept. 23, a whole day before the liner docked at New York, and served to accentuate the announcement of the French Line and the North German Lloyd that they definitely plan to make Boston a permanent port of entry for European mails.

M. Koussevitsky's letter came too late for afternoon delivery, but still reached Symphony Hall on the morning of Sept. 24, several hours before the Ile de France docked in New York. It was part of a large consignment of mail brought from the liner by Lieut. Leon Domergue, which was in plenty of time to be put on the Merchants' Limited express for New York, or aboard the evening air-mail planes for that city. The Koussevitsky letter was addressed to William H. Brennan, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The delivery was the second successful attempt of the French Line, and elaborate plans are announced by the North German-Lloyd for a regular service. As soon as their new steamship, the Europa, is completed and the re-engined Columbus is in service, the two lines will have in all about one plane every week reaching Boston with mail, it is expected. Extension of the ship-to-shore service is planned by the French Line, whereby the mail destined for New England can be landed at Boston and the same plane then continue on to New York with the balance of the ship mail.

C. H. Bockelmann, assistant general passenger agent of the French Line, is in Washington to arrange with postal authorities for this expansion, which is not possible because postal regulations require that all foreign mail be landed at the port of entry.

Boston is more than 200 miles nearer Europe than is New York, Mr. Bockelmann pointed out, and is also nearer the position of the ocean steamers on their inbound voyage when it is most practicable to make a hop.

For the present the seaplane will be catapulted from the Ile de France every 21 days when that vessel is approaching the New England coast, and efforts will be made to continue the service the year round. It is planned eventually to add a passenger ship-to-shore service. Should this take place, Boston will be made an official airport port of entry, which would alter the existing customs status and place Boston in the same position with several convenient points in the United States which already have that privilege. Efforts to secure this rating for Boston have heretofore been unavailing, since it was objected that Boston had lacked a regular air service from foreign countries.

Radio Tonight

Post Sept

28, 1929

NOVELTIES LISTED FOR [SYM]PHONY

[...]ky Returns [...]w Pieces [...] Played

[...]OREY SMITH

[...]rican composers [...] than the young [...]refer the young [...]ke Serge Kous[...]ernoon, as, just [...]k, he talked of [...]he Hotel Hem[...] Boston resi-

[SA]XOPHONES

[...]g what these [...]s can do Mr. [...]er during the [...]certs, soon to [...]Aaron Copland [...]er Josten and [...]eir initial per[...] a piece that [...]he conductor's [...] "Broadway." [...]be known, re[...]mers upon the [...]on Symphony [...]zky believes, [...] three of the [...]ough he is [...] or another [...]rcome.

[...] be European [...]Co Grosso by [...]ose name has [...] Koussevitz[...]ird Symphony [...] and Fugue [...]angiagalli, a [...]ny concerts; [...]anscriptions [...]de by Hon[...] from the [...]n general [...]t he "de-[...]Bach, but [...]ng to be

[...]S TO [...] FOR [...]URY"

[...]osers will [...] the first [...]r's Ninth [...]enlieder," [...]orchestra; [...]struments [...] copy of [...]es of the [...] Richard [...]nded the [...]attention [...] had the [...]own and

[...] himself [...] Quixote," [...]ed Ninth incidental [...]artyrdom portions for the

[...]Grath to "Inter-[...]lone

[...]ces

[...]son will [...]ature of [...]ers, for [...] A hint [...]hich was to have a short [...] "Strange Inter-[...]y con[...]e pro[...]ands of [...]kovsky. [...]thoven, [...]-Man, [...]ebussy, [...] No. 5 [...]d Mr. [...] where [...]aussian [...] in the [...] He [...] on his [...]On Fri[...] Boston [...]and the [...] be on Satur-

[...]N" [...]ts!

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Boston Symphony Season

The 49th season of Boston Symphony concerts, which will begin at Symphony Hall Friday, Oct 11, promises to be one of the most brilliant in the history of the orchestra. Despite an increase in the price of season tickets, particularly for the Friday series, every place has been taken by subscribers for the 24 Friday afternoons, the 24 Saturday evenings, and the six Monday evenings at Symphony Hall. The New York concerts of the Boston Symphony are again oversubscribed.

A few tickets may still be had for the six Tuesday afternoon concerts in Boston but it seems certain that these, like the other Boston series, will be completely sold out for the season. No city in the entire world supports its orchestra more enthusiastically than Boston. The receipts of the Boston Symphony from sales of tickets for its Boston concerts alone are over half a million dollars a season.

Not a little of the present popularity of the Boston Symphony must be ascribed to the personality of its conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, who returns for his sixth season here. Attendance at Boston Symphony concerts has for the entire period of their history been very large, but it is today larger than ever before. There is some difference of opinion among musicians about details of Mr Koussevitzky's conducting. But nobody will deny that it is always interesting and stimulating to listen to his highly personal and almost invariably eloquent interpretations of music old and new.

Copland's Symphony

Official announcement from Symphony Hall of plans for the coming season lists the following novelties: a new symphony by Aaron Copland, whom many regard as the most promising of living American composers; an obnoxious as the modernism of his musical style is to the bulk of conservative listeners; a new suite by Prokofieff, from his ballet "L'Enfant Prodigue"; and a new piece by Werner Josten, professor of music at Smith College. Mr Koussevitsky will also, on the advice of Richard Strauss, perform a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, a composer whose music has been seldom revived in recent years.

It is reported on good authority that both Prokofieff and Stravinsky have been commissioned to write works for the Boston Symphony as part of its 50th anniversary celebration, in 1930; and that Sir George Henschel, the first conductor of the orchestra, still hale and hearty at almost 80, will come from London and conduct as guest one or more numbers from the first program the orchestra played under his baton 50 years earlier.

These new works by Stravinsky and Prokofieff will, it is said, remain the exclusive property of the Boston Symphony, which will control them as it now does Ravel's brilliant arrangement of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," written some years ago at Mr Koussevitzky's request. No official announcement of the anniversary plans has yet been made, but it is said that they include festival performances of Bach's B minor mass, with the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society assisting.

Mr Koussevitzky confided to interviewers the other day in New York on landing that he is planning a festival for next Spring, which will, it is said, be devoted to the music of Brahms, including presumably the Brahms "Requiem" as well as the four symphonies of that composer. But this is not yet officially announced.

It is a wholesome sign of the musical times that nothing has yet been said about soloists for the coming season. Mr Koussevitzky's policy is to use only instrumentalists, as a rule, and to engage them only when he wishes to put on the programs a work of great intrinsic value in which they are needed. At the majority of Boston Symphony concerts there is no soloist.

Fewer Soloists

In the old days soloists had to be hired to beguile people into subscribing to a Symphony series. But with a lengthy waiting list for the 1930-31 season and every place at the regular series taken far in advance for this season the orchestra no longer needs soloists as box office attractions. This is a great improvement.

Another improvement Mr Koussevitzky has made in the Symphony concerts is the abolition of applause between movements only in the case of concertos with outside soloists, whom it would be hardly courteous to deprive of the applause they invariably expect after each movement.

Mr Koussevitzky has as a rule performed more ultra modern music than any previous Boston Symphony conductor. He has not neglected the great classics, except for Mozart, with whose music he is not in sympathy to all appearances. But he has displaced composers like Smetana and Grieg from the repertory to make room for novelties, many of which have been disliked by the majority of the audiences at a first hearing. He remarked to an interviewer for the Globe in New York the other day that this season's programs would be "very different from last season's."

He did not explain what he meant, but remembering that during the latter half of last season there was very little new modernist music, owing perhaps to the remarkably cool reception given pieces by Hindemith and others at the beginning of the season; one infers that Koussevitzky is going back to his old way of giving the audience genuinely modern pieces whether or not they were popular with the majority.

One hopes that he is. If new music is not performed by such orchestras as the Boston Symphony, and performed frequently, the art of music will stagnate. Koussevitzky is unquestionably right in principle in performing modernist music. It is to be hoped that he will adhere to the plan he mentioned at first coming to ... ton of giving one, and only one, novelty on each program.

Plan for Boston Symphony Jubilee

Stravinsky and Prokoffiev Are Commissioned to Write for Semi-Centenary

One season more, and in the autumn of 1930 the Boston Symphony Orchestra enters upon its fiftieth year. Only one existing orchestra in America outdates it—the Philharmonic Society of New York with eighty years, there or thereabouts, upon its head. The celebration of this Bostonian jubilee will be large and trustees, conductor and managers are already laying plans. For beginning, Mr. Koussevitzky, whose contract as conductor runs through the semi-centenary year, has commissioned new pieces from both Stravinsky and Prokoffiev. They will be written especially for the occasion and they will remain the exclusive property of the orchestra. Unquestionably Stravinsky is the dominant composer of our immediate day; Prokoffiev also sits high in the temple. To give them such commissions is also to re-affirm the liberal courses that through the last twenty-five years have been a chief glory of the orchestra. Celebrating the past, it does not forget to encourage the present.

There are high hopes also that the first conductor of the orchestra may share as well in this celebration of its fiftieth year; may even take the stage to lead it through one or another piece at a commemorative concert, probably a number from his first program. Though his years are many Sir George Henschel (as he later became) is still in excellent health with sufficient strength seemingly for Atlantic voyages and a quasi-festal visit. In London, where he now dwells, and even at his summer house in Scotland, eminent singers still come to him for advice and preparation. He gives both with the old zest. . . . Plausible report further has it that Mr. Koussevitzky will include in the jubilee concerts a performance of Bach's Mass in B minor, with the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe as chorus. It has not been heard in Boston for many years. But of this there is no official confirmation.

One American Killed

Concert-Chronicle

"New, First Times"

FROM Mr. Koussevitzky's ever-courteous hands, in sign of the beginning of a new musical year, comes a list of the new pieces upon his study-table or in mind for performance at the Symphony Concerts. The American items are:

Mason: "Chantecler" (Overture)
Gardner: "Broadway"
Copland: Symphony
Sessions: Symphony
Fairchild: "Chants Nègres"
Gruenberg: "Enchanted Isle"
Josten: "Jungle" (Poem for Orchestra)

A promising list! Mr. Mason's overture, produced last winter, runs in animated vein, everywhere has pleased exacting and unexacting ears. . . . "Broadway," tone-poem or tone-picture, composed by the former violinist, ranked second in the prize-competition won by Bloch's "America." . . . Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions are the "rising hopes" of the younger generation of American composers. Steadily and with reason Mr. Koussevitzky has encouraged them. More than once at the Symphony Concerts they have justified this fostering. Mr. Blair Fairchild, American composer with a light hand who prefers Paris as dwelling place, is new to Symphony Hall. So also is Mr. Grünberg, though Bostonians have heard elsewhere one or two of his experiments in jazz and other idioms. Mr. Josten of Smith College proved his deserts at the Symphony Concerts late last season; increased them by the setting of Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecelia's Day," produced last week at Worcester. So does Mr. Koussevitzky find room for American composers, in particular, for the young and ripening men. It is the obligation of a conductor, the honor of an artist, so to do.

Next the Europeans' share:

Berg: Three pieces for String Orchestra
Spohr: Suite for Wind Orchestra
Bax: Symphony No. 2
Prokoffiev: Symphony No. 3
Hindemith: Concerto for Wind Instruments
Wetzler: "Baskische Venus"
Hauer: Sinfonietta
Pick-Manglagalli: Prelude and Fugue
Enesco: Suite
Roussel: Suite (first performance)
Krein: "Chant de David"
Martelli: Bas-Reliefs
Satie: Five Grimaces
Lazar: Concerto Grosso
Schoenberg: Variations

Again a characteristic, justifiable list with many an item to whet anticipatory interest. Mr. Koussevitzky, like most of us, believes in Hindemith and gives him room. . . . Prokoffiev will be guest of the orchestra, with this new Symphony, produced in Paris last spring, in his portfolio. . . . No other American conductor lends an ear to Schönberg and his disciples; but here, warrantably, are "the master's Variations that got Berlin by the ears last winter, along with Berg's three pieces. Not since Dr. Muck's time has Schönberg figured at the Symphony Concerts as composer in his own right . . . Bax, Roussel and Enesco are established composers whose new work conductors in London, Paris and American cities receive gladly. . . . Hauer, out of Central Europe, has made some stir at the festivals of the Society for Contemporary Music. . . . Krein and Pick-Mangiagalli are respectively a Russian and an Italian deserving to be heard. . . . To Lazar, a Roumanian of Paris, Mr. Koussevitzky once before gave place. . . . Wetzler's 'Baskische Venus," music upon motivs from the Basque country, is going the rounds of Germany. . . . Strauss recommended to Mr. Koussevitzky the half-forgotten Spohr—a hundred years ago a high-reputed composer. . . . There are still humors to be discovered in Satie's posthumous scores. . . .

Again Mr. Koussevitzky keeps the faith. For it is the bounden duty of the conductor of the Boston Orchestra to inform its audiences about the music of the day; to choose that music far and wide, from old and young; from many faiths and practices. . . . Add the promised performance of Strauss's "Don Quixote" with which the conductor should excel; the possible production of the concert version, choruses included, of Debussy's music to d'Annunzio's play, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"—work of the composer's prime—and the prospect again widens. Where Mr. Koussevitzky is, there is vitality and not routine.

Incidents and Prospects

For the second pair of Symphony Concerts on Friday and Saturday of next week, Mr. Koussevitzky proposes a Concerto Grosso (Number Ten of Opus Six) for String Orchestra by Handel; a tone-poem, "The Song of David" by a new Russian, Gregory Krein; the familiar Suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird" Sibelius's Second Symphony in D major. Gregory Krein is a middle-aged Russian, inclining (as the books have it) toward the ways of Skryabin and also of Ravel, but of more austere and profound nature. A more brilliant brother, Alexander, has overshadowed him, and outside of Moscow his music is little known. These twenty years Sibelius's Second Symphony, in which he first finds original and characteristic voice, has been standard piece in the Bostonian repertory. Now, for the first times, Mr. Koussevitzky will be heard in it. At Cambridge next Thursday the conductor's program assembles the Concerto Grosso aforesaid; Debussy's "The Sea"; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

By word of The Crimson, the Harvard

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

Amusements

IN CASE you have some loose change in your pocket which you don't know what to do with, you might think over sending the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Paris this coming spring. It will cost only $100,000. I am led to understand that such a donation would be looked upon with considerable favor by Mr. Koussevitzky and his men. Come now, show your public spirit.

U. S. COMPOSERS ARE GIVEN PRAISE

Symphony Leader Compares Work with That of Europeans

Emphasis will be laid upon the works of young American composers, during the coming symphony season, announced Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, upon his arrival in Boston last night.

Mr. Koussevitsky has just returned from a summer in France and Germany. "I have compared during the summer," he said, "the work of the young American composers with that of the young Europeans, and I must say that I find the former to be doing much more interesting work."

While in Paris, Mr. Koussevitsky was invited to conduct the orchestra of the Opera, an honor which he subsequently declined after being refused the extra rehearsal which he felt the orchestra needed.

He also said that in the near future announcement would be made of the selection of guest conductors for the Boston orchestra and that several distinguished leaders were now under consideration.

Festival of Brahms Set For 1930--- Musical Notes

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Anticipating by three years the homage which the world of music will undoubtedly pay to Brahms in 1933, the centennial year of his birth, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, seconded by the choral bodies of Harvard and Radcliffe, will present in March of 1930 a Brahms festival. Why, asks Dr. Koussevitzky, should a great musician be honored only in anniversary years?

In addition to the four symphonies of Brahms it is planned to present, with the assistance of the above mentioned choruses from Cambridge, the German requiem, the "Song of Destiny," and the Rhapsody for alto, male chorus and orchestra. The two piano concertos and the violin concerto are also probabilities, with Arthur Schnabel as soloist in the first instance and in the second the hope of Mr. Koussevitzky and to repeat the transcendent performance which he and the orchestra gave that work last season. March 23 through 29 are the dates set for the festival.

* * * *

The repertory of the Cosmopolitan

The Race of the Orchestras

MUSICAL history, it now seems likely, will record 1930 as the Year of the Race of the Orchestras. For Serge Koussevitzky, returning from Europe to America, proclaims that his project of leading the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Europe next spring will not be deferred merely because the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York has decided to make a similar trip under direction of Arturo Toscanini. The Boston orchestra, he explains, is not an imitator. Its slogan, one gathers from what its conductor said, might be, "We Lead; Others Follow."

Only—the Philharmonic-Symphony, apparently, is going to follow simultaneously, when it comes to a European trip. The management of the New York orchestra has announced definitely that it will make the grand musical tour next spring. The Boston Symphony management has maintained so far a discreet silence on the subject. But Dr. Koussevitzky cries, "1930 or Never!" So it looks as if the nations of Europe were to be treated to the spectacle of two of the great American orchestras in friendly competition for their attention and favor in the same season.

There can be little doubt that both orchestras may expect interested audiences in Europe. More than one distinguished European music critic has asserted publicly that Europe has no orchestra to compare in technical accomplishment with the Philharmonic-Symphony, the Boston Symphony or the Philadelphia Orchestra. Naturally, then, European music lovers who have heard neither the New York nor the Boston orchestra would be eager to hear both.

And if they are to hear them, what better plan than to hear both in the same season? If one organization followed the other by a year their relative merits might easily be obscured. Let Europeans, by all means, hear both orchestras, and decide for themselves whether America—with the aid largely of European musicians, it is true—has attained a new high standard of performance. Americans will be interested to hear the verdict of the old civilizations.

Concert-Chronicle

Boston's Brahms Festival

FROM Symphony Hall, in the annual booklet, comes the calendar of the Symphony Orchestra for the season begun last Friday and Saturday. Between Oct. 11, 1929, and May 3, 1930, it lists 108 concerts—a full year's work. Boston receives twenty-four pairs of subscription concerts; six supplementary concerts on Monday evenings; six supplementary matinées on Tuesdays; two pairs of young people's concerts; two concerts, on Sunday afternoons, for the Pension Fund of the orchestra—sixty-six concerts in all. Ten, at monthly intervals from November, fall to New York; five to Brooklyn. A fortnight hence, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra go West for ... as far as Chicago and Minneapolis. In February, they go South to Baltimore, Washington and Richmond. In New England, outside Boston, nine concerts are allotted to Cambridge; four to Providence; one apiece to Wellesley, Springfield, Northampton, New Haven, Hartford.

In a sense all this is routine; but across the last page but one is printed in capital letters a material departure from custom. On Sunday afternoon, March 23, a Brahms Festival will begin at Symphony Hall to continue through Saturday evening, March 29. Since Brahms was born in 1833 and died in 1897, it will mark no anniversary; but any and all times are seasonable to pay such a composer honor. No particulars as to programs are yet forthcoming. Presumably the Beethoven Centenary Festival of 1927 will be the model. Brahmsian rarities will, doubtless, be included; while on the choral side the Harvard and Radcliffe choirs are

Continued on Following Page

Amusements

thousands have thrilled to
"FAST LIFE"
co-featuring the 4-receiving Page

ready for Dr. Koussevitzky's and Dr. Davison's call. And in such a festival, as those who frequented the Beethoven Concerts may remember, he is above himself.

Pleasures of the Organ

Marcel Dupré ...

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HAS FIRST REHEARSAL

Koussevitzky Greeted Warmly by Musicians—Concert Friday

The Boston Symphony Orchestra assembled yesterday morning in Symphony Hall for the first rehearsal of the season. Serge Koussevitzky, stepping upon the stage, met with prolonged applause from the standing orchestra who greeted him for the first time as "Doctor," since his recent degree was conferred upon him by Harvard University after the conclusion of the past season.

Dr. Koussevitzky, acknowledging this demonstration, said that it made him happy to see the same personnel before him without a single new face. This, he said, augured a closer ensemble than ever before for the 49th season to come.

The rehearsal began with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, which is also to open the first program of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Other pieces then to be played will be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor; Debussy's "La Mer"; and Prelude and Fugue of Pick-Mangiagalli.

...jestic, of poise ...

At Symphony Hall this morning the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky began rehearsals for the new year and for the first pair of concerts on Friday and Saturday of next week. Upon the conductor's appearance the orchestra amused itself by rising and saluting his as "Doctor," the degree he received from Harvard last June. Mr. Koussevitzky was no less amused and returned the compliment by speaking his pleasure in a reassembled orchestra so fit that there was not a single change in personnel.

A Light That Dims

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Boston Symphony Season

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In the old days soloists had to be hired to beguile people into subscribing to a Symphony series. But with a lengthy waiting list for the 1930-31 season and every place at the regular series taken far in advance for this season the orchestra no longer needs soloists as box office attractions. This is a great improvement.

Another improvement Mr Koussevitzky has made in the Symphony concerts is the abolution of applause between movements only in the case of concertos with outside soloists, whom it would be hardly courteous to deprive of the applause they invariably expect after each movement.

Mr Koussevitzky has as a rule performed more ultra modern music than any previous Boston Symphony conductor. He has not neglected the great classics, except for Mozart, with whose music he is not in sympathy to all appearances. But he has displaced composers like Smetana and Grieg from the repertory to make room for novelties, many of which have been disliked by the majority of the audiences at a first hearing. He remarked to an interviewer for the Globe in New York the other day that this season's programs would be "very different from last season's."

He did not explain what he meant, but remembering that during the latter half of last season there was very little new modernist music, owing perhaps to the remarkably cool reception given pieces by Hindemith and others at the beginning of the season; one infers that Koussevitzky is going back to his old way of giving the audience genuinely modern pieces whether or not they were popular with the majority.

One hopes that he is. If new music is not performed by such orchestras as the Boston Symphony, and performed frequently, the art of music will stagnate. Koussevitzky is unquestionably right in principle in performing modernist music. It is to be hoped that he will adhere to the plan he mentioned at first coming to Boston of giving one, and only one, novelty on each program.

Plan for Boston Symphony Jubilee

Stravinsky and Prokoffiev Are Commissioned to Write for Semi-Centenary

One season more, and in the autumn of 1930 the Boston Symphony Orchestra enters upon its fiftieth year. Only one existing orchestra in America outdates it —the Philharmonic Society of New York with eighty years, there or thereabouts, upon its head. The celebration of this Bostonian jubilee will be large and trustees, conductor and managers are already laying plans. For beginning, Mr. Koussevitzky, whose contract as conductor runs through the semi-centenary year, has commissioned new pieces from both Stravinsky and Prokoffiev. They will be written especially for the occasion and they will remain the exclusive property of the orchestra. Unquestionably Stravinsky is the dominant composer of our immediate day; Prokoffiev also sits high in the temple. To give them such commissions is also to re-affirm the liberal courses that through the last twenty-five years have been a chief glory of the orchestra. Celebrating the past, it does not forget to encourage the present.

There are high hopes also that the first conductor of the orchestra may share as well in this celebration of its fiftieth year; may even take the stage to lead it through one or another piece at a commemorative concert, probably a number from his first program. Though his years are many Sir George Henschel (as he later became) is still in excellent health with sufficient strength seemingly for Atlantic voyages and a quasi-festal visit. In London, where he now dwells, and even at his summer house in Scotland, eminent singers still come to him for advice and preparation. He gives both with the old zest. . . . Plausible report further has it that Mr. Koussevitzky will include in the jubilee concerts a performance of Bach's Mass in B minor, with the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe as chorus. It has not been heard in Boston for many years. But of this there is no official confirmation.

One American Killed

Concert-Chronicle

"New, First Times"

FROM Mr. Koussevitzky's ever-courteous hands, in sign of the beginning of a new musical year, comes a list of the new pieces upon his study-table or in mind for performance at the Symphony Concerts. The American items are:

Mason: "Chantecler" (Overture)
Gardner: "Broadway"
Copland: Symphony
Sessions: Symphony
Fairchild: "Chants Nègres"
Gruenberg: "Enchanted Isle"
Josten: "Jungle" (Poem for Orchestra)

A promising list! Mr. Mason's overture, produced last winter, runs in animated vein, everywhere has pleased exacting and unexacting ears. . . . "Broadway," tone-poem or tone-picture, composed by the former violinist, ranked second in the prize-competition won by Bloch's "America." . . . Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions are the "rising hopes" of the younger generation of American composers. Steadily and with reason Mr. Koussevitzky has encouraged them. More than once at the Symphony Concerts they have justified this fostering. Mr. Blair Fairchild, American composer with a light hand who prefers Paris as dwelling place, is new to Symphony Hall. So also is Mr. Grünberg, though Bostonians have heard elsewhere one or two of his experiments in jazz and other idioms. Mr. Josten of Smith College proved his deserts at the Symphony Concerts late last season; increased them by the setting of Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecelia's Day," produced last week at Worcester. So does Mr. Koussevitzky find room for American composers, in particular, for the young and ripening men. It is the obligation of a conductor, the honor of an artist, so to do.

Next the Europeans' share:

Berg: Three pieces for String Orchestra
Spohr: Suite for Wind Orchestra
Bax: Symphony No. 2
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 3
Hindemith: Concerto for Wind Instruments
Wetzler: "Baskische Venus"
Hauer: Sinfonietta
Pick-Mangiagalli: Prelude and Fugue
Enesco: Suite
Roussel: Suite (first performance)
Krein: "Chant de David"
Martelli: Bas-Reliefs
Satie: Five Grimaces
Lazar: Concerto Grosso
Schoenberg: Variations

Again a characteristic, justifiable list with many an item of interest. Mr. K... us, believes in ... room. . . . the orch... produced ... folio. . . . lends an ea... ciples; but ... master's Vari... the ears last ... three pieces. N... has Schönberg fig... Concerts as compose... Bax, Roussel and E... composers whose new ... London, Paris and A... ceive gladly. . . . Hauer... Europe, has made some st... vals of the Society for C... Music. . . . Krein and Pick...

Citizen of El... Guide the D... Legion, Ame... Organization... Chosen at

Spectac...

Concer...

Continued ...

are respectively ... deserving to be ... Roumanian of P... once before gave ... 'Baskische Venus,' ... from the Basque c... rounds of Germany. ... mended to Mr. Kouss... gotten Spohr—a hund... high-reputed composer. ... still humors to be disco... posthumous scores. . . .

Again Mr. Koussevitzky ... faith. For it is the boun... the conductor of the Boston ... to inform its audiences ... music of the day; to choose ... far and wide, from old and youn... many faiths and practices. . . . the promised performance of St... "Don Quixote" with which the co... tor should excel; the possible produc... of the concert version, choruses inclu... ed, of Debussy's music to d'Annunzio's play, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" —work of the composer's prime—and the prospect again widens. Where Mr. Koussevitzky is, there is vitality and not routine.

Incidents and Prospects

For the second pair of Symphony Concerts on Friday and Saturday of next week, Mr. Koussevitzky proposes a Concerto Grosso (Number Ten of Opus Six) for String Orchestra by Handel; a tone-poem, "The Song of David" by a new Russian, Gregory Krein; the familiar Suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird" Sibelius's Second Symphony in D major. Gregory Krein is a middle-aged Russian, inclining (as the books have it) toward the ways of Skryabin and also of Ravel, but of more austere and profound nature. A more brilliant brother, Alexander, has overshadowed him, and outside of Moscow his music is little known. These twenty years Sibelius's Second Symphony, in which he first finds original and characteristic voice, has been standard piece in the Bostonian repertory. Now, for the first times, Mr. Koussevitzky will be heard in it. At Cambridge next Thursday the conductor's program assembles the Concerto Grosso aforesaid; Debussy's "... Sea"; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

By word of The Crimson, the Har...

Curtis ... I. Ha... ...hing ... Sec...

Amusements

IN CASE you have some loose change in your pocket which you don't know what to do with, you might think over sending the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Paris this coming spring. It will cost only $100,000. I am led to understand that such a donation would be looked upon with considerable favor by Mr. Koussevitzky and his men. Come now, show your public spirit.

U. S. COMPOSERS ARE GIVEN PRAISE

Symphony Leader Compares Work with That of Europeans

Emphasis will be laid upon the works of young American composers, during the coming symphony season, announced Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, upon his arrival in Boston last night.

Mr. Koussevitzky has just returned from a summer in France and Germany. "I have compared during the summer," he said, "the work of the young American composers with that of the young Europeans, and I must say that I find the former to be doing much more interesting work."

While in Paris, Mr. Koussevitzky was invited to conduct the orchestra of the Opera, an honor which he subsequently declined after being refused the extra rehearsal which he felt the orchestra needed.

He also said that in the near future announcement would be made of the selection of guest conductors for the Boston orchestra and that several distinguished leaders were now under consideration.

Festival of Brahms Set For 1930—Musical Notes

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Anticipating by three years the homage which the world of music will undoubtedly pay to Brahms in 1933, the centennial year of his birth, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, seconded by the choral bodies of Harvard and Radcliffe, will present in March of 1930 a Brahms festival. Why, asks Dr. Koussevitzky, should a great musician be honored only in anniversary years?

In addition to the four symphonies of Brahms it is planned to present, with the assistance of the above mentioned choruses from Cambridge, the German requiem, the "Song of Destiny," and the Rhapsody for alto, male chorus and orchestra. The two piano concertos and the violin concerto are also probabilities, with Arthur Schnabel as soloist in the first instance and in the second the hope of Mr. H... to repeat the transcendent performance which he and the orchestra gave that work last .... March 23 through 29 are the dates set for the festival.

* * * *

The repertory of the Cosmopolitan ...

The Race of the Orchestras

MUSICAL history, it now seems likely, will record 1930 as the Year of the Race of the Orchestras. For Serge Koussevitzky, returning from Europe to America, proclaims that his project of leading the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Europe next spring will not be deferred merely because the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York has decided to make a similar trip under direction of Arturo Toscanini. The Boston orchestra, he explains, is not an imitator. Its slogan, one gathers from what its conductor said, might be, "We Lead; Others Follow."

Only—the Philharmonic-Symphony, apparently, is going to follow simultaneously, when it comes to a European trip. The management of the New York orchestra has announced definitely that it will make the grand musical tour next spring. The Boston Symphony management has maintained so far a discreet silence on the subject. But Dr. Koussevitzky cries, "1930 or Never!" So it looks as if the nations of Europe were to be treated to the spectacle of two of the great American orchestras in friendly competition for their attention and favor in the same season.

There can be little doubt that both orchestras may expect interested audiences in Europe. More than one distinguished European music critic has asserted publicly that Europe has no orchestra to compare in technical accomplishment with the Philharmonic-Symphony, the Boston Symphony or the Philadelphia Orchestra. Naturally, then, European music lovers who have heard neither the New York nor the Boston orchestra would be eager to hear both.

And if they are to hear them, what better plan than to hear both in the same season? If one organization followed the other by a year their relative merits might easily be obscured. Let Europeans, by all means, hear both orchestras, and decide for themselves whether America—with the aid largely of European musicians, it is true—has attained a new high standard of performance. Americans will be interested to hear the verdict of the older civilizations.

Concert-Chronicle

Boston's Brahms Festival

FROM Symphony Hall, in the annual booklet, comes the calendar of the Symphony Orchestra for the season begun last Friday and Saturday. Between Oct. 11, 1929, and May 3, 1930, it lists 108 concerts—a full year's work. Boston receives twenty-four pairs of subscription concerts; six supplementary concerts on Monday evenings; six supplementary matinées on Tuesdays; two pairs of young people's concerts; two concerts, on Sunday afternoons, for the Pension Fund of the orchestra—sixty-six concerts in all. Ten, at monthly intervals from November, fall to New York; five to Brooklyn. A fortnight hence, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra go West for ... as far as Chicago and Minneapolis. In February, they go South to Baltimore, Washington and Richmond. In New England, outside Boston, nine concerts are allotted to Cambridge; four to Providence; one apiece to Wellesley, Springfield, Northampton, New Haven, Hartford.

In a sense all this is routine; but across the last page but one is printed in capital letters a material departure from custom. On Sunday afternoon, March 23, a Brahms Festival will begin at Symphony Hall to continue through Saturday evening, March 29. Since Brahms was born in 1833 and died in 1897, it will mark no anniversary; but any and all times are seasonable to pay such a composer honor. No particulars as to programs are yet forthcoming. Presumably the Beethoven Centenary Festival of 1927 will be the model. Brahmsian rarities will, doubtless, be included; while on the choral side the Harvard and Radcliffe choirs are

Continued on Following Page

Amusements

thousands have thrilled to
"FAST LIFE"
co-featuring ...

ready for Dr. Koussevitzky's and Dr. Davison's call. And in such a festival, as those who frequented the Beethoven Concerts may remember, he is above himself.

Pleasures of the Organ

Marcel Dupré ...

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HAS FIRST REHEARSAL

Koussevitzky Greeted Warmly by Musicians—Concert Friday

The Boston Symphony Orchestra assembled yesterday morning in Symphony Hall for the first rehearsal of the season. Serge Koussevitzky, stepping upon the stage, met with prolonged applause from the standing orchestra who greeted him for the first time as "Doctor," since his recent degree was conferred upon him by Harvard University after the conclusion of the past season.

Dr. Koussevitzky, acknowledging this demonstration, said that it made him happy to see the same personnel before him without a single new face. This, he said, augured a closer ensemble than ever before for the 49th season to come.

The rehearsal began with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, which is also to open the first program of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Other pieces then to be played will be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor; Debussy's "La Mer"; and Prelude and Fugue of Pick-Mangiagalli.

At Symphony Hall this morning the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky began rehearsals for the new year and for the first pair of concerts on Friday and Saturday of next week. Upon the conductor's appearance the orchestra amused itself by rising and saluting his as "Doctor," the degree he received from Harvard last June. Mr. Koussevitzky was no less amused and returned the compliment by speaking his pleasure in a reassembled orchestra so fit that there was not a single change in personnel.

A Light That Dims

Music Notes and Comment

Serge Koussevitzky is now on his way to America on the Ile de France, which is to land in New York next Tuesday. The celebrated conductor will immediately come to Boston and shortly assemble the Boston Symphony Orchestra for rehearsal.

The 49th season of the orchestra will open in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon, Oct 11. This will be Koussevitzky's sixth season at its head.

The Friday, Saturday and Monday series are all fully subscribed, but a few desirable seats still remain for the series of six Tuesday afternoon concerts which are to be given in Symphony Hall beginning Dec 10. This series will offer an opportunity to hear the great orchestra, under Koussevitzky, at their best in six standard symphonic programs.

A week from next Sunday, Oct 6, in Symphony Hall at 3:30, Fritz Kreisler will open the season of Sun-

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Illegible parts compel Dr. Koussevitzky to defer Krein's "Song of David," announced for the Symphony Concerts this week. Instead, two orchestral fragments of Strauss's opera, "Intermezzo," will be heard for the first times here—"Interlude" and "Waltz-Scene."

Koussevitzky To Play Again On Bass Viol ---Musical Notes

Post Sept 29

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To use Mr. Koussevitzky's own words, "there will no new faces" in the Symphony Orchestra when that body assembles in Symphony Hall next Friday morning for the first rehearsal of the current season. From this band, already moulded to his will andto the least detail his personal instrument, Mr. Koussevitzky expects much this year in the matter of performance, and there is every chance that his expectation will be completely fulfilled. The programmes, which as before will range widely over music old and new, novel and familiar, give promise of more than usual interest.

As soloist as well as conductor Mr. Koussevitzky will once more be heard in Boston this season. For the joint benefit of the Peabody Home for Crippled Children and the Travelers' Aid Society Mr. Koussevitzky will give at Symphony Hall, on October 22, a recital of music for the bass-viol, that instrument upon which he is the outstanding virtuoso of modern times

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Present, Past, Future in The Concert Halls

Trans. Oct 24

Iturbi Comes — Programs in Prospect — Koussevitzky at Wellesley

As in a "Close-Up"

To obtain a "close-up" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to feel its pulse, to sense life flooding through it as through a corporate entity, one may go to Alumnæ Hall for the series of concerts at Wellesley College. Strangely, the prelude to the experience gives little indication of its essential nature. Arriving at the hall is like going to a play in Quincy. There is a jam of traffic at the gate; parking is accomplished with much fuss and formality. Within the hall, one watches the members of the orchestra arrange themselves in their confining space behind the square proscenium. One wonders whether the violins will have elbow room. Some of the double basses are tucked away on the left out of sight; their brothers of the brass, when they arrive, will be similarly situated on the right. Through this compact family Dr. Koussevitzky makes his accustomed way. The program book, scanned in a glance, discloses the evening's musical fare—Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10; Debussy's "The Sea"; Symphony No. 2, in D Major, by Sibelius. The lowered lights assist the intimate architecture of the room. One sees as through a crystal—Dr. Koussevitzky silhouetted; the musicians flooding toward him in concave flux. Music surrounds one like atmosphere.

Thus did we see and feel in Alumnæ Hall last evening at the beginning of Handel's Concerto Grosso. Heard in Symphony Hall, this piece loses much of its intimate personality through space. Heard in Alumnæ Hall, it gained in its qualities of gentleness, suavity, and mellifluousness of sound. The mellowed acoustics of the place wafted every subtle nuance. The strings in vibration throbbed as though alive with blood in their veins. To listen was to experience this pulse in intimate contact. Each division of the piece exuded its distinct character—the "overture" with its broad curves; the "Allegro Moderato" with its silken lilt; the final "Allegro," more angular and vigorous. Only the slow movement somewhat escaped the senses as dissipating vapor. It is a typical Handelian slow movement drawn out to too great lengths. It wastes away with prolonged sweetness. By this same movement the whole concerto loses contact with the listener, is heard in remembrance rather faintly.

To many, Debussy's "The Sea" was fresh discovery. Attribute the phenomenon to whatever magic one may, last evening's audience listened absorbedly throughout. It sat with these wondrous sounds washing over and through it. It caught its breath at the close. It applauded with fresh vigor from pleased senses. For this is sensuous music of strangely moving power. In "The Afternoon of a Faun," to differentiate, the listener's experience seems to touch most powerfully the visual sense. One sees the woodland play of light and shadow; one observes the spirited movement of the faun. In "The Sea," it is sound and feeling combined: a mist of light before the eyes, a mist of sound in the ears, a breath of mist upon the cheek—an ecstasy of the senses. One feels a cosmic throb. It stirs one deeply. It cradles one as one would be cradled in the sea. It becomes a part of one's pulse. Musically, it is a mingling of tones which, however piquant and individual, are never at odds with each other. It is music that one absorbs; there are no pricks or bruises. In this way it differs from the modernism that has gone beyond Debussy, from a treatment of mingled tones in movement to a treatment of tone and movement singly. . . . But let others talk of changing styles in composition. Enough that Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra provide this experience as something all pervasive and intensely moving.

To many again, Dr. Koussevitzky provided fresh discovery upon fresh discovery in the second symphony of Sibelius. This music is no less individual than that of Debussy. It is, however, music in which figuration, development and form such as one might expect in a large symphonic work, have place. It is likewise music of melody—surpassing melody, never usual, never trite always unusual, to our ears at least, and always vital, as witness the poignant and later impassioned third movement. But to say that a composition has form and melody of a high order of course will never describe the music of Sileblius. Better to say that the listener feels in it some great unifying principle and emotional force, obtaining one's attention gradually and eventually engrossing one by its logic and power; and that the means by which this is accomplished—the musical idiom, in short—is peculiar to one composer, Sibelius.

In this Second Symphony, as well as in the music of Handel and Debussy, Dr. Koussevitzky's service was that of drawing together all separate strands, of encompassing and compacting the whole so that we of the audience observed the design in all its completeness and all its power. Dr. Koussevitzky has been known to vary his pace from concert to concert. Last evening, he served as quick and immediate interpreter. N. M. J.

The High Cost of Symphonic Music

Monitor Oct 27

THE cost of symphonic music seems to be going up. Since such music is now regarded as a necessity, the question is not, shall it be continued? but, how shall it be paid for?

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has opened its season with an appeal for $145,000. This represents an estimated deficit for this season of $100,000, and $45,000 remaining of a deficit of $145,000 for the season of 1928-29. The comparative statement made public by the trustees shows a large increase in the deficit, which in 1927 was $44,000 and in 1928, $87,000.

Receipts have decreased, chiefly because of a falling off in income from concerts and from rentals of Symphony Hall. The Beethoven Festival of 1927 and radiocasting of programs in 1927 and 1928 swelled the receipts for those years. Neither source of revenue was available last season. Payments have increased, chiefly because of increases in orchestra salaries. For this season, prices have been slightly raised.

All the concerts are subscribed. But in order to fill all seats at all concerts, it is necessary to have a famous conductor. Famous conductors cost money. If you try to operate with a less famous conductor, at a smaller salary, there are vacant seats. It is very difficult to economize.

San Francisco has found it so. Alfred Hertz has been conductor of the San Francisco Orchestra for fourteen years. He is a distinguished musician, with a long record as symphonic and operatic conductor. But attendance at his concerts was falling off. He has resigned. San Francisco wanted Bruno Walter to succeed him. Mr. Walter doubtless would draw full houses at all concerts. But Mr. Walter's salary would be very high. He has not been engaged.

There is another method. Years ago Philadelphia, through the efforts largely of the Women's Committee, established a permanent fund for its orchestra. Recently a fund of $3,000,000 has been established to maintain the Cleveland Symphony. Boston is a conservative city. It allows "tag days" for various causes, but it probably would view with alarm a general "drive" for a fund to support its orchestra, which meantime must depend upon the response to the dignified appeals made by the trustees through the program book.

Nevertheless, it would seem that in a democracy a fund subscribed by the general public is the logical solution. Formerly it was the privilege of kings and princes to support the arts. Then it became the prerogative of captains of industry. Nowadays it is perhaps more consonant with the times that all the people should contribute. Of course, there probably will always be one or two munificent benefactors upon whose shoulders falls the main burden. But they are able and willing to bear it; and the sense of community ownership established by a fund to which many persons have contributed is a civic asset.

Concert-Chronicle

Trans. Oct 17

New, from Strauss

THE FAMILIAR Richard Strauss—rather than the wholly unfamiliar Gregory Krein stands upon this week's program at Symphony Hall with music as yet unheard in Boston. Excess of errors in score and parts proved the undoing of plans to play the Russian. An excerpt from the two-act opera, "Intermezzo," of 1924, replaces "The Song of David."

This little opera, by sub-title, "A Bourgeois Comedy with Symphonic Interludes," was first heard at Dresden, Nov. 4, 1924, at a "Strauss Week" in celebration of the composer's sixtieth birthday. The plot is based on an incident in the composer's life. Josef Stransky—not unknown on this side of the sea—Strauss, another conductor and an Italian tenor were seated at a table at an inn in Prague, where they were all engaged in operatic performance. A "lady" approached their table; from the conversation discovered that they were from the opera; addressed them in a request for tickets. Indicating Stransky, the tenor replied, "Herr Straussky will attend to it." Not knowing any of them, the adventuress consulted a telephone book and sent a note to Strauss: "Dear Sweetheart: Do bring me the tickets. Your faithful Mizzi." By this time Strauss was away on a long trip; his wife opened the note; took steps toward securing a divorce. Her lawyer was reluctant and finally succeeded in discovering that Stransky knew the reason for the note, conveyed this knowledge to Frau Strauss, after which a reconciliation followed.

From this material Strauss himself wrote the "book" for an opera. In a dressing room, conductor Robert Storch is preparing for a long trip. He has "words" with his wife, Christina; leaves without "making it up." She becomes moody after her husband's departure, but soon forgets. While tobogganing she collides with the twenty-two-year old Baron Lummer. An innocent flirtation follows, with much dancing at a Bavarian inn. The Baron, whom Madame Storch has assisted—but who has a sweetheart in the village—writes his benefactress a letter asking for the loan of a thousand marks. When she is preparing to put him in his place, the fateful note from Mizzi arrives. The first act ends with the wife in a rage, packing her things, preparing for departure.

In Vienna the Herr Hofkapellmeister Storch is seated with his friends at a table, playing his favorite game of "skat." Thus occupied, he receives a telegram from his wife accusing him of infidelity. His protests by mail and by wire remain unanswered. Finally his friend, Kapellmeister Stroh, comes forward with the solution of the mystery and the opera ends with a reconciliation scene.

Evidently, the chief interest of "Intermezzo" lies in the music; and by easy deduction in the symphonic interludes, sometimes longer than the scenes themselves, which connect the thirteen episodes. "In these interludes," says Richard Specht, Strauss's biographer, "lie the essence and the principal charm of the opera. The waltz, with its delicious piano prelude and the interweaving of the sentimental Bavarian tunes; the delightful description of the card-party, with the witty tone-picture of the mixing of the cards, the striking glissando and the accompanying violin and flute runs which make the tobogganing even more plain to the ear than the scene to the eye, the beautiful evening atmosphere which surrounds the lonely woman as she meditates by her lamp, the malicious atonal

Continued on Following Page

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burlesque in the description of the young baron, the joyful epilogue which follows the explanation of the misunderstanding—these passages are memorable."

Selections from the Interludes are played now and again on symphonic programs. The New York Symphony Orchestra in January, 1928, played four excerpts: (1) The Sleigh-Ride between the first two scenes; (2) The Waltz, representing the dance at the Bavarian inn, beginning at the end of the second scene and continuing through the whole of the third scene; (3) The Interlude preparatory to the scene in Storch's house, where Frau Storch learns of the supposed infidelity of her husband; (4) The Interlude between the last two scenes of the second act. Other conductors (of the New York Philharmonic and of the Chicago Symphony) have played only two—The Waltz and an Interlude out of the first act.

Only the first Interlude will be played at Symphony Hall. It is quiet, meditative music, of Christina sitting at home thinking of her absent husband. The motif of her conjugal love ('cellos, second measure) is the thematic basis. Though the piece remains essentially a reverie, it rises to the heights of an impassioned climax. One need hardly say more than that it is well-made and pleasing throughout. A. H. M.

Programs in Prospect

For the Symphony Concerts of next Friday and Saturday, the last before the western journey of the orchestra:

Concerto in D minor for Orchestra and Organ .... Vivaldi-Siloti
(Organist, Mr. Snow)
Tone-Poem, "The Jungle" .... Josten
(First Performances)
Symphony, No. 6, in B minor ("The Pathetic") .... Chaikovsky

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New: First Times, Josten's "Jungle"

TO Vivaldi from the ancients and Chaikovsky of the "Pathetique" Dr. Koussevitzky adds this week, as a novelty, Professor Werner Josten's symphonic poem, "The Jungle," in its "world-première." Professor Josten will be remembered from a well-received performance of several movements of a "Concerto Sacro" last year, and from his own performances of operas of Handel and Monteverdi at Smith College.

"The Jungle" owes its inception to the remarkable series of jungle pictures painted by the French modernist, Henri Julien Rousseau, between 1904 and 1910. From that set Mr. Josten carries one, "Paysage exotique," in his own copy of the score of "The Jungle," as the one which he had most particularly in mind in writing his symphonic poem.

Among modernists, Rousseau is classed as a "primitive." A few sentences from C. J. Bulliet's "Apples and Madonnas" may serve to character him: "Unlike Renoir—unlike Césanne—Rousseau was no evolution from any established 'style' of art. He is the nearest product of a unique inner urge to paint that the modern movement has produced—the nearest genuine 'expressionist'—the nearest 'primitive.' . . . Rousseau's art is primitive in that it came out of an untutored, crude, peasant mind—a mind that may not have been imbecile, as his contemporaries suspected, but that was certainly sub-normal so far as ordered intelligence is concerned." This author also "sees in his work the naivete of African sculptors—quite a different manifestation—a full maturity in a primitive state of development."

... forces of old Mother Earth course through his veins. Rousseau and his art thus answer a natural artistic craving of the composer.

But with this material Mr. Josten does not make an objective music. He definitely states that his music is not in any sense based on the music of any primitive land. One rhythm only (three-quarters followed by a triplet of sixteenths) is of native origin, a Voodoo rhythm. For the rest, his symphonic poem intends to convey the emotions which any European or American would experience in entering a tropical jungle such as that indicated by Rousseau's pictures. For his structural framework he uses the old and trusty sonata-form. His orchestra is, of course, a large one.

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Music Notes and Comment

Serge Koussevitzky is now on his way to America on the Ile de France, which is to land in New York next Tuesday. The celebrated conductor will immediately come to Boston and shortly assemble the Boston Symphony Orchestra for rehearsal.

The 49th season of the orchestra will open in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon, Oct 11. This will be Koussevitzky's sixth season at its head.

The Friday, Saturday and Monday series are all fully subscribed, but a few desirable seats still remain for the series of six Tuesday afternoon concerts which are to be given in Symphony Hall beginning Dec 10. This series will offer an opportunity to hear the great orchestra, under Koussevitzky, at their best in six standard symphonic programs.

A week from next Sunday, Oct 6, in Symphony Hall at 3:30, Fritz Kreisler will open the season of Sun-

Illegible parts compel Dr. Koussevitzky to defer Krein's "Song of David," announced for the Symphony Concerts this week. Instead, two orchestral fragments of Strauss's opera, "Intermezzo," will be heard for the first times here—"Interlude" and "Waltz-Scene."

Koussevitzky To Play Again On Bass Viol ---Musical Notes

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To use Mr. Koussevitzky's own words, "there will no new faces" in the Symphony Orchestra when that body assembles in Symphony Hall next Friday morning for the first rehearsal of the current season. From this band, already moulded to his will andto the least detail his personal instrument, Mr. Koussevitzky expects much this year in the matter of performance, and there is every chance that his expectation will be completely fulfilled. The programmes, which as before will range widely over music old and new, novel and familiar, give promise of more than usual interest.

As soloist as well as conductor Mr. Koussevitzky will once more be heard in Boston this season. For the joint benefit of the Peabody Home for Crippled Children and the Travelers' Aid Society Mr. Koussevitzky will give at Symphony Hall, on October 22, a recital of music for the bass-viol, that instrument upon which he is the outstanding virtuoso of modern times.

Present, Past, Future in The Concert Halls

Iturbi Comes — Programs in Prospect — Koussevitzky at Wellesley

As in a "Close-Up"

To obtain a "close-up" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to feel its pulse, to sense life flooding through it as through a corporate entity, one may go to Alumnæ Hall for the series of concerts at Wellesley College. Strangely, the prelude to the experience gives little indication of its essential nature. Arriving at the hall is like going to a play in Quincy. There is a jam of traffic at the gate; parking is accomplished with much fuss and formality. Within the hall, one watches the members of the orchestra arrange themselves in their confining space behind the square proscenium. One wonders whether the violins will have elbow room. Some of the double basses are tucked away on the left out of sight; their brothers of the brass, when they arrive, will be similarly situated on the right. Through this compact family Dr. Koussevitzky makes his accustomed way. The program book, scanned in a glance, discloses the evening's musical fare—Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10; Debussy's "The Sea"; Symphony No. 2, in D Major, by Sibelius. The lowered lights assist the intimate architecture of the room. One sees as through a crystal—Dr. Koussevitzky silhouetted; the musicians flooding toward him in concave flux. Music surrounds one like atmosphere.

Thus did we see and feel in Alumnæ Hall last evening at the beginning of Handel's Concerto Grosso. Heard in

The High Cost of Symphonic Music

THE cost of symphonic music seems to be going up. Since such music is now regarded as a necessity, the question is not, shall it be continued? but, how shall it be paid for?

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has opened its season with an appeal for $145,000. This represents an estimated deficit for this season of $100,000, and $45,000 remaining of a deficit of $145,000 for the season of 1928-29. The comparative statement made public by the trustees shows a large increase in the deficit, which in 1927 was $44,000 and in 1928, $87,000.

Receipts have decreased, chiefly because of a falling off in income from concerts and from rentals of Symphony Hall. The Beethoven Festival of 1927 and radiocasting of programs in 1927 and 1928 swelled the receipts for those years. Neither source of revenue was available last season. Payments have increased, chiefly because of increases in orchestra salaries. For this season, prices have been slightly raised.

All the concerts are subscribed. But in order to fill all seats at all concerts, it is necessary to have a famous conductor. Famous conductors cost money. If you try to operate with a less famous conductor, at a smaller salary, there are vacant seats. It is very difficult to economize.

San Francisco has found it so. Alfred Hertz has been conductor of the San Francisco Orchestra for fourteen years. He is a distinguished musician, with a long record as symphonic and operatic conductor. But attendance at his concerts was falling off. He has resigned. San Francisco wanted Bruno Walter to succeed him. Mr. Walter doubtless would draw full houses at all concerts. But Mr. Walter's salary would be very high. He has not been engaged.

There is another method. Years ago Philadelphia, through the efforts largely of the Women's Committee, established a permanent fund for its orchestra. Recently a fund of $3,000,000 has been established to maintain the Cleveland Symphony. Boston is a conservative city. It allows "tag days" for various causes, but it probably would view with alarm a general "drive" for a fund to support its orchestra, which meantime must depend upon the response to the dignified appeals made by the trustees through the program book.

Nevertheless, it would seem that in a democracy a fund subscribed by the general public is the logical solution. Formerly it was the privilege of kings and princes to support the arts. Then it became the prerogative of captains of industry. Nowadays it is perhaps more consonant with the times that all the people should contribute. Of course, there probably will always be one or two munificent benefactors upon whose shoulders falls the main burden. But they are able and willing to bear it; and the sense of community ownership established by a fund to which many persons have contributed is a civic asset.

Concert-Chronicle

New, from Strauss

THE FAMILIAR Richard Strauss—rather than the wholly unfamiliar Gregory Krein stands upon this week's program at Symphony Hall with music as yet unheard in Boston. Excess of errors in score and parts proved the undoing of plans to play the Russian. An excerpt from the two-act opera, "Intermezzo," of 1924, replaces "The Song of David."

This little opera, by sub-title, "A Bourgeois Comedy with Symphonic Interludes," was first heard at Dresden, Nov. 4. 1924, at a "Strauss Week" in celebration of the compos r's sixtiet birthday. The plot is based on an incident in the composer's life. Josef Stransky—not unknown on this side of the sea—Strauss, another conductor and an Italian tenor were seated at a table at an inn in Prague, where they were all engaged in operatic performance. A "lady" approached their table; from the conversation discovered that they were from the opera; addressed them in a request for tickets. Indicating Stransky, the tenor replied, "Herr Straussky will attend to it." Not knowing any of them, the adventuress consulted a telephone book and sent a note to Strauss: "Dear Sweetheart: Do bring me the tickets. Your faithful Mizzi." By this time Strauss was away on a long trip; his wife opened the note; took steps toward securing a divorce. Her lawyer was reluctant and finally succeeded in discovering that Stransky knew the reason for the note, conveyed this knowledge to Frau Strauss, after which a reconciliation followed.

From this material Strauss himself wrote the "book" for an opera. In a dressing room, conductor Robert Storch is preparing for a long trip. He has "words" with his wife, Christina; leaves hair previously and the men who were caught simply didn't pay any attention to the warning. The ring leaders are in jail now, but they'll be out soon.

"This won't business. They'll have to work a little harder, that's all. There's plenty of stock on hand that the agents couldn't get and if they need any more they

In Vienna the Herr Hofkapellmeister Storch is seated with his friends at a table, playing his favorite game of "skat." Thus occupied, he receives a telegram from his wife accusing him of infidelity. His protests by mail and by wire remain unanswered. Finally his friend, Kapellmeister Stroh, comes forward with the solution of the mystery and the opera ends with a reconciliation scene.

Evidently, the chief interest of "Intermezzo" lies in the music; and by easy deduction in the symphonic interludes, sometimes longer than the scenes themselves, which connect the thirteen episodes. "In these interludes," says Richard Specht, Strauss's biographer, "lie the essence and the principal charm of the opera. The waltz, with its delicious piano prelude and the interweaving of the sentimental Bavarian tunes; the delightful description of the card-party, with the witty tone-picture of the mixing of the cards, the striking glissando and the accompanying violin and flute runs which make the tobogganing even more plain to the ear than the scene to the eye, the beautiful evening atmosphere which surrounds the lonely woman as she meditates by her lamp, the malicious atonal

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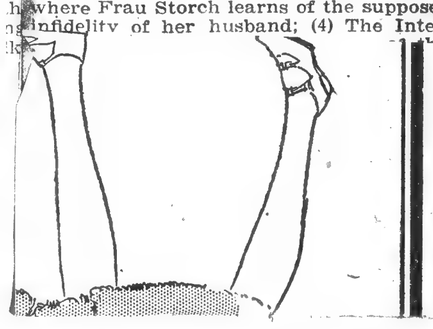
burlesque in the description of the young baron, the joyful epilogue which follows the explanation of the misunderstanding—these passages are memorable."

Selections from the Interludes are played now and again on symphonic programs. The New York Symphony Orchestra in January, 1928, played four excerpts: (1) The Sleigh-Ride between the first two scenes; (2) The Waltz, representing the dance at the Bavarian inn, beginning at the end of the second scene and continuing through the whole of the third scene; (3) The Interlude preparatory to the scene in Storch's house, where Frau Storch learns of the supposed infidelity of her husband; (4) The Inter-



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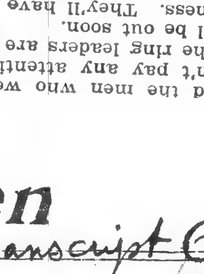
New: First Times, Josten's "Jungle"

TO Vivaldi from the ancients and Chaikovsky of the "Pathetique" Dr. Koussevitzky adds this week, as a novelty, Professor Werner Josten's symphonic poem, "The Jungle," in its "world-première." Professor Josten will be remembered from a well-received performance of several movements of a "Concerto Sacro" last year, and from his own performances of operas of Handel and Monteverdi at Smith College.

"The Jungle" owes its inception to the remarkable series of jungle pictures painted by the French modernist, Henri Julien Rousseau, between 1904 and 1910. From that set Mr. Josten carries one, "Paysage exotique," in his own copy of the score of "The Jungle," as the one which he had most particularly in mind in writing his symphonic poem.

Among modernists, Rousseau is classed as a "primitive." A few sentences from C. J. Bulliet's "Apples and Madonnas" may serve to character him: "Unlike Renoir—unlike Césanne—Rousseau was no evolution from any established 'style' of art. He is the nearest product of a unique inner urge to paint that the mod-'ern move[illegible]t has produced—the nearest gen[illegible]xpressionist'—the nearest 'prim[illegible]. Rousseau's art is p[illegible] it came out of an unpeasant mind—a mind been imbecile, as his pected, but that was so far as ordered ned." This author the naivete of a different mani- in a primitive



The pictures give Mr. Josten his point of departure. They are chosen partly because Mr. Josten whole-heartedly likes them; partly because he wants as subject matter for his own writing something that is removed from the artificialities of modern civilization. For him (we presume rather for his music) no steam-heat and no mechanistic theories, no modern plumbing or hot-house æsthetics. He would prefer primitive lands, where he can plant his bare feet on virgin soil and feel the magnetic forces of old Mother Earth course through his veins. Rousseau and his art thus answer a natural artistic craving of the composer.

But with this material Mr. Josten does not make an objective music. He definitely states that his music is not in any sense based on the music of any primitive land. One rhythm only (three-quarters followed by a triplet of sixteenths) is of native origin, a Voodoo rhythm. For the rest, his symphonic poem intends to convey the emotions which any European or American would experience in entering a tropical jungle such as that indicated by Rousseau's pictures. For his structural framework he uses the old and trusty sonata-form. His orchestra is, of course, a large one.

The first theme section embraces no less than five well-developed motives. These are mostly of an energetic, aggressive character. The first, in the basses, is energetic, passionate, of relentless, driving rhythm; a second, in English horn and French horns, though more meditative, leads to a considerable climax; the first returns in trumpets; three more compass the more active phases, the more glaring colors of jungle life. The second theme section begins "Tranquillo" with a gentle theme rightly taken in flutes. A second division of this section suggests the calls of animals at love-making; a short, songful motif in oboes (the female) answered somewhat more robustly by horns. A third grows intensely passionate. A fourth perhaps deals with natives at their love-making, the males calling in ascendin[illegible] glissandos, the females answering, t[illegible]gh the interval of a seventh in simil[illegible] descending figures. And in the terrific climax which is engendered, those bent on having their realism may succeed in hearing the lion's roar!

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To many again, Dr. Koussevitzky piled fresh discovery upon fresh discovery in the second symphony of Sibelius. This music is no less individual than that of Debussy. It is, however, music in which figuration, development and form such as one might expect in a large symphonic work, have place. It is likewise music of melody—surpassing melody, never usual, never trite always unusual, to our ears at least, and always vital, as witness the poignant and later impassioned third movement. But to say that a composition has form and melody of a high order of course will never describe the music of Sileblius. Better to say that the listener feels in it some great unifying principle and emotional force, obtaining one's attention gradually and eventually engrossing one by its logic and power; and that the means by which this is accomplished—the musical idiom, in short—is peculiar to one composer, Sibelius.

In this Second Symphony, as well as in the music of Handel and Debussy, Dr. Koussevitzky's service was that of drawing together all separate strands, of encompassing and compacting the whole so that we of the audience observed the design in all its completeness and all its power. Dr. Koussevitzky has been known to vary his pace from concert to concert. Last evening, he served as quick and immediate interpreter. N. M. J.

A New Italian About to Make Bostonian Bow

To Begin the Orchestral Year, Mr. Koussevitzky Presents Pick-Mangiagalli

TO ITALY, to a composer as yet untried "at these concerts," Mr. Koussevitzky turns for his first novelty of the season. Not frequently of late has an Italian been heard at Symphony Hall. As if in compensation, the honor of a place on a program beginning a new musical year, goes to a son of Milan via Vienna. Beethoven and Debussy, in thrice-tried numbers, fill the rest of the list. With them is announced, for the first time in America, Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli's "Prelude e Fuga per Orchestra," Opus 47. From him only smaller works have thus far been heard in Boston, though Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati have listened to him orchestrally. For information one turns inevitably to the writings of Guido M. Gatti, chief apostle of modern Italian music in journals on both sides of the Atlantic. In these words Mr. Gatti begins an article on Pick-Mangiagalli in The Musical Quarterly:

> One who should make no account, while reviewing the spiritual and formal factors in the works of Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, of the master's long sojourn in Vienna and of the influence that the Viennese artistic and social environment exerted on the development of his personality, would renounce a priori one of the keys that the critic has at his disposal for deciphering, as his appointed task, the artist's personality per se and in relation to others. After all, our love of country will not suffer if we keep well in view the artist's education in Vienna, when we have once established the points wherein Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli is heart and soul Italian, although born in Bohemia.

All of which requires a biographical note in explanation. Pick-Mangiagalli, though of Italian stock, was born at Strakowitz, in Bohemia, July 10, 1883. He studied at Prague, Milan, Vienna. At the Milan Conservatory his teachers were Appiani for piano, Ferroni for composition. He graduated in 1903 and went immediately to Vienna. There he made his début as pianist, and there he remained for a number of the formative years of his life. Viennese influence has thus been as potent with him as Italian training and temperament.

Mr. Gatti discovers two consequences of this sojourn in Vienna. First, Pick-Mangiagalli assimilated thoroughly the forms in use in the works of the great Viennese, particularly Brahms. This influence is said to have been all-powerful. Nor did the Viennese waltz fail to make impression. Secondly, says Mr. Gatti, he was influenced by "the absorption of the habits of thought and expression typical to the town-bred man, specific characteristics peculiar to the town, that lend to Vienna an original and singularly Southern physiognomy that make it seem like a Latin oasis amidst the Teutonic-Magyar life and culture so much in evidence just outside its gates." And in the London Musical Times Mr. Gatti has written: "The most marked features of this life are a noisy but never vulgar exuberance; a levity in the consideration of life's problems which is never empty frivolity but which is almost identical with an epicurean optimism of decided Mediterranean origin; a humor free from bitterness, and nearly always tending to the grotesque, the caricature and the masque, rather than the philosophy of life (as, e. g., is the case with English humor); lastly, for the other side of the medal, a facile melancholy, lovers' nostalgia, languid sighs proceeding from a boat borne on the grateful waters of the stately Danube, and inevitably gliding into the rhythms of a slow waltz." Outside the schools and apart from the composers, this Viennese life became second nature to Pick-Mangiagalli; was so thoroughly absorbed into his own musical personality that only with difficulty can it be called an influence.

Pick-Mangiagalli has made reputation both as pianist and as composer. He began publishing soon after his graduation from the Milan Conservatory. He has written much for piano; a considerable amount of chamber music; in the dramatic forms of opera and ballet, and for orchestra. In his early works have been noted, "elegance of line and delicacy of harmony." From the first much of his work has been "in the kingdom of the masquerade." The heroes of the Viennese carnival, of the Italian commedia dell 'arte, are his heroes. Both in the early piano works and later in the ballets and orchestral scores, one comes across Columbine, Pierrot, Harlequin, and the rest of them—"nothing but masks."

His orchestral mastery was acquired from Wagner and Strauss rather than from French sources. He can thus hardly be classed with the younger experimentalists. "He is disposed," says Mr. Gatti, man in the program-book of the Philadelphia Orchestra, "toward the traditional ways of Richard Strauss, Dukas, Rimsky-Korsakov and the earlier Stravinsky of "The Fire-Bird," though sometimes he swings back into the past and reminds us of Wagner the omnipresent

or even of Grieg." In the same vein, Mr. Gatti, writing of one of Pick-Mangiagalli's best-known most famous orchestral piece, the Nocturne and Fantastic Rondo" of 1914, counts it "a score so full of character that it takes its place beside the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas or the Fire-Art Works of Stravinsky. . . . for the skill with which certain effects of almost brutal chiaroscuro are produced." Like Strauss, Pick-Mangiagalli is skilled in the manipulation of mass effects. No less, however, has he a keen ear for the savors of individual instrument. His kinship to Strauss be it further said, is more through the fantastic "Till Eulenspiegel" than the more grandiose canvases of the German.

The Prelude and Fugue, Opus 47, which is to be heard for the first time in this country on Friday and Saturday, was published in 1927—a very recent work. It stands in the key of C major. It employs the usual large orchestra of the present day. A figure, a "preluding figure" after the manner of the old contrapuntists, one might say, is at once announced by all the violins. This figure, now as foreground, now as background, dominates, in true prelude-style, the whole of the composition. It is such a figure, however, as a Strauss rather than a Bach might have invented. For, beginning upon the lowest G of the violins, in three measures it makes its far-flung ascent through as many octaves. Almost at the start, there are rhythmic punctuations from winds in the modern manner. Trumpets, marcato, sound a virile, triumphant sort of motif as the first climax is reached. The orchestra subsides, violas alone playing darkly and softly the dominant figure, while woodwinds sing a far gentler song. Again a climax with the trumpet motif and again subsidence to the gentler music, this time somewhat more expanded. Horns have luscious harmonies in preparing for the final climax—of course with development of the trumpet motif and vigorous working of the "preluding figure."

In the fugue one may suspect the presence of the composer's characteristic humor. His subject is common place of common places—nothing more or less than a full octave of the simple C major scale, played in plain, rhythmically unadorned, stodgy dotted quarters, from tenor C to middle C, by a bass clarinet. When the bassoon takes the scale as "answer," the bass-clarinet continues with counter-subject, playful, piquant, almost more worked than the subject itself. Later when it appears in higher registers, this counter-subject will be bright, sparkling, full of verve. But when it first enters in low register in bass-clarinet, it is nothing short of grotesque diablerie. An oboe and a clarinet each sing subject and counter subject, ending the "exposition."

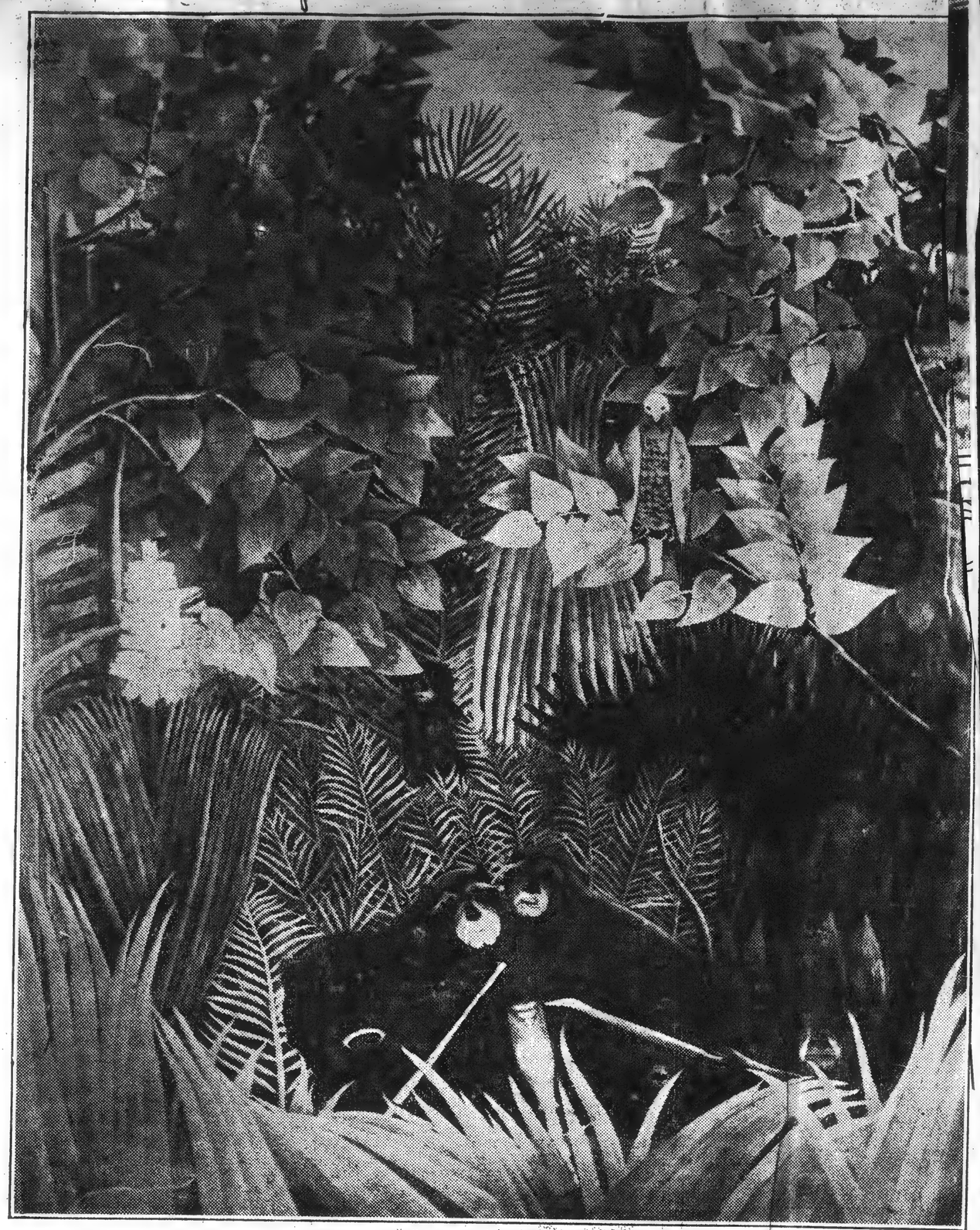
From this point the fugue proceeds through bright and witty episodes based chiefly on the counter-subject, and weighty, mock-serious entries of the scale-subject. It is an exceedingly well-ordered fugue. Further, it hides its academic skill in the rapid succession of light, gay moods. It builds up—in orthodox fashion—a strong climax on a pedal on the dominant, G. This in turn leads to a coda which grows more and more animated in rhythm; uses the simple scale figure faster and faster, ends in a series of swirling ascents of scale passages. . . . Even the practise-material of our infant may yield music!

A. H.

Boston Transcript

Fear's Fetid Field

Oct 26



"Foret Exotique" (Colby)

Henri Roussel's Picture, Which Suggested to Werner Josten the Symphonic Movement, "Jungle," Played This Week at the Symphony Concerts

(By Courtesy of The Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library)

A SEASON On Boston Boards N SUGGESTED

Koussevitzky, in Answer to a Question During Interview, Voices Proposal Believed Not Impossible

Oct 27 Globe

(Photo by Caro)
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

By STEPHEN SOMERVELL

A short Summer season of opera in Boston by a company whose singers would be the finest obtainable at the time, whose orchestra would be none other than the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and whose conductor would be Serge Koussevitzky! There is an idea to stir the imagination of opera enthusiasts not only in Boston but all over the world—an idea which, if ever it were brought to fruition, might make of Boston an operatic Mecca.

This sensational idea probably has not even been considered yet by those who could make it possible; to the newly-returned conductor himself it seemed to occur merely in the form of a question: "Why should not such a thing be possible here in Boston?" Yet many a brilliant undertaking has sprung from beginnings no less casual.

It was toward the close of an interview that the writer put to Mr Koussevitzky a question which, no doubt, every interviewer has insisted upon asking him since the conductor first became subjected to the attentions of that inquisitive fraternity—or, at any rate, since he first became known predominantly as a symphony conductor.

Cites Experiences

"Would you not like to conduct in opera if a sufficiently attractive opportunity were to present itself?"

"Well," Mr Koussevitzky replied, "I have, as you probably know, done a great deal of operatic conducting at one time or another, in Russia and in other European countries. It is an interesting and stimulating task, but not without irritating features. Too often the conductor is at the mercy of the whims and vanity of spoiled and inefficient singers; too often he is faced with inferior orchestras and the impossibility of securing adequate rehearsal. It was this last reason which, only last Summer, for example, led me to cancel my engagement to conduct Musorgsky's 'Boris Godounoff' at the Paris Opera.

"Unexpectedly pleasant experiences, for all that, occasionally fall to the lot of the visiting conductor of opera," Mr Koussevitzky continued. "In Lisbon, on one occasion, I found one of the most unpromising orchestras that it has ever been my ill-fortune to encounter. I had practically to teach most of the players their instruments (I have, of course, made it my business to master the technique of most of the orchestral instruments), and I fear I was no easy or polite taskmaster. Imaginé my astonishment, therefore on approaching the rostrum to begin the overture on the opening night, to find my path and the rostrum itself strewn with flowers. It was the men of the orchestra—the same men whom I had so mercilessly bullied—that had provided them and were now applauding me vociferously. I was extremely touched."

Makes Suggestion

"Do you think that we in Boston may ever have an opportunity of hearing your work as an opera conductor?" Mr Koussevitzky was asked.

"How is that possible?" was the rejoinder. "Our concerts in Boston, Cambridge, New York and many other cities, and our numerous rehearsals for these concerts, demand the whole of my time and strength. Any additional activities during the season would be unthinkable."

"But here is an idea for you," he said suddenly, as though inspired, "if you are so interested in an opera season of Boston's own. Why should it not be possible, in May or June, when the Symphony concerts are over, to give some operatic performances of a hitherto unheard-of quality. We have a world-famous orchestra. There is your opera house. We could engage the best singers available and with the same careful rehearsals that we give to our symphony programs we could secure results that would be worth bearing. Of course this is mere speculation, but not, I think, an entirely unreasonable one."

It goes without saying that Mr Koussevitzky has brought back with him, as usual, a goodly collection of new and unknown works. Nearly all of them are, of course, by contemporary composers.

"Music is a living art, not a dead one," he said. "I shall continue to devote an important part of my programs to examples of the most recent music. I shall do so, not only in order to keep the essential fact of music's constant growth and change before the minds of symphony audiences, but also with the object of enabling them to enjoy the stimulating experience of hearing, side by side with older music of long-established worth, new music which is of significance, both intrinsically and as

x Plays and Pl

A New Italian About to Make Bostonian Bow

To Begin the Orchestral Year, Mr. Koussevitzky Presents Pick-Mangiagalli

Trans Oct 10

TO ITALY, to a composer as yet untried "at these concerts," Mr. Koussevitzky turns for his first novelty of the season. Not frequently of late has an Italian been heard at Symphony Hall. As if in compensation, the honor of a place on a program beginning a new musical year, goes to a son of Milan via Vienna. Beethoven and Debussy, in thrice-tried numbers, fill the rest of the list. With them is announced, for the first time in America, Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli's "Prèlude e Fuga per Orchestra," Opus 47. From him only smaller works have thus far been heard in Boston, though Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati have listened to him orchestrally. For information one turns inevitably to the writings of Guido M. Gatti, chief apostle of modern Italian music in journals on both sides of the Atlantic. In these words Mr. Gatti begins an article on Pick-Mangiagalli in The Musical Quarterly:

> One who should make no account, while reviewing the spiritual and formal factors in the works of Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, of the master's long sojourn in Vienna and of the influence that the Viennese artistic and social environment exerted on the development of his personality, would renounce a priori one of the keys that the critic has at his disposal for deciphering, as his appointed task, the artist's personality per se and in relation to others. After all, our love of country will not suffer if we keep well in view the artist's education in Vienna, when we have once established the points wherein Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli is heart and soul Italian, although born in Bohemia.

All of which requires a biographical note in explanation. Pick-Mangiagalli, though of Italian stock, was born at Strakowitz, in Bohemia, July 1[illegible] He studied at Prague, Milan, [illegible] At the Milan Conservatory his t[illegible] were Appiani for piano, Ferroni f[illegible] position. He graduated in 1903 a[illegible] immediately to Vienna. There h[illegible] his début as pianist, and there [illegible] mained for a number of the for[illegible] years of his life. Viennese influen[illegible] thus been as potent with him as [illegible] training and temperament.

Mr. Gatti discovers two conseq[illegible] of this sojourn in Vienna. First, [illegible] Mangiagalli assimilated thorough[illegible] forms in use in the works of the [illegible] Viennese, particularly Brahms. T[illegible] fluence is said to have been all-po[illegible] Nor did the Viennese waltz fail t[illegible] impression. Secondly, says Mr. [illegible] he was influenced by "the absor[illegible] the habits of thought and express[illegible] cal to the town-bred man, specific c[illegible] acteristics peculiar to the town, th[illegible] lend to Vienna an original and singularly Southern physiognomy that make it seem like a Latin oasis amidst th[illegible] Teutonic-Magyar life and culture so much in evidence just outside its gates." And in the London Musical Times Mr. Gatti has written: "The most marked features of this life are a noisy but never vulgar exuberance; a levity in the consideration of life's problems which is never empty frivolity but which is almost identical with an epicurean optimism of decided Mediterranean origin; a humor free from bitterness, and nearly always tending to the grotesque, the caricature and the masque, rather than the philosophy of life (as, e. g., is the case with English humor); lastly, for the other side of the medal, a facile melancholy, lovers' nostalgia, languid sighs proceeding from a boat borne on the fateful waters of the stately Danube and inevitably gliding into the rhythms of a slow waltz." Outside the schools and apart from the composers, this Viennese life became second nature to Pick-Mangiagalli; was so thoroughly absorbed into his own musical personality that only with difficulty can it be called an influence.

Pick-Mangiagalli has made reputation both as pianist and as composer. He began publishing soon after his graduation from the Milan Conservatory. He has written much for piano; a considerable amount of chamber music; in the dramatic forms of opera and ballet, and for orchestra. In his early works have been noted. "elegance of line and delicacy of harmony." From the first much of his work has been "in the kingdom of the masquerade." The heroes of the Viennese carnival, of the Italian commedia dell 'arte, are his heroes. Both in the early piano works and later in the ballets and orchestral scores, one comes across Columbine, Pierrot, Harlequin, and the rest of them—"nothing but masks."

His orchestral mastery was acquired from Wagner and Strauss rather than from French sources. He can thus hardly be classed with the younger experimentalists. "He is disposed," says Mr. [illegible]man in the program-book of the Philadelphia Orchestra, "toward the traditional ways of Richard Strauss, Dukas, Rimsky-Korsakov and the earlier Stravinsky of "The Fire-Bird," though sometimes he swings back into the past and reminds us of Wagner the omnipresent or even of Grieg." In the same vein, Mr. Gatti, writing of one of Pick-Mangiagalli's best-known most famous orchestral piece, the Nocturne and Fantastic Rondo" of 1914, counts it a score so full of character that it takes its place beside the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas or the Fire-Art Works of Stravinsky. . . . for the skill with which certain effects of almost brutal chiaroscuro are produced." Like Strauss, Pick-Mangiagalli is skilled in the manipulation of mass effects. No less, however, has he a keen ear for the savors of individual instrument. His kinship to Strauss be it further said, is more through the fantastic "Till Eulenspiegel" than the more grandiose canvases of the German

The Prelude and Fugue, Opus 47, which is to be heard for the first time in this country on Friday and Saturday, was published in 1927—a very recent work. It stands in the key of C major. It employs the usual large orchestra of the present day. A figure, a "preluding figure" after the manner of the old contrapuntists, one might say, is at once announced by all the violins. This figure, now as foreground, now as background, dominates, in true prelude-style, the whole of the composition. It is such a figure, however, as a Strauss rather than a Bach might have invented. For, beginning upon the lowest G of the violins, in three measures it makes its far-flung ascent through as many octaves. Almost at the start, there are rhythmic punctuations from winds in the modern manner. Trumpets, marcato, sound a virile, triumphant sort of motif as the first climax is reached. The orchestra subsides, violas alone playing darkly and softly the dominant figure, while woodwinds sing a far gentler song. Again a climax with the trumpet motif and again subsidence to the gentler music, this time somewhat more expanded. Horns have luscious harmonies in preparing for the final climax—of course with development of the trumpet motif and vigorous working of the "preluding figure."

In the fugue one may suspect the presence of the composer's characteristic humor. His subject is common place of common places—nothing more or less than a full octave of the simple C major scale, played in plain, rhythmically unadorned, stodgy dotted quarters, from tenor C to middle C, by a bass clarinet. When the bassoon takes the scale as "answer," the bass-clarinet continues with counter-subject, playful, piquant, almost more worked than the subject itself. Later when it appea[illegible] ters, this [illegible]

Painchaud Wakefield Comm[illegible]

Corporal Harry E. Nelson Post[illegible] American Legion in Wakefield ins[illegible] the following officers: Philip E. [illegible] chaud, commander; Harold Merritt, senio[illegible] vice commander; Dr. Carl E. Allison, junior vice commander; Arthur E. Powell, adjutant; William A. Knipe finance officer; Cyrus M. Dolbeare, historian; Frank A. [illegible] ... officer; Forest H. B[illegible] and Frank D. Tanner, [illegible] Davis and Stanley R. G[illegible] A joint installation wit[illegible] illary will be held on Tuesda[illegible]

Boston Transcript Oct 26

Fear's Fetid Field

"Foret Exotique" (Colby)

[illegible], Which Suggested to Werner Josten the Symphonic Movement, [illegible]' Played This Week at the Symphony Conce[illegible]

[illegible]y of The Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library)

Oct 27 29

SUMMER OPERA SEASON IN BOSTON SUGGESTED

Koussevitzky, in Answer to a Question During Interview, Voices Proposal Believed Not Impossible

Oct 27 Globe

(Photo by Caro)
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

By STEPHEN SOMERVELL

A short Summer season of opera in Boston by a company whose singers would be the finest obtainable at the time, whose orchestra would be none other than the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and whose conductor would be Serge Koussevitzky! There is an idea to stir the imagination of opera enthusiasts not only in Boston but all over the world—an idea which, if ever it were brought to fruition, might make of Boston an operatic Mecca.

This sensational idea probably has not even been considered yet by those who could make it possible; to the newly-returned conductor himself it seemed to occur merely in the form of a question: "Why should not such a thing be possible here in Boston?" Yet many a brilliant undertaking has sprung from beginnings no less casual.

It was toward the close of an interview that the writer put to Mr Koussevitzky a question which, no doubt, every interviewer has insisted upon asking him since the conductor first became subjected to the attentions of that inquisitive fraternity—or, at any rate, since he first became known predominantly as a symphony conductor.

Cites Experiences

"Would you not like to conduct in opera if a sufficiently attractive opportunity were to present itself?"

"Well," Mr Koussevitzky replied, "I have, as you probably know, done a great deal of operatic conducting at one time or another, in Russia and in other European countries. It is an interesting and stimulating task, but not without irritating features. Too often the conductor is at the mercy of the whims and vanity of spoiled and inefficient singers; too often he is faced with inferior orchestras and the impossibility of securing adequate rehearsal. It was this last reason which, only last Summer, for example, led me to cancel my engagement to conduct Musorgsky's 'Boris Godounoff' at the Paris Opera.

"Unexpectedly pleasant experiences, for all that, occasionally fall to the lot of the visiting conductor of opera," Mr Koussevitzky continued. "In Lisbon, on one occasion, I found one of the most unpromising orchestras that it has ever been my ill-fortune to encounter. I had practically to teach most of the players their instruments (I have, of course, made it my business to master the technique of most of the orchestral instruments), and I fear I was no easy or polite taskmaster. Imagine my astonishment, therefore on approaching the rostrum to begin the overture on the opening night, to find my path and the rostrum itself strewn with flowers. It was the men of the orchestra—the same men whom I had so mercilessly bullied—that had provided them and were now applauding me vociferously. I was extremely touched."

Makes Suggestion

"Do you think that we in Boston may ever have an opportunity of hearing your work as an opera conductor?" Mr Koussevitzky was asked.

"How is that possible?" was the rejoinder. "Our concerts in Boston, Cambridge, New York and many other cities, and our numerous rehearsals for these concerts, demand the whole of my time and strength. Any additional activities during the season would be unthinkable."

"But here is an idea for you," he said suddenly, as though inspired, "if you are so interested in an opera season of Boston's own. Why should it not be possible, in May or June, when the Symphony concerts are over, to give some operatic performances of a hitherto unheard-of quality. We have a world-famous orchestra. There is your opera house. We could engage the best singers available and with the same careful rehearsals that we give to our symphony programs we could secure results that would be worth hearing. Of course this is mere speculation, but not, I think, an entirely unreasonable one."

It goes without saying that Mr Koussevitzky has brought back with him, as usual, a goodly collection of new and unknown works. Nearly all of them are, of course, by contemporary composers.

"Music is a living art, not a dead one," he said. "I shall continue to devote an important part of my programs to examples of the most recent music. I shall do so, not only in order to keep the essential fact of music's constant growth and change before the minds of symphony audiences, but olso with the object of enabling them to enjoy the stimulating experience of hearing, side by side with older music of long-established worth, new music which is of significance, both intrinsically and as

an indication of the way in which the history of the art is shaping itself in our own day. And lastly, but not least, I shall do it in order to give encouragement and stimulation to those whose labors and talents are keeping the art alive and vigorous. Not all the young men whose works we perform are geniuses, of course, but all have produced something worth hearing. I regard the ever-increasing demand for tickets for the Symphony concerts, which are entirely sold out, as a proof that my policy, and that of the trustees, is appreciated by the public."

Lauds Americans

An increased acquaintance with the work of the young American composers of today has brought Mr Koussevitzky to the opinion that they are considerably more promising than their European contemporaries. He finds them superior, if not in solidity of musical culture, at least in originality and in freshness of inspiration. Several works by American composers will be performed this season, including symphonies by Aaron Copland (whom Mr Koussevitzky regards as one of the most interesting of them all), and the equally promising Roger Sessions, Samuel Gardner's "Broadway," Gruenberg's "Enchanted Isle," Fairchild's "Chants Negres," and a new symphony by Burlingame Hill.

Among the European novelties, besides those which the first concerts have already brought forth, there will be a remarkable Third Symphony by Prokofieff (very different from the "Classical Symphony"), a Second Symphony by the British composer, Arnold Bax, a Concerto for wind instruments by Hindemith, Three Pieces for String Orchestra by Alban Berg (composer of the opera "Wozzek"), a set of Variations by Arnold Schoenberg, Suites by Enesco and Roussel (the latter announced as a world premiere), pieces by Wetzler, Hauer and Martelli, a Concerto Grosso by Philippe Lazar, and "Five Grimaces" by the whimsical Eric Satie, who, though no longer living, is still too little heard.

"European Novelties"

Two further "European novelties" to be heard this season are by composers far from modern.

These are an unpublished suite for wind orchestra by Ludwig Spohr, a younger contemporary of Beethoven, and Bach's enigmatic masterpiece, "Die Kunst der Fuge," as orchestrated by Wolfgang Graeser, a brilliant young musician and scholar who died by his own hand last year at the age of 22. This work has hitherto been regarded as unplayable, and as nothing more than an elaborate series of exercises in the intricacies of fugal composition, in which Bach lavished all his marvelous technical skill and demonstrated every possible contrapuntal device. In Graeser's version, however, it has had during the past year a phenomenal success all over Germany, and has proved itself, by the testimony of those who have heard it, to be exceedingly great music, and not merely a technical tour de force.

In other respects, too, this will be an interesting series of concerts. Mr Koussevitzky plans a festival for the latter part of the season, for he has formed the opinion that some such musical celebration as the unforgettable Beethoven Festival, though not necessarily on so large a scale, should be held here once every two years. Brahms is the composer to be honored during the current season. But Mr Koussevitzky will not add a word to the little that is publicly known at present concerning the way in which the orchestra will celebrate, in 1930, its 50th anniversary.

"All I can tell you is that it will be a most brilliant commemoration," he said.

"Conductorless Orchestras"

"Do you expect that the much-discussed plan of a European concert tour for the orchestra will mature next Summer?" Mr Koussevitzky was asked.

"I hope so," he replied, "for we are impatiently awaited over there. No other American orchestra enjoys nearly so great a renown in Europe as the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Its fame reached the old world first in the days of Nikisch and has not diminished since. We should be assured of a most enthusiastic welcome."

"Conductorless orchestras," says Mr Koussevitsky, such as have been organized with varying success in places as far apart as Moscow and New York, are an admirable idea."

And the brilliant conductor of the Bosto nSymphony Orchestra went on to explain this unexpected opinion by means of a paradox.

"Once an orchestra of this kind has trained itself into readiness to give an acceptable concert, it is in excellent condition to be taken over by a capable conductor. The sense of individual responsibility with which, in theory at least, each player in such on orchestra becomes inspired, is an undoubted stimulus to conscientious, thoughtful and sensitive work. If an orchestra imbued with this spirit were to come into the hands of a first-rate conductor, it would be likely, other things being equal, to give performa[nce] superior to those of a body of players trained merely in habits of precision and alert obedience.

"But there is a good deal of bluff in this notion of the so-called 'conductorless orchestra.' There is really no such thing. The players all keep their eyes glued upon the concert master; he directs them with motions of his head, his shoulder, his violin. Though he does not bear the name, the concert master becomes in effect the conductor of the orchestra. But with such an arrangement it takes 20 rehearsals to produce a result that a good conductor can effect in two."

Mr Koussevitzky is once again a resident of Jamaica Plain. There upon a wooded height near the pond he has a rambling house furnished with a sedate respectability and a solid comfort that would surprise many who, seeing in him the restless apostle of a disturbing modernism, would picture him, at home, unfurling a Satanic tail, removing the deceptively elegant shoes that conceal cloven hoofs, and perching himself upon up-to-the-minute Parisian furniture inspired by the diagrams in a textbook of geometry.

But alas for the dramatic proprieties!

In a large and restful, albeit somewhat old-fashioned parlor, furnished with cushioned chairs and settees, a phonograph, and a round table whereon, under a shaded lamp, lie neatly disposed a manuscript score of Gregoire Krein's "Chant de David," a box of Turkish cigarettes, and some trial "proofs" of records newly made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it is a bland and courteous gentleman who greets the reviewer.

In conversation, though he speaks often with a warmth and intensity of phrase and manner that bespeak the true enthusiast, his urbanity is seldom disturbed, even by the recollection of an occasional dissenting voice amid the almost unanimous praise lavished upon him by the critics of two continents. But he does not pretend to be totally unmoved by adverse criticism, though he may disagree with it.

"I am the only musician who reads his press notices and admits it!" he declares with charming candor.

It has sometimes been charged against Mr Koussevitzky that his readings of the classics are unconventional. To this charge he replies with a challenge:

"Take the score with you when next I am to perform a symphony of—Beethoven, for example. Follow the score, measure for measure, as the orchestra performs it, and you will see with what minute fidelity I obey every direction of the composer. Every piano, every forte, each diminuendo or crescendo indicated in the score is faithfully made, every tempo indication closely followed.

"That, in fact, is the test that Darius Milhaud once made in Paris. He took the orchestral scores with him to one of my concerts. Afterwards he came to me in great perplexity and said: 'You have done everything that the composers directed by their markings, and nothing that they did not. How it is, then, that your interpretations sound so different from those of other conductors?'

"The reason is, of course, that an infinite number of different degrees of softness may be understood by the term piano, and that forte to one conductor may mean moderately loud and to another extremely loud, while to the same conductor the same terms at different moments may bear somewhat different meanings. It is thus that the individuality of the conductor may express itself while he remains entirely faithful to the espressed intentions of the composer."

Individual Problem

And finally Mr Koussevitzky [gives] this dictum to critics in g[eneral]:

"When you have to judge of the [merits] of a performance, first try to put yourself in the artist's place and discover his intention. Then ask yourself whether the artist has succeeded in realizing it. The degree of his success in this is the measure of his excellence as an artist. No individual conception of the manner of interpreting a given work can be condemned as wrong or regarded as exclusively right. Each artist of musical culture and experience is entitled to his own view. All depends on the ability and the eloquence with which he fulfills his own intent."

Perhaps this may be as good a place as any, since some of Mr Koussevitzky's ideas on interpretation have just been recorded, to set down another comment which may help to illuminate his art. Apropos of a set of "Bas-Reliefs" by Martelli which will be performed, the conductor remarked:

"I myself always feel and render music as a species of bas-relief, with that firm yet fluid plasticity so characteristic of sculpture. Especially in the music of Handel and Brahms do I feel this quality, and it is in their music, particularly, that I try to let my conducting express this idea of the bas-relief."

Koussevitzky on Interpretation

(Garo)

The Conductor Acknowledges His Doctor's Degree from Harvard with a Brief Discourse, Hitherto Only Privately Printed, on His Art

OF all the arts, music and poetry are pre-eminently those that may be brought into closest union with one another . Such a connection is surely well-founded, for at the beginning poetry and music formed a united and indivisible whole. In remote times they existed in a united and indivisible tonal art, and their separation took place rather late. One cannot, on a sound basis, consider painting as the mother of poetry, or affirm that literature gave birth to architecture. To admit that would seem—if not an obvious absurdity—in any case a great paradox. But, if we make a parallel between poetry and music, the situation changes. Between these two arts there is an extraordinary relationship and an astonishing nearness.

Contrary to artistic "biological" history, one may on an equal basis follow the rise of poetry out of music's bosom or consider the inverse—the birth of music from poetry. Both directions will lead us to the same demonstrations and conclusions. Neither contemporary philology nor contemporary musicology—excepting a few individual suppositions—are endowed with the scientific power of proving the priority, that is, the supremacy, of one of these arts over the other.

But both modern philology and modern musical research agree that once poetry and music formed one indivisible art that dwelt in the midst of one united element. The disjunction of poetry and music happened a long time ago, and each of these arts led its self-existence and developed independently of the other; but their passionate attraction remained forever. Poetry always longs to be united to music, so that it tries from time to time to become music endeavoring to incarnate itself into it. This was the case with the symbolist poets not so long ago. ("De la musique avant toutes choses."—Verlaine.)

Music, in its manifestation, yearns toward poetical expression. Lyricism is indispensable both for music and for poetry. The loss of lyrical fire consumes, and deprives of its soul, poetry and music in the same measure. No matter how much they have sought, during the course of their history, ways independent of each other, yet they are fatally doomed to the same nature, like twins, and not only to the same spiritual nature but to the material, too. It is not by chance that the technics of verse instrumentation have been created and become so commonly necessary that it may be doubted whether any modern poet ignores them. The same may be said in reference to poetical rhythm, the technics of which are nearly analogous to the construction of musical rhythm; or of the meaning of poetical intonation, which again is nearly similar to musical intonation.

It is easy to bring together music and poetry. Both have one aim, if you remember the poet's words:

> "Go on and hasten
> To fill again my hungry soul
> With music."
> (Pushkin: "Mozart and Salieri.")

We do not intend to make a parallel between poetry and music in order to talk about their common features, but in order to distinguish one fundamental peculiarity which divides them: poetry is silent music. Its meaning is in the unexpressed and untold. Music is the singing voice of poetry: Let us again remember the poet's verses:

> "Keep still thy voice and disappear
> And hide thy heart and dreams."
> (Tutchev: "Silentium.")

This is the real reciprocal relation between poetry and music. When they are incorporated in concrete words, their relation becomes as if inverse. As much as they attract each other before their incarnation in form and images, when they still dwell in the state of element, so much do they repulse each other and part, when taking a literary or tonal shape. This erotic union and disjunction (which reminds one of the myth of Androgene) is like a symbol, eternally repeating itself and calling to remembrance the bygone existing unity and the rupture which once occurred.

When poetry incorporates itself into verses, it needs tranquility: it seems to be ashamed of its literary nudity and demands silence. On the contrary, music, when it takes a concrete shape, appears to be chained by quietness and violently claims to be expressed in real tones. Only bad verses aspire to be pronounced, playing with the sonority of words; good verses are fond of stillness and silence. In music, we observe the opposite phenomenon; only bad music is hostile to its tonal expression—that is, music which contents itself with its outlines (Papiermusik). Good music requires to be unchained in reproduction. Recited poetry nearly always sounds rhetorical; therefore good verses must be read to oneself, and not aloud.

Music which does not sound appears to be a dead world and loses its significance; its meaning dwells only in the tonal realization. Verses which are not even read (let alone not pronounced) do not lose their active power, but keep in a mysterious manner the ascendancy of poetry. Goethe and Petrarch do not lose their power and strength, but are independent of the fact whether they are remembered and read.

In music it is quite different. Upperformed works form dead layers, which are covered with more dead layers, and contemporary errors are often explained by ignorance and by not listening to the past. That is why poetry and music, being so much akin one to another, part on the basis of some fundamental feature. Music gave birth to the art of interpretation, creating it in its own sphere, as a second and auxiliary art, which poetry does not know at all. In poetry, interpretation is very artificial and changes into dramatic pose—a pose because it appears an imitation of theatrical art, from which poetical interpretation must borrow, for, in its sphere, as an organic art, it cannot arise.

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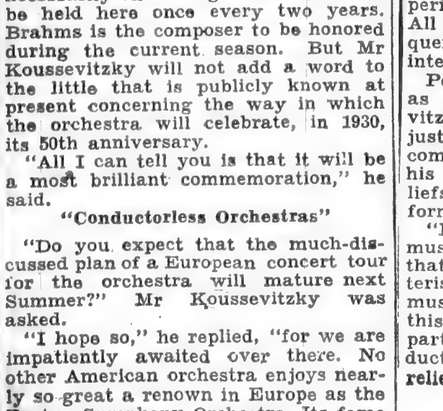
theory at least, each player in such
on orchestra becomes inspired, is an
undoubted stimulus to conscientious,
thoughtful and sensitive work. If an
orchestra imbued with this spirit were
to come into the hands of a first-rate
conductor, it would be likely, other
things being equal, to give perform-
ances superior to those of a body of



ly in habits of pre-
dience.
d deal of bluff
so-called 'con-
here is really
ers all keep
concert mas-
with motions of
shoulder, his violin.
does not bear the name,
oncert master becomes in effect
ne conductor of the orchestra. But
with such an arrangement it takes 20
rehearsals to produce a result that a
good conductor can effect in two."

Mr Koussevitzky is once again a res-
ident of Jamaica Plain. There upon
a wooded height near the pond he has
a rambling house furnished with a
sedate respectability and a solid com-
fort that would surprise many who,
seeing in him the restless apostle of
a disturbing modernism, would picture
him, as home, unfurling a Satanic

tail, removing the deceptively elegant shoes that conceal cloven hoofs, and perching himself upon up-to-the-minute Parisian furniture inspired by the diagrams in a textbook of geometry.

But alas for the dramatic proprieties!

In a large and restful, albeit somewhat old-fashioned parlor, furnished with cushioned chairs and settees, a phonograph, and a round table whereon, under a shaded lamp, lie neatly disposed a manuscript score of Gregoire Krein's "Chant de David," a box of Turkish cigarettes, and some trial "proofs" of records newly made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it is a bland and courteous gentleman who greets the reviewer.

In conversation, though he speaks often with a warmth and intensity of phrase and manner that bespeak the true enthusiast, his urbanity is seldom disturbed, even by the recollection of an occasional dissenting voice amid the almost unanimous praise lavished upon him by the critics of two continents. But he does not pretend to be totally unmoved by adverse criticism, though he may disagree with it.

"I am the only musician who reads his press notices and admits it!" he declares with charming candor.

It has sometimes been charged against Mr Koussevitzky that his readings of the classics are unconventional. To this charge he replies with a challenge:

"Take the score with you when next I am to perform a symphony of—Beethoven, for example. Follow the score, measure for measure, as the orchestra performs it, and you will see with what minute fidelity I obey every direction of the composer. Every piano, every forte, each diminuendo or crescendo indicated in the score is faithfully made, every tempo indication closely followed.

"That, in fact, is the test that Darius Milhaud once made in Paris. He took the orchestral scores with him to one of my concerts. Afterwards he came to me in great perplexity and said: 'You have done everything that the composers directed by their markings, and nothing that they did not. How it is, then, that your interpretations sound so different from those of other conductors?'

"The reason is, of course, that an infinite number of different degrees of softness may be understood by the term piano, and that forte to one conductor may mean moderately loud and to another extremely loud, while to the same conductor the same terms at different moments may bear somewhat different meanings. It is thus that the individuality of the conductor may express itself while he remains entirely faithful to the espressed intentions of the composer."

Individual Problem

And finally Mr Koussevitzky
this dictum to critics in g
"When you have to judge of the
of a performance, first try to put
self in the artist's place and dis
his intention. Then ask you
whether the artist has succeede
realizing it. The degree of his
cess in this is the measure of his
cellence as an artist. No individual
conception of the manner of interpret-
ing a given work can be condemned as
wrong or regarded as exclusively right.
Each artist of musical culture and ex-
perience is entitled to his own view.
All depends on the ability and the elo-
quence with which he fulfills his own
intent."

Perhaps this may be as good a place as any, since some of Mr Koussevitzky's ideas on interpretation have just been recorded, to set down another comment which may help to illuminate his art. Apropos of a set of "Bas-Reliefs" by Martelli which will be performed, the conductor remarked:

"I myself always feel and render music as a species of bas-relief, with that firm yet fluid plasticity so characteristic of sculpture. Especially in the music of Handel and Brahms do I feel this quality, and it is in their music, particularly, that I try to let my conducting express this idea of the bas-relief."

Koussevitzky on Interpretation

(Garo)

The Conductor Acknowledges His Doctor's Degree from Harvard with a Brief Discourse, Hitherto Only Privately Printed, on His Art

OF all the arts, music and poetry are pre-eminently those that may be brought into closest union with one another . Such a connection is surely well-founded, for at the beginning poetry and music formed a united and indivisible whole. In remote times they existed in a united and indivisible tonal art, and their separation took place rather late. One cannot, on a sound basis, consider painting as the mother of poetry, or affirm that literature gave birth to architecture. To admit that would seem—if not an obvious absurdity—in any case a great paradox. But, if we make a parallel between poetry and music, the situation changes. Between these two arts there is an extraordinary relationship and an astonishing nearness.

Contrary to artistic "biological" history, one may on an equal basis follow the rise of poetry out of music's bosom or consider the inverse—the birth of music from poetry. Both directions will lead us to the same demonstrations and conclusions. Neither contemporary philology nor contemporary musicology—excepting a few individual suppositions—are endowed with the scientific power of proving the priority, that is, the supremacy, of one of these arts over the other.

But both modern philology and modern musical research agree that once poetry and music formed one indivisible art that dwelt in the midst of one united element. The disjunction of poetry and music happened a long time ago, and each of these arts led its self-existence and developed independently of the other; but their passionate attraction remained forever. Poetry always longs to be united to music, so that it tries from time to time to become music endeavoring to incarnate itself into it. This was the case with the symbolist poets not so long ago. ("De la musique avant toutes choses."—Verlaine,)

Music, in its manifestation, yearns toward poetical expression. Lyricism is indispensable both for music and for poetry. The loss of lyrical fire consumes, and deprives of its soul, poetry and music in the same measure. No matter how much they have sought, during the course of their history, ways independent of each other, yet they are fatally doomed to the same nature, like twins, and not only to the same spiritual nature but to the material, too. It is not by chance that the technics of verse instrumentation have been created and become so commonly necessary that it may be doubted whether any modern poet ignores them. The same may be said in reference to poetical rhythm, the technics of which are nearly analogous to the construction of musical rhythm; or of the meaning of poetical intonation, which again is nearly similar to musical intonation.

It is easy to bring together music and poetry. Both have one aim, if you remember the poet's words:

> "Go on and hasten
> To fill again my hungry soul
> With music."
> (Pushkin: "Mozart and Salieri.")

We do not intend to make a parallel between poetry and music in order to talk about their common features, but in order to distinguish one fundamental peculiarity which divides them: poetry is silent music. Its meaning is in the unexpressed and untold. Music is the singing voice of poetry: Let us again remember the poet's verses:

> "Keep still thy voice and disappear
> And hide thy heart and dreams."
> (Tutchev: "Silentium.")

This is the real reciprocal relation between poetry and music. When they are incorporated in concrete words, their relation becomes as if inverse. As much as they attract each other before their incarnation in form and images, when they still dwell in the state of element, so much do they repulse each other and part, when taking a literary or tonal shape. This erotic union and disjunction (which reminds one of the myth of Androgene) is like a symbol, eternally repeating itself and calling to remembrance the bygone existing unity and the rupture which once occurred.

When poetry incorporates itself into verses, it needs tranquility: it seems to be ashamed of its literary nudity and demands silence. On the contrary, music, when it takes a concrete shape, appears to be chained by quietness and violently claims to be expressed in real tones. Only bad verses aspire to be pronounced, playing with the sonority of words; good verses are fond of stillness and silence. In music, we observe the opposite phenomenon; only bad music is hostile to its tonal expression—that is, music which contents itself with its outlines (Papiermusik). Good music requires to be unchained in reproduction. Recited poetry nearly always sounds rhetorical; therefore good verses must be read to oneself, and not aloud.

Music which does not sound appears to be a dead world and loses its significance; its meaning dwells only in the tonal realization. Verses which are not even read (let alone not pronounced) do not lose their active power, but keep in a mysterious manner the ascendancy of poetry. Goethe and Petrarch do not lose their power and strength, but are independent of the fact whether they are remembered and read.

In music it is quite different. Upperformed works form dead layers, which are covered with more dead layers, and contemporary errors are often explained by ignorance and by not listening to the past. That is why poetry and music, being so much akin one to another, part on the basis of some fundamental feature. Music gave birth to the art of interpretation, creating it in its own sphere, as a second and auxiliary art, which poetry does not know at all. In poetry, interpretation is very artificial and changes into dramatic pose—a pose because it appears an imitation of theatrical art, from which poetical interpretation must borrow, for, in its sphere, as an organic art, it cannot arise.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G Major; Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs; Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.

Martelli's Suite was performed for the first time in this country. It was said that the performance yesterday was the first anywhere but in the note furnished by the composer, this Suite is included in the list of compositions that have been performed "many times in Paris and in the French provinces." Now the Suite was composed in 1928; it has certainly not been performed as yet by any one of the leading orchestras of Paris.

Martelli, a Corsican by birth, studied at the Paris Conservatory and now lives in Paris. He is 35 years old; he must have passed the yeasty period as a composer. Although educated musically in Paris, he apparently has not been influenced by the French school that insists on clarity even in impressionistic works and on a certain finesse in harmonic schemes and in orchestration. Perhaps these desirable characteristics are revealed in his other compositions; no doubt he thought that an Assyrian subject demanded a more or less barbaric treatment; but the Assyrians though they delighted in noisy music were far from being barbarians; on the contrary their culture was noteworthy. There may be a Corsican school of music unknown to us, which influenced Martelli in his youth. It would have been an impossible task for him to reproduce veritable musical effects as the Assyrians produced them and enjoyed them. He simply endeavored to translate into tones four bas-reliefs that had impressed him as Liszt and others attempted to do the same with pictures.

The four movements of his Suite, all of them short, were suggested by a winged Jinnee, or spirit good or evil, eagle-headed before the Sacred Tree; a Dance before a personage seated, crowned by a tiara and robed in an embroidered tunic; a Lion and a Lioness in their Lair; and for a finale, the Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal, a mighty man in his day and generation.

It is a pity that before each movement a photograph of the suggesting bas relief could not have been thrown upon a screen. Then some in the audience after each orchestral transcription could have said "Marvellous! Marvellous"; others exclaiming "Not a bit like it." It would be easy to say that Martelli had set himself an impossible task; it is only just to reply that the music showed imagination, which, after all, is indispensable to a composition purposing to be pictorial; if the different movements were to some musically crude from a technical standpoint, or, while showing a certain skill, only affectedly eccentric, should they be hastily dismissed as vain and impotent? The question is not whether this music is truly Assyrian—for who knows the precise nature of the music, except that the tonal scheme was founded on mathematical relations of planets as formulated by astrologers and astronomers? The question is this; putting aside any thought of race or nation, did the music by itself, without any association, impress the senses or the mind?

Personally we answer "yes," but no two hearers are affected in exactly the same manner except by an exciting rhythm. The tavern music that made one man merry, another mad, aroused in Sir Thomas Browne a deep spirit of devotion. Martelli's Dance, with its hypnotic rhythmic monotony, its wild snatches of melody haunts the memory. As for the lion, one might say as Demetrius at the play of "Pyramus and Thisby," performed by the hardhanded man of Athens, "Well roar'd, lion." And there were passages in the Finale —but not in the conventional March section—that were much more than ingenious.

The music by Galliard—tinkered adriotly and enlarged in its proportions by Steinberg—is delightful in its gaiety, also in the suavity of the third movement. The lively pace taken by Dr. Kousevitzky in the first Allegro, although the indication reads Allegro non troppo, displayed the remarkable technical proficiency of the orchestra. Although Galliard was of French parentage and educated musically by Italians living in Germany before he made London his home, how English this music is in the jollity of the fast movements. Simple, direct as this Sonata is, is it not more truly music than the bombastic Symphony by Strauss, superbly performed as this Alpine adventure was? An Alpine symphony. It and its composer remind one of Reuben Pettingill of Waterbury, Me., as described by Artemus Ward:

"He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

"With that simple weapon he could make from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. He carved excellent soldiers also.

"I remember his masterpiece.

"It was 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.'

"Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps."

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The Brahms Festival will begin with the concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21, and Saturday evening, March 22. Academic Festival Overture. Symphony No. 3, F major. Symphony No. 2, D major.

6

As an auxiliary art, interpretation is, above all, most closely connected with music. Interpretation manifests itself in two directions. On one side, it serves as a link, becomes the intermediary step between hearer and author. Its most important aim, here, is the creation of a contact between author and public. In this direction, interpretation only then reaches its goal when it produces a real, living contact, when it becomes that vehicle through which the aesthetic value established by the author is transmitted to the public directly and with a greater power. The greater receptivity the interpretation arouses in its listeners, the more perfect will it be. The power of conviction will dominate in the struggle and victory over indifference, and passive receptivity peculiar to the public, generally formed of a casual assembly of people of heterogeneous culture, different tastes, and artistic habits.

Good interpretation leads the public to one denominator, seeming to make homogeneous the mixed crowd, bringing it to one level of receptivity. The impression is that the mass is transformed into one single listener. The first instant of contact created by the good interpreter is the moment of smoothing, of bringing the listeners' minds to some single artistic level. It is the gathering of all the heterogeneity and motley of artistic tastes into one focus, which, in this meaning, resembles the interpreter himself. If that aim is not immediately reached, one must consider the interpretation to have failed and all that follows later is destined also to failure—the contact cannot arise.

The performance will go in one direction. The listeners' receptivity, instead of yearning toward unity, will diverge more and more from the interpretation and will be scattered in the audience itself, provoking, at last, a complete discordance between interpreter and audience. What is called mutual misunderstanding will then happen. The reason is not at all in the fact that the performed music or the interpreter is bad. The cause is quite different: It is the absence of a will in the interpreter, the absence of that power which urges the public to submit itself willingly, or even unwillingly if this is necessary. The performed work may be excellent, but the contact does not arise if the will of interpretation is absent in the interpreter. And the inverse: The performed piece may be of a low artistic quality, but if the interpreter's will is obvious the contact with the listeners will arise in any circumstance.

The matter of second moment in interpretation is the attraction toward the interpreter of the listeners brought to one level of receptivity. This attraction must increase with such strength that, in the end, it has brought the hearer to a complete subordination. If this complete subordination is reached, it gives birth to what is called an immediate receptivity, which overcomes both satiety and indifference and even the peculiar, professional feeling—that is, puts the listeners into an immediate contact with living music and its expression. This is the interpreter's great victory—creating such receptivity on the part of the audience.

Then happens the "awaking"—the listener trying to return to his customary state. If this is easy for him, the whole matter is concluded; if the return to the previous state becomes difficult, sometimes quite impossible, then a very important thing has happened. Awaking from his musical sleep, the listener faces reality, which takes a new shape, an unusual one. As if the world had partly changed, life possesses a new value. A spiritual enrichment has taken place. For the interpreter this is the highest reward, highest step to which interpretation may ascend.

When speaking of interpretation in this direction, we mentioned the listener's willing and unwilling submission. The willing submission arises when the interpreter creates a contact between hearer and author, in conditions habitual to the listeners—this means when the interpreter's performance of a work does not contradict the opinion which the listener has already formed about it.

The forcible submission occurs when the contact arises, not between author and public, but between the public and the interpreter himself, independently of the author and against the public's will, in unusual conditions, when the performance is quite new to the audience, when all the traditions referring to the performance of this work are broken. The forcible submission is, of course, the most difficult. This is individual interpretation, in distinction to the first, which we may consider as objective. Had one to settle the question in favor of one of them (a matter of principle and convictions), one would, of course, vote for a bright, powerful, individual interpretation rather than for a weak, helpless, objective one.

Interpretation is not an art by itself, but an auxiliary one, greatly dependent on the general conditions of musical creation in this or that epoch. What we consider a stylistic performance is the link between musical performance and musical creation—this link being determined in relation to some definite epoch. A stylistic performance, of any quality, can always be only more or less precise. There is no solid basis to the argument that this or that style of our period coincides with previous performances. It is always a matter of guess-work and conventions. The quality of a stylistic performance always depends not so much on traditions as on the sagacity and culture of the interpreter himself.

A good interpreter commands not only the styles of different epochs, but also the composer's styles of one period. At the same time he does not copy anything at all. An interpreter, who possesses a style of his own, creates his performance by uniting past traditions in the shape they reached us with the technics of our time. Neither Bach's nor Beethoven's tempi and dynamics are in accordance with our tempi and dynamics, and to

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Dr. Koussevitzky

Continued from Preceding Page

copy servilely the previous performance would mean to retard modernity forcibly and artificially, achieving only dullness; for it is not possible to turn life backward. In a performance of classical work, seeming sometimes free, the departure from the past serves more to transmit the character and meaning of the work than a servile imitation of this past.

To speak the truth, one must consider interpretation a very young art (in the sense of orchestral conducting). It was born at the end of the nineteenth century and really flourished only in our time. It is a mistake to think that the great conductors of the past were better than the contemporary ones. There is much more solid ground to suppose that such excellent conductors of the nineteenth century as Hans von Bülow or Hector Berlioz would be unable to do anything with the modern orchestra and modern music. Their technics are indivisibly connected with the romantic period, and in our time they would be weak, helpless, just as some winner at a London derby in the nineteenth century, were he even the most marvelous jockey of his time, would not be able to use an aeroplane instead of his horse and replace Lindbergh.

If in Wagner's and Berlioz's time the technics of orchestral conducting were not clear, in such measure as it was then possible to contest the independent part played by a conductor, now these technics of orchestral conducting have reached such fruition that they may, with justice, be considered an independent musical science. Wagner and Berlioz, had one to judge by the testimony of their contemporaries, were excellent conductors; but both, trying to confine to a definite theory the technics of orchestral conducting, could only write a few pages about it. Now, the development of these technics, and their explanation, would need the writing of great scientific and theoretical works.

The technics of a modern conductor are not less complicated and precise than the technics of a modern virtuoso, and the quality of orchestral playing does not depend any less on the fingers, wrist and hand of the conductor than a violinist or a pianist depends on his instrument. The art of a virtuoso is in the submission to himself only of one instrument, on which he plays, and in his union with it. The conductor's technics are not connected immediately with the instruments, but with two groups of living men, toward whom his will is directed. His art is to transform the first group into one vibrating instrument, sounding as if he played on it, not conventionally, but with his own hands and fingers; and the second group, which is the public, the conductor yearns to change into one listener.

Thus, in the form in which it now exists ,interpretation is a new kind of art. It is a product of our time, appearing to be one of the achievements of the twentieth century. The conductor's creation, today, is an offering to the treasury of spiritual values of mankind, on an equal basis with the work of the scientist, the architect, and the painter-creator. The musician interpreter causes the fusion of all the manifestations of the modern man's activity, out of which modern culture is built. Being a painter, he is at the same time an organizer and an educator in the world of the beautiful. He belongs to those happy promoters of mankind who help to vanquish everyday gray existence, lifting it to the ideals towards which life tends.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

OCT 23 1929

The Doctor's Response

CONDUCTOR ON CONDUCTING

"One must consider interpretation a very young art (in the sense of orchestral conducting). It was born at the end of the 19th century and really flourished only in our time.

"There is much more solid ground to suppose that such excellent conductors of the 19th century as Hans von Bulow or Hector Berlioz would be unable to do anything with the modern orchestra and modern music. Their technics are indivisibly connected with the romantic period, and in our time would be weak and helpless."

Koussevitzky in acknowledging his doctor's degree from Harvard.

The Man With the Baton

ORCHESTRAL interpretation, declares Serge Koussevitzky in a paper written on his receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University, is an achievement of the twentieth century. Defined, it is a contact brought about between the person directing the players and the people who constitute the house. It is something new on each occasion, always advancing beyond the past and always contradicting any opinions the hearer may happen to have formed. It demands from the artist holding the baton a knowledge of the time in which this or that composer flourished, yet it never repeats what has been said before, never justifies itself by tradition, never imitates historic models.

From the material of discussion, which is a good deal condensed, a reader must suppose Dr. Koussevitzky to be thinking rather strictly of performance in the concert hall and to be counting that of the opera house out. At any rate, when he speaks about music, he seems to mean music in the pure form of sound; generally, too, instrumental sound, dissociated altogether from the theater and the stage and without alloy of dramatic action. The point he evidently intends to make is, that whereas two centuries of composers, from Bach to Debussy, wrote for the orchestra, but a quarter of a century of conductors have really possessed a method for properly handling their works.

Or, to combine assertion and definition, only since about the year 1900 has the man with the stick known that his principal concern is neither his book nor his musicians, but his audience; neither the pages of a score nor the hands and lips of a hundred more or less executants, but the ears of some 3000 listeners. As soon as he understood that, he became an interpreter and was in a position to develop a technique of his art.

With what names this development is chiefly associated, Dr. Koussevitzky in his brief study does not say. Perhaps cities, better than men, would account for the matter. Moscow, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and Boston might illustrate it in outline. An interpreter who came up to all that Dr. Koussevitzky's definition demands would presumably be one who could present a suite of Bach's, a symphony of Beethoven's or a tone-picture of Debussy's to the conviction and satisfaction of the public of them all.

—Monitor (Editorial)
Jan. 29, 1929

Boston Criticisms — Oct.
Colonel Oct 12

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Pick-Mangiagalli, Prelude and Fugue (first time in Boston); Debussy, "La Mer"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor.

Orchestra and audience welcomed Dr. Koussevitzky's return by standing and applauding heartily.

The only unfamiliar composition on the program was Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue. The name of the composer was not unknown here for Mr. Toscanini early in 1921 brought out the Notturno and Rondo Fantastico when he led La Scala orchestra in Symphony hall. Piano pieces and songs by the Czech-Italian composer have also been heard here.

The announcement that a prelude and fugue for orchestra by any contemporary composer would be played as a rule strikes terror to the stoutest soul, for this form of composition aften turns out to be only a musical exercise to prove that the writer has made sound studies and wishes to be taken seriously; often having few or no ideas, shunning emotion, striving anxiously after unimpeachable conformity to established rules rather than seeking loveliness, or by the pouring of new and sparkling wine into the old bottles of the school to quicken the spirit of the hearer.

And as Pick-Mangiagalli's father was a Czech, his mother an Italian, the question arose by which national inheritance would he be influenced—or by combining what is sometimes described as "German thoughtfulness" and Italian grace and soaring lyricism, would he come to grief, falling between the two. One remembered the sad case of the man who purchased in a second-hand shop a frock coat that had belonged to a clergyman and a pair of trousers that had been cast off by a man given to the races, cards and strong drink. The coat inspired the purchaser with the desire to rescue perishing souls; the trousers urged his feet to tread the paths of sin. Hence a spiritual conflict that was terrible; it turned the wearer into a Laodicean, incapable of good works, held back by pious coat-tails from ruinous diversions and all fleshly lusts.

Pick-Mangiagalli no doubt was not bothered by thought of parentage or early environment. Educated musically at the Milan conservatory, appreciated as a composer first in Germany, he sat down and wrote an interesting, unusual, exciting Prelude and Fugue, which was recognized by the audience, first of all as music. The liveliness of the Prelude was not without classic dignity. There were little episodes in the stirring rush and agreeable orchestral chatter that were suave and beautiful, relieving but not checking by undue sentimentalism the continuous flow. The fugue with its scale subject was daringly planned. Not once was there the thought of perfunctory, obligatory development and filling out of the scheme; the whole movement, exciting, and at the end impressive, was as one spontaneous, mighty musical outburst. The audience felt this at once. Seldom has a composition by a man unknown to the great majority of the hearers been so favorably received and honestly enjoyed.

When Debussy's "La Mer" was first performed here in the consulship of Dr. Muck no hand clapped hand at the Friday afternoon concert. Yesterday the performance deserved heartier applause than it received. Is it not possible that each hearer had his and her idea of what the sea should sound like, and was somewhat disappointed in Debussy's impressions? Did the audience expect to be thrilled by the "spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea" or to be soothed by lapping waters as in Mendelssohn's "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," which might be taken for a description of a summer sail on a Nantasket excursion boat?

Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the music by Beethoven is justly famous. It is not every conductor who can so eloquently reveal the different phases of romanticism illustrated yesterday by Beethoven, Debussy and Pick-Mangiagalli. But suppose Beethoven's fifth symphony were to be performed only once in four or five years? Would it not then gain in majesty? Dwellers near lofty mountain peaks are too familiar with them to realize their sublimity.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, for strings, op. 6 No. 10. Gregoir Krein "Chant de David," Symphonic poem (first time in the United States), Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire-Bird," Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D ma[illegible]

BOSTON SYMPHONY BEGINS 49TH SEASON

Koussevitzky and Players Given Cordial Welcome

Conductor Assumes Title of "Dr" From Harvard Honorary Degree

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its 49th season yesterday afternoon with the first of the 24 Friday subscription concerts, for which every season ticket was, as usual, sold far in advance. The audience gave conductor and players a cordial welcome, applauding warmly at every opportunity before and during the performance of a program which included Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, a new Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, Debussy's "La Mer" and Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

A glance at the first page of the program disclosed only one remarkable change from last season. The conductor's name is now for the first time given as Dr Serge Koussevitzky. He received an honorary degree last June from Harvard. He also holds an honorary degree from Brown.

The personnel of the orchestra, save for the return of Mr Thillois and the resignation of Paul Shirley, is unaltered from last season, though in several instances the ranking of players is changed.

There were very few new faces in the audience. Anyone who relinquishes season tickets for the Friday concerts does so with the knowledge that it will be difficult to obtain seats for a later season, so greatly does the demand exceed the supply. The Saturday and Monday series are likewise sold out for the season, as the six Tuesday concerts seem certain to be also.

Dr Koussevitzky, returning for his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony, comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument; and to an audience assembled in large measure by the power of his remarkable personality. The present position of the Boston Symphony, as an orchestra again unsurpassed in the world, has been won by his hard and intense effort.

When he came here in 1924 the Boston Symphony had not recovered from the disruptions brought about as an indirect and lamentable consequence of the World War. After five years he has seen it acknowledged everywhere as restored to the front rank among orchestras, though not to its once undisputed preeminence. Something of this may have been in the minds of many of those who rose to their feet to honor him at his first entrance yesterday.

A financial statement from the trustees, inserted in yesterday's programs, bore witness to the high cost of maintaining such an orchestra. The deficit on last season, with every ticket sold, was $145,493.68; of which sum $101,487.67 has been contributed. The trustees conclude their tables of receipts and payments with this appeal:

"We request this year toward deficits $100,000, which comprises the deficit for the ensuing year, plus the $45,000 deficit carried over from last year."

The prices of season tickets for this year have been considerably increased, so that the receipts from concerts will be larger than before. Contributions toward the deficit should be sent to E. B. Dane, treasurer, at 6 Beacon st, Boston. Small as well as large gifts are welcomed.

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Debussy's "La Mer," once regarded as a formless impressionist piece, full of daring, if evanescent harmonies, now seems clear and straightforward, with a simplicity and economy of style which recalls such classics as Mozart. Its melodies are now as obvious as its composer's indebtedness to such Russians as Musorgsky and Rimsky Korsakov. Dr Koussevitzky quite rightly stresses the dramatic vigor of much of this score. Writing about "The Sea" even Debussy could scarce avoid boisterous moments.

The novelty, Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, proved to be an agreeable trifle, despite the austere suggestions of the title. The subject of the fugue is an ordinary scale, not one of the pregnant motives found in Bach. The prelude is a facile and sentimental rhapsody saved temporarily from banality by its more or less up-to-date harmonies.

The composer, an Italian by tradition and heredity, though born in Czech-Slovakia, has written other sophisticated salon pieces, some of which have been heard in Boston. No doubt he did not take this prelude and fugue with what Arnold called "high seriousness." His music is easy to listen to, but difficult to remember afterward.

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Concert-Chronicle

Beginning in Cambridge

INTO Cambridge went the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening for its first concert of the season in the university town. Out of the first two Boston programs, the list of the evening was compounded—Handel's Tenth Concerto Grosso for Strings, to be played in Boston today and tomorrow; Debussy's three sketches "The Sea," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, out of last week's program. No more receptive audience does the orchestra find than this on the Harvard campus. Twice—in response to a program of three numbers—applause was such as to cause Dr. Koussevitzky to ask the orchestra to rise to its feet in acknowledgment. Both Debussy's sketches and Beethoven's Symphony gave such occasion. But pleasure also came from the Conecrto of Handel with its stately, majestic overture; its playful, rollicking fugue; its suave "air" in quasi-sarabande rhythm; its bouncing, roisterouse finale.

Would Debussy's music of the sea make its same impression if the composer had not decided to give it a title, had not associated it with the sea, had allowed it to stand as merely three symphonic sketches? It is an idle question perhaps. But certainly the whole is a play of tones as much as it is aural picture of the incessantly varying aspects of a huge expanse of water. And just possibly the subconscious attempt of many a hearer at trying to determine for himself just what particular aspect of the sea the composer had in mind at a given time, keeps him from that fullest surrender to the music, the pure sense impression which these sketches demand. That Debussy had no such definite portrayal in mind is evident from his uncertainty as to titles for the different movements—fully discussed in the program book. For Debussy's "The Sea" is free and untrammelled play of tones, as free and boundless as the sea itself.

One reflects also upon the course which this music—most of Debussy's music—has run in the mind of the concert goer. Time was when it sounded strange, incoherent, baffling. Then came full appreciation. And now one can hear that Debussy is too this, or too that; that qualities which were once denied him reside in him in too great abundance! And yet the searcher for beauty can hardly fail to find it in every measure of this score. But beauty, it has been said, resides more in the eyes of the beholder than in the thing he beholds. Where is there better example than in Debussy? And that the eye (in this case the ear) for beauty was not lacking at Cambridge, applause gave ample proof.

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Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

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A. H.

SYMPHONY BEGINS THE NEW SEASON

Orchestra the Same to a Man as That of Last Year

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An orchestra the same to a man and an audience as nearly unchanged as so large a company could well be from one season to the next were certain items on the programme aside from the familiar features of yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. The conductor, too, was the same—yet called by a different name. Each of the many references to him in the programme book described hm, not as plain Mr., but as Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. Thus has the honorary degree conferred upon him last June by Harvard University been heeded at Symphony Hall.

"EGMONT" OUTSTANDING

Dr. Koussevitzky, as he is henceforth to be, made for this initial pair of concerts a programme that achieved unity after a somewhat unusual fashion. The first piece yesterday afternoon was by Beethoven: the Overture to "Egmont"; and that composer's Fifth Symphony served for ending. Between stood a Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, new name at the Symphony Concerts, and Debussy's "La Mer," performed at them now these nine times.

Post Oct 12

At the outset let it be said that the most arresting performance of the afternoon was that of the "Egmont" Overture. A whole column of newspaper print might be devoted to a summing-up of its many excellencies. Suffice it, however, to say that it was in rare degree vital, elastic, dramatically suggestive, yet always musical. Only an orchestra of the highest attainments could have so vivified and freshened these long familiar measures, while only a conductor of genius as well as of rare skill could have directed it to such a feat. Yet the audience, absorbed for the moment in finding its next-door neighbor once more by its respective side, apparently noticed these marvels but little. A mere ripple of applause served for comment on them.

Pick-Mangiagalli Wins Favor

Far more enthusiastic was the reception accorded the new piece of the afternoon. Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, half Italian by blood and wholly so by present residence although a Czech by birth, was introduced to Boston a few seasons ago by Mr. Toscanini and the orchestra of La Scala. As a composer he belongs to the right rather than the left wing. The older principles and procedures suit his requirements.

His Prelude is well designed, sonorous (at times almost to blatancy) and melodious; hardly distinctive or distinguished. His Fugue, which has for its subject nothing else than an ascending scale of C major, answered of course by that of G, is ingenious, well planned and ably executed. Not surprising is it that this piece, most brilliantly played, should have found immediate favor.

Debussy on Decline

From the Prelude to the "Afternoon of a Faun" through the Nocturnes and "La Mer" to the final three "Images," Debussy's major orchestral pieces decline steadily in inventiveness, even as they progress in adroitness of workmanship. On some ears "La Mer" already palls, even in a performance as sympathetic as that of yesterday. Finally Dr. Koussevitzky's unorthodox nd generally triumphant way with the ifth Symphony is well-known to Bosonians. The stirring performance of he Finale yesterday afternoon proked the accustomed storm of apause.

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Boston Criticisms — Oct.
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MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Pick-Mangiagalli, Prelude and Fugue (first time in Boston); Debussy, "La Mer"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor.

Orchestra and audience welcomed Dr. Koussevitzky's return by standing and applauding heartily.

The only unfamiliar composition on the program was Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue. The name of the composer was not unknown here for Mr. Toscanini early in 1921 brought out the Notturno and Rondo Fantastico when he led La Scala orchestra in Symphony hall. Piano pieces and songs by the Czech-Italian composer have also been heard here.

The announcement that a prelude and fugue for orchestra by any contemporary composer would be played as a rule strikes terror to the stoutest soul, for this form of composition often turns out to be only a musical exercise to prove that the writer has made sound studies and wishes to be taken seriously; often having few or no ideas, shunning emotion, striving anxiously after unimpeachable conformity to established rules rather than seeking loveliness, or by the pouring of new and sparkling wine into the old bottles of the school to quicken the spirit of the hearer.

And as Pick-Mangiagalli's father was a Czech, his mother an Italian, the question arose by which national inheritance would he be influenced—or by combining what is sometimes described as "German thoughtfulness" and Italian grace and soaring lyricism, would he come to grief, falling between the two. One remembered the sad case of the man who purchased in a second-hand shop a frock coat that had belonged to a clergyman and a pair of trousers that had been cast off by a man given to the races, cards and strong drink. The coat inspired the purchaser with the desire to rescue perishing souls; the trousers urged his feet to tread the paths of sin. Hence a spiritual conflict that was terrible; it turned the wearer into a Laodicean, incapable of good works, held back by pious coat-tails from ruinous diversions and all fleshly lusts.

Pick-Mangiagalli no doubt was not bothered by thought of parentage or early environment. Educated musically at the Milan conservatory, appreciated as a composer first in Germany, he sat down and wrote an interesting, unusual, exciting Prelude and Fugue, which was recognized by the audience, first of all as music. The liveliness of the Prelude was not without classic dignity. There were little episodes in the stirring rush and agreeable orchestral chatter that were suave and beautiful, relieving but not checking by undue sentimentalism the continuous flow. The fugue with its scale subject was daringly planned. Not once was there the thought of perfunctory, obligatory development and filling out of the scheme; the whole movement, exciting, and at the end impressive, was as one spontaneous, mighty musical outburst. The audience felt this at once. Seldom has a composition by a man unknown to the great majority of the hearers been so favorably received and honestly enjoyed.

When Debussy's "La Mer" was first performed here in the consulship of Dr. Muck no hand clapped hand at the Friday afternoon concert. Yesterday the performance deserved heartier applause than it received. Is it not possible that each hearer had his and her idea of what the sea should sound like, and was somewhat disappointed in Debussy's impressions? Did the audience expect to be thrilled by the "spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea" or to be soothed by lapping waters as in Mendelssohn's "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," which might be taken for a description of a summer sail on a Nantasket excursion boat?

Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the music by Beethoven is justly famous. It is not every conductor who can so eloquently reveal the different phases of romanticism illustrated yesterday by Beethoven, Debussy and Pick-Mangiagalli. But suppose Beethoven's fifth symphony were to be performed only once in four or five years? Would it not then gain in majesty? Dwellers near lofty mountain peaks are too familiar with them to realize their sublimity.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, for strings, op. 6 No. 10. Gregoir Krein "Chant de David," Symphonic poem (first time in the United States), Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire-Bird," Sibelius, Symphony No. 2. D ma[illegible]

BOSTON SYMPHONY BEGINS 49TH SEASON

Koussevitzky and Players Given Cordial Welcome

Conductor Assumes Title of "Dr" From Harvard Honorary Degree

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its 49th season yesterday afternoon with the first of the 24 Friday subscription concerts, for which every season ticket was, as usual, sold far in advance. The audience gave conductor and players a cordial welcome, applauding warmly at every opportunity before and during the performance of a program which included Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, a new Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, Debussy's "La Mer" and Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

A glance at the first page of the program disclosed only one remarkable change from last season. The conductor's name is now for the first time given as Dr Serge Koussevitzky. He received an honorary degree last June from Harvard. He also holds an honorary degree from Brown.

The personnel of the orchestra, save for the return of Mr Thillois and the resignation of Paul Shirley, is unaltered from last season, though in several instances the ranking of players is changed.

There were very few new faces in the audience. Anyone who relinquishes season tickets for the Friday concerts does so with the knowledge that it will be difficult to obtain seats for a later season, so greatly does the demand exceed the supply. The Saturday and Monday series are likewise sold out for the season, as the six Tuesday concerts seem certain to be also.

Dr Koussevitzky, returning for his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony, comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument; and to an audience assembled in large measure by the power of his remarkable personality. The present position of the Boston Symphony, as an orchestra again unsurpassed in the world, has been won by his hard and intense effort.

When he came here in 1924 the Boston Symphony had not recovered from the disruptions brought about as an indirect and lamentable consequence of the World War. After five years he has seen it acknowledged everywhere as restored to the front rank among orchestras, though not to its once undisputed preeminence. Something of this may have been in the minds of many of those who rose to their feet to honor him at his first entrance yesterday.

A financial statement from the trustees, inserted in yesterday's programs, bore witness to the high cost of maintaining such an orchestra. The deficit on last season, with every ticket sold, was $145,493.68; of which sum $101,487.67 has been contributed. The trustees conclude their tables of receipts and payments with this appeal:

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"EGMONT" [illegible] STANDING

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Post Oct 12

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In such wise was the 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra begun.

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MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, op. 6, No. 10. R. Strauss, Interlude from the opera "Intermezzo" (first time in Boston). Stravinsky, Suite from the ballet "The Fire-Bird." Sibelius, Symphony no. 2. The "Waltz Scene" from "Intermezzo" which had been announced for performance, was not played. Without this piece the concert was too long. Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the symphony was heard for the first time.

Strauss's "Intermezzo" was suggested by a domestic misunderstanding in consequence of a letter which was intended for a colleague of the same name. Strauss's wife raged and talked of divorce. In the opera—the libretto was written by the composer—Strauss is brought on the stage as Conductor Storch; his wife as Mme. Storch. This was not the first time that Strauss made use of his Pauline for his own musical glorification. In the "Domestic" Symphony he portrays her musically as whimsical, capricious, irritating; now shrewish, now seductive; nor does he hesitate to picture in sensuous strains their reconciliation and fond embracing. What relation this Interlude has to the action of the play is unknown to those who have not heard the opera. It has been said by a German thinking deeply that the "spiritual presentation of the action lies chiefly with the orchestra between acts." The Interlude heard yesterday is suave, melodious, richly colored, without rising to any height of emotion. Whether it portrays Mme. Strauss-Storch after the comforting explanation, or is simply music, must be left to the imagination of the hearer. If it is a musical portrait of Pauline she was evidently in an amiable mood; or, perhaps, the suspected husband was soothing his wife with honeyed words. Whatever the "meaning" of the music, if it has other than musical significance, the audience enjoyed the Interlude which gained in worth by the beauty of the performance.

The "Fire-Bird" selections suffer less than those from other ballets by Stravinsky when the concert hall is substituted for the theatre. The more fanatical Stravinskyites for this reason, and on account of the more orthodox nature of the music, are accustomed to speak slightly, in a condescending manner, of the music; to dismiss it as influenced greatly by Rimsky-Korsakov. They contemptuously characterize "The Fire-Bird" as "academic"; which is in their eyes the unpardonable sin; yet the persistentaly hammered rhythm in the Infernal Dance of Katschei's subjects is prophetic of rhythms in the "Sacre de Printemps." The former suite is grateful to the ear; interesting without reference to the story on the stage where the attention is more or less concentrated on the movements of mimes and dancers; nor is this music so inevitably associated with action as is the music of "Petrouchka" or of the "Sacre de Printemps." The performance yesterday was brilliant.

It is a question whether Sibelius in his earlier compositions was not injured in the public mind by the insistence of his admirers on his nationality, expressing, they said, the spirit of Finland; melancholy landscapes, the angry sea, the cries of gulls; as though his music had a specific geographical, topographical, botanical, and ornithological value. Some dwelt on Finland groaning and rebellious under the oppression of years. Mr. Schneevoight tells us that the intention of Sibelius in this symphony was to depict the pastoral life of his countrymen: the thought of a brutal ruler that brought timidity; then the awakening of national feeling and at last the entrance of hope and deliverance into their breasts. As the old Frenchman said: "How many things there are in a minuet," so Mr. Schneevoight speaks of this symphony. A composer may be a zealous patriot, but his appeal to the world must be universal, not simply national. When the libretto of "Tosca" was shown to an Italian composer, not Puccini, he turned to the scene in the last act where the tenor should pour out his soul and asked Verdi how he would treat the subject. Verdi smiled and said: "I should write some music." Is it not possible that Sibelius said to himself, "I'll write a second symphony"? Might he not have written it at Vienna, Paris, Milan, even in Terre Haute; for his is a virile, sombre nature, a musician of imposing individuality, who would feel the urge to write whether he were in Helsingfors or Eisleben? It will be observed that in his symphonies he does not make liberal use of folk-music to assert his nationality, and it is fair to believe that in his symphonies he expresses what he himself feels with his stormy nature, his fits of melancholy without the laborious attempt to put Finland on the musical map. One wishes that he would revise, shorten the last movement. The hearer feels at least three times that the great climax is building, that it arrives; and each time is disappointed by the appearance of intermediate measures that seem inconsequential, detrimental to the structure and what should be the final overwhelming effect. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the symphony was intensely dramatic.

Strauss, Stravinsky, Sibelius, all fine fellows in their different ways. Yet the concerto of Handel, nearly 200 years old, by the tender beauty, the spiritual and noble sentiment of the Air; by the spontaneous vivacity and fire of the quick movements—the light and frolicsome grace of the final Allegro—revealed the great, superb master. Who dares to prophesy the fate of Strauss, Stravinsky and Sibelius 200 years from now?

The concert will be repeated tonight, the program of Oct. 25, 26, will be as follows: Vivaldi, concerto D minor, for orchestra and organ; Josten, "Jungle," symphonic poem; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6 ("Pathetic.")

STRADIVARIUS QUARTET

The Stradivarius string quartet (Messrs. Wolfinsohn, Pochon Moldavan, Warburg), will, through the generosity of Mrs. Edward C. Moore, give a concert in Paine hall, Cambridge, next Tuesday evening. Haydn, quartet, G major, op. 77, No. 1; Schelling, Berceuse pour un Enfant malade, and Gazal (Persian melody), Brahms, quartet, C minor, op. 51, No. 1. This concert will be free and open to the public.

Post Oct 19

STRAUSS' MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Interlude From Opera "Intermezzo" Gives Pleasure

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With conductor and orchestra at top bent and a programme of uncommon interest, the latter something that may scarcely be said for its immediate predecessor, the Symphony Concert of yesterday proved intrinsically more of an occasion than that of a week ago.

The audience, too, recovered from the apathy or absorption in other concerns that characterized its attitude at the opening concert, applauded throughout the afternoon with a spontaneity and fervor born of genuine pleasure in both music and performance.

FROM STRAUSS' OPERA

Handel of the tenth Concerto Grosso, Handel of stately periods and of vibrant or singing strings, began the concert. To him succeeded, not the new Russian Krein but the familiar Richard Strauss in an unfamiliar piece, an interlude from his opera "Intermezzo," while Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" suite in its fourth and most brilliant performance under Dr. Koussevitzky and Sibelius' Second Symphony in its first under his direction concluded the list.

"Intermezzo," last but one of the operas of Strauss, is as yet unknown on this side of the Atlantic, though it enjoys considerable popularity in the Teutonic countries and even the summer visitor to Germany may hear it in the occasional Strauss festival under the composer's direction.

Based on Episode in Own Life

The book, based on an episode in Strauss' life, is also of his own making.

Its theme is a domestic misunderstanding brought about by a letter addressed to the composer although intended for another and opened by his temperamental wife, the resulting threat of separation and final reconciliation when the composer-conductor, professionally occupied in Vienna, had hurried back to his Bavarian home. The piece is, in short, a modern comedy with music, and the voice parts when such prosaic matters as telephone conversations are in hand, lapse into ordinary speech, orchestrally accompanied. The chief musical burden is borne by symphonic interludes. That played yesterday follows the scene in which Frau Strauss (she is Frau Storch in the play) muses sentimentally over a handsome young baron of chance acquaintance and then on her absent husband, with general reflections upon the lonesome lot of wives left at home while their lords do the work of the world.

A homely enough scene is this, foreign to the usual atmosphere of "grand opera;" and here, as throughout the opera, Strauss' music is perfectly suited to text and situation. There are no heroics, only a lyric theme, gentle and reflective, developed with rare contrapuntal skill and brought to a sonorous statement by an orchestra shot through with the ravishing tonal tints of which Strauss was long ago past master.

Sibelius' Second

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Yesterday a Russian led it, but for the moment Dr. Koussevitzky might have been of the oppressed, not of the oppressing race. Deeply he felt and fully he conveyed the music's changing moods and brought it at the close to an apotheosis, a glory of tone and exaltation of utterance such as Symphony Hall has seldom heard, whatever the piece and whoever the conductor.

Herald Oct 19

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These measures were heard for the first time in Boston at the concert of Oct. 18. If they add nothing to our knowledge of Strauss, they are welcome for their familiar aspect. They represent the Viennese, sentimental, uxorious Strauss of the earlier symphonic domestic pieces. Never distinguished for his taste, the composer in this opera has utilized another incident of his home life. The particular interlude played at Symphony Hall represents the faithful wife at home, thinking of her departed consort. The atmosphere is tenderly reflective. The material is worthy of the operetta stage, but in Strauss's handling and Strauss's orchestra it assumes a charming glow. A very successful piece of writing, which was received politely by the audience.

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L. A. S.

BOSTON TRAVELER, SATUR

FINE PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY

Oct 19

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Interlude from "Intermezzo" followed, a domestic comedy, according to the program, by Richard Strauss. Boston has not heard this number before, and Dr. Koussevitzky interpreted it charmingly, giving full rein to the dialogue, which is amusingly obvious, and delicately integrating the symphonic interludes.

Stravinsky's suite from "The Fire-Bird" brought warm applause. Founded on an old Russian legend, it provides a colorful and intriguing sequence, with its scenes laid in an enchanted garden. Princesses are at play with golden apples, a magic bird dances, and the finale is particularly interesting and impressive.

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Record Oct 19

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From Handel to Strauss, Sibelius and Stravinsky runs the course of this week's Symphony concerts. And it is Richard Strauss who affords the sole new and novel contribution to the program.

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Naturally, it is well made music, naturally it is pleasing, and admirers of Strauss will not be surprised to hear some of its sardonic and satirical sonorities. It is acid, piquant, mischievous music, and Strauss does such things passing well.

For the rest, Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra earned well deserved plaudits for their reading of Handel's "Concerto Grosso," and did as well, or even better, with the infinite contrast of Stravinsky's "Fire Bird." Nor did Mr. Koussevitzky lag behind with Sibelius' "Second Symphony." All in all, it was a concert notable for things decidedly well done.

STRAUSS NOVELTY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

"Intermezzo" Interlude Is Heard First Time Here

Suite From Stravinsky's "Firebird" Wins Unusual Applause

Globe Oct 19

Dr Koussevitzky has substituted on the program of this week's Symphony concerts an orchestral interlude from n Richard Strauss' opera, "Intermezzo," h for the new piece by Krein announced y for performance. Nothing from this t opera produced in 1924 has hitherto been heard in Boston, though excerpts have been played by other American orchestras.

The rest of the program included a Handel Concerto Grosso, the Suite from Stravinsky's "Firebird," and Sibelius' Second Symphony. It was noteworthy that the conservative Friday audience, to which the music of Stravinsky has usually appeared obnoxious, yesterday recalled the conductor repeatedly after the "Fire-bird" suite, until he bade the players rise to share in the applause.

"Intermezzo" is an operatic comedy about a misunderstanding between a musician and his wife which threatens to result in a divorce, but ends with a reconciliation. The libretto, written by Strauss himself, is said to be based on an incident in his own family life. His penchant for musical autobiography can be noted also in the tone poems, "Sinfonia Domestica" and "Ein Heldenleben." The fragment played yesterday represents the wife who thinks herself to have lost her husband's love sitting alone and brooding over her sorrows.

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Beside it Strauss' Interlude, written within the past decade, seems curiously old fashioned; as indeed it would if compared with Strauss' "Electra," or "Till Eulenspiegel." Sibelius's Second Symphony, which was composed in 1901, though it has the originality of style that characterises nearly all of the great Finnish composer's work, suggests at times too strongly such 19th century writers as Tchaikovsky.

Strauss and Sibelius were born in the 1860s, and Stravinsky in 1882, so that they are chronologically almost contemporaries. But the whole style and mood of "The Firebird" is alien to that of the Strauss and Sibelius works heard yesterday. Stravinsky has his moments of honeyed melody. He does not in "The Firebird" approach the daring polyharmony and polytonality of his later works. But he never indulges in bombast or sentiment.

Now, the secondary 19th century composers, all strongly influenced by Beethoven and Wagner, almost invariably fail to attain the heroic eloquence and the intense emotion of those masters, and fall unawares into bombast and sentimentality. Stravinsky does not in "The Firebird" want to be heroic or intense. He is trying merely to be clever and interesting and original. When he wrote "The Firebird" he was, save for Satie and Ravel, almost alone in cultivating these rather than the characteristic 19th century musical virtues.

Today, 20 years after, nearly the entire younger generation of composers has passed through this phase of cleverness, and entered on the one now in vogue of trying to recapture 18th Century musical moods like those of the Handel concerto which began yesterday's concert.

Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave eloquent readings of all these works. The performance had indeed in the main a clarity and accuracy of style which has not always distinguished the playing of the Boston Symphony in recent seasons. It seemingly represented a highly successful effort on the part of the players to give the conductor exactly what he wanted.

And yet in many places, such as the Lento movement of the Handel, one was actively dissatisfied with the result. Dr Koussevitzky's way of shaping a melody too often smooths or shatters its contours. He likes contrasts between very rapid, very slow tempi, and strongly marked rhythms. Like most performers with a highly personal style he sometimes stresses his qualities until they seem to make his defects more glaring.

There is no questioning that Koussevitzky is a conductor of genius. But one cannot help sometimes questioning his taste.

P. R.

Oct 19. Herald

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, op. 6, No. 10. R. Strauss, Interlude from the opera "Intermezzo" (first time in Boston). Stravinsky, Suite from the ballet "The Fire-Bird." Sibelius, Symphony no. 2. The "Waltz Scene" from "Intermezzo" which had been announced for performance, was not played. Without this piece the concert was too long. Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the symphony was heard for the first time.

Strauss's "Intermezzo" was suggested by a domestic misunderstanding in consequence of a letter which was intended for a colleague of the same name. Strauss's wife raged and talked of divorce. In the opera—the libretto was written by the composer—Strauss is brought on the stage as Conductor Storch; his wife as Mme. Storch. This was not the first time that Strauss made use of his Pauline for his own musical glorification. In the "Domestic" Symphony he portrays her musically as whimsical, capricious, irritating; now shrewish, now seductive; nor does he hesitate to picture in sensuous strains their reconciliation and fond embracing. What relation this Interlude has to the action of the play is unknown to those who have not heard the opera. It has been said by a German thinking deeply that the "spiritual presentation of the action lies chiefly with the orchestra between acts." The Interlude heard yesterday is suave, melodious, richly colored, without rising to any height of emotion. Whether it portrays Mme. Strauss-Storch after the comforting explanation, or is simply music, must be left to the imagination of the hearer. If it is a musical portrait of Pauline she was evidently in an amiable mood; or, perhaps, the suspected husband was soothing his wife with honeyed words. Whatever the "meaning" of the music, if it has other than musical significance, the audience enjoyed the Interlude which gained in worth by the beauty of the performance.

The "Fire-Bird" selections suffer less than those from other ballets by Stravinsky when the concert hall is substituted for the theatre. The more fanatical Stravinskyites for this reason, and on account of the more orthodox nature of the music, are accustomed to speak slightly, in a condescending manner, of the music; to dismiss it as influenced greatly by Rimsky-Korsakov. They contemptuously characterize "The Fire-Bird" as "academic"; which is in their eyes the unpardonable sin; yet the persistentaly hammered rhythm in the Infernal Dance of Katschei's subjects is prophetic of rhythms in the "Sacre de Printemps." The former suite is grateful to the ear; interesting without reference to the story on the stage where the attention is more or less concentrated on the movements of mimes and dancers; nor is this music so inevitably associated with action as is the music of "Petrouchka" or of the "Sacre de Printemps." The performance yesterday was brilliant.

It is a question whether Sibelius in his earlier compositions was not injured in the public mind by the insistence of his admirers on his nationality, expressing, they said, the spirit of Finland; melancholy landscapes, the angry sea, the cries of gulls; as though his music had a specific geographical, topographical, botanical, and ornithological value. Some dwelt on Finland groaning and rebellious under the oppression of years. Mr. Schneevoight tells us that the intention of Sibelius in this symphony was to depict the pastoral life of his countrymen: the thought of a brutal ruler that brought timidity; then the awakening of national feeling and at last the entrance of hope and deliverance into their breasts. As the old Frenchman said: "How many things there are in a minuet," so Mr. Schneevoight speaks of this symphony. A composer may be a zealous patriot, but his appeal to the world must be universal, not simply national. When the libretto of "Tosca" was shown to an Italian composer, not Puccini, he turned to the scene in the last act where the tenor should pour out his soul and asked Verdi how he would treat the subject. Verdi smiled and said: "I should write some music." Is it not possible that Sibelius said to himself, "I'll write a second symphony"? Might he not have written it at Vienna, Paris, Milan, even in Terre Haute; for his is a virile, sombre nature, a musician of imposing individuality, who would feel the urge to write whether he were in Telsingfors or Eisleben? It will be observed that in his symphonies he does not make liberal use of folk-music to assert his nationality, and it is fair to believe that in his symphonies he expresses what he himself feels with his stormy nature, his fits of melancholy without the laborious attempt to put Finland on the musical map. One wishes that he would revise, shorten the last movement. The hearer feels at least three times that the great climax is building, that it arrives; and each time is disappointed by the appearance of intermediate measures that seem inconsequential, detrimental to the structure and what should be the final overwhelming effect. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the symphony was intensely dramatic.

Strauss, Stravinsky, Sibelius, all fine fellows in their different ways. Yet the concerto of Handel, nearly 200 years old, by the tender beauty, the spiritual and noble sentiment of the Air; by the spontaneous vivacity and fire of the quick movements—the light and frolicsome grace of the final Allegro—revealed the great, superb master. Who dares to prophesy the fate of Strauss, Stravinsky and Sibelius 200 years from now?

The concert will be repeated tonight, the program of Oct. 25, 26, will be as follows: Vivaldi, concerto D minor, for orchestra and organ; Josten, "Jungle," symphonic poem; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6 ("Pathetic.")

STRADIVARIUS QUARTET

The Stradivarius string quartet (Messrs. Wolfinsohn, Pochon Moldavan, Warburg), will, through the generosity of Mrs. Edward C. Moore, give a concert in Paine hall, Cambridge, next Tuesday evening. Haydn, quartet, G major, op. 77, No. 1; Schelling, Berceuse pour un Enfant malade, and Gazal (Persian melody), Brahms, quartet, C minor, op. 51, No. 1. This concert will be free and open to the public.

Post Oct 19

STRAUSS' MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Interlude From Opera "Intermezzo" Gives Pleasure

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With conductor and orchestra at top bent and a programme of uncommon interest, the latter something that may scarcely be said for its immediate predecessor, the Symphony Concert of yesterday proved intrinsically more of an occasion than that of a week ago.

The audience, too, recovered from the apathy or absorption in other concerns that characterized its attitude at the opening concert, applauded throughout the afternoon with a spontaneity and fervor born of genuine pleasure in both music and performance.

FROM STRAUSS' OPERA

Handel of the tenth Concerto Grosso, Handel of stately periods and of vibrant or singing strings, began the concert. To him succeeded, not the new Russian Krein but the familiar Richard Strauss in an unfamiliar piece, an interlude from his opera "Intermezzo," while Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" suite in its fourth and most brilliant performance under Dr. Koussevitzky and Sibelius' Second Symphony in its first under his direction concluded the list.

"Intermezzo," last but one of the operas of Strauss, is as yet unknown on this side of the Atlantic, though it enjoys considerable popularity in the Teutonic countries and even the summer visitor to Germany may hear it in the occasional Strauss festival under the composer's direction.

Based on Episode in Own Life

The book, based on an episode in Strauss' life, is also of his own making.

Its theme is a domestic misunderstanding brought about by a letter addressed to the composer although intended for another and opened by his [illegible] mental wife, the resulting [illegible] separation and final reconciliation when the composer-conductor, [illegible] occupied in Vienna, had [illegible] to his Bavarian home. [illegible] short, a modern comedy. [illegible] and the voice parts [illegible] matters as telephone [illegible] in hand, lapse into [illegible] orchestrally accompanied [illegible] musical burden is followed and [illegible] interludes. That [illegible] the scene in [illegible] he is Frau [illegible] baron of [illegible] sentimentally [illegible] lot of wives [illegible] their lords do the [illegible]

A homely enough scene is this, foreign to the usual atmosphere of "grand opera;" and here, as throughout the opera, Strauss' music is perfectly suited to text and situation. There are no heroics, only a lyric theme, gentle and reflective, developed with rare contrapuntal skill and brought to a sonorous statement by an orchestra shot through with the ravishing tonal tints of which Strauss was long ago past master.

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SILVER [illegible]

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P R.

Pleasures of A Melodious Musical Day

Dr. Koussevitzky Leads His Virtuoso Orchestra Into Paths of Song

A TUNEFUL afternoon, said the old ladies, yesterday at Symphony Hall, when they came forth cheerfully from Handel, Strauss, Stravinsky (in young years), even Sibelius, likewise caught young. Their juniors of all ages agreed with them. The outcome was an uncommonly applausive matinée, with the orchestra twice on its feet—after Stravinsky's Suite and Sibelius's Symphony—and plentiful recalls for Dr. Koussevitzky. An afternoon also of rare orchestral virtuosity, were not that happy condition becoming habit at Symphony Hall. In the stately overture to Handel's Concerto-Grosso, No. 10, in D minor, the string choir excelled itself in full-throated, deep-bodied, large-rounded tone. In the succeeding air, it was rich-voiced, plastic, lustrous. Lightly, incisively, in the final numbers, it made play with Handel's figures. The woodwinds clothed beauty / with beauty in the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet of "The Fire-Bird." Their tone wound shining through his harmonic mists. Often they gained a roundness of phrase, a softness of accent, magical to hear in the tone-poet's world of enchantment. The whole orchestra smoldered, pulsed, glowed, through the successive stages of the lush Interlude from Strauss's operatic comedy, "Intermezzo"; went stripped, clean-edged, pungent, through the austerer Second Symphony of Sibelius. Not only did virtuosi play, but little masters of style, in tone and accent differentiating composer from composer, piece from piece.

Yet the fates, as their habit is, took passing penalty. Dr. Koussevitzky hears this orchestra; with reason rejoices in it, as a creator looks upon his creation, stirred within, so close is it to his ideal. As one plunging a hand into silk and velvet, so his ear feels this sensuous beauty. And Handel unfolds his deep-toned, upswelling, full-spaced melody. Or Strauss sings luxuriant in curve, texture, color. Or Stravinsky weaves his rainbow webs of fluttering brightness, sings soft the tender song of girl-princesses, by legend and love both touched. Being of responsive temperament above most, Dr. Koussevitzky hears such music spell-bound; would prolong the rapture.

The consequence is less a sentimentalizing of the composer's page than a half-unconscious slowing of the pace for sheer sensuous delight in beautiful sound. The conductor dragged a little Handel's spacious progress; held fast to Strauss's expanding periods when, for their own good, they might have been quicker released; drew out the flow of Stravinsky's liquid measures until they became ever so little sirupy. For the first time in many hearings of Stravinsky's Suite, it was possible to wish for a quick, rougher-coated section in the midst of this soft twitter of birds and princesses. It is hard to blame the conductor; the enchantment of such orchestral song beguiles him as it beguiles the rest of us. Yet a less lingering pace would dispel risk of surfeit.

Save only Strauss's "Interlude," all these pieces were familiar. In fact, though "first times in Boston" stood under this fragment of "Intermezzo," most of us had heard its like before, especially in these, the composer's ageing, years. He may invent next to nothing through this nostalgic meditation, in lamp-lit stillness, of madame over her cherished, absent husband. As so much musical substance, it may be little above that other "Meditation" which is sweetmeat in Massenet's "Thais." Yet how astute and resourceful is the old master's treatment! At exactly the right moment, the horns enter, or re-enter, to deepen and gild the mounting melody; or the harmony thickens; or pace and accent broaden, while climax begins to coil. The old hand, but still the master-hand at every manipulation. For each of us his own sins against a "pure" or a "classic" taste. Some there are who have found these slow-mounting, thick-waisted, luxuriant Straussian crescendi irresistible from the days of "Death and Transfiguration," which were the eighteen-nineties to the days of "Intermezzo" which are these nineteen-twenties. Again they were unashamed.

Handel must have written these Concerti Grossi with a prideful magnificence. He had turned well into his fifties, yet how full was his composing quiver! Our young men and maidens have much to say of sonorities. Though only a choir of strings produce them, they are manifold in this Overture, dated 1739. Rationally the bond between modernists and ancients is close. Spare also are these sonorities, with only a little of the harmonic vesture that was to thicken, a century later, into romantic luxuriance. Stately as well—the ear-mark of Handel (and his Georgian age), ceremoniously marshalling his hearers into his music. The strings sing his Air and to stateliness are added spaciousness and serenity. No less the prideful flow. Like the prayerful noblemen and burghers in old Flemish pictures, Handel must aspire as one with a dignity to keep. Not too much will he relax it, even when he bows his hearers out again to a light-figured, light-rhythmed finale. For Bach the jigging when a suite must end. Throughout economy of means—another modernist trait—and a wealth of accomplishment, not always so certain in the younger brethren of these days. A full man was "Mr. Handel," as the Georgians called him, and a various. We should know other sides of his music—say, his dances.

There is a magic in this Suite from "The Fire Bird" that the years and repetition do not lessen. Like the old Handel, the young Stravinsky seems to compose in readiness and ease. What he wills that he may forthwith accomplish. For aught any one knows, he may have "toiled terribly" at this "Danced Leg end." Yet the magical quality of it suggests a music passively engendered in the composer for as passive pleasure in the hearer. These sweet-scented, smooth-flowing, diatonic Russian or oriental melodies ooze forth like a perfume or an unguent caressing the senses. The harmonic dress, filtered through the chromatic Skriabin, Rimsky, Wagner, becomes drug-like under this magic of the young Stravinsky; soothes ears, iludes fancy. Luminous glamour over all, in its turn also magical, is the orchestral vesture, sheen upon sheen, as though the choirs or the separate instruments were veils rising or descending. Then of a sudden that drum-stroke at the beginning of the Finale—and forthwith more than hint of the firm-outlined, sharp-edged, high- rhythmed Stravinsky that was to write "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre." The soft visioning is rent; the magic is dispersed; here, at seven and twenty goes Igor trying out his power.

For the first time, yesterday, before an audience in America, Dr. Koussevitzky conducted in Sibelius's Second Symphony. Quickly his version stood charactered. The piece dates from 1902. In the quarter of a century since elapsed, Sibelius has written much in moods and manner of which this Symphony in D major is foreshadowing. Dr. Koussevitzky's predecessors at Symphony Hall, knowing little of that subsequent music, or thinking poorly of it, preferred to disregard it when they played the earlier piece. They related this Second Symphony to past rather than future, proceeding from a Sibelius who had not yet renounced Russian or German models. Or else they played it quite literally in the black and white upon the staves. Whichever the method, they passed over, or under-emphasized, the traits already marking Sibelius as highly individual composer or anticipating him in the full quality of his later years. Their Sibelius sounded clearest in the sonorous close. Any able composer of the turn into the twentieth century might have written it. In "Finlandia," Sibelius himself renewed the vein.

On the other side of the account they saw "through a glass, darkly," the singularities of the first and the second movement.

Not so Dr. Koussevitzky. Throughout the Symphony, save in that unescapable close, he is all for Sibelius as later years and later work set him apart among composers—for the Sibelius of stripped motivs, meagerly developed, abruptly put by, from one brief life to another returning; of thin-spun, acid harmonies; of an orchestra used as single instruments rather than as rounded choirs, used sparingly withal and in pale colors; of well marked idiosyncracies, like the wood-winds plangent against the low whirr of the violins; of bitter and mel ancholy, or fierce and gusty, moods, lightsome only when he bethinks himself of the Finnish folk. That is to say, the conductor does the same office upon this Second Symphony as he did last year upon the Third. He illuminates and enhances its individual quality; at every possible opportunity, finds and sounds clear the Sibelian note of the later symphonies; vitalizes and dramatizes withal. The imaginative hearer may fit what background he likes to this Second Symphony. Such fancies can be as far apart as the nationalistic and the pastoral programs cited in the program-book. There remain a sad-struck beauty, a darksome power, a pungent savor; a manner of expression like to none other in music contained. Such a Sibelius Dr. Koussevitzky conjures out of this Symphony in D major. It is enough to distinguish any performance.

H. T. P.

Dr. Koussevitzky Again as Virtuoso

Giving Pleasure as Composer, Transcriber and Player Of the Double Bass

THE double bass has conquered. Even the outward aspects of a Koussevitzkian concert may now be compared only with those of the best attended Sunday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall. One remembers when Dr. Koussevitzky gave his first recital in Boston, the audience, so it seemed, was confined to the curious and the well-wishers, and the group of them was none too large. Witness in contrast the scene last night. Every seat taken. On the stage the familiar enclosures making room for two more blocks of seats. But there the comparison stops. For unlike the mixed audiences of Sunday afternoons to hear a Kreisler or a McCormack, society—with a capital S—had taken it over. And the scene which greeted the eye was not too different from that which for two weeks every winter greets it at the Boston Opera House. Fortuhate indeed the charity, in this case the Elizabeth Peabody House, which is able to muster such support.

And it is the artist rather than the cause that draws people into concert halls. Worthy charities, popular causes, have gone begging for an audience if the artist does not possess that magnetic power which compels people to leave other things to come to hear him. That Dr. Koussevitzky possesses such power was proved more abundantly than ever last evening. Nor must one forget the presence of that excellent bass, Mr. Fraser Gange.

Mozart twice, Bruch, Brahms, Koussevitzky stood upon the program. From a Mozartian concerto for bassoon, Dr. Koussevitzky made transcription for his favored instrument, added to it a cadenza which explored the heights and the depths of that instrument. The cynic may wave aside the idea of Mozart on a double bass; Mozart, the composer of grace and lightness and fluent utterance. But Mozart from Dr. Koussevitzky and his double bass, last evening sounded more characteristic than it sometimes does from many an instrument which fairly invites Mozartian utterance. Suavity of melody, delicacy of phrasing and nuance, rapidity of speech, none of these could be denied this concerto for the ponderous instrument.

There followed an aria, also of Mozart, for baritone with double-bass obbligato and small orchestra, "Per qüesta bella mano." This is a concert-aria written by Mozart at Vienna in 1791 for two of his personal friends: Gerl, who sang Sarastro in "The Magic Flute"; and Pischlberger, a celebrated Viennese player upon the double bass. There have been those who have tried to prove by internal evidence that the obbligato was written for some higher-pitched instrument than the double bass. The fact, however, that he wrote, "Für Gerl und Pischlberger" should be sufficient answer to such theorizing. The piece is exactly what one would expect of an air which Mozart wrote for two friends. Each has his opportunity to show his skill. The music is pleasant. It does not allow attention to wander. Mr. Gange, Dr. Koussevitzy, and with them Mr. Burgin and a group of Symphony men, were surely at one with Mozartian desires.

Came next Dr. Koussevitzky's version of Max Bruch's setting of the ancient Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei." And with it came warmth of feeling, beauty of tone, such as one did not associate with the double bass until Dr. Koussevitzky's first concert two years ago.

Mr. Gange had his chief opportunity of the evening in a group of four songs of Brahms: "Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121" (four "serious songs"). More often one would like to hear these songs. They are set to Bible texts, two from the cynical, pessimistic Ecclesiastes, where all is vanity; where the writer is not certain that man is better than the beasts of the field, in that all die the same death; where he praises death as more to be desired than life; from the apocryphical Ecclesiasticus, a song in the same vein; and lastly, as if Brahms were washing his hands of such gloom, a song on the famous passage from First Corinthians, "If I spake with the tongue of men and angels and had not love. . . ." Brahms himself, from the New Testament, is giving the answer to the doubt-laden preacher of the Old. And the songs are perfect expression of the ideas of the solemn texts. They are, purely as music, gems of the first order of magnitude. Happily, one can continue, and say that Mr. Gange was high priest in the temple of Brahms and the Book. His artistry and intelligence with his songs are seldom matched.

Finally came Dr. Koussevitzky and his concerto. It has been heard before at his concerts. It too is pleasant and often expressive music. It ranges wide through the possibilities of the instrument. One would not go far wrong in calling it a complete exposition of the many capabilities of the double bass—and they are far more than is usually realized. Of course Dr. Koussevitzky played it with skill; of course, as performer quite as much as composer, he drew the unexpected from his bass; of course he gave music and instrument the loving and the ardent touch. And also, of course, applause was deafening and long-continued.

A. H. M.

DR KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYS DOUBLE BASS

Benefit Concert Draws a Brilliant Audience

A very large and extremely fashionable audience attended a double bass recital given by Serge Koussevitzky at Symphony Hall last night. The concert, in which the eminent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was assisted by Fraser Gange, baritone; Pierre Luboshutz, accompanist, and a small contingent of Symphony men under Richard Burgin as conductor, was given for the joint benefit of the Elizabeth Peabody House and the Travelers' Aid Society of Boston.

Dr Koussevitzky's surprisingly delicate virtuousity upon an instrument usually associated with a useful but inconspicuous function in the orchestra is, by now, well known in Boston. He opened his program last night with a transcription of Mozart's Concerto for Bassoon (Koechel No. 191). He played this graceful and charming work with taste and admirable restraint, though he did not, until a later stage of the concert, reach the pinnacle of his powers. Bowing so delicate as Dr Koussevitzky's doubtlessly needs for its full display a poise which cannot be attained at the very outset of a recital. A certain excess of portamento was noticeable, though this may be unavoidable in an instrument on which the hand has often to travel great distances between one note and the next.

Dr Koussevitzky played a subordinate role tactfully in Mozart's Aria for baritone and doube-bass obligato with small orchestra—a relatively unimportant work which Mr Gange sang with taste. Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," so popular with violinists, offered Dr Koussevitzky (in his own transcription) the opportunity to display to the full the warmth and flexibility of his tone and phrasing in cantilen, and he availed himself of the opportunity amply, drawing from his instrument sounds like those of a richer cello. His own Concerto, which closed the concert, displayed abundantly the player's varied and brilliant resources of technique and style.

Mr Gange's admirable and moving performance of Brahms' "Ernste Gesaenge" was one of the high points of the evening. This is very great music, and the baritone sang it with moving sincerity and artistic insight. He was very warmly applauded and responded with an intelligent and vivacious rendering of Strauss' "Heimliche Aufforderung."

Dr Koussevitzky was applauded enthusiastically and presented with a wreath of laurel. A reception to him and to Mrs Koussevitzky followed the close of the concert.

RECITAL BY MASTER OF BASS VIOL

Koussevitzky Plays for Two Worthy Charities

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A concert designed to benefit the Elizabeth Peabody House Association and the Travellers' Aid Society brought to Symphony Hall last evening an audience accurately describable as large and distinguished. These two worthy charities might of themselves have lured a fashionable gathering, but there was an additional and most potent magnet in the person of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky making his third Boston appearance as soloist upon the double bass; in short, in the capacity in which he has had no rival in modern times.

PLAYS OWN CONCERTO

More varied than those of Mr. Koussevitzky's other concerts was the programme of last evening. With Pierre Luboshutz to aid him as piano accompanist, Dr. Koussevitzky was heard in his own transcriptions of a concerto for bassoon by Mozart and of Bruch's violoncello piece "Kol Nidrei," as well as in his own unprecedentedly difficult concerto for double-bass. Accompanied by an orchestra of 16 symphony men under the direction of Richard Burgin, Fraser Gange, baritone, and Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, displayed their several abilities in an air by Mozart, provided with double-bass obbligato and for interim Mr. Gange and Mr. Luboshutz had the stage to themselves while the former sang the last and greatest of the songs of Brahms, the Four Serious Songs to scriptural texts, Opus 121.

Each of the pieces by Mozart, performed last evening, is in a sense a musical curiosity, seldom brought to public notice. The slow movement of the bassoon concerto is, in fact, Mozart at his best; he alone might have written it. The finale of the concerto and the aria with double-bass obbligato are less distinctive, yet Mozart, it is hardly necessary to add, could not be commonplace even in his most workaday moments. By Dr. Koussevitzky this same slow movement of the concerto was beautifully played, or rather sung, his ponderous instrument taking on here the quality of a 'cello, while in the finale and in the obbligato to the air, it capered in a manner to belie its bulk.

A singer of the declamatory type, Mr. Gange is scarcely the ideal vocalist for the suavities of Mozart. Better suited to his abilities were the songs of Brahms to which he gave an impressive interpretation. Mr. Luboshutz's accompaniments were, in every instance, of remarkable quality. Throughout the evening the enthusiasm of the audience was at high pitch.

MUSIC

KOUSSEVITZKY

A very large audience went last night to Symphony hall to hear Mr. Koussevitzky play the double bass, also to help the Elizabeth Peabody House Association and the Travelers' Aid Society.

They had, in some respects, a curious evening of it, for during the first half of the concert they heard musicians of quality in the ungrateful roles of substitutes. Mr. Koussevitzky, for instance, in the opinion of experts a master at the double bass, they heard doing his best with that double bass to make it fill the place of a bassoon. For Mozart, no less, wrote a concerto for bassoon, with accompaniment for instruments in variety—which variety Mr. Pierre Luboshutz, at the piano, supplied as well as he could. Of the solo part, Mr. Koussevitzky made something very sweet.

Mr. Fraser Gange, like Mr. Luboshutz, doing his best, drove his nice baritone voice deep down as he could to meet the demands of a low bass voice in Mozart's aria, "Per questa bella mano." Mr. Koussevitzky playing a florid obligato. Mr. Burgin led a small orchestra delightfully. It brought refreshment, that orchestra with every instrument holding to its most satisfactory place.

In Bruck's "Kol Nidrei" Mr. Koussevitzky tried conclusions with a 'cello. Here he met his most happy results. Low tones abounded, of a glorious richness, and the upper tones, surely not a double bass's best, sounded not amiss in Bruck's sombre liturgical music.

In the second half of the concert the artists confined themselves more comfortably to the instruments at their command. Mr. Gange, indeed, in Brahms's "Four Serious Songs," found music so nicely adapted to his excellent voice that he might safely have ventured to trust more completely Brahms's vocal line and the biblical texts; they stand in no need of dramatic betterments. And Mr. Koussevitzky played next his own concerto, a work already known and praised for its musical grace and its skilful use of his instrument's capabilities.

The audience showed pleasure all the evening.

R. R. G.

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Pleasures of A Melodious Musical Day

Dr. Koussevitzky Leads His Virtuoso Orchestra Into Paths of Song

Trans Oct 19

A TUNEFUL afternoon, said the old ladies, yesterday at Symphony Hall, when they came forth cheerfully from Handel, Strauss, Stravinsky (in young years), even Sibelius, likewise caught young. Their juniors of all ages agreed with them. The outcome was an uncommonly applausive matinée, with the orchestra twice on its feet—after Stravinsky's Suite and Sibelius's Symphony—and plentiful recalls for Dr. Koussevitzky. An afternoon also of rare orchestral virtuosity, were not that happy condition becoming habit at Symphony Hall. In the stately overture to Handel's Concerto-Grosso, No. 10, in D minor, the string choir excelled itself in full-throated, deep-bodied, large-rounded tone. In the succeeding air, it was rich-voiced, plastic, lustrous. Lightly, incisively, in the final numbers, it made play with Handel's figures. The woodwinds clothed beauty with beauty in the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet of "The Fire-Bird." Their tone wound shining through his harmonic mists. Often they gained a roundness of phrase, a softness of accent, magical to hear in the tone-poet's world of enchantment. The whole orchestra smoldered, pulsed, glowed, through the successive stages of the lush Interlude from Strauss's operatic comedy, "Intermezzo"; went stripped, clean-edged, pungent, through the austerer Second Symphony of Sibelius. Not only did virtuosi play, but little masters of style, in tone and accent differentiating composer from composer, piece from piece.

Yet the fates, as their habit is, took passing penalty. Dr. Koussevitzky hears this orchestra; with reason rejoices in it, as a creator looks upon his creation, stirred within, so close is it to his ideal. As one plunging a hand into silk and velvet, so his ear feels this sensuous beauty. And Handel unfolds his deep-toned, upswelling, full-spaced melody. Or Strauss sings luxuriant in curve, texture, color. Or Stravinsky weaves his rainbow webs of fluttering brightness, sings soft the tender song of girl-princesses, by legend and love both touched. Being of responsive temperament above most, Dr. Koussevitzky hears such music spellbound; would prolong the rapture.

The consequence is less a sentimentalizing of the composer's page than a half-unconscious slowing of the pace for sheer sensuous delight in beautiful sound. The conductor dragged a little Handel's spacious progress; held fast to Strauss's expanding periods when, for their own good, they might have been quicker released; drew out the flow of Stravinsky's liquid measures until they became ever so little sirupy. For the first time in many hearings of Stravinsky's Suite, it was possible to wish for a quick, rougher-coated section in the midst of this soft twitter of birds and princesses. It is hard to blame the conductor; the enchantment of such orchestral song beguiles him as it beguiles the rest of us. Yet a less lingering pace would dispel risk of surfeit.

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Next Dr. Koussevitzky's version of Bruch's setting of the ancient Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei." And with such warmth of feeling, beauty of tone as one did not associate with the double bass until Dr. Koussevitzky's first recital two years ago.

Mr. Gange had his chief opportunity in singing in a group of four songs by Brahms, "Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121" ("serious songs"). More often we should like to hear these songs. They are set to Bible texts, two from the pessimistic Ecclesiastes, all is vanity; where the writer is persuaded that man is better than the beast of the field, in that all die the same death; where he praises death as more to be desired than life; from the apocryphal Ecclesiasticus, a song in praise of death; and lastly, as if Brahms would take from his hands of such gloom, the famous passage from Corinthians, "If I spake with the tongues of men and angels and had not love. . . ." Brahms himself, from the New Testament, is giving the answer to the doubt-laden preacher of the Old. And the songs are perfect expression of the ideas of the solemn texts. They are, purely as music, gems of the first order of magnitude. Happily, one can continue, and say that Mr. Gange was high priest in the temple of Brahms and the Book. His artistry and intelligence with his songs are seldom matched.

Finally came Dr. Koussevitzky and his concerto. It has been heard before at his concerts. It too is pleasant and often expressive music. It ranges wide through the possibilities of the instrument. One would not go far wrong in calling it a complete exposition of the many capabilties of the double bass—and they are far more than is usually realized. Of course Dr. Koussevitzky played it with skill; of course, as performer quite as much as composer, he drew the unexpected from his bass; of course he gave music and instrument the loving and the ardent touch. And also, of course, applause was deafening and long-continued.

A. H. M.

DR KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYS DOUBLE BASS

Benefit Concert Draws a Brilliant Audience

Boston Globe Oct. 23

A very large and extremely fashionable audience attended a double bass recital given by Serge Koussevitzky at Symphony Hall last night. The concert, in which the eminent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was assisted by Fraser Gange, baritone; Pierre Luboshutz, accompanist, and a small contingent of Symphony men under Richard Burgin as conductor, was given for the joint benefit of the Elizabeth Peabody House and the Travelers' Aid Society of Boston.

Dr Koussevitzky's surprisingly delicate virtuousity upon an instrument usually associated with a useful but inconspicuous function in the orchestra is, by now, well known in Boston. He opened his program last night with a transcription of Mozart's Concerto for Bassoon (Koechel No. 191). He played this graceful and charming work with taste and admirable restraint, though he did not, until a later stage of the concert, reach the pinnacle of his powers. Bowing so delicate as Dr Koussevitzky's doubtlessly needs for its full display a poise which cannot be attained at the very outset of a recital. A certain excess of portamento was noticeable, though this may be unavoidable in an instrument on which the hand has often to travel great distances between one note and the next.

Dr Koussevitzky played a subordinate role tactfully in Mozart's Aria for baritone and doube-bass obligato with small orchestra—a relatively unimportant work which Mr Gange sang with taste. Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," so popular with violinists, offered Dr Koussevitzky (in his own transcription) the opportunity to display to the full the warmth and flexibility of his tone and phrasing in cantilen, and he availed himself of the opportunity amply, drawing from his instrument sounds like those of a richer cello. His own Concerto, which closed the concert, displayed abundantly the player's varied and brilliant resources of technique and style.

Mr Gange's admirable and moving performance of Brahms' "Ernste Gesaenge" was one of the high points of the evening. This is very great music, and the baritone sang it with moving sincerity and artistic insight. He was very warmly applauded and responded with an intelligent and vivacious rendering of Strauss' "Heimliche Aufforderung."

Dr Koussevitzky was applauded enthusiastically and presented with a wreath of laurel. A reception to him and to Mrs Koussevitzky followed the close of the concert.

...AL BY ...ASTER OF BASS VIOL

Koussevitzky Plays for Two Worthy Charities

Oct. 23

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A concert designed to benefit the Elizabeth Peabody House Association and the Travellers' Aid Society brought to Symphony Hall last evening an audience accurately describable as large and distinguished. These two worthy charities might of themselves have lured a fashionable gathering, but there was an additional and most potent magnet in the person of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky making his third Boston appearance as soloist upon the double bass; in short, in the capacity in which he has had no rival in modern times.

PLAYS OWN CONCERTO

More varied than those of Mr. Koussevitzky's other concerts was the programme of last evening. With Pierre Luboshutz to aid him as piano accompanist, Dr. Koussevitzky was heard in his own transcriptions of a concerto for bassoon by Mozart and of Bruch's violoncello piece "Kol Nidrei," as well as in his own unprecedentedly difficult concerto for double-bass. Accompanied by an orchestra of 16 symphony men under the direction of Richard Burgin, Fraser Gange, baritone, and Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, displayed their several abilities in an air by Mozart, provided with double-bass obbligato and for interim Mr. Gange and Mr. Luboshutz had the stage to themselves while the former sang the last and greatest of the songs of Brahms, the Four Serious Songs to scriptural texts, Opus 121.

Each of the pieces by Mozart, performed last evening, is in a sense a musical curiosity, seldom brought to public notice. The slow movement of the bassoon concerto is, in fact, Mozart at his best; he alone might have written it. The finale of the concerto and the aria with double-bass obbligato are less distinctive, yet Mozart, it is hardly necessary to add, could not be commonplace even in his most workaday moments. By Dr. Koussevitzky this same slow movement of the concerto was beautifully played, or rather sung, his ponderous instrument taking on here the quality of a 'cello, while in the finale and in the obbligato to the air, it capered in a manner to belie its bulk.

A singer of the declamatory type, Mr. Gange is scarcely the ideal vocalist for the suavities of Mozart. Better suited to his abilities were the songs of Brahms to which he gave an impressive interpretation. Mr. Luboshutz's accompaniments were, in every instance, of remarkable quality. Throughout the evening the enthusiasm of the audience was at high pitch.

Herald Oct 23

PAGE NINETEEN

MUSIC

KOUSSEVITZKY

A very large audience went last night to Symphony hall to hear Mr. Koussevitzky play the double bass, also to help the Elizabeth Peabody House Association and the Travelers' Aid Society.

They had, in some respects, a curious evening of it, for during the first half of the concert they heard musicians of quality in the ungrateful roles of substitutes. Mr. Koussevitzky, for instance, in the opinion of experts a master at the double bass, they heard doing his best with that double bass to make it fill the place of a bassoon. For Mozart, no less, wrote a concerto for bassoon, with accompaniment for instruments in variety—which variety Mr. Pierre Luboshutz, at the piano, supplied as well as he could. Of the solo part Mr. Koussevitzky made something very sweet.

Mr. Fraser Gange, like Mr. Luboshutz, doing his best, drove his nice baritone voice deep down as he could to meet the demands of a low bass voice in Mozart's aria, "Per questa bella mano," Mr. Koussevitzky playing a florid obligato. Mr. Burgin led a small orchestra delightfully. It brought refreshment, that orchestra with every instrument holding to its most satisfactory place.

In Bruck's "Kol Nidrei" Mr. Koussevitzky tried conclusions with a 'cello. Here he met his most happy results. Low tones abounded, of a glorious richness, and the upper tones, surely not a double bass's best, sounded not amiss in Bruck's sombre liturgical music.

In the second half of the concert the artists confined themselves more comfortably to the instruments at their command. Mr. Gange, indeed, in Brahms's "Four Serious Songs," found music so nicely adapted to his excellent voice that he might safely have ventured to trust more completely Brahms's vocal line and the biblical texts; they stand in no need of dramatic betterments. And Mr. Koussevitzky played next his own concerto, a work already known and praised for its musical grace and its skilful use of his instrument's capabilities.

The audience showed pleasure all the evening.

R. R. G.

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Symphony

To Chaikovsky Over Vivaldi And a Jungle

Transcript Oct 26

Dr. Koussevitzky Transfigures The "Pathetic" Symphony, Mr. Josten Falls Short

IF the devotees of Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony will pardon the word, it was ever so little amusing to watch the effect of the March Movement upon the audience yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Though thirty-odd years have gnawed at the music, though the Anglo-American world that hears it oftenest, has changed to a post-war from a fin-de-siécle mentality (as it used to be called), there is not a little to be said for the other divisions of "The Pathetic." This third movement, however, has dwindled—or rather swelled—into an exhibitional exercise in rhythms and sonorities wherewith conductor and orchestra play upon the nerves of audiences. They stay or speed the pace; tighten or relax the rhythm; now in advance and now in recession, at last attain the climax. And tense and titillating is the excitement of most hearers. This effect, moreover, is intrinsic in the music. Not that Chaikovsky deliberately contrived it. He was too honest and, in composition, too fervid, to do that. There was in him, none the less, a melodramatic instinct; in this March Movement he gave it spontaneous play.

The proof was the stronger on Friday, since Dr. Koussevitzky refrained from every exhibitional stroke. He manipulated neither pace nor rhythm, neither sonorities nor climax. He measured his own zeal more discreetly than in previous performances hereabouts. He eschewed altogether the frenzies of various rivals and predecessors. The whole movement could hardly have been played more simply and straightforwardly. Yet the nervous effect upon the audience was changeless. Excitement loosed applause that no rule or custom might check. The progress of the Symphony was stayed; the clapping was general; with a wave of his hands toward the orchestra, the conductor acknowledged it. Yet had Honegger or Bartók signed these pages, not a few who clapped loudest would have called them blatant; while some who now put by wit for thrill, would have said: "The procession is coming, hooray!"

When Dr. Koussevitzky re-played, last year, Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, possibly the composer's masterwork, a new temperance was audible from his version. The like quality distinguishes throughout his present reading of "The Pathetic." Time was when he prepared obviously the entrance of the songful theme in the first movement; by pace, emphasis and color clothed it to the utmost with sentimental melancholy. Yesterday it came and went without exaggeration; diffused its own suggestion, not of rankness, but, in the curve that Dr. Koussevitzky lent it, of a decadent sweetness proper to the composer's time and mood. Similarly with the turbulent passages in the movement. Though one began with a drum-stroke—Mr. Ritter was at the top of his form—like a virtuoso pistol-shot, it was prelude to agitation, not frenzy.

Again in the second "five-four" movement, how shrewdly Dr. Koussevitzky held the main ... ent of the trio in suspension, th... eath, the reiterated drum-beat mi... it. At the end, too, the conduct... measures droop into lassitude of pace and tone—another of Chaikovsky's fin-de-siècle moods and devices. (Nearer to us nowadays is the shrill, nervous energy of the ensuing March.) Rather too much Dr. Koussevitzky muted the gong-stroke that is summons of fate in the Finale; while with sympathetic understanding he tightened the rhythm and held fast to the loose-drawn melody. And in the end there was that dying into a silence of extinction which is Chaikovsky's diminuendo transfigured into work of imagination.

In some ears at least, "The Pathetic" gained much by this temperate performance. They were prepared to be bored; they found themselves interested and eager. Notoriously Chaikovsky is a loose constructionist in symphonic form. Less he developed his melodies than strung them in sequences, to be vitalized by contrast. Out of devoted instinct for the music, Dr. Koussevitzky veiled this fault and gave Chaikovsky a semblance of symphonic coherence rather than of tone-poem-like alternations. To equally good purpose he clothed the whole Symphony—except that melodramatic March Movement—with clear romantic quality. It is custom to call "The Pathetic" self-revelation, usually with "morbid" for prefixed adjective. Chaikovsky, however, lived and worked in a Russian time and society that still liked to wear, and could wear with illusion, the romantic robes that Pushkin borrowed from Byron. If Piotyr Ilich confessed himself in "The Pathetic," he also romanticized himself; so made his Symphony less personal and more poignant. Dr. Koussevitzky caught and communicated this larger note. He also reduced to a minimum the exhibitional element that has become over-much the custom of virtuoso-conductors, each trying to outdo the others, at the expense of the composer. Sensitively, rather than morbidly, Chaikovsky now released his moods of melancholy, transport and despair. It is only the truth to say that with the Fifth Symphony, last year, and now with "The Pathetic," Dr. Koussevitzky restores to Chaikovsky a just romantic stature.

The concert began with Vivaldi's Concerto for Orchestra with Organ, wherein we might know the pleasure of the ancient style as an Italian of the beginning of the eighteenth century practiced it, provided also in the twentieth with a superlative orchestra to give him voice. Vivaldi may take his exercise in a more or less formal counterpoint, or in the virtuoso-display of his choirs; but sooner rather than later, he returns to the warm and full-voiced melody, the suave and courtly progress, the sensuous address that in him were second nature. Easy-going with a good craftsman's skill is this Concerto. Give it a virtuoso-orchestra, at every turn susceptible and glorifying, and it is as easy listening. Let it pass for a light pleasure of the symphonic day. There is room for such.

The middle piece was the new piece—"Jungle: Symphonic Movement for Full Orchestra," written by Professor Werner Josten of Smith College, with good memories of his "Concerto Sacro" in Symphony Hall last spring and of his "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day," three weeks back at Worcester, to raise expectation. He chanced upon a picture, reproduced in this newspaper on Page Seven of Part Five, painted by the semi-primitive, semi-decadent, peasant-Parisian, Henri Rousseau — sub-normal Baudelaire in grotesque, luxuriant, horrific visioning. He labelled it "Exotic Forest"; into it conjured a jungle of lush, fetid vegetation, uncanny birds and beasts, dim pool and brazen sky. It stirred Mr. Josten's imagination, awakened sensations that he would transmute into tones in this "Symphonic Movement," shapen, freely, to sonata-form. He employs for sonority and color a full twentieth-century orchestra, sufficiently percussive. He proceeds from short motivs. He relies for suggestion upon rhythm and color; enforces contrast and climax. Technically, his "Symphonic Movement" is the work of a well-practised, well-furnished composer, gaining variety in unity. Less than do most of the younger generation, when they would "go" primitive, does he hark back to Stravinsky of "Le Sacre."

Not in construction but in suggestion does Mr. Josten, under a single hearing, fall short of his design. Certain of his pages should diffuse the close air, the rank heat, the dripping moisture of the jungle. Others should convey its close-packed immensity holding the wanderer in oppressed thrall. Others, again, should echo the amorous or contentious murmur of hidden bird and beast, now seductive, again raucous. Above all into the imagination of the hearer should creep the fear of the solitary, thus encompassed. It steals upon him, penetrates and shakes him; obsesses him with foul dreads; whirls him, frenetic yet impotent, into the tonal vertigo of the close. This one and that who has traversed, not tropical jungles, but Northern forests, knows the mounting and suffocating delirium of these sensations. To such, though it be a hard saying, Mr. Josten seems to have experienced them only at the study-table, under the lamp, for the making of music. Nor does he give that music the direct and instant impact upon the receptive hearer that distinguished, in widely different fields both the "Concerto Sacro" and the Cecilian Ode. In "Jungle," a borrowed obsession chokes him.

H. T. P.

It is the present unwritten law of the Symphony Concerts that no applause shall interrupt the progress of a symphony. But yesterday, as in fact in past performances of the "Pathetic" under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, the audience could not contain itself when the mounting excitements of the third movement had run their course. Here listeners, gripped and held taut as seldom they may be by any musical performance, had out of sheer necessity to seek release in the clapping of hands. Nor did the conductor show any disposition to curb these plaudits. Incidentally, when this Scherzo-March is played as yesterday it was played, the only possible complement to it is the movement that the composer created for his Finale. Another climax of the conventional sort would have been a psychological mistake if not an esthetic error.

Josten's "Jungle"

As the outstanding figure in the department of music at Smith College Mr. Josten has earned both the praise and the gratitude of music-lovers by his tastefully prepared and eloquently performed revivals of operas by Handel and Monteverde. That a musician of his leanings should have composed the symphonic poem made known yesterday is a bit surprising. Inspired by a painting, "Foret exotique," of Henri Rousseau, Mr. Josten's piece, by the composer's own confession, seeks "to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle with its lures, terrors, primitive love and ferocious death."

To this end the composer has assembled a huge orchestra, and in the employment of it relies upon all manner of startling rhythmic, dynamic and percussive effects. A "lion's roar" is listed among the instruments although Dr. Koussevitzky, who cares not overmuch for naturalistic effects, hardly permitted this contrivance to sound its more blood-curdling note.

That Mr. Josten gains here and there an effect of suspensive terror may not be denied. But would not his music serve best as tonal background to a film, a pantomime or some such situation on the spoken stage as Eugene O'Neil has invented in his "Emperor Jones"? As a piece of music "Jungle" has hardly the thematic interest or the organic life to enable it to stand squarely on its own feet.

Mr. Josten, who was present in the hall, was summoned to the stage by Dr. Koussevitzky and was cordially applauded by the audience.

Herald

ATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1

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Symphony Concert

BY PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Vivaldi, Concerto, D minor, for orchestra with organ (edited by Siloti. Josten, "Jungle," symphonic poem (first performance), Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic."

Werner Josten, teacher of fugue and composition at Smith College, wrote "Jungle" last year. The subject was not suggested to him by any tale of adventure; not even by H. M. Tomlinson's famous book of his experiences in Brazil, nor by the marvellous description of the Eastern jungle in "Gallion's Reach." Mr. Josten saw a picture by Henri Rousseau, who began to paint when he was 40 years old; he was ridiculed, his exhibited paintings were badly hung; all sorts of obstacles were put in his way; he was wretchedly poor to the day of his death in 1910. And now the once despised pictures command a high price. Rousseau did not find it necessary to visit a jungle. Studies in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris were sufficient for his purpose, as Auber did not visit Naples for "local color" when he wrote characteristically Neapolitan music for scenes in "La Muette de Portici." Mr. Josten informs us that the music of his symphonic poem "tries to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love and ferocious death." One might reasonably say that no music can give so vivid impressions of jungle life as does the prose of Tomlinson, Paul Morand or Andre Gide; but given Mr. Josten's program, any hearer who is willing to meet him half way will admit that he has written admirably to express in tones that program; and this without any desire to be sensational. His themes are his own with the exception of a Voodoo rhythmic motive; nor does he content himself merely with episodes loosely connected; the work is firmly knit, it has form and substance. Mr. Josten not only has musical ideas in plenty; he has imagination; he realizes in music what he saw in Rousseau's picture. No doubt the music is more picturesque, more impressive than the painting. From the beginning to the end there is the assurance of a savagery, a wildness in tones that does not depend at all on laboriously sought-out dissonances or ear-splitting tonal explosions. A huge orchestra is employed. Probably the instrument "the lion roar" appears for the first time in the orchestra. (It is a greatly enlarged edition of boyhood's plaything, known as "the Devil's Fiddle," by some as "the bull fiddle.") But the effectiveness of Mr. Josten's score does not rest on attempts at realism, any more than the sheep in Strauss's "Don Quixote," are the commanding feature in that tone-poem. As among African tribes, so in this symphonic poem, drums have their meaning, at times sinister and portentous, but the work gives the impression that the melodic figures, the developments, the harmonic schemes, the contrasts—note the haunting sensuality of the love episode—were all conceived as a whole.

"Jungle" is an uncommonly interest-

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ing work, none the less so because it comes from a teacher at Smith College who delights in the revival of operas by Monteverde and Handel; finds inspiration in poems by Shelley and Baudelaire; hymns the praise of the "Quene of Paradys" and has not forgotten Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."

Dr. Koussevitzky, as is his habit, took great pains in the preparation of the performance. Although the music presents many technical difficulties, the performance was a brilliant one. The composer was deservedly called to the platform.

Vivaldi's concerto was the first composition conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky in Boston. It is worth hearing more than once if only for the beautiful slow movement. The other movements deserve respectful attention, especially from those who loudly, one might say blatantly, proclaim that the history of music began only with the coming of Stravinsky. Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms—they are all "old hat"; though some condescend to speak favorably of Mozart. No doubt these extollers of ultra-modern music, making no discrimination in their wild-eyed eulogy, would sniff disdainfully at the superbly dramatic performance of the "Pathetic" symphony and dismiss the great Russian whose appeal is universal, as a maker of tunes, possibly prefacing "tunes" by the word "vulgar," or saying that this music is "too obvious." It is the fashion in some quarters to extol Rimsky-Korsakov at the expense of Tchaikovsky, but the latter was a man of a far deeper nature who was not ashamed to sound his own joy and unhappiness, his delight in life and his dread of death. So that his own emotions make their way to the hearts of his hearers.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on Nov. 8 and 9, for the orchestra will be away next week. The program of the fourth pair of concerts will comprise Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543), Gruenberg's Symphonic poem "The Enchanted Isle" (first time in Boston), Spohr's Nocturne, a suite for wind instruments (probably a first performance here) and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

Traveler Oct 26

SYMPHONY IN THIRD CONCERT

"Jungle," a Symphonic Poem, Introduced for First Time

Between an 18th century Vivaldi concerto, and the familiar Tchaikovsky vitzky, in his third concert program at citzky, in his third concert program at Symphony hall yesterday, introduced "Jungle," a symphonic poem by one of the younger American composers, Werner Josten.

Perhaps there could be no more difficult test than this, for preceded by the melodic simplicity of the earlier musical metaphor, and followed by the soul-stirring Tchaikovsky, this cacophony of sound and harmonic dissonanace stands forth in yet bolder contrast.

It has become fashionable and easy to dismiss these novelties as unimportant, yet out of the many moderns who have found a place on Mr. Koussevitzky's programs, Mr. Josten's "Jungle" stands well toward the top of the list.

Mr. Josten's inspiration is from the jungle picture of Rousseau, "Foret Exotique" and within its measures there is the feeling of the flaming color and luxuriant growth of tropical wilds, the persuasive and mysterious rhythm of voodooism, the lion's roar, and burning days underneath an African sun. A striking piece of realism, yet there is form and substance, too, and here and there flashes of real beauty.

The composer presents his themes with authority and sincerity, yet it will take time to disentangle the true from the false and the merely grotesque from the distinctive. The themes are developed with care, and "Jungle" has a right to be judged as a musical movement of interesting worth. The work was well received and Mr. Josten came to the platform in acknowledgment.

The opening Vivaldi concerto, with its swelling organ and jolly finale, seemed very like Bach, to whom it was indeed attributed for many years, although, despite its charming and imitative phrasing, it had its dull moments.

Of the Tchaikovzky "Pethetic," there is nothing left to be said. Its brooding majesty, its sombre beauty have been much misunderstood and often condemned. As Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra presented it yesterday it remains a great musical and emotional experience. The audience so far forgot itself as to interrupt the reading after the third and martial movement with a burst of applause.

Globe Oct 26, 1929

JOSTEN'S "JUNGLE" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Smith Professor's New Tone Poem Heard

Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony Remarkably Well Performed

"Jungle," a symphonic movement for orchestra by Werner Josten, professor of music at Smith College, was the novelty on yesterday's Symphony concert program. Dr Koussevitzky again delighted the audience with his remarkably fine interpretation of Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony. The concert began with Vivaldi's D minor concerto.

Mr Josten's program note about his "Jungle" explains that it was written last year, "inspired by a painting 'Foret exotique,' by Henri Rousseau." Its form is sonata-allegro. Except for a Voodoo rhythmic motive, no native melodies or themes are used. "The music tries to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures terrors, primitive love, and ferocious death."

Those who have not seen the painting which inspired Mr Josten may perhaps form an idea of the Africa he wished his music to suggest by reading Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." Henri Rousseau is said to have gotten his ideas of the jungle from the Jardin des Plantes, the famous botanic garden in Paris. But to Conrad, the African wilderness was a thing remembered as well as imagined.

One missed in Mr Josten's music the intensity of dread and mystery which Conrad's story gives. The subjective impressions of a single listener to music are too much governed by the accidents of memory to be worth much as measures of a new work of art. But the only jungle one listener saw yesterday with the mind's eye was the charmingly artificial and conventionalized one which graced the stage of the Wilbur Theatre here at the first Boston performances of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," in 1915.

One noted in Mr Josten's music many suggestions of the music of other present day writers. There were for instance hints of Respighi, and of the Stravinsky rhythms that seemed so startling when one first met their full impact in "Le Sacre." "Jungle" is clearly and simply written. The modernistic musical idiom. The scoring for orchestra could be bettered. There was too much noise and too little sonority. Let Mr Josten study once again the score of "Petruchka."

The general impression left at a first hearing was that "Jungle" is an up-to-date version of the sort of music American college teachers have been writing for half a century or more. Its inspiration is derived with eclectic impartiality, from more than one European model. But it lacks originality and power.

No other conductor known to Boston audiences has been able to equal Dr Koussevitzky in the music of Tchaikovsky. As hitherto, one might justly exhaust a dictionary of superlatives in praise of his reading of Tchaikosky's Sixth Symphony. He conveys both the letter and the true spirit of this music with overwhelming force. It is music so perfectly attuned to his own temperament that one never for a moment feels the personality of the conductor obtruded between composer and listener.

Dr Koussevitzky, with marvelous musical tact, even contrives to cover up many of the faults and defects in Tchaikovsky's work. Yet, in the face of his genius, and of an audience obviously deeply stirred by music and performance, one can only repeat that this symphony is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the masterpieces of Mozart, or of Brahms, and protest that is is too often played at these concerts.

The Vivaldi concerto, arranged by Siloti, seems to be Dr Koussevitzky's

ustomary choice for beginning a rogram in a new city. It was the rst thing he ever conducted in Bos-n, Oct 10, 1924. It will next Tues-ay be the first piece he conducts at is first appearance in Chicago with he Boston Symphony.

Yesterday's performance displayed he virtuosity of the strings in the rchestra to advantage, though one oticed at least one faulty attack, nd other minor flaws. But one felt hat an amiable and pleasing ancient iece had been inflated into something was never meant to be. There ould be a smaller orchestra. This oncerto is frankly a light piece, ritten, it would seem, for display f technique rather than to stir the epths of a listener's heart. Siloti nd Koussevitzky between them have ut it a spurious eloquence which de-rives it of its native grace.

There are no Symphony concerts in oston until Nov 8 and 9. The orches-a is to visit Buffalo, Chicago, Minne-polis, Indianapolis and Pittsburg ithin the next week.

P. R.

JRDAY, OCTOBER 26,

"PATHETIC" AN EPIC BY SYMPHONY

Astounding Performance at Dr. Koussevitzky's Hands

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The memorable portion of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon was not the playing, notable in kind, of Vivaldi's stately Concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ as edited by Alexander Siloti, or the first hearing of Werner Josten's symphonic poem, "Jungle." It was the astounding performance of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

GRIPS LISTENERS

In this performance Dr. Koussevitzky, with the orchestra to aid him at every turn, exhibited in remarkable degree the ability to make the familiar, even that which has become stale and trite, new and engrossing. Not that in such deeds he necessarily adds to the music anything that legitimately is not in it. Rather he brings to complete revelation and fulfillment intended effects that, by comparison, the ordinary performance merely hints at or suggests.

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Symphony

To Chaikovsky Over Vivaldi And a Jungle

Transcript Oct 26

Dr. Koussevitzky Transfigures The "Pathetic" Symphony, Mr. Josten Falls Short

IF the devotees of Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony will pardon the word, it was ever so little amusing to watch the effect of the March Movement upon the audience yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Though thirty-odd years have gnawed at the music, though the Anglo-American world that hears it oftenest, has changed to a post-war from a fin-de-siécle mentality (as it used to be called), there is not a little to be said for the other divisions of "The Pathetic." This third movement, however, has dwindled—or rather swelled—into an exhibitional exercise in rhythms and sonorities wherewith conductor and orchestra play upon the nerves of audiences. They stay or speed the pace; tighten or relax the rhythm; now in advance and now in recession, at last attain the climax. And tense and titillating is the excitement of most hearers. This effect, moreover, is intrinsic in the music. Not that Chaikovsky deliberately contrived it. He was too honest and, in composition, too fervid, to do that. There was in him, none the less, a melodramatic instinct; in this March Movement he gave it spontaneous play.

The proof was the stronger on Friday, since Dr. Koussevitzky refrained from every exhibitional stroke. He manipulated neither pace nor rhythm, neither sonorities nor climax. He measured his own zeal more discreetly than in previous performances hereabouts. He eschewed altogether the frenzies of various rivals and predecessors. The whole movement could hardly have been played more simply and straightforwardly. Yet the nervous effect upon the audience was changeless. Excitement loosed applause that no rule or custom might check. The progress of the Symphony was stayed; the clapping was general; with a wave of his hands toward the orchestra, the conductor acknowledged it. Yet had Honegger or Bartók signed these pages, not a few who clapped loudest would have called them blatant; while some who now put by wit for thrill, would have said: "The procession is coming, hooray!"

When Dr. Koussevitzky re-played, last year, Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, possibly the composer's masterwork, a new temperance was audible from his version. The like quality distinguishes throughout his present reading of "The Pathetic." Time was when he prepared obviously the entrance of the songful theme in the first movement; by pace, emphasis and color clothed it to the utmost with sentimental melancholy. Yesterday it came and went without exaggeration; diffused its own suggestion, not of rankness, but, in the curve that Dr. Koussevitzky lent it, of a decadent sweetness proper to the composer's time and mood. Similarly with the turbulent passages in the movement. Though one began with a drum-stroke—Mr. Ritter was at the top of his form—like a virtuoso pistol-shot, it was prelude to agitation, not frenzy.

Again in the second "five-four" movement, how shrewdly Dr. Koussevitzky held the main [illegible] of the trio in suspension, th[illegible] [illegible]eath, the reiterated drum-beat mi[illegible] it. At the end, too, the conduct[illegible] measures droop into lassitude of pace and tone—another of Chaikovsky's fin-de-siècle moods and devices. (Nearer to us nowadays is the shrill, nervous energy of the ensuing March.) Rather too much Dr. Koussevitzky muted the gong-stroke that is summons of fate in the Finale; while with sympathetic understanding he tightened the rhythm and held fast to the loose-drawn melody. And in the end there was that dying into a silence of extinction which is Chaikovsky's diminuendo transfigured into work of imagination.

In some ears at least, "The Pathetic" gained much by this temperate performance. They were prepared to be bored; they found themselves interested and eager. Notoriously Chaikovsky is a loose constructionist in symphonic form. Less he developed his melodies than strung them in sequences, to be vitalized by contrast. Out of devoted instinct for the music, Dr. Koussevitzky veiled this fault and gave Chaikovsky a semblance of symphonic coherence rather than of tone-poem-like alternations. To equally good purpose he clothed the whole Symphony—except that melodramatic March Movement—with clear romantic quality. It is custom to call "The Pathetic" self-revelation, usually with "morbid" for prefixed adjective. Chaikovsky, however, lived and worked in a Russian time and society that still liked to wear, and could wear with illusion, the romantic robes that Pushkin borrowed from Byron. If Piotyr Ilich confessed himself in "The Pathetic," he also romanticized himself; so made his Symphony less personal and more poignant. Dr. Koussevitzky caught and communicated this larger note. He also reduced to a minimum the exhibitional element that has become over-much the custom of virtuoso-conductors, each trying to outdo the others, at the expense of the composer. Sensitively, rather than morbidly, Chaikovsky now released his moods of melancholy, transport and despair. It is only the truth to say that with the Fifth Symphony, last year, and now with "The Pathetic," Dr. Koussevitzky restores to Chaikovsky a just romantic stature.

The concert began with Vivaldi's Concerto for Orchestra with Organ, wherein we might know the pleasure of the ancient style as an Italian of the beginning of the eighteenth century practiced it, provided also in the twentieth with a superlative orchestra to give him voice. Vivaldi may take his exercise in a more or less formal counterpoint, or in the virtuoso-display of his choirs; but sooner rather than later, he returns to the warm and full-voiced melody, the suave and courtly progress, the sensuous address that in him were second nature. Easy-going with a good craftsman's skill is this Concerto. Give it a virtuoso-orchestra, at every turn susceptible and glorifying, and it is as easy listening. Let it pass for a light pleasure of the symphonic day. There is room for such

The middle piece was the new piece—"Jungle: Symphonic Movement for Full Orchestra," written by Professor Werner Josten of Smith College, with good memories of his "Concerto Sacro" in Symphony Hall last spring and of his "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day," three weeks back at Worcester, to raise expectation. He chanced upon a picture, reproduced in this newspaper on Page Seven of Part Five, painted by the semi-primitive, semi-decadent, peasant-Parisian, Henri Rousseau — sub-normal Baudelaire in grotesque, luxuriant, horrific visioning. He labelled it "Exotic Forest"; into it conjured a jungle of lush, fetid vegetation, uncanny birds and beasts, dim pool and brazen sky. It stirred Mr. Josten's imagination, awakened sensations that he would transmute into tones in this "Symphonic Movement," shapen, freely, to sonata-form. He employs for sonority and color a full twentieth-century orchestra, sufficiently percussive. He proceeds from short motivs. He relies for suggestion upon rhythm and color; enforces contrast and climax. Technically, his "Symphonic Movement" is the work of a well-practised, well-furnished composer, gaining variety in unity. Less than do most of the younger generation, when they would "go" primitive, does he hark back to Stravinsky of "Le Sacre."

Not in construction but in suggestion does Mr. Josten, under a single hearing, fall short of his design. Certain of his pages should diffuse the close air, the rank heat, the dripping moisture of the jungle. Others should convey its close-packed immensity holding the wanderer in oppressed thrall. Others, again, should echo the amorous or contentious murmur of hidden bird and beast, now seductive, again raucous. Above all into the imagination of the hearer should creep the fear of the solitary, thus encompassed. It steals upon him, penetrates and shakes him; obsesses him with foul dreads; whirls him, frenetic yet impotent, into the tonal vertigo of the close. This one and that who has traversed, not tropical jungles, but Northern forests, knows the mounting and suffocating delirium of these sensations. To such, though it be a hard saying, Mr. Josten seems to have experienced them only at the study-table, under the lamp, for the making of music. Nor does he give that music the direct and instant impact upon the receptive hearer that distinguished, in widely different fields both the "Concerto Sacro" and the Cecilian Ode. In "Jungle," a borrowed obsession chokes him.

H. T. P.

...URDAY, OCTOBER 26, ...

"PATHETIC" AN EPIC BY SYMPHONY

Astounding Performance at Dr. Koussevitzky's Hands

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The memorable portion of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon was not the playing, notable in kind, of Vivaldi's stately Concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ as edited by Alexander Siloti, or the first hearing of Werner Josten's symphonic poem, "Jungle." It was the astounding performance of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

GRIPS LISTENERS

In this performance Dr. Koussevitzky, with the orchestra to aid him at every turn, exhibited in remarkable degree the ability to make the familiar, even that which has become stale and trite, new and engrossing. Not that in such deeds he necessarily adds to the music anything that legitimately is not in it. Rather he brings to complete revelation and fulfillment intended effects that, by comparison, the ordinary performance merely hints at or suggests.

It is the present unwritten law of the Symphony Concerts that no applause shall interrupt the progress of a symphony. But yesterday, as in fact in past performances of the "Pathetic" under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, the audience could not contain itself when the mounting excitements of the third movement had run their course. Here listeners, gripped and held taut as seldom they may be by any musical performance, had out of sheer necessity to seek release in the clapping of hands. Nor did the conductor show any disposition to curb these plaudits. Incidentally, when this Scherzo-March is played as yesterday it was played, the only possible complement to it is the movement that the composer created for his Finale. Another climax of the conventional sort would have been a psychological mistake if not an esthetic error.

Josten's "Jungle"

As the outstanding figure in the depart of music at Smith College Mr. Josten has earned both the praise and the gratitude of music-lovers by his tastefully prepared and eloquently performed revivals of operas by Handel and Monteverde. That a musician of his leanings should have composed the symphonic poem made known yesterday is a bit surprising. Inspired by a painting, "Foret exotique," of Henri Rousseau, Mr. Josten's piece, by the composer's own confession, seeks "to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love, and ferocious death."

To this end the composer has assembled a huge orchestra, and in the employment of it relies upon all manner of startling rhythmic, dynamic and percussive effects. A "lion's roar" is listed among the instruments although Dr. Koussevitzky, who cares not overmuch for naturalistic effects, hardly permitted this contrivance to sound its most blood-curdling note.

That Mr. Josten gains here and there an effect of suspensive terror may not be denied. But would not his music serve best as tonal background to a film, a pantomime or some such situation on the spoken stage as Eugene O'Neil has invented in his "Emperor Jones"? As a piece of music "Jungle" has hardly the thematic interest or the organic life to enable it to stand squarely on its own feet.

Mr. Josten, who was present in the hall, was summoned to the stage by Dr. Koussevitzky and was cordially applauded by the audience.

Her...

...ATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1...929

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

BY PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Vivaldi, Concerto, D minor, for orchestra with organ (edited by Siloti). Josten, "Jungle"; symphonic poem (first performance), Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic."

Werner Josten, teacher of fugue and composition at Smith College, wrote "Jungle" last year. The subject was not suggested to him by any tale of adventure; not even by H. M. Tomlinson's famous book of his experiences in Brazil, nor by the marvellous description of the Eastern jungle in "Gallion's Reach." Mr. Josten saw a picture by Henri Rousseau, who began to paint when he was 40 years old; he was ridiculed, his exhibited paintings were badly hung; all sorts of obstacles were put in his way; he was wretchedly poor to the day of his death in 1910. And now the once despised pictures command a high price. Rousseau did not find it necessary to visit a jungle. Studies in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris were sufficient for his purpose, as Auber did not visit Naples for "local color" when he wrote characteristically Neapolitan music for scenes in "La Muette de Portici." Mr. Josten informs us that the music of his symphonic poem "tries to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love and ferocious death." One might reasonably say that no music can give so vivid impressions of jungle life as does the prose of Tomlinson, Paul Morand or Andre Gide; but given Mr. Josten's program, any hearer who is willing to meet him half way will admit that he has written admirably to express in tones that program, and this without any desire to be sensational. His themes are his own with the exception of a Voodoo rhythmic motive; nor does he content himself merely with episodes loosely connected; the work is firmly knit, it has form and substance. Mr. Josten not only has musical ideas in plenty; he has imagination; he realizes in music what he saw in Rousseau's picture. No doubt the music is more picturesque, more impressive than the painting. From the beginning to the end there is the assurance of a savagery, a wildness in tones that does not depend at all on laboriously sought-out dissonances or ear-splitting tonal explosions. A huge orchestra is employed. Probably the instrument "the lion roar" appears for the first time in the orchestra. (It is a greatly enlarged edition of boyhood's plaything, known as "the Devil's Fiddle," by some as "the bull fiddle.") But the effectiveness of Mr. Josten's score does not rest on attempts at realism, any more than the sheep in Strauss's "Don Quixote," are the commanding feature in that tone-poem. As among African tribes, so in this symphonic poem, drums have their meaning, at times sinister and portentous, but the work gives the impression that the melodic figures, the developments, the harmonic schemes, the contrasts—note the haunting sensuality of the love episode—were all conceived as a whole.

"Jungle" is an uncommonly interesting work, none the less so because it comes from a teacher at Smith Colleg... who delights in the revival of oper... by Monteverde and Handel; finds ... spiration in poems by Shelley and Bau... laire; hymns the praise of the "Que... Paradys" and has not forgotten ... den's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."

Dr. Koussevitzky, as is his habit... great pains in the preparation ... performance. Although the mu... sents many technical difficult... performance was a brilliant o... composer was deservedly call... platform.

Vivaldi's concerto was the ...
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Oct 26

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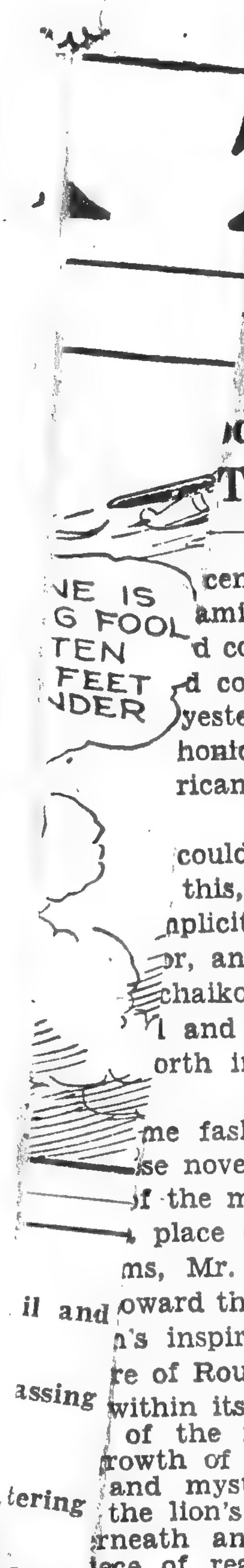

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...ains a great musical and emotional
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...elf as to interrupt the reading after
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... burst of applause.

Globe Oct 26

26, 1929

JOSTEN'S "JUNGLE" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Smith Professor's New Tone Poem Heard

Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony Remarkably Well Performed

"Jungle," a symphonic movement for orchestra by Werner Josten, professor of music at Smith College, was the novelty on yesterday's Symphony concert program. Dr Koussevitzky again delighted the audience with his remarkably fine interpretation of Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony. The concert began with Vivaldi's D minor concerto.

Mr Josten's program note about his "Jungle" explains that it was written last year, "inspired by a painting, 'Foret exotique,' by Henri Rousseau." Its form is sonata-allegro. Except for a Voodoo rhythmic motive, no native melodies or themes are used. "The music tries to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love, and ferocious death."

Those who have not seen the painting which inspired Mr Josten may perhaps form an idea of the Africa he wished his music to suggest by reading Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." Henri Rousseau is said to have gotten his ideas of the jungle from the Jardin des Plantes, the famous botanic garden in Paris. But to Conrad, the African wilderness was a thing remembered as well as imagined.

One missed in Mr Josten's music the intensity of dread and mystery which Conrad's story gives. The subjective impressions of a single listener to music are too much governed by the accidents of memory to be worth much as measures of a new work of art. But the only jungle one listener saw yesterday with the mind's eye was the charmingly artificial and conventionalized one which graced the stage of the Wilbur Theatre here at the first Boston performances of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," in 1915.

One noted in Mr Josten's music many suggestions of the music of other present day writers. There were for instance hints of Respighi, and of the Stravinsky rhythms that seemed so startling when one first met their full impact in "Le Sacre." "Jungle" is clearly and simply written, in modernistic musical idiom. The scoring for orchestra could be bettered. There was too much noise and too little sonority. Let Mr Josten study once again the score of "Petruchka."

The general impression left at a first hearing was that "Jungle" is an up-to-date version of the sort of music American college teachers have been writing for half a century or more. Its inspiration is derived with eclectic impartiality, from more than one European model. But it lacks originality and power.

No other conductor known to Boston audiences has been able to equal Dr Koussevitzky in the music of Tchaikovsky. As hitherto, one might justifiably exhaust a dictionary of superlatives in praise of his reading of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony. He conveys both the letter and the true spirit of this music with overwhelming force. It is music so perfectly attuned to his own temperament that one never for a moment feels the personality of the conductor obtruded between composer and listener.

Dr Koussevitzky, with marvelous musical tact, even contrives to cover up many of the faults and defects in Tchaikovsky's work. Yet, in the face of his genius, and of an audience obviously deeply stirred by music and performance, one can only repeat that this symphony is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the masterpieces of Mozart, or of Brahms, and protest that is is too often played at these concerts.

The Vivaldi concerto, arranged by Siloti, seems to be Dr Koussevitzky's customary choice for beginning a program in a new city. It was the first thing he ever conducted in Boston, Oct 10, 1924. It will next Tuesday be the first piece he conducts at his first appearance in Chicago with the Boston Symphony.

Yesterday's performance displayed the virtuosity of the strings in the orchestra to advantage, though one noticed at least one faulty attack, and other minor flaws. But one felt that an amiable and pleasing ancient piece had been inflated into something it was never meant to be. There should be a smaller orchestra. This concerto is frankly a light piece, written, it would seem, for display of technique rather than to stir the depths of a listener's heart. Siloti and Koussevitzky between them have lent it a spurious eloquence which deprives it of its native grace.

There are no Symphony concerts in Boston until Nov 8 and 9. The orchestra is to visit Buffalo, Chicago, Minneapolis, Indianapolis and Pittsburg within the next week.

P. R.

JOSTEN HEARS OWN WORK AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

THE Symphony concerts of this week list a program extraordinarily assorted as to style and period of music. First there is the Vivaldi Concerto in D minor for organ and orchestra, edited by Alexander Siloti. This classic art has scarcely ceased to sound when one's ears are assailed by the modernism of a Werner Josten, whose symphonic poem, "Jungle," received its first performance. Following the intermission comes the intensely nervous Tchaikovsky of the "Pathetic" Symphony.

Here is certainly no "unit" program, yet it results in an interesting concert. Josten's piece has many pages hauntingly beautiful. Others seem to us ineffective, even dull. They seem to betray an uncertainty of purpose. On the other hand, this futility might have been merely apparent, a result of a performance which did not seem to us distinguished. A first hearing gave no clue, at any rate, to the eventual stature of this piece, which attempts to depict in tones the feeling of a white man in the jungle.

The score is frankly imitative of various natural sounds. The harmonic treatment is modern, the orchestration free. Josten is "influenced" much by the French impressionists, by Rimsky-Korsakov and by the ubiquitous Stravinsky. He was present at the matinee concert to receive the plaudits of the audience. One could not help wondering how he liked the performance.

The Vivaldi concert gave unmitigated pleasure. Mr. Koussevitzky fancies the early Italians and with reason. Bostonians are much in his debt for his revival of this beautiful music. In the sharply contrasted excitement of Tchaikovsky, our conductor is equally at home. It is almost needless to add that the performance of the symphony yesterday was magnificent.

The Atlanta Journal
December 1, 1929.
The Journal Covers Dixie Like the Dew

MUSIC DRAMA and ART

BY MABELLE S. WALL

D. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY brought over his Symphonic Orchestra from Boston on Thursday, last, playing at Carnegie Hall in the eevning, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Friday evening and a matinee at Carnegie on Saturday. This was their first New York visit of the season.

He has a wonderfully drilled and homogeneus ensemble and his interpretations are of that scholarly quality that always give satisfaction, alike to the mind and the ear. He chose, on this occasion, to open his program with Beethoven's Overture to Egmont and followed it with Ravel's "Five Children's Pieces" from his Mother Goose Suite. In the latter the refinement of Ravel's characterization of these pieces was sympathetically delivered by this splendid conductor and his men.

In "Till Eulenspiegel," which, by the way, we have heard its composer, Richard Strauss, conduct, lacked a certain vigorousness and contrast that we heard in its former rendition. A broad, contained and just reading of the Beethoven Symphony No. 6, in B minor, was given by this distinguished visiting orchestra.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DAYTON, O.
NEWS

Boston Symphony Orchestra Pays New York First Visit Of Season and Scores Hit

BY OLEY SPEARS

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The Boston Symphony orchestra made its first visit here this season in Carnegie hall this past week. That this famous organization has again come into its own was evidenced by the capacity audience to greet it and the superb performances put forward under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. There is a certain "air" to these concerts by the Boston orchestra, perhaps indefinable, but something that does not attach to most of the important concerts heard here; a certain "superior" air, as it were. Phillip Hale, the eminent Boston critic, is still writing the program notes for these concerts and the make-up of the program itself has not changed a whit in many, many years. Thus the Boston orchestra is an institution and its concerts heard here, some 10 times each season, are among the real events of this busy musical center.

Handel's Concerto Grosso for string orchestra began this program; after a fine rendition of this lovely, old music the program presented something modern in Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle." The composer must have been gratified at the beautiful performance of his music at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky. Called to the stage, Mr. Gruenberg bowed his acknowledgements time after time. To close this interesting concert was Tschaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 (Pathetic).

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ATLANTA, GA.
JOURNAL

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

Next Sunday we shall have an opportunity to compare the playing of the invincible Boston Symphony Orchestra with one of the more insignificant organizations, or at least one so considered by the critics of Gotham, whose judgment, in the opinion of the polloi, is always final. It is not a member of the "big three," for there belong there only the Boston and Philadelphia symphonies and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, as they call it now.

The Detroit has to take its place in the long list where we find such names as the Chicago, the Cincinnati, the Cleveland, the Minneapolis, and as many more as any particular critic may have heard, and even in this list its proper place is as yet undetermined.

This lack of ranking, of course, exists among the "big three" also. Last year, perhaps, the Boston Symphony, because of its superior playing of the Bloch Symphonic Poem, was given the advantage of the doubt as to which of the three should be placed at the head of the list. But this list has never been threatened with the inscribing of a name additional.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch merely belongs to a small group of conductors always welcome in New York to give that city an opportunity to differentiate between its best and all the rest. There Mr. Gabrilowitsch has been on occasion a guest-conductor, but always with the accent placed on the "guest" by those arbiters who settle such matters once and for all. Perhaps it has never occurred to any of them that the orchestral game of today, like the game of football, may be subject to the ups and downs of chance and change.

Drawing Comparisons.

As a musician Mr. Gabrilowitsch has nothing to lose by a comparison with Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Mengelberg (or whoever the conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony may happen to be), or with Mr. Stokowsky. He has a high and unquestioned reputation as a pianist, while as a composer he has written perhaps as much or as little as any of the others.

He took charge of the Detroit Symphony when it walked with a decided limp, and he has trained it until now it has the vigor of a real runner.

Compared choir by choir with the others, it will not always show to advantage. Its violins are not of the very best, as a choir, but its concert master is superior to that of the New York orchestra, while displaying a greater tone, if less dexterity, than the concert master of the Boston Symphony. The violas are a superior lot, but the 'cellos, unless they have improved within the last year, are inferior to those of both the New York and Boston orchestras, particularly as the former has recently secured from the Chicago Symphony as its principal 'cellist Alfred Wallenstein, who is by all odds the best orchestral 'cellist in the country.

A High Spirit.

Among the woodwinds Laurent of the Boston Symphony doubtless holds the palm; but that choir as well as the brass is, in the Detroit gathering, quite strong. But in the back field the Detroit basses have been relatively weak, which makes little difference to the general public, for few pay any attention to the basses—a disregarded lot, taken on tolerance at best.

But the spirit of an orchestra counts almost as much as its personnel. And this spirit Mr. Gabrilowitsch has moulded in the Detroit Symphony so carefully that one can almost regard it as his spirit. His men neither hate him nor fear him; they respect him as a fine conductor and they love him as their friend. No conductor is more highly regarded by the men who serve him, unless it be Stock of Chicago.

And so we have every reason to expect a fine concert—a concert that the most conservative may call good, although he may balk at comparatives. For Mr. Gabrilowitsch has made a program that will give his gauge as a musician and that of his orchestra as an instrument. And, besides, he is going to play the second piano concerto of Mozart with the orchestral accompaniment directed by Assistant Conductor Victor Kolar. There may be a surprise in waiting for some of those who think that there is nothing worth while west of Springfield, Mass.

Some Program Notes

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN

Boston Programs.

Since Mr. Koussevitzky, as is his custom about this time of year, is taking a brief vacation, the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be conducted this week Friday and Saturday, by the concert master and deputy director, Richard Burgin. For the assisting artist, Jacques Thibaud. Mr. Burgin, himself a violinist, should be a sympathetic conductor in the Violin Concerto No. 3, by Saint-Saens. The orchestral numbers will include the Suite from "The Golden Cockerel," Rimsky-Korsakoff; the Symphony, No. 2, in E flat major, Borodin; and the Symphonic Dances from the opera, "The Basque Venus," Wetzler.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BOSTON, MASS.
HERALD

12

NOV 10

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the sixth concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Richard Burgin, the concert master, conducted. Jacques Thibaud was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, suite from "Le Coq d'Or"; Borodin, Symphony, B minor, No. 2; Saint-Saens, Violin Concerto No. 3, B minor; Wetzler, Symphonic Dance in Basque style from "The Basque Venus," an opera based on a story by Merimee. (First time in Boston.)

Some dismiss Borodin as an amateur in music; accomplished in his own profession; no doubt "fond of music", but far inferior to the other members of the "Big Five". Thus they do him gross injustice, as Handel unjustly slighted Gluck, saying that his own cook knew more about counterpoint. Borodin had not the academic training of Balakirev and Rimsky-Korsakov, but he wrote songs of exquisite beauty; there is the symphony played yesterday; there are pages of "Prince Igor"; there is a charming string quartet. No doubt in all these works, except the songs, a learned professor could point out some technical flaws, shortcomings and so on, but Borodin had musical ideas, imaginative, poetic; he was not slavishly bound to the theory that extreme nationalism is all-important; he knew and was proud of his country's history; he realized the value of Russian and Asiatic folk-songs; but he knew that music to endure for a time must pass national boundaries; that oriental flavoring must be for orthodox forms to please western ears; for nothing in music so quickly palls on the so-called civilized world as extreme and obstinate exoticism. Take the symphony in B minor, for example, of which The Finale is the least important section.

Only a composer of a poetic nature, a lover of the beautiful which includes fancy, could have written the Scherzo, the Andante, and much of the opening Allegro. In these pages there are fine harmonic and instrumental expressions that are Borodin's, not another's. The Suite from "Le Coq d'Or" preceded, delightful music in large part, but chiefly so by reason of piquant instrumentation. The difference does not lie in the fact that Rimsky-Korsakov's music is for the opera house; Borodin's for the concert hall; it lies in the musical nature of the two men. Borodin while he was writing his symphony was also at work on his opera. It is not surprising that there are measures in the symphony that recall the Polovtsian dances with chorus in "Prince Igor"; but there is nothing in the symphony that can be called strictly operatic; nor is Rimsky-Korsakov in his happiest mood when he attempts in any one of his works to be strictly symphonic, although he put himself under a rigorous course of counterpoint, when he found out that he needed this instruction.

Mr. Wetzler, knowing that the scene of Merimee's "La Venus d'Ille" is not far from the Basque country, helped himself reasonably to Biscayan rhythms. He chose the Fandango, though it is especially a Spanish dance; the Zortzico, a complicated dance in which many join toward the end; Espatadantz, a Basque sword dance that admits pantomime; and for a Finale the Arin-Arin, the last figure of the Zortzico.

The suite derived from the opera was first performed at Hamburg under Dr. Muck's leadership. The Chicago orchestra gave the first performance in this country last February. The opera itself was produced at Leipsic last November.

As is the case with most suites when the dances are not in strong contrast, the earlier pages of Mr. Wetzler's symphonic dance are the most striking, the most musically interesting. When he comes to the furious pages of the Finale, there is chiefly a monstrous din in which distinctive rhythms are lost. The Fandango and the Zortziko are those portions of the work which are the most pleasing to the hearer; those which are most creditable to the composer. How closely this music expresses the Biscayan spirit and emotions is not for a New Englander who knows that land only through tales of travellers and novelists, and through illustrated print to say. Ten years ago last April Mr Laparra's "Basque Sunday" was performed here at a symphony concert The composer was the pianist. The Scherzo was suggested by the game o Pelote. In the last movement there were allusion to the "Arin-Arin" an the "Espatadantza," but Mr. Laparr said that his aim was not so much t reconstitute the rhythms as to expres the musical sentiment evoked in hi by certain Biscayan aspects and cu toms. In Pierne's suites from his mu for Coti's "Ramuntcho," selectio played at a symphony concert early 1922—"Rhapsody" was first perform here by the Boston Orchestra Club early as 1910—there are Biscayan da rhythms. Laparra's music is p turesque, worthy of the man that wr the opera, "La Habanera." But the s ple measure in which Azucena, wl she is dragged by Ferrando before Count di Luna, sings of her homel bring Biscay nearer to us.

Saint-Saens is held in slight rep by the young lions who today roar t opinions about music, but he wrote effective violin concerto, three pi concertos out of his five that are wo hearing, chamber music of excellent quality, a witty opera "Phryne" and other music that is not negligible. His third violin concerto still gives pleasur especially when it is played by Mr. Thi baud, the most aristocratic of violinis now before our public. Yesterday was recalled many times.

Mr. Burgin had firm control of orchestra. He conducted tastefully, v spirit, with authority. The concert be repeated tonight. The prograr next week will be as follows: F Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for st Fairchild, "Chants Negres" (first in Boston). Ravel, Bolero (first ti Boston), Schumann, Symphony major, No. 2.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

LET US TURN the pages to a quarter century ago—the music seasons of 1904-1905-1906. Prices at Carnegie then ranged from 75 cents to $2.50 per seat. With a little special searching, we have unearthed some enlightening figures from the official box-office receipt books. They tell a significant, perhaps even strange, story of economic conditions conditioning the public activities of artists during those post mauve decade seasons. Thus—

On the afternoon of Nov. 27, 1904, the august Oratorio Society sang to the tune of $73.75; business improved the same evening, with $728.25 in the till. But Christmas week concerts of the O. S. yielded, respectively, $2,400.75 and $2,681.

On Feb. 23, '05, a special concert by the Gottlieb Musical Family netted the munificent sum of $12.

Other record-breaking events in this direction were concerts by the Banks Glee Club ($12.50); Volpe Symphony Orchestra (($9.00!); the same orchestra a month later (two concerts—receipts $25.50 and $90.50); Young Peoples Symphony ($13.85); Philadelphia Orchestra, Fritz Scheel conductor ($180.50—To-day, under Stokowski, bids as high as $500 are offered for subscriptions to the Philadelphia Orchestra's New York concerts).

On the upper side of things: Recital by Ignace Jan Paderewiski, March 25, 1905 ($6,102), the high spot for the three years of which we are narrating; recitals by Emma Calve ($3,827 and $3,140.50); recital by Marcella Sembrich ($4,747.50); recital by Emma Eames ($2,860); joint recital by Emma James and Eugene Ysaye, billed as "The Great Event" ($2,139.50), less than Eames alone; three recitals by Ysaye ($866.75, $1,563.75, $2,130); joint recital by Ysaye and Eugene D'Albert ($3,206), despite blizzard weather; Kubelik ($2,113.50); Hofmann and Kreisler ($1,397.50); Hofmann alone, snowy weather ($831.50—$659.75); Kreisler alone, still snowing ($324.25); Alfred Reisenauer ($466.25).

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, what with snow and slush, had hard sledding in establishing securely its New York foothold, with receipts ranging from $736 (Dec. 8, 1904) to $1,473 (Jan. 21, 1905). The New York Symphony, similar climatics prevailing, playing to $1,528.75 (Feb. 4, 1905) and $2,457 (Dec. 18, 1904). Russian Symphony, Christmas Eve, 1904—receipts $145.50. Sousa's Band—Dec. 4, 1904 ($1,477.25); Dec. 6 ($1,341.25); Christmas Day matinee, snowing ($560.25); Christmas Night, continued snow ($631.50).

The story is but slightly told. We wonder if, say in 1960, our successor will look back upon the days of to-day, seeking to see how we spent our money on the purchase of musical niceties. By that time we will be enjoying our well earned rest . . . .

Ravel Bolero Wins Plaudits

Joseph Maurice Ravel is the hero of the hour at this week's Symphony concerts. For now Boston first hears his remarkable tour de force, his ingenious musical inventions upon the "Bolero" theme.

By use of drums and lower strings pizzicato, by the introduction of a flute, then a bassoon and clarinet, Ravel begins the slow, sultry measures of his Spanish dance. Repetition is piled upon repetition, yet monotony is evaded. The strict bolero form is adhered to, yet about it is woven music that every major orchestra in the land will be playing before long.

Measure by measure, theme by theme, new instruments join in; the suspense heightens, the tension grows until at last the music breaks out into fire and flame. Ravel has accomplished the bolero of boleros!

Technical resource and ingenuity went into its making, but that fact is not unduly apparent to the listener. M. Ravel is too fine a musician for that. In the bolero, he proves himself a genius as well. And Mr. Koussevitzky is no mean interpreter of the piece.

Also played for the first time on the program are Bailr Fairchild's "Chants Negres."

MUSIC
Monitor Dec 6

Boston Symphony Concert

Only Maurice Ravel, we are satisfied, among composers living today, could make a Friday afternoon subscription audience in Symphony Hall, Boston, stamp its feet on the floor in unrestrained delight. This feat he accomplished at the concert of Dec. 6, when Serge Koussevitzky made "Bolero" the climactic point of his seventh program. It probably was the first time in symphonic history in Boston that such a demonstration had been made by the Friday subscribers in favor of a piece of music.

Yet anybody present could hardly be surprised, for the incorrigible Ravel, using the simplest material and the most obvious methods, has nonchalantly produced a flabbergasting opus. As is known, "Bolero" consists of a tune of Spanish flavor, endlessly repeated over a monotonous and insistent percussive rhythm; but repeated with a crescendo extending over 20 minutes until the rocket bursts with a dazzling modulation into E major.

Nobody but Ravel would have thought of this civilisé device; certainly no one else could have so executed it. It is calculated to stir audiences to uncontrolled enthusiasm. If those who today applaud so furiously wonder tomorrow whether the music is worthy of their devotion, that cannot disturb the smile on the lips of M. Ravel.

Preceding this novelty there was a first performance of a score by Blair Fairchild, called "Chants Nègres," Mr. Fairchild is one of the Parisian colony of American expatriates. This score is made from some piano pieces. The sections are six in number, and the themes seem faithful to the title. There is little development, but the orchestration is calculated to preserve the character of the material.

Dr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, in G, again taking opportunity to exhibit his strings, which are probably unequalled today. He closed it with a brilliant and endearing performance of Schumann's Second Symphony; one of those performances which through their poetic urge and revealing ardor force us out of old indifferences. There will be some to complain that this is not the Schumann they know. But others will rejoice that the composer can be made so contemporary.

L. A. S.

Pleasures from The Symphonic Day and Scene

Return of Dr. Koussevitzky Ravel's "Bolero" Stirs Excitements

IN Carnegie Hall, when Mr. Toscanini and his orchestra played Ravel's "Bolero" for the first time in New York, some, excited beyond restraint, rose and shouted. In Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, when Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra played the piece for the first time in Boston, as many, similarly excited, sat and stamped. In New York keen ears detected a few hisses interposed; in Boston, if there were any, none pierced the circumambient din. Since the Friday of Horowitz's début as pianist, no such torrents of applause have swept over Symphony Hall, to toss up orchestra and conductor as on the crest of a wave. More interesting to watch and feel was the mounting tension through the audience, as Ravel reiterated his Bolero-rhythm above a changeless chord; repeated his twofold dance-melody unvaried in intervals, key and pitch; dressed it in vivider and vivider instrumental colors, ever ampler or more diverse; drove and measured it up an unbroken crescendo twenty minutes' long, until the concert-hall throbbed with that Spanish tune and with it all the air was pungent. A glance—and some were sitting with rigid bodies. Another glance—and some were clenching hands as though the sounds irresistibly tautened them. A third—and a few seemed nervously trying to break through a spell no longer to be endured. Then—is it eleven measures from the end?—the snapping of the tension by a stroke of imagination that also may be stroke of genius—a modulation into the flaming key of E major; a final blazing tumult: the instant's pause before the floodgate of release is opened. For once, in Symphony Hall on a Friday, a scene for description.

By this time, everyone who keeps pace with the world knows the story of "Bolero," how Ida Rubinstein, the Parisian mime and dancer, commissioned new pieces for an impending tour from various Parisian composers, Ravel included; how he wrote his dance-scene and held his tongue, as did all others in preparation and rehearsals concerned: how on an evening in November of last year at the Opéra it whipped to silence and then to outcry an audience all unaware; how Paris rang with that experience, and thereafter European city after European city; how New York took up the running —and now Boston joins the hue and cry. Was it better or worse brought to voice in Symphony Hall than in other celebrated concert-rooms? If worse, then marvellous must have been performances elsewhere.

Not a detail escaped Dr. Koussevitzky or such ears as chose to hear. He beat the rhythm hard, bright, tense, unmitigated. He flung the sinuous dance-melody into high relief, yet without variation or shadow of turning. On the instant he made a new timbre flash; a new group flesh the unescapable tune. Ravel's bass soon, Ravel's insidious clarinet, Ravel's insolent saxophones, darted at the ear. From power to power, the crescendo ascended unrelaxed, suspensive, clamant. At the modulation, with a great sweep of his arms, like a magician smashing his potent crystal into a hundred glittering fragments, the conductor released the final whirl. . . . The smoky room was cleared; the woman no longer danced upon the table; from hands to hands the men had ceased to toss her. They had even sheathed their knives.

Triple—from composer, conductor, orchestra—proceeded this magical tour de force. For no other phrase of nearly fits it. Spell-like it plays upon hearers; holds them under a magic cy the changeful and the changeless; ie magnanimous frenzy cuts them free. tingles upon the aural nerves; producer physical as well as mental sensation It is the spell, if one likes, of a mechanized age. But is a composer to be proached because he is of his own tim and can ply his particular magic? Co sider also the magician's skill, to stabili the melody—shape, substance, cours to subtilize a seeming rhythmic direct ness; to choose, place and adjust th ever-changing instrumental vesture upo that crescendo in ceaseless motion; to find and set alight the breaking point. Not skill merely, or only resource; but imagination edging close to genius, dry, and narrow, again if one likes, all wit and all style, but genius none the less. This age in a Spanish dance-tune and a miracle of craft, with Ravel at five-and-fifty to put it there. Merlin is precedent for elderly necromancers.

Since the opening concerts of the season, with Pick-Mangiagalli's Fugue, Dr. Koussevitzky has not had so fortunate a day with novel pieces. One, possibly, two, to each pair of concerts and with reason. Shall we not hear the music of our own time, as we read its books, look upon its pictures, seek out its plays? The concert-hall is no moated grange of masterpieces. The new matter, the new methods and manners, have come to stay the while, however restlessly and barrenly we now use them. And Mr. Blair Fairchild's "Negro Songs" were neither savorless nor sterile. No dilettante, which is the customary reproach to his music, wrote them—possibly because he remembered, rather than tried to invent, his musical matter. Scraps of negro songs, the titles even long forgotten, floated and fused across his mind—five in sum, one syncopated and shrill; another jazzily irregular; a third with a clarinet hollow-voiced through a "blues"; this plaintive; that simpler and flowing. And all restated tersely; some sharp-voiced, some gentle; both with the rhythms, harmonies, timbres of these days of dissonance. By this time even a matinée audience at Symphony Hall agrees to them, applaud-

SYMPHONY IS BRILLIANT IN 'BOLERO'

By MOSES SMITH

THE Symphony program of this week includes an intoxicant that is still strictly legal—a new piece by Maurice Ravel called "Bolero." As played yesterday for the first time in Boston it caused a sedate Friday afternoon audience to stamp the floor and applaud steadily for several minutes. Such a demonstration in Boston is equivalent to a riot in New York.

Ravel's music is an excellent illustration of the power of monotonous repetition, when ingeniously employed. Here the French master uses an old dance form, sets forth a simple tune and repeats it steadily, with drum beats setting the rhythmic pattern, over and over again for fully 15 minutes. There is no change in harmony; but as the piece develops, instrumental color is varied, the orchestration becomes constantly richer, more glaring, and there is a continuous, maddening crescendo until, shortly before the end, there is just one modulation of harmony. Then a ferocious presto—and the music is done.

The effect is prodigious. Perhaps, as has been suggested, this is not great music, in the sense that one will enjoy it repeatedly after many listenings. But as a tour de force it is unequalled in modern musical literature—which is saying a great deal. Only a Ravel could have conieived it, and certainly only a Ravel could have executed his conception with such audacious brilliance.

Besides this music, Fairchild's "Chants Negres," played for the first time anywhere, paled. The work of an American composer, now living in Paris, this is a simple recitation of several songs from negro sources, set down without much embellishment and, on the whole, rather charmingly.

Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto and Schumann's Second Symphony completed the program.

Concert-Chronicle

Trans. Dec 6

For Cantabrigians

LAST evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra again journeyed to Cambridge to give a concert in Sanders Theater at Harvard. Then and there it played two pieces from the orchestral repertory of the past two months, two pieces also which stand upon the Boston programs of today and tomorrow—Bach's "Brandenburg" concerto No. 3 for strings, Schumann's symphony in C major, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Strauss's rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

For beginning Dr. Koussevitzky grouped strings around him in a great half-circle for the playing of Bach's hearty concerto. Two movements there are, both in rapid tempi. The second proceeds at greater speed, more fleetly, than the first. To hear Bach thus employing strings is to marvel at the mountains of sonority which it is possible to draw from this single orchestral choir, at the kaleidoscopic variety of tonal [illegible] but what a [illegible] ling tints! Again, to hear Bach's concerto is not to witness a juggler playing with a bag of contrapuntal tricks, but to hear a master of an elaborate language speaking that language with ease, with fluency, with eloquent resourcefullness. Finally, to hear Dr. Koussevitzky and his men with this music is to experience again the joys of living as expressed by this master of a by-gone day.

Schumann's symphony in C major comes to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as relative novelty. Not since the second year of Mr. Monteux's regime has it been heard. One singles out particularly vivacious scherzo, exceedingly characteristic of one aspect of Schumann's writing; an Adagio which in its expressive principal theme is epitome of Schumann the romanticist. Further it is hardly to the point to anticipate the performance and the review of the concerts of today and tomorrow.

As always, Ravel's suite of "My Mother the Goose," as the French will have it, gave pleasure. "Five Children's Pieces" is sub-title. Whether the children which Ravel has in mind are too sophisticated to be real children, as is sometimes said, is beside the point. Any child will enjoy the squeaking little voice of "Hop o' My Thumb," or the exotic jangle and the hearty tune of the Empress of the Pagodas, or the objectively pictured conversations of Beauty and the Beast, or the splendors of the Fairy Garden. But mostly, children are not called upon to hear these pieces. And for us adults they are unalloyed delight. At least as we hear them from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Koussevitzky's version of "Till Eulenspiegel" is a masterpiece of interpretative characterization. Straussian humors are many and various in this tone poem. Not one of them is clouded, not one of them vague or pointless as we hear them in this season of 1929-30. And the hearer who does not chuckle or at least feel inward amusement is dull or listless hearer indeed. The bright gleam on many a face in this Cantabrigian audience gave sufficient proof that such hearers are in the minority in the university city.

A. H. M.

ing Mr. Fairchil s orchestral songs because in them ran interest and pleasure. Call them, not modernistic subtleties, but modernistic incisiveness, to homely flavor adapted.

An old master began, a romantic master ended, the afternoon. So scant is the symphonic baggage of Bach, who hardly foresaw the twentieth-century concert-hall from the salons of Cöthen or the organ-loft of St. Thomas's, that the conductor must return again and again to the Brandenburg pieces. Yesterday it was the Third Concerto, in G major, for strings only; in two divisions with no slow song, outside two middle measures, to part them. A high-spirited and a quick-fingered Bach wrote this music, dividing and sub-dividing his groups—the trick is by no means a modern one; giving them subjects to play with and figures to toss about; pulling them up with chords and unisons and tuttis; sending them racing off again. The juggling game of counterpoint played to the hilt by a Bach who, for once, is more of his time than of the ages, whom nobody could possibly "revere" as he takes his tonal pastime. The zest of living ran in him as he wrote this Concerto in a whirl of subjects, figures, accents. And now the manifold volume and color that a con-

ictor, like Dr. Koussevitzky, draws from his string choir enhances and diversifies him. It is doubtful whether the "private band" of his royal highness, the Margrave of Brandenburg, could match them.

Hitherto the conductor has been fortunate in his choosings from Schumann. He has put by the pieces faded and thinned under time and change, like the overtures to "Manfred" or "Genoveva"; revived the vernal warmths, exuberant or musing, of the Symphony in B-flat; released the lyric, dreamful, cherishing voice of the connubial Symphony; given "The Rhenish" moments of sonorous state. The singing, sentimental, rhapsodizing quality in Schumann sets Dr. Koussevitzky aglow. These sympathetic heats melt orchestral thickness, smooth away instrumental clumsiness. So sounded, yesterday, the slow and ardent song, deep-felt, of the Symphony in C major; the lusty, upspringing, forward-thrusting Finale. Even Dr. Koussevitzky, outpouring himself, might not resuscitate the first two movements. The melancholy Schumann at Dresden took thought of Mendelssohn shining afar; forgot his song, was fain to write counterpoint. To it time has not been kind. . . . Dr. Koussevitzky returned and the Symphony Concerts alive again.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY IN CLASSICAL OPENER

By MOSES SMITH

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its Tuesday afternoon series of concerts at Symphony Hall in a "strictly" classical program. Serge Koussevitzky, having in mind a unifying principle for these concerts, as in past seasons, chose outstanding works of three great classical masters—Bach, Mozart and Beethoven.

The opportunity is thus given youthful people to become acquainted with the standard symphonic repertoire without being shocked by ultra-modern novelties. Similarly with those ancient or conservative souls to whose ears the very name of a Schonberg or a Hindemith gives offense. Both classes were well represented in the large audience—in fact, they were the audience.

This excellent plan of devoting a separate group of concerts to established masterpieces is rendered all the more effective in that the performances are usually the best of all the various series that the orchestra gives. As in the case of yesterday's program, which included Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, Mozart's E-flat major Symphony and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor, the numbers are almost always chosen from pieces that have been previously played at regular pairs of subscription concerts and, in many cases, at Monday evening concerts.

It is consequently redundant to say the performances were all brilliant. The audience enjoyed itself, but was not as enthusiastic as the quality of the performance merited.

Herald
MUSIC

Dec. 1 TUESDAY SYMPHONY

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday series took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, G major for strings; Mozart's Symphony, E flat major (K. 543); Beethoven's Symphony, C minor, No. 5. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These compositions were all played by the orchestra this season, and the perfection of the performances has already been praised. The playing of a symphony by Mozart tests the proficiency of an orchestra severely, more so than any excerpt from Wagner's music dramas or any wild work of an ultra-modern. It also tests the taste and musical sensitiveness of a conductor. How successfully leader and players meet this test was again made known; as was the brilliancy of the string section in Bach's concerto. The audience that filled all parts of the hall was enthusiastic over the program and the performance.

The object of these Tuesday afternoon concerts is to show symphonic development from the time of Bach to the present day. May one venture to remark that it might be interesting to present with a reduced orchestra works by the lesser known contemporaries of Bach and Mozart? Haydn, of course, is represented in the series of 24 concerts, but only a few, two or three, of his many symphonies are performed in the course of years and they are repeated again and again. One of the earlier symphonies by Mozart would be a refreshing novelty: there are works by him, not dignified by the name of symphonic, that, wholly unknown to these audiences, would be refreshingly novel. And is it not possible that frequent performances of Beethoven's symphonies are injurious to the symphonies themselves, making them too familiar so that their great value is taken as a matter of course?

The next concert of the Tuesday series will be on Jan. 7. H. L. M.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE GOES WILD

Post Dec 7

Cheers and Stamps at End of Ravel's "Bolero"

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Excitement reigned at the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon. Staid dowagers stamped their feet and cheered, behaved as people generally behave only at athletic contests and political rallies. And all for a piece of music, a piece of slender content and obvious design but contrived with an almost devilish ingenuity: the new "Bolero" of Maurice Ravel.

SIXTEEN REPETITIONS

Written for Ida Rubinstein and first danced by her in Paris in November, 1928, this "Bolero" had its American premiere as concert-piece in New York last month at the hands of M. Toscanini and the Philmarmonic-Symphony, and a scene similar to that described above was then enacted in Carnegie Hall.

So much for the effect of "Bolero," as Ravel simply names it. And the piece itself? That story is soon told. From the snare drum is heard the bolero rhythm that, once begun, is never dropped: dum - diddilly-dum-dum-dum-dum, dum - diddilly-iddilly-iddilly-dum-dum. A flute begins the tune, commonplace enough of itself. Repetitions follow, 16 in all, with fuller and fuller instrumentations, until the full force of the orchestra is attained. Save for a brief and startling lapse into E-major near the close the piece runs all in the key of C. Essentially the music does not change, it merely swells and expands, but by the time it is done the reiterated rhythm and the subtly planned crescendo has aroused the listeners, or at least the more impressionable among them, to such a pitch that, once the goading, maddening sound has ceased, they must shout their release. No more than a musical showman's trick, perhaps, but what other composer living or dead could have turned it so well?

There was another new piece yesterday, and in its first performance anywhere: "Chants Negres," by Blair Fairchild, formerly of Boston, now of Paris and New York. In the excitement over Ravel, Mr. Fairchild was forgotten—but he would have been forgotten almost as speedily under any circumstances, for his composition is negligible interest and value. A few "popular" melodies of Negroid type are strung together without development, harmonized and orchestrated in accordance with contemporary formulae but with scant distinction.

There were classics, too: Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto for the beginning and Schumann's Second Symphony for the close. Not before had Mr. Koussevitzky conducted here this most substantial if not most rewarding of the Schumann four. A piece of moments in this C major Symphony, with dull stretches between, though of these moments—the glib play of the Scherzo, the soaring violins of the Adagio and the lusty energies of the Finale oddly forecasting Brahms—Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra made the most.

From George Copeland for what purports to be his only concert of pianopieces in Boston this season, at Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 17.

Valse Brilliante—Posthumous Nocturne..Chopin
Minuet ..... Respighi
Adagio ..... Grazioli
Symphonic Studies .....Schumann
Gnossienne ..... Satie
Prelude—Moonlight—Goldfish—Evening in Granada—Puck's Dance.....Debussy
For Two Pianos:
Rithmo—Sentimento—Gracia .....Infante
Dance from The Ballet, "Love the Sorcerer" .....De Falla
Aragonesa ..... Cassado
Tango ..... Albeniz
Rhapsody, "España".....Chabrier-Copeland
(Assisting Pianist: W. Heyl)

The first of the two annual concerts for the increase of the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra is announced for Sunday afternoon, Dec. 29 at Symphony Hall. Once again Wagner will provide the program: the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser;" the Prelude to "Tristan;" Senta's Ballad, Elisabeth's Greeting, Isolde's last speech, from these operas, to be sung by Mme. Austral; other numbers. Is it permissible to suggest that it would be a pleasure to hear from Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra a long overlooked piece at Symphony Hall—Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll?"

Miss Harrison Presents

Mr. Slonimsky has made his usual terse, ingenious and amusing program notes for the concert of Beatrice Harrison, the eminent violoncellist, with the Chamber Orchestra of Boston in Hancock Hall (St. James Avenue) next Monday evening. One of the chosen pieces is an arrangement for violoncello and small orchestra, is the Melody, composed

CHEERS HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Ravel's New Bolero Makes a Sensation

Conservative Audience Stirred by Modernist Piece of Music

Ravel's new Bolero, the latest work of the celebrated French modernist composer, played at yesterday's Symphony concert for the first time in Boston, caused a demonstration such as no piece of music, new or old, has hitherto elicited from the Friday subscribers. They clapped it loud and long. Many in the audience banged their seats up and down. There were even a few cheers. The only comparable incident in the past 20 years, and perhaps in the whole history of these concerts, now in their 49th season, was the great demonstration two years ago at the Boston debut of the pianist Horowitz.

Those familiar with the atmosphere at these Friday afternoon concerts, which are attended for the most part by socially prominent women, will realize how very extraordinary an event yesterday's demonstration was. An audience in which white-haired women are in a majority, where mild and decorous handclapping is the only usual method of showing enthusiasm, actually tried to behave like a football crowd, and over what?

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Dec 7

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the seventh concert of the present season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, Fairchild, "Chants Negres" (first performance). Ravel, Bolero (first time in Boston). Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2. Mr. Theodorowicz was the concert master in Mr. Burgin's absence.

Mr. Fairchild's "Chants Negres" was originally a piano piece. Orchestrated, it is not a favorable example of a class of musical compositions thought by purists to be ignoble, or at least unworthy of a place on the program of a symphony concert. It all depends on whether these compositions are musically interesting even when they are rhythmically exciting. Mr. Fairchild took some old airs—he cannot remember the titles of the songs nor were they all familiar to the audience yesterday—took them, exposed them in a row and dressed them more or less fantastically but without conspicuous skill in harmonic or orchestral invention, though he once in a sentimental section obtained a pleasing effect by the use of the lower notes of flutes. The composer apparently wished to be aggressively modern. His work is episodic—perhaps he intended it to be. The songs might have been bound together by more interesting measures, and have had a more rhapsodic setting. The technical crudeness, the lack of coherency in the planning and the ineffectual straining after effect were all too evident. Yet Mr. Fairchild wrote a bravura cadenza for clarinet which gave Mr. Hamelin an opportunity to show his skill, and for that one was grateful.

Ravel's "Bolero" is an amazing tour de force with a stroke of genius, viz., the unexpected fortissimo modulation near the end. The side drum at the beginning gives the rhythm and maintains it through the long crescendo. The theme, repeated enedlessly in the same key (until the modulation) Ravel's, or was he indebted to some Spanish or Biscayan tune? It is not one of special significance; it cannot be called strikingly piquant or sensuous at the first hearing; but after solo instruments follow the flute in playing it, after it is heard from groups of instruments and finally from the whole orchestra, one finds Ravel's use of it as extraordinarily effective as it is ingenious. Monotony when it serves a master it exciting. Even the endless repitition of a folk tune, especially an oriental one, or the constant rhythm given out by a percussion instrument, as drums in Africa which have so strongly affected travellers; or the steady beating of the drum in the trio of the "Pathetic" symphony's second movement, or dripping of water at regular intervals—all these play on the nerves and more or less excite. A long crescendo of music in one and the same key was employed by composers long before Ravel was born. Rossini, before him Jomelli (they say), knew the power of a long crescendo; Rossini used the same form of it indifferently for Don Basilio expatiating on the growth and spread of a slanderous report, and for the entrance of Othello bent on murdering the fair Desdemona. But no one has so cunningly directed the march of a crescendo, so varied and ornamented a simple figure as Ravel in this "Bolero." It would be idle to ask whether this dance has great musical value. It certainly excites and in a genuinely and uncommonly musical manner. This was proved yesterday when a roar of applause followed the final chord and was long continued; when the audience, not content with furious clapping of hands, stamped on the floor. One would not have been surprised to hear shrill whistling in approval or noisy squeals of joy from floor and balconies.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra thus triumphed gloriously in the production of the "Bolero." A loftier, a more purely musical triumph was the incomparable performance of Schumann's second symphony, which as often interpreted without poetic feeling and played perfunctorily in the past, seemed the least interesting, the least inspired of Schumann's four. Yesterday there was a revelation. The strings in years past would not have had the crispness, the clearness, the swiftness in expression that yesterday characterized the Scherzo, nor had the Adagio been sung with such tenderness, beauty, eloquence as it was under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. And so, there was fresh life and strength given to the other movements that are not to be ranked with those already mentioned. The familiar concerto of Bach was played with tonal sturdiness alternating with a sparkling lightness; played in a spirit of enthusiasm that still cared for clarity and contrast in details.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryantha." Arnold Bax, Symphony No. 2 (first performance). Liszt, Piano concerto, No. 1 (Jose Iturbi, pianist). Respighi, "The Pines of Rome."

The Tide of Concerts Yet Running Full

Refuge for The Conservative, Miss Harrison's Return, Yehudi and Boston

Trans. Dec 6

THERE ARE those who find little interest and take little pleasure in symphonic music unless it is confined to classics, ancient or modern, and to established pieces, say Debussy's, written in recent times. Obviously and reasonably Dr. Koussevitzky cannot restrict to such numbers the programs of the regular Symphony Concerts. Were he to do so, they would become, to many more listeners, monotonous and tedious; while he would crib himself; overlook the present; put by that honorable and longstanding policy of the Symphony Orchestra that ordains liberal and catholic programs. Consequently devotees of classic and "standard" pieces sometimes turn discontented and restless; complain that they cannot get their fill; repine because to hear their classics, they must also listen, between times, to modernists.

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Mr. Bax's Symphony, dedicated to the conductor, will be played for the first times in public—rare course for an English composer with London ready and waiting. By this time Mr. Iturbi needs no introduction; while once more, doubtless to the general satisfaction, the treasures of the Legionaries will shake the pines of the Appian Way.

FIRST TUESDAY OF SYMPHONY

ON POST, WEDNES Dec. 11

Series of Six Matinees Opens With Crowded Hall

Yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra was heard under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction in the first of the season's series of Tuesday concerts which this year will number six instead of five, as heretofore. As in past seasons the conductor will draw his programmes from the standard repertory, the "classics," old and new, observing an historical chronology. Thus the programme of yesterday contained Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto for strings, Mozart's Symphony in E-flat and the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven.

Since each of these pieces has been heard this season at the concerts of the regular series, there is no need to discuss in detail at this time either the works or their performance. Again Dr. Koussevitzky imparted a stirring vigor to the Concerto of Bach. Once more his reduced orchestra made Mozart's score altogether beautifully transparent, finding a deeper note in the Adagio and tossing off the playful figures of the finale as so many jets of water sparkling in the sun. And as on many another occasion the conductor was both eloquent and understanding with the Symphony of Beethoven. The audience, which filled the hall, was enthusiastic, applauding especially the two symphonies.

Incidents and Prospects

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The evening audience at the Symphony Concerts is less prone than its predecessor of the matinée to excitement for excitement's sake. Last Saturday, besides much talk and some reading had prepared it, in degree, for Ravel's "Bolero." Consequently, there was no tumult or stamping at the end of piece and performance; but round after round of sharp, persistent, general applause across which some heard, or believed they heard, an occasional cheer. As was, Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled again and again, and the orchestra shared with him the final wave of plaudits. During the performance, the rising tension of the audience under Ravel's reiterations and crescendo was as interesting to watch as it had been on Friday. It manifested itself, first, when the saxophones pounce upon the dance melody; rose again when the horns broaden and deepen it; ran higher when the strings sharpen the rhythm into fierce bite; so drive it, fierce, to the end. Then some cool-blooded observers suspected the sharpest tension of all in the snare drummer, who begins to tap out the rhythm in the first measure and continues to tap it out, ceaseless and unchanged, until he is caught into the orchestral flood around.

SYMPHONY IN CLASSICAL OPENER

By MOSES SMITH

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its Tuesday afternoon series of concerts at Symphony Hall in a "strictly" classical program. Serge Koussevitzky, having in mind a unifying principle for these concerts, as in past seasons, chose outstanding works of three great classical masters—Bach, Mozart and Beethoven.

The opportunity is thus given youthful people to become acquainted with the standard symphonic repertoire without being shocked by ultra-modern novelties. Similarly with those ancient or conservative souls to whose ears the very name of a Schonberg or a Hindemith gives offense. Both classes were well represented in the large audience—in fact, they were the audience.

This excellent plan of devoting a separate group of concerts to established masterpieces is rendered all the more effective in that the performances are usually the best of all the various series that the orchestra gives. As in the case of yesterday's program, which included Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, Mozart's E-flat major Symphony and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor, the numbers are almost always chosen from pieces that have been previously played at regular pairs of subscription concerts and, in many cases, at Monday evening concerts.

It is consequently redundant to say the performances were all brilliant. The audience enjoyed itself, but was not as enthusiastic as the quality of the performance merited.

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MUSIC

TUESDAY SYMPHONY

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tuesday series took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, for strings; Mozart's Symphony in E flat major (K. 543); Beethoven's Symphony, C minor, No. 5. Koussevitzky conducted.

These compositions were all played by the orchestra this season, and the perfection of the performances has already been praised. The playing of a symphony by Mozart tests the proficiency of an orchestra severely, more than any excerpt from Wagner's music-dramas or any wild work of an ultra-modern. It also tests the taste and musical sensitiveness of a conductor. How successfully leader and players met this test was again made manifest; as was the brilliancy of the string section in Bach's concerto. The audience that filled all parts of the hall was enthusiastic over the program and the performance.

The object of these Tuesday afternoon concerts is to show symphonic development from the time of Bach to the present day. May one venture to remark that it might be interesting to present with a reduced orchestra works by the lesser known contemporaries of Bach and Mozart? Haydn, of course, is represented in the series of 24 concerts, but only a few, two or three, of his many symphonies are performed in the course of years and they are repeated again and again. One of the earlier symphonies by Mozart would be a refreshing novelty: there are works by him, not dignified by the name of symphonic, that, wholly unknown to these audiences, would be refreshingly novel. And is it not possible that frequent performances of Beethoven's symphonies are injurious to the symphonies themselves, making them too familiar so that their great value is taken as a matter of course?

The next concert of the Tuesday series will be on Jan. 7. H. L. M.

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SYMPHONY AUDIENCE GOES WILD

Post Dec 7

Cheers and Stamps at End of Ravel's "Bolero"

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Excitement reigned at the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon. Staid dowagers stamped their feet and cheered, behaved as people generally behave only at athletic contests and political rallies. And all for a piece of music, a piece of slender content and obvious design but contrived with an almost devilish ingenuity: the new "Bolero" of Maurice Ravel.

SIXTEEN REPETITIONS

Written for Ida Rubinstein and first danced by her in Paris in November, 1928, this "Bolero" had its American premiere as concert-piece in New York last month at the hands of M. Toscanini and the Philmarmonic-Symphony, and a scene similar to that described above was then enacted in Carnegie Hall.

So much for the effect of "Bolero," as Ravel simply names it. And the piece itself? That story is soon told. From the snare drum is heard the bolero rhythm that, once begun, is never dropped: dum - diddilly-dum-dum-dum-dum, dum - diddilly-iddilly-iddilly-dum-dum. A flute begins the tune, commonplace enough of itself. Repetitions follow, 16 in all, with fuller and fuller instrumentations, until the full force of the orchestra is attained. Save for a brief and startling lapse into E-major near the close the piece runs all in the key of C. Essentially the music does not change, it merely swells and expands, but by the time it is done the reiterated rhythm and the subtly planned crescendo has aroused the listeners, or at least the more impressionable among them, to such a pitch that, once the goading, maddening sound has ceased, they must shout their release. No more than a musical showman's trick, perhaps, but what other composer living or dead could have turned it so well?

There was another new piece yesterday, and in its first performance anywhere: "Chants Negres," by Blair Fairchild, formerly of Boston, now of Paris and New York. In the excitement over Ravel, Mr. Fairchild was forgotten—but he would have been forgotten almost as speedily under any circumstances, for his composition is of negligible interest and value. A few "popular" melodies of Negroid type are strung together without development, harmonized and orchestrated in accordance with contemporary formulae but with scant distinction.

There were classics, too: Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto for the beginning and Schumann's Second Symphony for the close. Not before had Mr. Koussevitzky conducted here this most substantial if not most rewarding of the Schumann four. A piece of moments in this C major Symphony, with dull stretches between, though of these moments—the glib play of the Scherzo, the soaring violins of the Adagio and the lusty energies of the Finale oddly forecasting Brahms—Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra made the most.

From George Copeland for what purports to be his only concert of pianopieces in Boston this season, at Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 17.

Valse Brilliante—Posthumous Nocturne..Chopin
Minuet ..... Respighi
Adagio ..... Grazioli
Symphonic Studies .....Schumann
Gnossienne ..... Satie
Prelude—Moonlight—Goldfish—Evening in Granada—Puck's Dance.....Debussy
For Two Pianos:
Rithmo—Sentimento—Gracia .....Infante
Dance from The Ballet, "Love the Sorcerer" .....De Falla
Aragonesa ..... Cassado
Tango ..... Albeniz
Rhapsody, "España".....Chabrier-Copeland
(Assisting Pianist: W. Heyl)

The first of the two annual concerts for the increase of the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra is announced for Sunday afternoon, Dec. 29 at Symphony Hall. Once again Wagner will provide the program: the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhaüser;" the Prelude to "Tristan;" Senta's Ballad, Elisabeth's Greeting, Isolde's last speech, from these operas, to be sung by Mme. Austral; other numbers. Is it permissible to suggest that it would be a pleasure to hear from Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra a long overlooked piece at Symphony Hall—Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll?"

Miss Harrison Presents

Mr. Slonimsky has made his usual terse, ingenious and amusing program notes for the concert of Beatrice Harrison, the eminent violoncellist, with the Chamber Orchestra of Boston in Hancock Hall (St. James Avenue) next Monday evening. One of the chosen pieces is an arrangement for violoncello and small orchestra, is the Melody, composed

CHEERS HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Ravel's New Bolero Makes a Sensation

Conservative Audience Stirred by Modernist Piece of Music

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The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the seventh concert of the present season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, Fairchild, "Chants Negres" (first performance). Ravel, Bolero (first time in Boston). Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2. Mr. Theodorowicz was the concert master in Mr. Burgin's absence.

Mr. Fairchild's "Chants Negres" was originally a piano piece. Orchestrated, it is not a favorable example of a class of musical compositions thought by purists to be ignoble, or at least unworthy of a place on the program of a symphony concert. It all depends on whether these compositions are musically interesting even when they are rhythmically exciting. Mr. Fairchild took some old airs—he cannot remember the titles of the songs nor were they all familiar to the audience yesterday—took them, exposed them in a row and dressed them more or less fantastically but without conspicuous skill in harmonic or orchestral invention, though he once in a sentimental section obtained a pleasing effect by the use of the lower notes of flutes. The composer apparently wished to be aggressively modern. His work is episodic—perhaps he intended it to be. The songs might have been bound together by more interesting measures, and have had a more rhapsodic setting. The technical crudeness, the lack of coherency in the planning and the ineffectual straining after effect were all too evident. Yet Mr. Fairchild wrote a bravura cadenza for clarinet which gave Mr. Hamelin an opportunity to show his skill, and for that one was grateful.

Ravel's "Bolero" is an amazing tour de force with a stroke of genius, viz., the unexpected fortissimo modulation near the end. The side drum at the beginning gives the rhythm and maintains it through the long crescendo. It is the theme, repeated enedlessly in the same key (until the modulation) Ravel's, or was he indebted to some Spanish or Biscayan tune? It is not one of special significance; it cannot be called strikingly piquant or sensuous at the first hearing; but after solo instruments follow the flute in playing it, after it is heard from groups of instruments and finally from the whole orchestra, one finds Ravel's use of it as extraordinarily effective as it is ingenious. Monotony when it serves a master it exciting. Even the endless repitition of a folk tune, especially an oriental one, or the constant rhythm given out by a percussion instrument, as drums in Africa which have so strongly affected travellers; or the steady beating of the drum in the trio of the "Pathetic" symphony's second movement, or dripping of water at regular intervals—all these play on the nerves and more or less excite. A long crescendo of music in one and the same key was employed by composers long before Ravel was born. Rossini, before him Jomelli (they say), knew the power of a long crescendo; Rossini used the same form of it indifferently for Don Basilio expatiating on the growth and spread of a slanderous report, and for the entrance of Othello bent on murdering the fair Desdemona. But no one has so cunningly directed the march of a crescendo, so varied and ornamented a simple figure as Ravel in this "Bolero." It would be idle to ask whether this dance has great musical value. It certainly excites and in a genuinely and uncommonly musical manner. This was proved yesterday when a roar of applause followed the final chord and was long continued; when the audience, not content with furious clapping of hands, stamped on the floor. One would not have been surprised to hear shrill whistling in approval or noisy squeals of joy from floor and balconies.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra thus triumphed gloriously in the production of the "Bolero." A loftier, a more purely musical triumph was the incomparable performance of Schumann's second symphony, which as often interpreted without poetic feeling and played perfunctorily in the past, seemed the least interesting, the least inspired of Schumann's four. Yesterday there was a revelation. The strings in years past would not have had the crispness, the clearness, the swiftness in expression that yesterday characterized the Scherzo, nor had the Adagio been sung with such tenderness, beauty, eloquence as it was under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. And so there was fresh life and strength given to the other movements that are not to be ranked with those already mentioned. The familiar concerto of Bach was played with tonal sturdiness alternating with a sparkling lightness; played in a spirit of enthusiasm that still cared for clarity and contrast in details.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryantha." Arnold Bax, Symphony No. 2 (first performance). Liszt, Piano concerto, No. 1 (Jose Iturbi, pianist). Respighi, "The Pines of Rome."

Dr. Koussevitzky And the "Classics"

THE classics. Thus have the programs for Tuesday afternoons come to be known at Symphony Hall; to play "classics" at that time is Dr. Koussevitzky's intent. And for the hearing of them there is an audience in Boston both ripe and ready. Yesterday they assembled for the season's first concert of this, the most youthful series of the orchestra. In one aspect this audience is like every other audience for Symphony concerts in Boston—it fills all the available seats. Aside from this, the Tuesday audience is its distinctive own. It has not the hearers, who surfeited from much hearing of the "masterpieces," turn a "superior" front toward them; nor those whose chief joy in music is the repeated hearing and rehearing of these same works (though such would find themselves admirably at home on Tuesdays); nor yet those who, with sophisticated mind and sharpened ears, are always lying in wait, ready to drink in the delights of the latest novelty. In the main, it is an assemblage of "the people," a company to whom the spreading fame of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the report that on Tuesdays are played only things long tried and fully proven, has brought the desire to add to their lives the hearing of such music. An eager company, healthily active in their listening.

To them yesterday Dr. Koussevitzky brought three works which are classic of the classic. In every one of the debated senses of the word do they deserve the much-used and much-abused adjective. No composers have won greater approbation than Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Bach's Brandenburg concertos, the third of which was yesterday's, are upon the heights of his orchestral work; Mozart's symphony in E-flat is among the three "great" ones of the year 1788; Beethoven's "Fifth" is the symphony which by general consent our schools and colleges, doing their bit toward musical "appreciation," first feed the youth of the land.

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And finally, with Beethoven, the orchestra in their usual places. The "knocking of fate" sounded; and in its time, lyric melody answered. Again, 'cellos and violas sang that most lovely melody which seems so spontaneous and natural but which cost Beethoven so much labor; and winds and brasses proclaimed in reply. Further, winds and strings alike sounded the humors of a scherzo; and double-basses with agility played passages which their brethren had once declared impossible. And finally, a burst of glory from brasses ended the concert, even as the glories of strings had begun it.

A. H. M.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
Saturday Theatre Review

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN SPECIAL CONCERT

Will Give Extra Performance Here for Relief of Russian Exiles

A special non-subscription performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given on Friday afternoon, January 10, at 2.30 at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc. The program, which will consist of selections from the principal Russian composers, will be conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, with Benno Rabinoff as violin soloist.

Two Pieces Fresh to Bostonian Ears

For The Symphony Concerts Fairchild's Negro Songs, Ravel's Bolero

SELDOM has a conductor more skillfully balanced his program than has Dr. Koussevitzky in the chosen pieces of the present week. There are two works from composers tried and proven—Bach and Schumann. Likewise there are two works new to the Symphony Concerts. Of the two older pieces, one is by the master contrapuntal classicist, the other by one of the most ardent romanticists. Of the two novelties, one has achieved a note which has kept it in the public prints; while the published record of the other seems to be nil. These two works are Ravel's "Bolero" and Blair Fairchild's "Chants Negres."

So much has been printed about Ravel's "Bolero" that it may seem superfluous to add more; yet a brief summary of reviews may be supplemented with a brief look at the score. "Bolero" was first produced at the Paris Opéra in November, 1928, as a ballet for Ida Rubinstein, with Walter Straram conducting. Its success was instantaneous, eclipsed that of other numbers on the program, was repeated across Europe. As to that, reports from Vienna as from Paris (to mention only two cities) are in agreement. "A stroke of genius, musically, scenically, choreographically," says one reviewer.

There is no plot, no program. A Spanish dancer mounts a table, grows more and more energetic and eager as the rhythms of a bolero continue; the spectators around the table catch the fever, brawl and fight with knives in attempts to capture the dancer; the whole progresses from heat to heat. That is all. For this dance-scene Ravel has provided the music.

To the usual large orchestra of the present well supplied with percussion, are added an oboe d'amore, a small clarinet in E-flat three saxophones. Reviewers have hung all manner of variants upon the simple statement that "Bolero" consists of a huge crescendo of repetitions of a single sixteen-measure theme. One account reports "almost twenty" such repetitions, another says "about fifteen." Hence refuge to the score—which contained sobering information: (1) the sentence is not sixteen measures long; (2) there are two contrasting sentences rather than only one, and in contrasting harmonies; (3) the unit of repetition is far larger than one of these sentences. All of which the following analysis will show.

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America—and Paris

Blair Fairchild was born in the Bostonian suburb of Belmont, June 23, 1877. He studied music at Harvard with John Knowles Paine and Walter Raymond Spalding. He continued his studies at Florence, Italy, under Buonamici. From 1901 until 1903 he was in the diplomatic service at Constantinople and elsewhere in the Near East. Then he went to Paris to study music further with Widor and Ganaye, and has lived there ever since. He is a prolific composer. Many of his works reflect his travels. Thus there are the three symphonic poems, "Zal," "Shah Féridoun," "Tamineh," all based on Persian legends; the cycle of nine songs, "A Bagdad Lover," the seven songs, collectively entitled, "Les Amours de Hafiz," the eight songs, "Les Quatrains d'Al-Ghazali," his collection of twelve Persian folk-songs. He has written an orchestral tone-poem, "East and West." And, reflecting his Italian residence, there are six sets of "Stornelli Toscani." In 1919 he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, because of his activities in relief work during the war.

Latterly Mr. Fairchild has turned to native American music. In 1927 the Parisian publishing house of Durand brought out a set of his piano pieces under the title "Cinq Chants Nègres." Mr. Koussevitzky now has the manuscript orchestral score of the "Chants Nègres," which in this new dress have grown from five to six, with incidental expansions here and there. Mr. Fairchild's orchestra contains no unusual instruments such as that of Ravel, but includes a xylophone and a piano as well as a harp. He directs that the six short pieces be played without interruption.

These six "negro songs" have no titles other than the usual tempo indications All of them show excellent knowledge of the negro idiom in some form or other breathe its spirit. All of them show the workmanship of a skilled musician, variety and deftness of scoring, subtlety of harmonization, and above all, a willingness to stop when he is through. One of the "songs" contains only twenty-seven measures. (I) Vivo, ma non troppo. After a short rhythmical introduction, the oboe plays a bright little theme, melodious, gently syncopated. There is a screaming contrast for flutes in minor thirds. The first is developed by the whole orchestra, the second effectively by a horn quartet; the first furnishes conclusion. This "song," slightly expanded, appears again as the sixth of the set. In the version for piano it appears only as the last of the set, not at the beginning. (II) Molto Andante. An English horn and a clarinet play a plaintive melody that might well be a "spiritual." It is taken up by strings, sensitively harmonized, then by a flute. After a short but strong climax it at once subsides. (III) Allegro, with the further direction "mecanico." Oboe and clarinet play the "jazziest" theme so far encountered. It is delightfully irregular in its placement of accents, piquant in its harmonies. The single theme is developed entirely by repetition. It includes a considerable cadenza for piano. (IV) Teneroso. After a few gentle introductory measures in flutes, an English horn takes a simple but expressive melody. It sings itself—and the movement is spent. (V) Number Five begins Lento with a "blues" as rhapsodic cadenza for clarinet. Then, Allegro, it proceeds with an energetic syncopated theme. There is much change of tempo and many contrasting motifs The orchestral portion as well as the cadenza must be called rhapsodic. Then for [illegible] there is repetition of th[illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CHRONICLE

Concert-Calender

Forthcoming Programs

FROM Dr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of next week, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dec. 20 and 21:

Petite Suite ..... Roussel
Piece for Harp and Orchestra, "Féerie" ..... Tournier
(Harpist: Bernard Zighera)
Suite, No. 2, from The Ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë" ..... Ravel
Symphony in E minor, "From The New World" ..... Dvorak

Roussel's "Little Suite," new to the Symphony Concerts, runs in the light vein that of late he has cultivated—scholarship and wit, ancientry and grace. Mr. Zighera, one of the virtuosi of the orchestra, deserves the opportunity that Tournier's piece will afford him. Ravel's Suite is battlehorse for both conductor and orchestra. In Boston Dvorak's Symphony is still unstaled by over-performance. Since Mr. Monteux's time it has not been played at Symphony Hall.

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the concert on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 29, to increase the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra. All the numbers come from Wagner's operas; in three, Mme. Austral, in her true field at last, will be assisting singer:

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"
Senta's Ballad from "The Flying Dutchman"
Bacchanal, "The Hill of Venus," from "Tannhäuser"
Elisabeth's Air, "Dich, Theure Halle!" from "Tannhäuser"
Introduction to Act III. of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"
Ride of the Valkyrs from "The Valkyr"
Prelude and Closing Scene (Mme. Austral) from "Tristan and Isolde"

Music Notes and Comment

Jose Iturbi, the noted Spanish pianist who will play Liszt's E flat concerto at this week's Boston Symphony concerts in the regular series, made his Boston debut last Monday afternoon at the Statler Hotel in a charity concert. He then proved himself a pianist of the very first rank, to be counted with Gieseking and Horowitz among outstanding artists of the present generation. He was born at Valencia in 1895, studied in that city, Barcelona, and Paris. He won a first prize at the Paris Coinservatoire, where he was a pupil of Staub, at the age of 17. He was later head of the piano department in the Geneva Conservatory, a position once held by Liszt. For the past few years he has been a concert pianist, winning a great reputation in Europe and South America. He is now engaged on his first American tour, which includes appearances as soloist with the Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York Philharmonic Orchestras, as well as the Boston Symphony.

The new symphony by the English composer Bax, which will be played at this week's Symphony concerts for the first time anywhere, is dedicated to Dr Koussevitzky. It is described as "Second Symphony, in E minor and C" in the score.

Third Symphony Concert

The third in the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Sanders theatre was given on Thursday evening of last week. This was the program: Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major for String Orchestra; Schumann: Symphony No. 2 in C major; Ravel: ("Mother Goose"). Five Children's Pieces; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op. 28.

Bach's Brandenburg Concerto, though magnificently played, proved not especially interesting. There are many other things by him that show more of his genius. At one time the Suite in D was one of the favorite Bach numbers on many orchestral programs, the air and gavotte being especially enjoyable. Why not revive this suite in the near future? It will be as fully enjoyed by many of the younger generation of symphony patrons as it was years ago by our ancestors.

Schumann's second symphony was played here for the first time under Dr. Koussevitzky, if memory serves. Not as interesting as the first one, it nevertheless has many pages of inspiration, and the work is always recalled with the two trios in the scherzo. The performance was ideal in every way.

"Mother Goose" in her French dress little resembles the character that American children hold in mind, yet in a Parisian atmosphere she shines brilliantly, as the performance fully attested. And the concert ended with one of the best portrayals of Strauss' musical picture of the mischievous "Till" that can be remembered.

The fourth concert in the series will be given on Thursday evening, January 16. It is understood that at this concert Alexander Glazounov, distinguished Russian composer, will appear as guest conductor in a program of his own compositions.

H. J. Storer.

CLASSICS HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bach, Beethoven and Mozart Fill Program

Dr. Koussevitzky filled the program for the first concert of the Boston Symphony's Tuesday series with great classics. Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony were the chosen works. An audience which completely filled Symphony Hall listened attentively, but applauded with a notable lack of warmth.

The Bach concerto, one of the masterpieces of music which seem imperishable, was written for an orchestra much smaller than the one which played it yesterday, and including a harpsichord, strangely omitted yesterday. In Mozart's E flat Symphony Dr Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra to that for which the composer wrote. For Beethoven he used the full orchestra, though Beethoven had not so many players in mind. These two symphonies are, of course, among the best known, as well as the greatest, ever written.

One was reminded yesterday of what Maj Higginson, according to Bliss Perry's admirable biography, gave as his reason for withdrawing (after the departure of Dr Muck) his support from the Boston Symphony, which he had founded and sustained for 36 seasons. It was impossible, so Maj Higginson believed, to secure another conductor who like Muck could do full justice to both the great classics and to modern music. And impossible it has thus far turned out to be.

It is commonplace to say that Mozart's instrumental music, like his vocal music, must be perfectly sung if it is to make its effect. The interpreter must understand and render Mozart's melody. No dramatic climaxes, no sensationally original interpretations are possible in Mozart. No weakness of technique can be concealed by the player or singer of his music. Dr Koussevitzky took great pains with this symphony in E flat. The orchestra, except that the wind instruments played too loudly, and that some attacks were not clean cut, played well enough. But the performance was melodically inadequate and disappointing.

Dr Koussevitzky's highly eloquent and personal style of interpretation was better suited to Beethoven than to either Mozart or Bach. He felt and rendered much of the intensely dramatic quality of the music. But the slow movement marked andante con moto, was taken as an adagio, and the famous transition from scherzo to finale was dragged out in a needless endeavor to gain an effect.

In such pieces as Ravel's Bolero and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," Dr Koussevitzky is certainly a supremely fine conductor. But with the great classics of the period which ends with Beethoven he is often, as he was yesterday, an uneven and disappointing interpreter.

P. R.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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Blair Fairchild was born in the Bostonian suburb of Belmont, June 23, 1877. He studied music at Harvard with John Knowles Paine and Walter Raymond Spalding. He continued his studies at Florence, Italy, under Buonamici. From 1901 until 1903 he was in the diplomatic service at Constantinople and elsewhere in the Near East. Then he went to Paris to study music further with Widor and Ganaye, and has lived there ever since. He is a prolific composer. Many of his works reflect his travels. Thus there are the three symphonic poems, "Zal," "Shah Féridoun," "Tamineh," all based on Persian legends; the cycle of nine songs, "A Bagdad Lover," the seven songs, collectively entitled, "Les Amours de Hafiz," the eight songs, "Les Quatrains d'Al-Ghazali," his collection of twelve Persian folk-songs. He has written an orchestral tone-poem, "East and West." And, reflecting his Italian residence, there are six sets of "Stornelli Toscani." In 1919 he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, because of his activities in relief work during the war.

Latterly Mr. Fairchild has turned to native American music. In 1927 the Parisian publishing house of Durand brought out a set of his piano pieces under the title "Cinq Chants Nègres." Mr. Koussevitzky now has the manuscript orchestral score of the "Chants Nègres," which in this new dress have grown from five to six, with incidental expansions here and there. Mr. Fairchild's orchestra contains no unusual instruments such as that of Ravel, but includes a xylophone and a piano as well as a harp. He directs that the six short pieces be played without interruption.

These six "negro songs" have no titles other than the usual tempo indications All of them show excellent knowledge of the negro idiom in some form or other breathe its spirit. All of them show the workmanship of a skilled musician, variety and deftness of scoring, subtlety of harmonization, and above all, a willingness to stop when he is through. One of the "songs" contains only twenty-seven measures. (I) Vivo, ma non troppo. After a short rhythmical introduction, the oboe plays a bright little theme, melodious, gently syncopated. There is a screaming contrast for flutes in minor thirds. The first is developed by the whole orchestra, the second effectively by a horn quartet; the first furnishes conclusion. This "song," slightly expanded, appears again as the sixth of the set. In the version for piano it appears only as the last of the set, not at the beginning. (II) Molto Andante. An English horn and a clarinet play a plaintive melody that might well be a "spiritual." It is taken up by strings, sensitively harmonized, then by a flute. After a short but strong climax it at once subsides. (III) Allegro, with the further direction "mecanico." Oboe and clarinet play the "jazziest" theme so far encountered. It is delightfully irregular in its placement of accents, piquant in its harmonies. The single theme is developed entirely by repetition. It includes a considerable cadenza for piano. (IV) Teneroso. After a few gentle introductory measures in flutes, an English horn takes a simple but expressive melody. It sings itself—and the movement is spent. (V) Number Five begins Lento with a "blues" as rhapsodic cadenza for clarinet. Then, Allegro, it proceeds with an energetic syncopated theme. There is much change of tempo and many contrasting motifs The orchestral portion as well as the cadenza must be called rhapsodic. Then

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CHRONICLE

Concert-Calender

Forthcoming Programs

FROM Dr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of next week, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dec. 20 and 21:

Petite Suite ..... Roussel
Piece for Harp and Orchestra, "Féerie" ..... Tournier
(Harpist: Bernard Zighera)
Suite, No. 2, from The Ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë" ..... Ravel
Symphony in E minor, "From The New World" ..... Dvorak

Roussel's "Little Suite," new to the Symphony Concerts, runs in the light vein that of late he has cultivated—scholarship and wit, anciently and grace. Mr. Zighera, one of the virtuosi of the orchestra, deserves the opportunity that Tournier's piece will afford him. Ravel's Suite is battlehorse for both conductor and orchestra. In Boston Dvorak's Symphony is still unstaled by over-performance. Since Mr. Monteux's time it has not been played at Symphony Hall.

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the concert on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 29, to increase the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra. All the numbers come from Wagner's operas; in three, Mme. Austral, in her true field at last, will be assisting singer:

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"
Senta's Ballad from "The Flying Dutchman"
Bacchanal, "The Hill of Venus," from "Tannhäuser"
Elisabeth's Air, "Dich, Theure Halle!" from "Tannhäuser"
Introduction to Act III. of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"
Ride of the Valkyrs from "The Valkyr"
Prelude and Closing Scene (Mme. Austral) from "Tristan and Isolde"

Music Notes and Comment

Jose Iturbi, the noted Spanish pianist who will play Liszt's E flat concerto at this week's Boston Symphony concerts in the regular series, made his Boston debut last Monday afternoon at the Statler Hotel in a charity concert. He then proved himself a pianist of the very first rank, to be counted with Gieseking and Horowitz among outstanding artists of the present generation. He was born at Valencia in 1895, studied in that city, Barcelona, and Paris. He won a first prize at the Paris Coinservatoire, where he was a pupil of Staub, at the age of 17. He was later head of the piano department in the Geneva Conservatory, a position once held by Liszt. For the past few years he has been a concert pianist, winning a great reputation in Europe and South America. He is now engaged on his first American tour, which includes appearances as soloist with the Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York Philharmonic Orchestras, as well as the Boston Symphony.

The new symphony by the English composer Bax, which will be played at this week's Symphony concerts for the first time anywhere, is dedicated to Dr Koussevitzky. It is described as "Second Symphony, in E minor and C" in the score.

Third Symphony Concert

The third in the series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Sanders theatre was given on Thursday evening of last week. This was the program: Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major for String Orchestra; Schumann: Symphony No. 2, in C major; Ravel: ("Mother Goose"). Five Children's Pieces; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op. 28.

Bach's Brandenburg Concerto, though magnificently played, proved not especially interesting. There are many other things by him that show more of his genius. At one time the Suite in D was one of the favorite Bach numbers on many orchestral programs, the air and gavotte being especially enjoyable. Why not revive this suite in the near future? It will be as fully enjoyed by many of the younger generation of symphony patrons as it was years ago by our ancestors.

Schumann's second symphony was played here for the first time under Dr. Koussevitzky, if memory serves. Not as interesting as the first one, it nevertheless has many pages of inspiration, and the work is always recalled with the two trios in the scherzo. The performance was ideal in every way.

"Mother Goose" in her French dress little resembles the character that American children hold in mind, yet in a Parisian atmosphere she shines brilliantly, as the performance fully attested. And the concert ended with one of the best portrayals of Strauss' musical picture of the mischievous "Till" that can be remembered.

The fourth concert in the series will be given on Thursday evening, January 16. It is understood that at this concert Alexander Glazounov, distinguished Russian composer, will appear as guest conductor in a program of his own compositions.

H. J. Storer

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN SPECIAL CONCERT

Will Give Extra Performance Here for Relief of Russian Exiles

A special non-subscription performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given on Friday afternoon, January 10, at 2.30 at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc. The program, which will consist of selections from the principal Russian composers, will be conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, with Benno Rabinoff as violin soloist.

CLASSICS HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bach, Beethoven and Mozart Fill Program

Dr. Koussevitzky filled the program for the first concert of the Boston Symphony's Tuesday series with great classics. Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony were the chosen works. An audience which completely filled Symphony Hall listened attentively, but applauded with a notable lack of warmth.

The Bach concerto, one of the masterpieces of music which seem imperishable, was written for an orchestra much smaller than the one which played it yesterday, and including a harpsichord, strangely omitted yesterday. In Mozart's E flat Symphony Dr Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra to that for which the composer wrote. For Beethoven he used the full orchestra, though Beethoven had not so many players in mind. These two symphonies are, of course, among the best known, as well as the greatest, ever written.

One was reminded yesterday of what Maj Higginson, according to Bliss Perry's admirable biography, gave as his reason for withdrawing (after the departure of Dr Muck) his support from the Boston Symphony, which he had founded and sustained for 36 seasons. It was impossible, so Maj Higginson believed, to secure another conductor who like Muck could do full justice to both the great classics and to modern music. And impossible it has thus far turned out to be.

It is commonplace to say that Mozart's instrumental music, like his vocal music, must be perfectly sung if it is to make its effect. The interpreter must understand and render Mozart's melody. No dramatic climaxes, no sensationally original interpretations are possible in Mozart. No weakness of technique can be concealed by the player or singer of his music. Dr Koussevitzky took great pains with this symphony in E flat. The orchestra, except that the wind instruments played too loudly, and that some attacks were not clean cut, played well enough. But the performance was melodically inadequate and disappointing.

Dr Koussevitzky's highly eloquent and personal style of interpretation was better suited to Beethoven than to either Mozart or Bach. He felt and rendered much of the intensely dramatic quality of the music. But the slow movement marked andante con moto, was taken as an adagio, and the famous transition from scherzo to finale was dragged out in a needless endeavor to gain an effect.

In such pieces as Ravel's Bolero and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," Dr Koussevitzky is certainly a supremely fine conductor. But with the great classics of the period which ends with Beethoven he is often, as he was yesterday, an uneven and disappointing interpreter.

P. R.

Koussevitzky Offers New Symphony by Bax

Arnold Bax's Symphony No. 2, dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky, had its first performance in Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Dec. 13, as the principal item in the eighth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

For some reason, possibly to make it harder, Bax describes this symphony as written "in E minor and C major"; a novel designation which has served to rouse a deal of discussion already. The fact seems to be that the composer has hesitated between the two keys. E minor has rather the edge in the first movement, but C major wins out in the end.

The symphony, for full orchestra, is in three movements, an Allegro Moderato, an Andante and an Allegro Feroce. The first movement is the most impressive. It abounds in thematic material and is marked by the atmospheric quality that inheres in all Bax's music. The form is roughly regular, with diversions ad lib which nevertheless are fused into unity. There are of course evidences of the influence of Rimsky, Debussy, Wagner, Strauss; but there is nothing that could be called imitative. This music is characteristic. Faërie rules, but this imaginative world nevertheless is substantial. If you tried to demolish it, you would find it necessary to use mechanical drills, as they do in taking apart the old Federal Building in Boston.

The Andante falls off in invention and in treatment, though no doubt if heard without the preceding movement it would strike us as charming. The Finale starts off ferociously enough, to conclude with a pianissimo. Shall Bax be accused of writing an English "Pathetic"? He himself has said that the end "should be very broad indeed, with a kind of oppressive catastrophic mood." That "oppressive" sense, a sense of struggle, pervades in fact the whole work. But we are glad the composer has not provided us with an elaborate program. His music is interesting and impressive as music.

The composer also had expressed confidence that this work would receive "a finer first performance than any previous work of mine." Without making comparisons, it may be said that one cannot imagine a finer performance than it received. The orchestra played brilliantly in this, as it had played in Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture, which opened the concert —a highly dramatized reading of a highly dramatic piece of music.

When Arturo Toscanini led his orchestra from La Scala in a triumphal tour of the United States, in the season of 1920-21 ,the visitors felt, according to the Italian conductor's biographer, Tobia Nicotra, that with all their successes elsewhere, they had not won the accolade until the approval of the Boston public had been bestowed upon them. This flattering opinion evidently is not shared by José Iturbi and Dr. Koussevitzky. For this Spanish pianist, acclaimed a master-interpreter of Mozart, was presented to the Boston Symphony audience in the Liszt E flat Concerto.

He had an ovation, it is true, with handclapping starting before the final notes and with "Bravos" resounding; but what conservatory graduate cannot win an ovation with this sort of music? It is true that he displayed a wondrous technique; but wondrous technique runs in the streets. It is true that he employed an unexpected delicacy of touch and purity of phrasing, as they say Joseffy used to do; but it is also true that he used an exaggerated rubato.

A pity, that a great orchestra and a (by report) great pianist should be thus thrown away.

The final item listed on the program was Respighi's "Pines of Rome," but whether the nightingale was in good voice you will never learn from this reporter. L. A. S

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
AMERICAN
DEC 5

Symphony Concert In Aid of Russians

A special non-subscription performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given on Friday afternoon, January 10, at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc. The program, which will consist of selections from the principal Russian composers, will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, with Benno Rabinoff violin soloist.

Full Afternoon, New Symphony, New Virtuoso

Trans. Dec 14

Bax Running High and Rich, Iturbi for Fineness, Romantic Moods

A WEEK ago Ravel's devil's dance taught the matinée audience at Symphony Hall to stamp out its pleasure—with feet, upon the floor. Such response may have suited "Bolero"; but the assembled matrons and juniors (as the advertisements have it) learned their lesson too well. Mr. Iturbi, playing Liszt's Concerto in E-flat (1855) with the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon was as far as might be from that orchestra whipping out Ravel's tour de force (1928). A bolero happens to be Spanish dance; Mr. Iturbi happens to be Spanish pianist. Therewith ends any conceivable bond between the two. The matinée audience, taking pleasure in the newcomer, stamped out two recalls for him after as many more bestowed by hands. Every mother of a family knows her reactions when the baby does a "cute" thing for the first time, when subsequently it has become a habit. It is needless to press that analogy.

Speculative bystanders, having little to occupy their minds while the succeeding "Pines of Rome" belabored their ears, fell to wondering how much of the applause wreathed around Mr. Iturbi belonged also to Liszt's once hackneyed, now neglected, Concerto. A fat paragraph of pianists played it at the Symphony Concerts between 1885 and 1913. Since that time, the venerable "programist" waited nearly seventeen years before he could reprint favorite pages about "the concerto with a triangle" and to the greater glory of its tinkle. Nobody nowadays excites himself about that instrument. Indeed it is rather hard to descry or to hear when a modernist brings up, like a general of artillery, whole batteries of percussion. Much more in the Concerto precludes any excitement over it in December, 1929. Elderly men like to tell how "the great generation" of romantic pianists ended it in no rush of dazzling bravura but in lordly pomp of tone and motion, slowly expanding. . Once upon a time it was accounted a marvel of difficult exaction, whereat Herr Toch, handing his newest Concerto to Mr. Sanromá, would probably smile over his shoulder. The books tell with what stately breadth the opening measures used to unfold upon sympathetic ears; how the Scherzo struck sparks, not merely from the triangle; how the whole piece passed for a tour de force of power and brilliance, a romantic fantasia in concerto-disguise.

Nobody, unless, possibly, Mr. Horowitz could now play "Liszt in E-flat" (as they used to call it) in that voice and style and not sound shamming and hollow. The musical times change; we mortals with them; for the while they are not kind to the mid-nineteenth-century romantics. Mr. Iturbi, who has a mind and uses it, made no attempt to recall that golden age, as if it were really golden. Dr. Koussevitzky, who in spite of his modernism, shelters a romantic impulse, yielded to the temptation only at the outset of the Concerto, quickly put it by; thenceforth agreed with the pianist. For Mr. Iturbi's notion and accomplishment of "Liszt in E-flat" is of a brilliantly jewelled music, to be played precisely and adroitly, with incessant glint of tone, animation of rhythm, sparkle of bravura. His piano, like that of most in the new generation, is an instrument of percussion, not of simulated song. Nothing in the Concerto tempts him to sentiment. He gives it no airs, preferring to find in it graces.

The outcome was a performance remarkable for clarity of outline, vivacity of pace and rhythm, charm of tone, melting euphonies with the orchestral part, glittering ornament, light and poised energy. It was as though Mr. Iturbi held the faded Concerto in his hand; turned it this way and that until every facet had caught the light; while Dr. Koussevitzky raised or lowered the curtain of the accompaniment to brighten or temper the shimmer. You never can tell when a pianist as technically adroit and as musically sensitive as Mr. Iturbi takes down a museum-piece. His new way with Liszt seemed much more desirable than the stalking ghost—all that anyone can now summon—of the old. To listen was at least to find a new sensation and to experience a pleasing thrill. Yet in the lobby-talk as the audience dispersed, one and another said that as long ago as the eighties Joseffy took the selfsame way with "Liszt in E-flat" and also in A.

Throughout, indeed, the concert was rather a romantics' afternoon. It began with a music in which they are still alive and speaking—Weber's Overture to his opera "Euryanthe." It is a good old piece, a stock-piece as the orchestra evidently believed when it scrabbled audibly through the first dozen pages before the conductor reined it into stride. Schumann sits, dreams and makes romantic music. Liszt writes it as though it were "theater" and he no inconsiderable actor. Berlioz strips it to a quivering nerve as in his melodies; or fleshes it with something nowadays very like bombast. Out of Weber it foams impetuously—say at the beginning of this Overture to "Euryanthe." To this day there is no resisting such an ardent torrent. He stays it for the muted, mysterious Largo as one who would concentrate and breathe soft his intensities; but not for long. He whips up a fugato until it sounds operatic; ends with a jubilant and triumphant flourish. He flings out the overture as though he were brimming with a dozen others; it is full of hot blood and gusto. Willy-nilly, the listener hears and believes. It is the compulsion of the romantics, in most others now withered. And for Weber the orchestra was vivid as a sunset, alive as a wind.

Count Respighi, who ended the concert with "Pines of Rome," among the twentieth-century romantics. He sees children at play under the trees of the Villa Borghese and magnifies them into the little darting monsters of the shifting tempi, broken rhythms, abrupt phrases of his first division—the modern way with a romantic impression. He wanders near catacombs and hears a mysterious hymn echoing from them. Berlioz or Liszt might have done as much and confided it to nearly the same instruments. He hears the nightingale singing from the pines of the Janiculum—notorious romantic pastime after dark. Berlioz's Harold, Liszt's Tasso, might have kept him company. They, however, would have relied upon the wind choir for the bird-voice, as at first Respighi makes shift to do. Then he glances up at the calendar on the wall of his work-room. "Dio mio! it is 1924," and forthwith shuts it up in a gramophone-record. From which—to tell the truth—it sounded yesterday rather throaty. To end, the legionaries pounding up the Appian Way. By this time we have learned a trick or two about high-rhythmed tonal masses in crescendo; while Respighi, as everyone knows, is as absorbent as a sponge. . . . It is not necessary, though possibly easy, to agree with the listener who trusted that as soon as the legion had got its breath, a centurion would be dispatched to wring the neck of the gramophoned nightingale. If not, what is Cæsar Augustus—or il Signore Mussolini—for?

There is another romanticism, however, far transcending Respighi's sonorous surfaces, alive to this day, everlastingly alive so long as the sons of men think and feel passionately: would also release their passion. It fills Bax's Second Symphony, played for the first time anywhere, after strenuous rehearsal and in manifold truth and life by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. (The circumstantial evidence was the straggling beginning of the Overture to "Euryanthe.") Of the two keys with which Bax exceptionally labelled the Symphony a learned and acute colleague has already discoursed in these columns. He also exposed the fertility of the thematic invention, the manipulative readiness, resource and imagination—for it is nothing less—that further distinguish this new Symphony. For the moment there are other salient matters.

Musically, as many say, this is the day of small, lean things. Composers choose the lesser forms; busy themselves with minute motivs; expand them prudently; clothe them economically. Bax, to the contrary, stretches spacious canvas; fills it richly writes full and ardent. He conceived his Symphony nobly; planned it loftily; achieved it in unfeigned exaltation of mind and heart and hand. The contention, the tumult, the rifts of tonal light, the descents of tonal shadow, the burthened restlessness, thrust back only to thrust forth—all these through the long first movement are passionate release of deep and welling emotion. Call it, if the hearer likes, the battle of men's souls for their own existence against enemies and fates.

The second movement, lyrical, insistent, would soothe and calm. Yet this measure and that period, is bitter-edged, repining. The third and final division begins in a new marshalling for the conflict; presses it again in a far-flung theme; wages it fiercely; lightens it here and there as if in brave defiance; ends less exhausted than oppressed—the burden that may not be lifted, the omens that will not change. A pessimistic music, if the hearer likes—sequence to Bax's bitter, angry First Symphony, sequence and deepening, less touched with mystical comfort. Yet throughout a music of passion and exaltation, at odds with a sardonic time, preferring the field of conflict to the seat of mockery, unashamed to speak nobly of and to the soul.

Second, a Symphony of uncommon richness in a day of straitened music. Those who cannot bear forty minutes of passionate self-release on the part of a composer, will object that Bax overwrites and is turgid. Possibly there are measures in the second movement that less move forward than deepen insistence. On the other hand, recall those abounding and usually significant themes, diverse in profile, diverse in substance and implication. Consider again a musical development and emotional progress both seldom flagging. Note no less the multifarious texture, the intensified harmonic and instrumental color, the rhythmic energy of all these pages.

Observe again not only the ingenuity but the imagination with which a score of devices, intrinsically modernistic and of a prosaic music of dissonance, are wrought into a music essentially romantic, underlyingly songful; are not only transfused but vitalized to new purpose. Here indeed in first fruition is the issue out of present tonal incoherence which many have visioned—the incorporation of the new means into the old substance, there to generate a more plangent speech of music, a more piercing speech of emotion. . . . A Symphony nobly conceived, loftily planned; passionately released, sustained at intensity and exaltation; full-freighted, deep-fleshed Rarely are they written in this day and year. Rarely do they conquer us who live within it. An exception, as it seemed yesterday, might be Arnold Ba —in two keys. Maybe, the creatrix of "The Constant Nymph," with her triumphant Symphony—likewise in two keys—was his sub-conscious prophet.

H. T. P.

Globe Dec 14

ITURBI SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Spanish Pianist Is Given an Ovation

Arnold Bax' Second Symphony Played for First Time

Jose Iturbi, the noted Spanish pianist, now making his first American tour, was given an ovation at yesterday's Symphony concert for his remarkably brilliant playing of Liszt's Concerto in E flat. Applause was loud and long, many stamped their feet as well as clapped their hands, recalls were numerous.

Iturbi, who impressed those who heard his Boston debut the other day at a charity concert as an artist of the first rank, is now well on the way to wide and lasting popularity in Boston.

A second recital by him, to be held preferably at Symphony Hall, would, if now arranged for, undoubtedly draw a large audience. No new solo performer since Horowitz has been so cordially, so demonstratively received by a Boston audience as Iturbi was yesterday. The chief item on Dr Koussevitzky's program was a new symphony by Arnold Bax, favorably received by the audience.

Mr Iturbi was born at Valencia, Spain, in 1895, and received in 1913 a first prize for pianoforte playing from the Paris Conservatoire. From 1919 to 1923 he was head of the piano department of the Geneva Conservatoire, a position he held until 1923. He has in recent years toured Europe and South America with marked success as a concert pianist. He made his American debut Oct 11, 1929, as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia.

He has neither the long hair nor the affected mannerisms the 19th century expected of celebrated pianists. Yesterday's audience saw a quiet and business-like young man, serious and intent on his task, yet obviously certain of his ability to carry it through. The one trait betokening what press agents describe as "personality" was a remarkably ingratiating smile, which, however, appeared only when the concerto was over and the remarkable, almost unprecedented, demonstration from the audience well under way.

Sureness of Taste

Iturbi began his first Boston recital Dec 2 with Mozart's A-major sonata, and for his New York debut Dec 7 with the Philharmonic Orchestra chose a Mozart concerto. In Philadelphia, for his American debut, he played Beethoven's Fourth Concerto. These pieces, of course, demanded of him a fineness of musicianship and a sureness of taste which yesterday's show piece by Liszt gave him small opportunity to reveal.

Liszt's concerto demands, if it is to make its effect, a technique and a showmanship almost, though not quite, as rare as the musicianship the classics exact of a first-rate performer. Iturbi left no doubt in yesterday's audience of his prowess as a virtuoso, and anyone paying close attention could see from the subtlety and elegance of his phrasing and dynamics that there was no mere virtuso, no superlative pianopounder, but a true artist. One cannot, however, help being sorry he did not play us Mozart or Beethoven.

Bax's Second Symphony, dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky and published in 1929, was yesterday played for the first time in public. Its composer, a Londoner by birth and residence, is known here for a number of impressionistic pieces for orchestra and for pianoforte, associated with Irish, or as he would doubtless prefer to say, with "Keltic" subjects. His first symphony was played at these concerts Dec 16, 1927, but the present writer did not hear it.

The symphony heard yesterday is interesting chiefly for several of its episodic passages. It contains some salient musical ideas, none of which are developed. The piece is overlong, and far too rhapsodic to deserve its title. Bax could have made better use of these ideas in short impressionistic tone poems. His style is incurably diffuse, with no trace of either desire or ability to create musical structures on a large scale. The numerous climaxes the work contains, some of which employ the full power of orchestra and organ, grow wearisome because they are not prepared far in advance, or fitted into a carefully-planned musical scheme. There are also numerous reminiscences of the work of other and greater composers. The performance was painstakingly eloquent, and the work was more cordially received than is that of most living writers represented on Boston Symphony programs.

Romantic Music

The other members were Weber's "Euryanthe" overture and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," so that the program as a whole had an admirable artistic unity. Dr Koussevitzky conducted with his characteristic dramatic fervor, overstressing most of the points he wished to make, but certainly driving them home to the average listener. Restraint, poise, balance are qualities less obviously but none the less certainly demanded of an interpreter of romantic music than they are of a performer of the classics.

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16

Dec. 14

JOSE ITURBI CHEERED AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

THE appearance of Jose Iturbi, Spanish pianist, at the Symphony concerts this week is in the nature of another field day—or pair of them—for the audience. It is likely that the remarkable demonstration of Friday afternoon will be repeated this evening when this extraordinary virtuoso and artist, fresh from the Iberian peninsula, repeats the solo part in the Liszt E-flat Concerto.

The audience was considerably excited last Friday afternoon, when Ravel's "Bolero" received its first performance. It was even more excited yesterday. It was not content with fervid applause and even stamping its feet. It raised its voice, or voices—shrill feminine voices, for the most part—to cheer Iturbi.

This demonstration was prompted by one of the finest pianistic exhibitions we have ever been privileged to hear. Iturbi is first of all a great musician and artist, and his playing was never out of perspective, so far as the whole performance was concerned. On the other hand, he realized that this piece was intended even by the composer to be something of a show-piece for the virtuoso. And it was virtuosity of the very finest type, not mere meretricious showmanship, that Iturbi dispensed yesterday.

His performance was the climax of a brilliant concert. A thrilling, colorful rendering of Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" began it. So inspired was the reading of Mr. Koussevitzky and the playing of the orchestra under him that it might have been a first performance as was that of the Bax Symphony in E minor and C major, which followed it.

Arnold Bax could not come, as he had intended, to hear his work played for the first time. If he had, it seems to us he would have been eminently satisfied, for the performance seemed to do justice to the Romantic and mystical ardors of the Celt. There is much fine music in this score—more than can be digested at a single hearing. It stands out among the welter of superficial and insincere modernist pieces as Mount Washington would if transplanted into the Blue Hills.

Respighi's "Pines of Rome" closes the program.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE RESPONDS

Iturbi, Pianist, Makes Sensation in Liszt's 1st Concerto

Post Dec 14

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts are losing their traditional air of sobriety. Last week it was Ravel's "Bolero" of the protracted crescendo that launched a furore of excitement. Yesterday it was the newly arrived Spanish pianist, Jose Iturbi, bringing to electrifying performance that much-ridden war-horse, Liszt's Concerto in E-flat.

A MASTER OF ELEGANCE

The present musical years, so lean in some respects, are happily not falling behind their predecessors in the production of remarkable pianists. Two seasons ago it was the tornadic Horowitz that inflamed a pair of Symphony audiences; now comes Mr. Iturbi to create yet another sensation.

That the Russian and the Spaniard should be so alike in their power to arouse their listeners and so unlike their methods of doing it is renewed proof of the range and scope of musical performance. The one is dynamic, a super-technician inclined, as his latest Symphony Hall recital suggested, to let his volcanic energies lead him into inartistic excesses. The other, singularly poised and self-controlled, is a supreme master of musical elegance, of rhythmic verve, of clear-cut, crystalline tone.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

JOURNAL

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Vivaldi, in spite of his age, has never appeared on symphony programs here often enough to force us to regard him as our own familiar friend. Dr. Koussevitzky did revive a movement from the "Four Seasons" concerto in the spring of 1928, but the composer is little known—not even well enough to appear in many encyclopedias.

A violinist, he wrote largely for this instrument, and contributed much to its technical development. "Though by no means an artist of the exalted type of Corelli, his extraordinary fertility as a composer for the violin, his ingenuity in making new combinations and devising new effects, and especially his undoubted influence on the further development of the Concerto-form, give him an important position in the history of violin playing.

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"Fokine's scenario may thus be described: After a short prelude, the curtain rises and the grounds of an old castle are seen. Ivan Tsarevitch, the hero of many tales, in the course of hunting at night, comes to the enchanted garden and sees a beautiful bird with flaming golden plumage. She attempts to pluck fruit of gold from a silver tree. He captures her, but, heeding her entreaties, frees her. In gratitude, she gives him one of her feathers which has magic properties.

"The dawn breaks. Thirteen enchanted princesses appear, coming from the castle. Ivan, hidden, watches them playing with golden apples, and dancing. Fascinated by them, he finally discloses himself. They tell him that the castle belongs to the terrible Katschei, who turns decoyed travellers into stone. The princesses warn Ivan of his fate, but he resolves to enter the castle.

In Castle Perilous.

"Opening the gate, he sees Katschei with his train of grotesque and deformed subjects marching toward him in pompous procession. Katschei attempts to work his spell on Ivan, who is protected, however, by the feather. Ivan summons the Fire-Bird, who causes Katschei and his retinue to dance until they drop exhausted.

"The secret of Katschei's immortality is disclosed to Ivan; the sorcerer keeps an egg in a casket; if this egg should be broken or even injured, he would die. Ivan swings the egg backwards and forwards. Katschei and his crew sway with it. At last the egg is dashed to the ground; Katschei dies; his palace vanishes; the petrified knights come to life; and Ivan, amid great rejoicing, receives the hand of the most beautiful princess.

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Certainly we cannot think of Tschaikowsky as "the human, with his droppings of soft tears," nor yet speak of "tears from the depths of some divine despair." Perhaps he was only a sensitive man who felt that the evils of life were real and in the ascendant, aware that all is vanity, which he let become a vexation of spirit as well.

Sometimes he seemed like a frail instrument—a lute—that the wind blew over and made to resound to its own mood, while with its humor it put the sensitive strings out of tune, and thus made discord through no fault of the player.

Tschaikowsky never played in the strong C major key of life; rather he set his fancies always to a minor mood, exploring vistas of the vague, the doubtful, the hopelessly aspiring that fell inevitably back towards the pit. But at times as in the wonderful 5-4 rhythm of the second movement of our symphony, he stands out against the cruelty of life like a real Cassandra, rigid and strong against a pitiless force, awaiting with supreme human defiance the crash of a blow that must descend when the will of the smiter decides.

M. C. W.

In Temper of the Day

There is in his playing rare fineness and precision that yet escapes any hint of aridity. Other performances of Liszt's Concerto in Symphony Hall, for example that of Mr. Rosenthal several seasons ago, have had a breadth, a sweep, an overpowering force that was not in Mr. Iturbi's highly polished and sensitive version of yesterday. But the Spaniard's way with the music is more in accord with the temper of our own day, and one more likely to freshen and reanimate a romantic and rhetorical music. Mr. Iturbi, who played a short time ago at the Hotel Statler, is certain sooner or later to give a recital in Symphony Hall, and when he does he should pack that auditorium to the doors.

Besides the stimulating Iturbi, yesterday's concert offered the first performance anywhere of the Second Symphony of Arnold Bax, dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky, together with Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," in a performance so inflated, exaggerated and over-contrived that, as may sometimes happen, it fell in consequence quite flat, and finally, in a most eloquent performance, Respighi's now popular "Pines of Rome" of the shrilling children, the gloomy catacombs, the phonograph nightingale and the cataclysmic march of Caesar's legions.

In Uncongenial Field

Though his Symphony proved a work of uneven interest and unequal value, Bax is not a composer to be lightly dismissed. Yet it is possible to feel that in his two symphonies, of which the first is the more significant, he is laboring in an uncongenial field.

A moody, poetic, essentially subjective composer, this Celt seems more at home in the symphonic poem than in the symphony, where logic of design the severer, more abstract domain of design and continuity of thought are prime essentials.

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The composer has said that "there is absolutely no communicable program associated with the music, which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work."

"When the symphonic poems by Bax were played by this orchestra," says Philip Hale in The Boston Herald, "the charge of occasional diffuseness, if not vagueness, was urged against him, while full justice was done to the fine, poetic qualities. It might have been said that he was then lulled at too great length by the enchanting airs he heard in the Faery Hills and in the Garden of Fand. In this symphony even more than in his first symphony played two years ago, there is still, especially in the second movement, the Celtic feeling that is characteristic of many of his works; there are themes, there are harmonies of tender, wistful beauty, not free from a pleasing melancholy, but these pages only relieve and enhance the heroic character of the work as a whole, the defiant pages or those of doubt and questioning until there is at the end submission to the inevitable, if not a lasting peace. These final pages, artfully simple, leading to silence, are among the most eloquent and impressive in the symphony.

"That the audience realizes the strength and the beauty, the originality of invention and expression was shown by the manner in which the symphony was received. Seldom, if ever, has the first performance of a new symphony been so heartily and honestly applauded."

MUSIC

Herald Dec. 14

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky. Jose Iturbi, pianist, played for the first time at these concerts. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to 'Euryanthe." Bax, symphony No. 2 in E minor and C. Liszt, piano concerto, No. 1. Respighi, "The Pines of Rome." The new symphony by Arnold Bax was performed for the first time anywhere. Although it was written in 1924-1925, he reserved the production for Dr. Koussevitzky, to whom the score is dedicated, feeling confident, as he said in a letter, that conducted by him and played by this orchestra the symphony "will receive a finer first performance than any previous work of mine." His confidence was not misplaced. He honored conductor and players by it; the superb performance justified it. In another letter, dated London, Dec. 3, Mr. Bax says: "There is absolutely no communicable 'program' associated with the music which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work." He calls attention to the cyclic character of the form and to the persistence in all the three movements of a three-note figure.

"Severely", "absolute" music — but the symphony is charged with emotion and with contending emotions. By reason of contents, its musical ideas, its treatment of them, the technical workmanship, the strain of mysticism alternating with human warmth, the melodic beauty. The boldness, never experimental, of the harmonic schemes, the ingenuity and the taste displayed in the orchestral dress, this symphony is by far the most important work that has come from England for many years; one of the most important that has come from Europe.

When the symphonic poems by Bax were played by this orchestra the charge of occasional diffuseness, if not vagueness, was urged against him, while full justice was done to the fine, poetic qualities. It might have been said that he was then lulled at too great length by the enchanting airs he heard in the Faery Hills and in the Garden of Fand. In this symphony even more than in his first symphony played two years ago, there is still, especially in the second movement, the Celtic feeling that is characteristic of many of his works; there are themes, there are harmonies of tender, wistful beauty, not free from a pleasing melancholy, but these pages only relieve and enhance the heroic character of the work as a whole, the defiant pages or those of doubt and questioning until there is at the end submission to the inevitable, if not a lasting peace. These final pages, artfully simple, leading to silence, are among the most eloquent and impressive in the symphony.

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Mr. Iturbi, whose playing of concertos by the Mozart and Beethoven aroused enthusiasm in Philadelphia and New York, chose for Boston the "Triangle" concerto by Liszt that had not been placed on a program of these concerts since 1913. His performance was one of dazzling brilliance; nor is this all that is to be said. The concerto itself is much more than a parade piece; it is shrewdly, musically planned, and not only for the glory of a virtuoso; there are pages of genuine and haunting charm that test the soul as well as the fingers of a pianist. The delicacy and poetry of Mr. Iturbi's interpretation of these passages were as conspicuous as his triumphant bravura. Yes, when played as Mr. Iturbi played it, this concerto is exciting; but it is more than an appeal to the nerves. It was a pleasure to find that Mr. Iturbi is not a "specialist," for a specialist in music is a fearsome wild fowl. To excel in the playing of Mozart's music stamps one as a thorough musician of knowledge, taste and charm. This one is indeed, an artist. To excel also in this music of Liszt's awakens further admiration and respect. As remarkable as the piano playing was the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Iturbi was recalled many times; Dr. Koussevitzky was greeted most warmly when he came on the platform to conduct "The Pines of Rome." Of Respighi's four movements, the second, "The Pines Near a Catacomb," has the most enduring musical and emotional value. The first movement is conspicuous for its orchestration; the third movement does not gain by the introduction of a gramophone-nightingale; the march of victorious Romans in the Appian way owes its effect only to steadily increasing dynamic force and the anticipation of a thundering climax.

As an introduction to one of the most interesting concerts of several seasons, Weber's overture was performed in an appropriately dramatic manner with due regard to the singing of the suave second theme and the unearthliness of the mysterious episode for strings.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week's program will comprise Roussel's "Petite Suite." Tournier's "Feerie" prelude and dance for harp (Mr. Zighera) and orchestra; the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK

TIMES

New American works being performed this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra are Aaron Copland's symphony, a tone poem of Roger Sessions, a tone poem of Werner Josten and Samuel Gardner's "Broadway." Other novelties listed for the season are Prokofieff's Third symphony, Filip Lazar's Concerto Grosso, Honegger's "Bach" suite, Mahler's Ninth symphony, Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's Ninth symphony, Debussy's "Le Martyre de St. Sebastian," and a Spohr suite for winds.

Le Courrier Musicale of recent date announces that Maurice Maréchal, the French 'cellist, will appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next February, Koussevitzky conducting. There will be heard for the first time Honegger's new concerto for 'cello, written especially for M. Maréchal.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK

WORLD

DEC 15

Boston Symphony Plays for Charity

Plans are under way for a special non-subscription perforamnce by the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be given in Carnegie Hall Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2.30 o'clock. The proceeds of this concert, made possible through the kindness of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, will go to the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc., the High Commission for Refugees League of Nations and the International Anti-Tuberculosis Union.

On the trip which Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, President of the American Socity, recently made through twelve countries to study the existing conditions of Russian exiles she was distressed by the misery and hardship under which these people struggle. When Dr. Koussevitzky learned of the suffering of his compatriots he arranged for a benefit performance for these unfortunate and deserving exiles.

Jour Dec 16

Saturday Supplement

Though the audience on Saturday evenings at Symphony Hall has not yet learned to stamp out its pleasure, it was as fervid over Mr. Iturbi as its predecessor of the matinée. Cheers were its preference as supplement to clapping. Yet if the applauded Spaniard were to return next month for a concert of his own—an hour and half instead of twenty minutes of his "wonderful" playing—would he draw more than half a house? By much Bostonian precedent he would not.

The new Symphony of Bax, impressive in itself and impressively played, fared not so well as on Friday. As it seemed, it baffled many; while no more than a peristent minority called back the conductor and finally brought the orchestra to its feet. Yet Dr. Koussevitzky could do worse than repeat at another pair of concerts a Symphony likely to excel all the novel numbers of the year.

16

Tribune Dec. 14

JOSE ITURBI CHEERED AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

THE appearance of Jose Iturbi, Spanish pianist, at the Symphony concerts this week is in the nature of another field day—or pair of them—for the audience. It is likely that the remarkable demonstration of Friday afternoon will be repeated this evening when this extraordinary virtuoso and artist, fresh from the Iberian peninsula, repeats the solo part in the Liszt E-flat Concerto.

The audience was considerably excited last Friday afternoon, when Ravel's "Bolero" received its first performance. It was even more excited yesterday. It was not content with fervid applause and even stamping its feet. It raised its voice, or voices—shrill feminine voices, for the most part—to cheer Iturbi.

This demonstration was prompted by one of the finest pianistic exhibitions we have ever been privileged to hear. Iturbi is first of all a great musician and artist, and his playing was never out of perspective, so far as the whole performance was concerned. On the other hand, he realized that this piece was intended even by the composer to be something of a show-piece for the virtuoso. And it was virtuosity of the very finest type, not mere meretricious showmanship, that Iturbi dispensed yesterday.

His performance was the climax of a brilliant concert. A thrilling, colorful rendering of Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" began it. So inspired was the reading of Mr. Koussevitzky and the playing of the orchestra under him that it might have been a first performance as was that of the Bax Symphony in E minor and C major, which followed it.

Arnold Bax could not come, as he had intended, to hear his work played for the first time. If he had, it seems to us he would have been eminently satisfied, for the performance seemed to do justice to the Romantic and mystical ardors of the Celt. There is much fine music in this score—more than can be digested at a single hearing. It stands out among the welter of superficial and insincere modernist pieces as Mount Washington would if transplanted into the Blue Hills.

Respighi's "Pines of Romé" closes the program.

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M. C. W.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE RESPONDS

Iturbi, Pianist, Makes Sensation in Liszt's 1st Concerto

Post Dec 14

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts are losing their traditional air of sobriety. Last week it was Ravel's "Bolero" of the protracted crescendo that launched a furore of excitement. Yesterday it was the newly arrived Spanish pianist, Jose Iturbi, bringing to electrifying performance that much-ridden war-horse, Liszt's Concerto in E-flat.

A MASTER OF ELEGANCE

The present musical years, so lean in some respects, are happily not falling behind their predecessors in the production of remarkable pianists. Two seasons ago it was the tornadic Horowitz that inflamed a pair of Symphony audiences; now comes Mr. Iturbi to create yet another sensation.

That the Russian and the Spaniard should be so alike in their power to arouse their listeners and so unlike their methods of doing it is renewed proof of the range and scope of musical performance. The one is dynamic, a super-technician inclined, as his latest Symphony Hall recital suggested, to let his volcanic energies lead him into inartistic excesses. The other, singularly poised and self-controlled, is a supreme master of musical elegance, of rhythmic verve, of clear-cut, crystalline tone.

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There is in his playing rare fineness and precision that yet escapes any hint of aridity. Other performances of Liszt's Concerto in Symphony Hall, for example that of Mr. Rosenthal several seasons ago, have had a breadth, a sweep, an overpowering force that was not in Mr. Iturbi's highly polished and sensitive version of yesterday. But the Spaniard's way with the music is more in accord with the temper of our own day, and one more likely to freshen and reanimate a romantic and rhetorical music. Mr. Iturbi, who played a short time ago at the Hotel Statler, is certain sooner or later to give a recital in Symphony Hall, and when he does he should pack that auditorium to the doors.

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When the symphonic poems by Bax were played by this orchestra the charge of occasional diffuseness, if not vagueness, was urged against him, while full justice was done to the fine, poetic qualities. It might have been said that he was then lulled at too great length by the enchanting airs he heard in the Faery Hills and in the Garden of Fand. In this symphony even more than in his first symphony played two years ago, there is still, especially in the second movement, the Celtic feeling that is characteristic of many of his works; there are themes, there are harmonies of tender, wistful beauty, not free from a pleasing melancholy, but these pages only relieve and enhance the heroic character of the work as a whole, the defiant pages or those of doubt and questioning until there is at the end submission to the inevitable, if not a lasting peace. These final pages, artfully simple, leading to silence, are among the most eloquent and impressive in the symphony.

That the audience realizes the strength and the beauty, the originality of invention and expression was shown by the manner in which the smyphony was received. Seldom, if ever, has the first performance of a new symphony been so heartily and honestly applauded.

Mr. Iturbi, whose playing of concertos by the Mozart and Beethoven aroused enthusiasm in Philadelphia and New York, chose for Boston the "Triangle" concerto by Liszt that had not been placed on a program of these concerts since 1913. His performance was one of dazzling brilliance; nor is this all that is to be said. The concerto itself is much more than a parade piece; it is shrewdly, musically planned, and not only for the glory of a virtuoso; there are pages of genuine and haunting charm that test the soul as well as the fingers of a pianist. The delicacy and poetry of Mr. Iturbi's interpretation of these passages were as conspicuous as his triumphant bravura. Yes, when played as Mr. Iturbi played it, this concerto is exciting; but it is more than an appeal to the nerves. It was a pleasure to find that Mr. Iturbi is not a "specialist," for a specialist in music is a fearsome wild fowl. To excel in the playing of Mozart's music stamps one as a thorough musician of knowledge, taste and charm. This one is indeed, an artist. To excel also in this music of Liszt's awakens further admiration and respect. As remarkable as the piano playing was the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Iturbi was recalled many times; Dr. Koussevitzky was greeted most warmly when he came on the platform to conduct "The Pines of Rome." Of Respighi's four movements, the second, "The Pines Near a Catacomb," has the most enduring musical and emotional value. The first movement is conspicuous for its orchestration; the third movement does not gain by the introduction of a gramophone-nightingale; the march of victorious Romans in the Appian way owes its effect only to steadily increasing dynamic force and the anticipation of a thundering climax.

As an introduction to one of the most interesting concerts of several seasons, Weber's overture was performed in an appropriately dramatic manner with due regard to the singing of the suave second theme, and the unearthliness of the mysterious episode for strings.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week's program will comprise Roussel's "Petite Suite." Tournier's "Feerie" prelude and dance for harp (Mr. Zighera) and orchestra; the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

New American works being performed this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra are Aaron Copland's symphony, a tone poem of Roger Sessions, a tone poem of Werner Josten and Samuel Gardner's "Broadway." Other novelties listed for the season are Prokofieff's Third symphony, Filip Lazar's Concerto Grosso, Honegger's "Bach" suite, Mahler's Ninth symphony, Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's Ninth symphony, Debussy's "Le Martyre de St. Sebastian," and a Spohr suite for winds.

Le Courrier Musicale of recent date announces that Maurice Maréchal, the French 'cellist, will appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next February, Koussevitzky conducting. There will be heard for the first time Honegger's new concerto for 'cello, written especially for M. Maréchal.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD

DEC 15

Boston Symphony Plays for Charity

Plans are under way for a special non-subscription perforamnce by the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be given in Carnegie Hall Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2.30 o'clock. The proceeds of this concert, made possible through the kindness of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, will go to the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc., the High Commission for Refugees League of Nations and the International Anti-Tuberculosis Union.

On the trip which Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, President of the American Socity, recently made through twelve countries to study the existing conditions of Russian exiles she was distressed by the misery and hardship under which these people struggle. When Dr. Koussevitzky learned of the suffering of his compatriots he arranged for a benefit performance for these unfortunate and deserving exiles.

Sun Dec 16

Saturday Supplement

Though the audience on Saturday evenings at Symphony Hall has not yet learned to stamp out its pleasure, it was as fervid over Mr. Iturbi as its predecessor of the matinée. Cheers were its preference as supplement to clapping. Yet if the applauded Spaniard were to return next month for a concert of his own—an hour and half instead of twenty minutes of his "wonderful" playing—would he draw more than half a house? By much Bostonian precedent he would not.

The new Symphony of Bax, impressive in itself and impressively played, fared not so well as on Friday. As it seemed, it baffled many; while no more than a peristent minority called back the conductor and finally brought the orchestra to its feet. Yet Dr. Koussevitzky could do worse than repeat at another pair of concerts a Symphony likely to excel all the novel numbers of the year.

Concert-Chronicle

Harpist's Day

PREPARING a light program for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky began it with a "Little Suite" by Roussel. Hearing the piece, he found it unsuited to his purpose and deferred it to a later pair of concerts. For it he substitutes two familiar Russian numbers—the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantschina," Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-poem, "Sadko." For new piece there remains only Tournier's "Faerie," with subtitle, "Prelude and Dance for Harp." It will be played—the strings of the orchestra assisting—by Bernard Zighera, familiar figure "at these concerts" with either harp or piano.

About "Faerie," A. H. M. sends his customary note: Marcel Tournier, one of whose chamber-pieces was played last month in Boston at a Flute-Players' concert, is professor of the harp in the Conservatory at Paris. He was born in 1879; received a "first prize" at the Conservatory in 1899; won the "Prix de Rome" in 1909, and succeeded Hasselmans as professor in 1912. He writes extensively and pleasingly for his chosen instrument. . . . The chief interest of "Faerie" lies in the solo-part. The orchestral score is slight. The harmonies, to the present-day ear, are only mildly dissonant, as becomes a piece written well before the late war. After introductory measures a very simple melody forms the basis of many harp figurations, arpeggios, broken chords, devices which sound well and are the natural language of the instrument. One becomes aware that "harp-style," as a is called, has much in common with "prelude-style" as laid down by many a master since the days of Sebastian Bach. The Prelude runs through a "Très modéré," the dance begins with an "Allegretto scherzando." There are measures of obvious dance-accompaniment, and a sprightly dance-figure emerges, the chief theme of the dance. Several times the music broadens to lyric utterance. Each time the dance-theme returns. Once, such broadening, rising to greater heights than before, carries the significant direction "Chaleureux." At the close there are again the characteristic harp-arpeggios, a moment of pianissimo, and then a steady climax and end.

perfect lips, and she is mighty good

HARP SOLOIST PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

THERE is no recognizable connection between this week's program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Yuletide season. It is just another symphony concert, and even the audience at the Friday matinee looked upon it in this light, for it came in customary numbers instead of leaving—as a pre-Christmas concert generally does—huge gaps of vacant seats.

Bernard Zighera, first harpist of the orchestra, was soloist in a piece called "Feerie" by his former teacher in Paris, Marcel Lucien Tournier. Originally written for harp and string quartet and now receiving its first performance with orchestra, the piece is written in the politest impressionistic style. It enabled, however, Zighera to disclose what we suppose is a very fluent technique.

The applause following this performance gave a slight measure of vitality to the audience, which was otherwise languorous. It was as if the people had assembled for a weekly duty and then—in the manner of a music critic—dared the performers to please them. Certainly there was brilliant playing to excite an average assemblage, notably the performance of the Second Suite drawn from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe."

Russian music, represented by Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," began the concert. And a fellow-Slav, Dvorak, ended it with the "New World" symphony. This work, which once caused a critical war as to the sources of its themes, has been and is still much overplayed elsewhere. Fortunately that is not the case in Boston, where it has not been heard at the symphony concerts in years.

As a result we can still take joy in the honest emotion of this piece, in its beautiful melodies and in its occasionally inspired orchestration. Mr. Koussevitzky labored with it as with a work of love. The orchestra, however, fell short of its best performances.

CHEERFUL MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Zighera, Harpist, as Soloist, Delights Hearers

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon a programme of music predominantly light, brilliant, cheerful and familiar suited well the holiday season. There was a touch of relative novelty, too, in the appearance of Bernard Zighera, accomplished first harpist of the orchestra, by the little known French lude and dance for harp with orchestra by the little known French composer, Marcel Tournier.

MOUSSORGSKY'S PRELUDE

In detail this amiable list assembled Moussorgsky's prelude to the opera "Khovantchina," Rimsky-Korsakov's musical picture, "Sadko," the piece by Tournier aforementioned, the second suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe," and lastly Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," hitherto absent from the Symphony programmes since the coming of Dr. Koussevitzky. Music, all of this, in which conductor and orchestra naturally excel, and played yesterday with remarkable brilliance and finish. That the audience received some of it rather coolly may be attributed in part to a lack of contrast and diversity of appeal.

Viewed in retrospect, the most vital piece of the afternoon was Moussorgsky's prelude. Notable composers each were Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky and Nicolai Andreievitch Rimsky-Korsakov, but in combination they surpassed in certain respects their separate selves. Let Moussorgsky furnish the musical ideas and Rimsky-Korsakov the instrumentation, as in this prelude to "Khovantchina" or in "Boris," and there emerges a work of which neither would have been capable single-handed. "Sadko" is, of course, not a composition by which Rimsky-Korsakov may fairly be judged. As the first Russian symphonic poem it is of greater historic than actual importance, despite much in the score that is undeniably attractive. The essential Rimsky was to come later.

Monsieur Tournier's piece, to continue, is of itself of little interest, but it afforded Mr. Zighera a chance to display his undoubted prowess in the full glare of the spotlight, and the audience, which always welcomes a soloist, applauded him heartily.

The performance yesterday of Ravel's Suite was one of extraordinary virtuosity, of glowing and effulgent tone. Yet it fell upon ears relatively indifferent. Is it not possible that Ravel's music in general and "Daphnis and Chloe" in particular, has of late years been played over-frequently in Symphony Hall?

The New World Again

Finally, to exemplify the tragic mortality of music, there came Dvorak with a symphony once admired, not only in the new world which inspired it, but likewise in the old, and that after but 36 years has become scarcely more than an exaltation of the trite and obvious.

In justice to the composer as well as to the performance, however, it must be added that a portion of yesterday's audience found such pleasure in this symphony that it recalled the conductor to the stage and prevailed upon him to bring the players to their feet.

Bernard Zighera, the young first harp of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who is to be the soloist at the next pair of concerts, was born in Paris in April 1904, of a Roumanian father and a Polish mother. It is an interesting fact that although his parents were not particularly musical, Zighera has two brothers who have won distinction rivalling his in the musical world. Alfred Zighera is one of the players in the 'cello section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Leon Zighera is a violin virtuoso in Europe.

Bernard Zighera studied at the Paris Conservatory under Tournier, the famous harpist whose composition is to be played next Friday and Saturday. The piece, entitled "Feerie," was played in February, 1926, at the Theatre de L'Ouvre at a concert by the quartet of Leon Zighera, which bore his name. The coming performance, however, is the first with full orchestral accompaniment. Bernard Zighera took first prize both in harp and piano at the Paris Conservatory, and he has played important piano parts in Boston Symphony concerts, but now concentrates all his energies to his duties as first harp, an increasingly important position in modern music.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Moussorgsky, prelude to the opera, "Khovanstchina," Rimsky-Korsakov, "Sadko" Tournier, "Ferie" —prelude and dance for harp and orchestra (first performance with orchestra). Ravel, second suite from "Daphnis and Chloe." Dvorak, symphony No. 5, "From the New World."

Without doubt Rimsky-Korsakov, editing Moussorgsky's score left unfinished at his death, rewriting, adding, cutting, turned this prelude into a thing of beauty chiefly by the charm of his instrumentation. It would be interesting to see Moussorgsky's sketch for this Prelude as it would be to hear Rimsky-Korsakov's original version of "Sadko"—which was composed as early as 1867. The revision was in 1891 and the reviser had learned much in the years between. Yesterday the Prelude stirred the imagination of the hearer and not only because it is associated with a scene in the Kremlin's Red Square. One not knowing the opera might be curious concerning the significance of solemn strains that stand out from a purely pictorial background. Kremlin or no Kremlin, the music was a pleasure to ear and mind, and Philistines would not be alone in saying: "That's what music is for." Down went Sadko like McGinty to the bottom of the sea. He played for the dancers there. The music is picturesque, though it does not show Rimsky at his best.

Ravel's Suite is if it had been planned with the express purpose of displaying the euphony, sonority, brilliance and clasticity of the remarkable orchestra conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky. On can easily think that led by a respectable but prosaic man of routine experience the music itself might occasionally seem purposeless, if not trite, especially as it does not in the concert hall accompany action in an appropriate stage setting. As played under the conditions stated—a virtuoso orchestra with an understanding, poetic, magnetic conductor in full sympathy with the composer—it is to be so beautiful in the actual performance?"

David played the harp until Saul threw a javelin at him, but David probably improvised. Some of us remember the dreary compositions that skilled harpists were obliged to play, for composers of high standing wrote little for them, and the harpists themselves when they were forced to compose thought first of their own technical ability and shaped their music accordingly. The instrument was favored in drawing rooms at a time when a woman with sculptural arms, a neck of dazzling whiteness—blonde harpists were preferred—strummed the wires and sang, not always tunefully, "Love not, ye hapless sons of clay"—and attentive swains would in sugared compliments beg another song—"Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise." But composers today take the harp seriously and write seriously for it, especially as an orchestral instrument. A harpist is now expected to be a musician as well as a master of his instrument. Tournier's "Feerie" is written by a musician, who is also a harpist and a teacher of the harp. He may well be proud of his pupil, Mr. Zighera, whose musical proficiency and technical skill were warmly and justly applauded yesterday.

Dvorak's symphony, which once excited controversy, had not been played here by the Symphony Orchestra since March, 1920. Today there is little or no talk about its origin, which at the time the symphony was first performed was misunderstood, especially by those who shouted its praise, screaming: "It's 100 per cent. American." The symphony is popular. The tunes are obvious. Some of them can be hummed and whistled as one is leaving the hall. There are otherwise interesting pages in the work. But when Dvorak was on his native soil, he rose to a greater height as a composer, than when he composed an oratorio for England and a symphony for the United States. The performance yesterday was all that could be asked, and the audience was greatly pleased.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is thus announced: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Beethoven, symphony No. B flat major; Bloch, "Schelomo" Solomon) Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello (Felix Salmond), and orchestra; Gliere, "The Saporotchky Cossacks"; symphonic tone picture-ballet (first time here).

AUSTRAL SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Wagner Program Given to Aid Pension Fund

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the first of its annual concerts in aid of the pension fund for retired players yesterday afternoon. An audience which filled Symphony Hall applauded orchestra, conductor and the soloist, Florence Austral, at every opportunity. Miss Austral's voice, one of the greatest this generation has heard, and her admirable singing of three Wagner excerpts, the best Wagner singing heard in Boston in concert in many a long year, made this concert memorable.

Dr Koussevitzky arranged a program which illustrated the development of Wagner's genius. It began with the overture and "Senta's Ballad," from "The Flying Dutchman." The other numbers were the Bacchanale and Elisabeth's "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser," the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," the "Ride of the Valkyries," and the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan."

As always it seemed incredible that the same man who, in the 1840's, wrote "The Flying Dutchman," with its commonplace harmonies and noisy orchestration, could 20 years later rise to the height of the excerpts from "Meistersinger" and "Tristan." In the work of no other great composer is there such a gulf between his early and his later music.

Miss Austral has one of the finest dramatic soprano voices now to be heard anywhere in the world, with a phenomenal volume and a ringing intensity of quality that make it almost ideally suited to Wagner. She uses her voice with musical and dramatic intelligence of a very high order. Nobody within the memory of persons under 40 has sung "Dich, Theure Halle" and the "Liebestod" in Boston, either in opera or in concert, so well as Miss Austral sang them yesterday.

It is strange that so great a singer, with many outstanding successes in Wagner in European opera houses to her credit, should not have been heard in opera in the United States. The only Wagnerian soprano comparable to her whom Boston has heard in recent years is Frida Leider, now an ornament of the Chicago Civic Opera. But Miss Leider's voice has not the phenomenal power of Miss Austral's.

Enthusiasm over a great singer, in a day when great singers with great voices are the rarest of visitors to our concert halls, should not lead anyone into taking as a mere matter of course the greatness of the Boston Syphony Orchestra. The other day the pianist Iturbi remarked to an interviewer that three of the four finest orchestras in the world were in America.

The four greatest orchestras, according to Iturbi, whose triumphantly successful career has brought him solo appearances with orchestras the world over, are the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, and Amsterdam Concertgebouw. He tactfully refrained from ranking the four in order of excellence.

The Boston Symphony under Dr Koussevitzky has by common consent regained its proud position among the world's greatest, unsurpassed anywhere. Its playing yesterday, as always these days, proved its right to be counted among the most superb of the instruments upon which celebrated conductors perform.

Wagner, however, is not a composer in whose music Dr Koussevitzky excels. Yesterday the latter part of the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," and the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" were taken at a pace strangely slow and in a mood inappropriately languishing. Nor was the interpretation of the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" an artistic triumph comparable to those scored by Dr Koussevitzky in such things as Ravel's Bolero and Tchaikovsky's "1812." The conductor was at his best yesterday in the sound and fury of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. P. R.

HARP SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bernard Zighera Plays Tournier's "Feerie"

Dr Koussevitzky Interprets Dvorak's "New World" Symphony

Bernard Zighera, first harpist of the Boston Symphony, appeared as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, playing a composition by his teacher, Marcel Tournier, professor in the Paris Conservatoire, entitled "Feerie." The program, altered from that announced in advance, began with the overture to Musorgsky's opera "Khovantchina" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko." It concluded with Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, which Dr Koussevitzky had not previously conducted in Boston.

Mr Zighera, as those who have listened to his playing in the orchestra will not need be told, is a fine harpist. Tournier in the little prelude and dance entitled "Feerie" has written music agreeable enough to listen to if lacking in musical distinction. It goes without saying that the performer is given ample opportunity to display his virtuosity. There were many recalls from a pleased and demonstrative audience.

The general public is unquestionably delighted at the chance to listen to an occasional harp solo. Yet one cannot but feel the harp to be a monotonous instrument when brought into prominence throughout a piece, effective as it is in its usual subordinate place in the orchestra. One had as lief hear a solo on the contrabassoon as a harp solo.

The prelude to "Khovantchina," which depicts dawn in the Kremlin at Moscow, is music which gives Dr Koussevitzky full scope for his remarkable gift of dramatic and pictorial interpretation. The listener, however skeptical he may be about the possibility of tone painting, cannot but be impressed by a reading as eloquent as yesterday's. That Dr Koussevitzky fully believes in the possibility of evoking pictures and stories in the minds of listeners to music seems certain. Such pieces as this prelude almost invariably show him at his best.

Yesterday's program was, as more than one of Dr Koussevitzky's programs this season have been, apparently chosen with a view to artistic unity. This way of planning a concert with a view to its total effect on the listener, instead of grouping pieces on a program haphazard, is commendable. Slavic composers of the last quarter of the 19th century occupied the whole concert, save for the brief and musically not highly significant harp solo.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," an attempt to make music tell an elaborate Russian legend about a shipwrecked mariner, sounded yesterday curiously old fashioned. Not all Dr Koussevitzky's eloquence and fervor could make one think of the legend that suggested the piece and ignore its defects as music, its meaningless repetition of themes which lack the intrinsic interest of those in "Scheherezade," its relatively colorless orchestration.

Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, about which commentators discoursed so learnedly and so lengthily when it was an epoch-making novelty, back in the 1890s, also sounded very old-fashioned yesterday. Its composer, a Czech peasant, had an apparent inexhaustible, but wholly naive and unlitical musical gift. For this symphony he used themes which, though holly his own inventions, suggest at mes the American Negro tunes he ard during his sojourn in the United ates. Many of them are sufficiently gratiating to have won for this symony wide popularity. Its slow ovement has become what some iblishers would call "a popular clas-." The orchestration, though simple, also highly effective. But again the ndency to meaningless repetition, id the lack of elaborate musical ructure that are the universal deets of Slavic music have now beme painfully obvious.

Compare this symphony with one of aydn's. Haydn was also of peasant origin, and, as Sir Henry Hadow has shown, strongly influenced by Croatian folk tunes. Haydn's music seems like Dvorak's to have been written with effortless ease. But Haydn had a far subtler and finer musical gift than Dvorak. He could not merely invent lovely themes, he could build from them admirable and by no means naive musical structures. Haydn is still a genuine classic, which merely means that his music can be heard repeatedly with permanent and increasing delight. But Dvorak and Rimsky have begun already to pall on many musical listeners, so that their music may not last.

Dr Koussevitzky had his own notions, as usual, about tempi and dynamics. He made of all these pieces something eloquent, something impressive, something persuasive, but sometimes did it by violating the letter and spirit of the printed texts. He claims for the interpreter a greater and more prominent role than one persuades that nothing should stand between composer and listener is willing to grant him.

The program announced for next week includes Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Bloch's "Solomon," for 'cello and orchestra, and Gliere's "Saporotchky Cossacks." The soloist is to be Felix Salmond. P. R.

Concert-Chronicle

Harpist's Day

PREPARING a light program for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky began it with a "Little Suite" by Roussel. Hearing the piece, he found it unsuited to his purpose and deferred it to a later pair of concerts. For it he substitutes two familiar Russian numbers—the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantschina," Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-poem, "Sadko." For new piece there remains only Tournier's "Faerie," with subtitle, "Prelude and Dance for Harp." It will be played—the strings of the orchestra assisting—by Bernard Zighera, familiar figure "at these concerts" with either harp or piano.

About "Faerie," A. H. M. sends his customary note: Marcel Tournier, one of whose chamber-pieces was played last month in Boston at a Flute-Players' concert, is professor of the harp in the Conservatory at Paris. He was born in 1879; received a "first prize" at the Conservatory in 1899; won the "Prix de Rome" in 1909, and succeeded Hasselmans as professor in 1912. He writes extensively and pleasingly for his chosen instrument. . . . The chief interest of "Faerie" lies in the solo-part. The orchestral score is slight. The harmonies, to the present-day ear, are only mildly dissonant, as becomes a piece written well before the late war. After introductory measures a very simple melody forms the basis of many harp figurations, arpeggios, broken chords, devices which sound well and are the natural language of the instrument. One becomes aware that "harp-style," as a is called, has much in common with "prelude-style" as laid down by many a master since the days of Sebastian Bach. The Prelude runs through a "Très modére," the dance begins with an "Allegretto scherzando." There are measures of obvious dance-accompaniment, and a sprightly dance-figure emerges, the chief theme of the dance. Several times the music broadens to lyric utterance. Each time the dance-theme returns. Once, such broadening, rising to greater heights than before, carries the significant direction "Chaleureux." At the close there are again the characteristic harp-arpeggios, a moment of pianissimo, and then a steady climax and end.

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MOUSSORGSKY'S PRELUDE

In detail this amiable list assembled Moussorgsky's prelude to the opera "Khovantchina," Rimsky-Korsakov's musical picture, "Sadko," the piece by Tournier aforementioned, the second suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe," and lastly Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," hitherto absent from the Symphony programmes since the coming of Dr. Koussevitzky. Music, all of this, in which conductor and orchestra naturally excel, and played yesterday with remarkable brilliance and finish. That the audience received some of it rather coolly may be attributed in part to a lack of contrast and diversity of appeal.

Viewed in retrospect, the most vital piece of the afternoon was Moussorgsky's prelude. Notable composers each were Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky and Nicolai Andreievitch Rimsky-Korsakov, but in combination they surpassed in certain respects their separate selves. Let Moussorgsky furnish the musical ideas and Rimsky-Korsakov the instrumentation, as in this prelude to "Khovantchina" or in "Boris," and there emerges a work of which neither would have been capable single-handed. "Sadko" is, of course, not a composition by which Rimsky-Korsakov may fairly be judged. As the first Russian symphonic poem it is of greater historic than actual importance, despite much in the score that is undeniably attractive. The essential Rimsky was to come later.

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The New World Again

Finally, to exemplify the tragic mortality of music, there came Dvorak with a symphony once admired, not only in the new world which inspired it, but likewise in the old, and that after but 36 years has become scarcely more than an exaltation of the trite and obvious.

In justice to the composer as well as to the performance, however, it must be added that a portion of yesterday's audience found such pleasure in this symphony that it recalled the conductor to the stage and prevailed upon him to bring the players to their feet.

Globe Dec

Bernard Zighera, the young first harp of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who is to be the soloist at the next pair of concerts, was born in Paris in April 1904, of a Roumanian father and a Polish mother. It is an interesting fact that although his parents were not particularly musical, Zighera has two brothers who have won distinction rivalling his in the musical world. Alfred Zighera is one of the players in the 'cello section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Leon Zighera is a violin virtuoso in Europe.

Bernard Zighera studied at the Paris Conservatory under Tournier, the famous harpist whose composition is to be played next Friday and Saturday. The piece, entitled "Feerie," was played in February, 1926, at the Theatre de L'Ouvre at a concert by the quartet of Leon Zighera, which bore his name. The coming performance, however, is the first with full orchestral accompaniment. Bernard Zighera took first prize both in harp and piano at the Paris Conservatory, and he has played important piano parts in Boston Symphony concerts, but now concentrates all his energies to his duties as first harp, an increasingly important position in modern music.

MUSIC

Record Dec 27

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Moussorgsky, prelude to the opera, "Khovanstchina," Rimsky-Korsakov, "Sadko" Tournier, "Ferie"—prelude and dance for harp and orchestra (first performance with orchestra). Ravel, second suite from "Daphnis and Chloe." Dvorak, symphony No. 5, "From the New World."

Without doubt Rimsky-Korsakov, editing Moussorgsky's score left unfinished at his death, rewriting, adding, cutting, turned this prelude into a thing of beauty chiefly by the charm of his instrumentation. It would be interesting to see Moussorgsky's sketch for this Prelude as it would be to hear Rimsky-Korsakov's original version of "Sadko"—which was composed as early as 1867. The revision was in 1891 and the reviser had learned much in the years between. Yesterday the Prelude stirred the imagination of the hearer and not only because it is associated with a scene in the Kremlin's Red Square. One not knowing the opera might be curious concerning the significance of solemn strains that stand out from a purely pictorial background. Kremlin or no Kremlin, the music was a pleasure to ear and mind, and Philistines would not be alone in saying: "That's what music is for." Down went Sadko like McGinty to the bottom of the sea. He played for the dancers there. The music is picturesque, though it does not show Rimsky at his best.

Ravel's Suite is if it had been planned with the express purpose of displaying the euphony, sonority, brilliance and clasticity of the remarkable orchestra conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky. On can easily think that led by a respectable but prosaic man of routine experience the music itself might occasionally seem purposeless, if not trite, especially as it does not in the concert hall accompany action in an appropriate stage setting. As played under the conditions stated—a virtuoso orchestra with an understanding, poetic, magnetic conductor in full sympathy with the composer—the music has kaleidescopic beauty, the performance is incomparable. One might ask whether in this instance a conductor and his men do not with the material produce such glowing effects that Ravel, if he were listening, might say to himself: "Did I really write this music? Did I expect it to be so beautiful in the actual performance?"

David played the harp until Saul threw a javelin at him, but David probably improvised. Some of us remember the dreary compositions that skilled harpists were obliged to play, for composers of high standing wrote little for them, and the harpists themselves when they were forced to compose thought first of their own technical ability and shaped their music accordingly. The instrument was favored in drawing rooms at a time when a woman with sculptural arms, a neck of dazzling whiteness—blonde harpists were preferred—strummed the wires and sang, not always tunefully, "Love not, ye hapless sons of clay"—and attentive swains would in sugared compliments beg another song—"Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise." But composers today take the harp seriously and write seriously for it, especially as an orchestral instrument. A harpist is now expected to be a musician as well as a master of his instrument. Tournier's "Feerie" is written by a musician, who is also a harpist and a teacher of the harp. He may well be proud of his pupil, Mr. Zighera, whose musical proficiency and technical skill were warmly and justly applauded yesterday.

Dvorak's symphony, which once excited controversy, had not been played here by the Symphony Orchestra since March, 1920. Today there is little or no talk about its origin, which at the time the symphony was first performed was misunderstood especially by those who shouted its praise, screaming: "It's 100 per cent. American." The symphony is popular. The tunes are obvious. Some of them can be hummed and whistled as one is leaving the hall. There are otherwise interesting pages in the work. But when Dvorak was on his native soil, he rose to a greater height as a composer, than when he composed an oratorio for England and a symphony for the United States. The performance yesterday was all that could be asked, and the audience was greatly pleased.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is thus announced: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Beethoven, symphony No. 4, B flat major; Bloch, "Schelomo" (Solomon) Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello (Felix Salmond), and orchestra; Gliere, "The Saporotchky Cossacks"; symphonic tone picture-ballet (first time here).

est this generation has heard, and her admirable singing of three Wagner excerpts, the best Wagner singing heard in Boston in concert in many a long year, made this concert memorable.

Dr Koussevitzky arranged a program which illustrated the development of Wagner's genius. It began with the overture and "Senta's Ballad," from "The Flying Dutchman." The other numbers were the Bacchanale and Elisabeth's "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," the "Ride of the Valkyries," and the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan."

As always it seemed incredible that the same man who, in the 1840's, wrote "The Flying Dutchman," with its commonplace harmonies and noisy orchestration, could 20 years later rise to the height of the excerpts from "Meistersinger" and "Tristan." In the work of no other great composer is there such a gulf between his early and his later music.

Miss Austral has one of the finest dramatic soprano voices now to be heard anywhere in the world, with a phenomenal volume and a ringing intensity of quality that make it almost ideally suited to Wagner. She uses her voice with musical and dramatic intelligence of a very high order. Nobody within the memory of persons under 40 has sung "Dich, Theure Halle" and the "Liebestod" in Boston, either in opera or in concert, so well as Miss Austral sang them yesterday.

It is strange that so great a singer, with many outstanding successes in Wagner in European opera houses to her credit, should not have been heard in opera in the United States. The only Wagnerian soprano comparable to her whom Boston has heard in recent years is Frida Leider, now an ornament of the Chicago Civic Opera. But Miss Leider's voice has not the phenomenal power of Miss Austral's.

Enthusiasm over a great singer, in a day when great singers with great voices are the rarest of visitors to our concert halls, should not lead anyone into taking as a mere matter of course the greatness of the Boston Syphony Orchestra. The other day the pianist Iturbi remarked to an interviewer that three of the four finest orchestras in the world were in America.

The four greatest orchestras, according to Iturbi, whose triumphantly successful career has brought him solo appearances with orchestras the world over, are the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, and Amsterdam Concertgeboeuw. He tactfully refrained from ranking the four in order of excellence.

The Boston Symphony under Dr Koussevitzky has by common consent regained its proud position among the world's greatest, unsurpassed anywhere. Its playing yesterday, as always these days, proved its right to be counted among the most superb of the instruments upon which celebrated conductors perform.

Wagner, however, is not a composer in whose music Dr Koussevitzky excels. Yesterday the latter part of the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," and the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" were taken at a pace strangely slow and in a mood inappropriately languishing. Nor was the interpretation of the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" an artistic triumph comparable to those scored by Dr Koussevitzky in such things as Ravel's Bolero and Tchaikovsky's "1812." The conductor was at his best yesterday in the sound and fury of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. P. R.

STOUGHTON, Dec 29—In one of two automobile accidents here tonight, Miss Laura Malinda A. Robichaud, 21, of this town was seriously injured and her name was placed on the danger list.

Lucier's body was ordered removed to a local undertaking establishment by Medical Examiner Albert J. McRea.

STOUGHTON WOMAN KILLED BY TAXICAB

HARP SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bernard Zighera Plays Tournier's "Feerie"

Dr Koussevitzky Interprets Dvorak's "New World" Symphony

Globe Dec 27

Bernard Zighera, first harpist of the Boston Symphony, appeared as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, playing a composition by his teacher, Marcel Tournier, professor in the Paris Conservatoire, entitled "Feerie." The program, altered from that announced in advance, began with the overture to Musorgsky's opera "Khovantchina" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko." It concluded with Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, which Dr Koussevitzky had not previously conducted in Boston.

Mr Zighera, as those who have listened to his playing in the orchestra will not need be told, is a fine harpist. Tournier in the little prelude and dance entitled "Feerie" has written music agreeable enough to listen to if lacking in musical distinction. It goes without saying that the performer is given ample opportunity to display his virtuosity. There were many recalls from a pleased and demonstrative audience.

The general public is unquestionably delighted at the chance to listen to an occasional harp solo. Yet one cannot but feel the harp to be a monotonous instrument when brought into prominence throughout a piece, effective as it is in its usual subordinate place in the orchestra. One had as lief hear a solo on the contrabassoon as a harp solo.

The prelude to "Khovantchina," which depicts dawn in the Kremlin at Moscow, is music which gives Dr Koussevitzky full scope for his remarkable gift of dramatic and pictorial interpretation. The listener, however skeptical he may be about the possibility of tone painting, cannot but be impressed by a reading as eloquent as yesterday's. That Dr Koussevitzky fully believes in the possibility of evoking pictures and stories in the minds of listeners to music seems certain. Such pieces as this prelude almost invariably show him at his best.

Yesterday's program was, as more than one of Dr Koussevitzky's programs this season have been, apparently chosen with a view to artistic unity. This way of planning a concert with a view to its total effect on the listener, instead of grouping pieces on a program haphazard, is commendable. Slavic composers of the last quarter of the 19th century occupied the whole concert, save for the brief and musically not highly significant harp solo.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," an attempt to make music tell an elaborate Russian legend about a shipwrecked mariner, sounded yesterday curiously old fashioned. Not all Dr Koussevitzky's eloquence and fervor could make one think of the legend that suggested the piece and ignore its defects as music, its meaningless repetition of themes which lack the intrinsic interest of those in "Scheherezade," its relatively colorless orchestration.

Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, about which commentators discoursed so learnedly and so lengthily when it was an epoch-making novelty, back in the 1890s, also sounded very old-fashioned yesterday. Its composer, a Czech peasant, had an apparent inexhaustible, but wholly naive and unlyrical musical gift. For this symphony he used themes which, though wholly his own inventions, suggest at times the American Negro tunes he heard during his sojourn in the United States. Many of them are sufficiently ingratiating to have won for this symphony wide popularity. Its slow movement has become what some publishers would call "a popular classic." The orchestration, though simple, is also highly effective. But again the tendency to meaningless repetition, and the lack of elaborate musical structure that are the universal defects of Slavic music have now become painfully obvious.

Compare this symphony with one of Haydn's. Haydn was also of peasant origin, and, as Sir Henry Hadow has shown, strongly influenced by Croatian folk tunes. Haydn's music seems like Dvorak's to have been written with effortless ease. But Haydn had a far subtler and finer musical gift than Dvorak. He could not merely invent lovely themes, he could build from them admirable and by no means naive musical structures. Haydn is still a genuine classic, which merely means that his music can be heard repeatedly with permanent and increasing delight. But Dvorak and Rimsky have begun already to pall on many musical listeners, so that their music may not last.

Dr Koussevitzky had his own notions, as usual, about tempi and dynamics. He made of all these pieces something eloquent, something impressive, something persuasive, but sometimes did it by violating the letter and spirit of the printed texts. He claims for the interpreter a greater and more prominent role than one persuades that nothing should stand between composer and listener is willing to grant him.

The program announced for next week includes Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Bloch's "Solomon," for 'cello and orchestra, and Gliere's "Saporotchky Cossacks." The soloist is to be Felix Salmond. P. R.

A Matinee Of Bon-Bons and Sweet Sounds

Dr. Koussevitzky with Mr. Zighera and His Harp To Assist

WHAT an afternoon of bon-bons . . . It was a stray remark from the corridors after yesterday's concert at Symphony Hall. Which corridors are to the observant a treasure house of reactions, a mine of points of view. And if one of the observant perchance has the pleasant duty of making "copy" of programs and performances, companies of hearers and responses from those hearers, those same corridors may become for him a veritable Bible of texts. And thus for the day a "text" has been chosen.

Bon-bons—confections; let us see. In the course of the afternoon twice the rising dawn was evoked; once the surface of a gentle sea yielded its picture; lovers made sport to the tones of a liquid flute; while other beings, product of romantic imaginings, held court at the bottom of the sea; a shining harp was brought to stand beside the conductor for all to see and hear; and lately, a string of "tunes" was made by clever hands into a symphony. Or, for the prosacic record—the rising dawn once was prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantschina"; again it was first of the excerpts from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," which also yielded the silver flute and the pastoral dancers; the sea and the goings-on beneath the sea were Rimsky-Korsakov's "musical picture," "Sadko"; upon the golden harp Mr. Zighera ably played Monsieur Tournier's "Féerie"; and the symphony which was also "tunes," was Dr. Antonin Dvorak's symphony, No. 5 in E minor, better known as the "New World Symphony:"

Thus ran a pleasant afternoon, with not a thing to disturb the most timid. Yes, there were climaxes; no music can proceed without its periodic ebb and flow, its heights and depths. But these heights were not the towering Rockies with bold crags and gouged canyons; these were the older Alleghenies, with peaks eroded and valleys filled in with the wash from the mountain-tops. Or, to change violently the figure and resort to homely simile, these climaxes scarce caused a tempest in a teapot, they were rather the natural rise and fall of a thermometer on a calm fleckless summer's day—brought indoors in mid-December.

And yet—one should pause a bit. Why should this little old year of 1929 thus complacently deliver itself of its smug assurances? A decade or two, a mere score of years or two, have wrought mighty change. Count back only two years more than a decade and Boston was first hearing its "Daphnis and Chloe," and oldsters were sitting on needles and youngsters were straightening their spines at its audacities, for in 1918 it was in the very vanguard of the "advanced"; and count back a half-decade farther and this same ballet brought dissension between composer and producer, Ravel and Diaghilev. Bon-bon indeed! Or go back less than two score of years, within the easy memory of many who sit before the orchestra on Fridays (less who sit there on Saturdays), and another of these "bon-bons" is a bone of contention. The program-book yesterday was full of reflections of the battle of pen against pen. The learned were trying to discover whether the Bohemian Dr. Dvorak had used negro tunes for the making of an "American" symphony; leaving in the background the more important question of whether a Bohemian can, in the very nature of the case, write "American" music, and to what extent Negroid melodies are indeed "American." Which dissensions may well be allowed to rest in peace. The point being that within the easy span of a single lifetime this symphony was as much and perhaps more an issue than is at present the latest problem-work of a Stravinsky or a Honegger or a Schoenberg. Nor does one have to go back to the eighteen-nineties for such opinion. Our young lions will roar to be reminded that not later than 1918 one of the best of commentators from the ranks of the teaching fraternity thus delivered himself on the subject of the last measures of this symphony: "The end comes with the savagest, most ear-devastating harmonies, like the cries of lost souls." And now the corridors of Symphony hall call it a "bon-bon."

Truth to tell, Dr. Koussevitzky, in the assembling of this program was but exercising the same catholicity in program-making which he has shown during his entire stay in Boston. It may be exercised in many ways. The component parts of an audience are various. While one is agreeably stimulated, another is painfully lacerated; while one smilingly remembers the good old days, another is lulled to sleep. Both may be satisfied by placing numbers of both kinds on a single program. Or, some programs may be for the one group while others are for the other. The present generation places possibly undue emphasis upon suspense and excitement; it has often had its day in Symphony Hall. An older generation prefers wistfulness, and memories, and pleasant sounds; it had its day yesterday. Certainly one in ten years (it was last played in 1920) the "New World Symphony" deserves hearing. And how best frame it than with music of not too great disparity with it? That the afternoon was enjoyed was evident from the hand-clapping at the end. For while suburbanites and modernists (what a combination!) were rushing to the doors a large company ardently recalled conductor time after time until he bade the orchestra rise to its feet. In a well appointed day (or year) there is a place for "bon-bons."

Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov or Ravel is well known. Be they writing of the shining sea or the rising dawn, he polishes and makes bright and effulgent their tonal surfaces. Light is reflected from them. They shine. Is the dawn rising, they grow in splendor, as with the clear-skied Musorgsky; or, they radiate more and more warmth (not heat, be it remembered) as in the unfolding measures of Ravel. Is there sudden change of scene, as in "Sadko," a drum-beat quickly whisks one from undulating surfaces into realms of magic. And the new mood is as suddenly upon one as if by a stroke of legerdemain. Is there dancing, as of nymphs and shepherds and bacchantes, Dr. Koussevitzky, even as Ravel, furnishes stimulus, rises with the dancers to the tumult of joy.

Marcel Tournier is, of course, virtuoso composer, very much virtuoso-composer. He knows his harp and, disdaining the vaudeville tricks with which others seem to find it necessary to deck it out, writes pleasingly and effectively for it. His piece fits into the afternoon's program. And Mr. Zighera, who for some years has labored in semi-obscurity behind violas and near bass drums is for once heard as able virtuoso on his own account. By no means small was his portion of the applause.

What would Dr. Koussevitzky do with Dr. Dvorak's symphony, it was asked. First of all, he gave it performance remarkable for its clarity, for excellent proportioning of parts to each other, to the whole. Straightforward, virile, was the theme of ascending and descending arpeggii. The succeeding one, in G minor, might as well have been Oriental as Negroid. Or do our ears still hear as "Oriental" anything of a certain type of the exotic, regardless of its origin? A "Largo" which has become the stock-in-trade of all sorts and conditions of musicians and near-musicians (perhaps a coined opposite, far-musicians, would be more truthful word), came with exquisite taste. The English horn of Mr. Speyer, gently guided by the hand of the conductor, avoided both pitfalls; it neither over-sentimentalized by too slow tempo, nor lost one whit of its melancholy. And with succeeding themes Dr. Koussevitzky was equally apt, even through the incongruous ballet-like measures which serve to introduce a reference to the main theme of the symphony, and through it to the English horn solo.

But the scherzo proved, of all the movements most akin to our own age. We are living in a scherzo-day. Probably not the day of Dvorak, not the day and the way of any of his most ardent admirers (and he was a great lion himself, at one time) could summon so well the scherzo-mood as did Dr. Koussevitzky. To the modernists in the audience it must have been like a breath of fresh air amid the perfumes emanating from—well—the "bon-bons." And in the last movement, almost Chaikovskian, resounded the proclamation which is its chief theme. Less slender than the other movements, it gave Dr. Koussevitzky opportunity for real climax with this symphony. While the youngsters who thought Dvorak's "old hat," but who are too young to have heard him in the absence of these ten years, must have opened surprised eyes and ears at the quotation of earlier themes in the later movements, and perhaps at the simultaneous appearance of two themes, re-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

BOSTON SYMPHONY PRESENTS CONCERT

Second in Series for Providence Patrons Given at Albee.

On paper it looked overwhelmingly Russian, that program which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, played last evening as the second of its series of concerts for the season 1929-30 in the E. F. Albee Theatre. But it was devoid of that monotony that anyone but a Russian enthusiast is apt to experience in such a musical offering.

The program:

1. Vivaldi—Concerto in D minor for Orchestra
   (Edited by A. Siloti)
   I. Maestoso
   II. Largo
   III. Allegro

2. Stravinsky — Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"), a Danced Legend
   I. Introduction: Katschei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire-Bird
   II. Supplication of the Fire-Bird
   III. The Princesses Play with the Golden Apples
   IV. Dance of the Princess
   V. Informal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei

3. Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 6 in B minor ("Pathetic"), Opus 74
   I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
   II. Allegro con grazia
   III. Allegro molto vivace
   IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

While there was the Russian sombreness of outlook and poignancy of expression, there was also much that was bright and vivid and many colored. Our music was free from the morbid pessimism that regards life as a victim driven by a pitiless destiny that shapes its ends rough.

True, the little Vivaldi concerto in D minor had much to do with giving the affair a non-partisan start. Vivaldi was not addicted to psychological cataclysms nor hopeless yearnings for what the gods had neglected to create. His music is rather a fine expression of the movement and pomp of life, proceeding with a dignity and a sense of power that belong to those who live their own lives in the sunshine. Shadows are things that pass, while sorrow is an accident; freedom from care is natural. And this mood culminates at intervals in a joy that does not fear to make itself heard lest the jealous divinity fire the thunderbolt as the penalty for such presumption.

Non-Contemptuous Familiarity

Stravinsky's Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu," a danced legend, is no longer the startling thing that it was at first. We realize the legend element in it now, and instead of sitting spellbound by its magic, we wander through the many enchanted gardens of our memory wherein that of Katschei's becomes merely one of the many rather than the one supreme site of enchantment.

The beauty of Stravinsky's music seems to lie in its color and its movement, as well as its riot of instrumentation. The tropical flowers are all a-bloom, gorgeous, but without scent, often a dissonance of hues seen from afar by one as in a dream, where the dreamer hesitates and wonders if he prefer this or this.

And in the midst of the color is the movement, now the poising and swoop of wings, and now the insinuating subtlety of the serpent at times growing heavy under the ill-contrived pretex of m[illegible]nster.

With the Magic Feather

But as real music to give joy to the ears it has much to seek. Honeybees and wasps and hornets for stinging; strange leaps and glistening cries that cling to the note for the note's sake; the sound of wet fingers upon glass in the strings; the small woodwind making a sound of birds dusting themselves in the sand, startled by a lovely reminiscence from Debussy; a brief melody on the 'cello, so lovely that everyone had to repeat it in turn, and the old serpent writhed and struck and fell to the ground, and darkness covered his eyes and made him vanish from our vision, fold on fold.

Dr. Koussevitzky has given us a Tschaikowsky changed somewhat in feature, but wholly recognizable for all that. We get a sharper and stronger intellectual force, a certain hardness, a bitterness of reality that breaks at times into a jest, a mixture of the sombre, melting on occasion almost into the genial; and withal an inevitableness that no one would doubt.

Never have we heard his harmonies more firmly set forth, while at the same time held under perfect control; his rhythms, too, were all definite in their movement, at the same time free from the vagueness that some conductors have a habit of imputing to them. His polyphony, under the baton of Dr. Koussevitzky, was that of a powerful master, never in doubt as to structure or expedient.

Unneeded Warnings.

There was little of the instability, the petty irritation, the subject of mood, that they warn us against in Tschaikowsky. Inevitable was the sombre pitch of the minor mood, and all that it gests of fantasy, longing, aspiration doubt; but there was a beauty also that neutralized all of this—a beauty that blunted the malignity of pessimism—casting about itself a spell that was almost benign.

We have been warned against the hypnotism that rises from Tschaikowsky's monotony of rhythm—a monotony that seems like a child's sing-song reading of verse. This, too, was conspicuous in absentia; for even that long pedal point in the 5-4 measure of the second movement ceased to be wild and sinister. It assumed rather an air of purpose and determination than that of hopelessly rocking, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Even the climaxes kept their proper distances. There was little evidence of the sting of the gadfly or the lash of the furies, broken by the loud outcries and the maudlin pianissimos of a mind drunk with its own conceits. There was more of the open air, the big expanse, and the far reaches that Beethoven knew so well how to paint. A bigger and nobler Tschaikowsky, more in sympathy with his fellows—less apprehensive of himself.

M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

WITHOUT WORDS

Perhaps you, too, are haunted by melodies. Tschaikowsky, maybe. Maybe one of those exquisite passages from the B Minor Symphony which the Boston Symphony Orchestra played so beautifully the other night. We were. And to get rid of it ("My Heart's Beloved," that one) we simply had to sing it. Some men marry on the same delightful principle.

Well, do you know, the tune took such hold on us that since then we have sought unfrequented streets where we could more freely swell out on it, the way Dr. Koussevitsky's fiddles did? But sometimes even in more crowded thoroughfares we haven't been able to resist the temptation.

Once—this is really quite comical—the commiserating glances of two shabbily dressed fellows on Exchange Place suggested that our enthusiasm should be more guarded. "Singin' in the rain", we laughed gaily to them, which only made matters worse. They didn't understand. People don't as a rule.

But mark what followed! Seeing a clear stretch of sidewalk ahead, good for at least six uninterrupted measures, we began to hum the strain, softly at first but more fervently as we progressed. And to our surprise we became conscious of someone a pace or two behind us humming along with us, right on the pitch, a sympathetic voice, and, apparently, another enchanted soul.

Remarkable! He (it was a man; that's the one flaw in the story) caught up with us. Emboldened by each other's presence we continued the ravishing melody right into the thick of the pedestrians, and finished it. Then, without a word having been exchanged, we shook hands and parted.

"A case for the police," observed an eminently sane friend of ours. Ah, no. For the gods.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES
JAN 11 1930

BOSTONIANS RETURN

The Boston Symphony, under the direction of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, came back to Brooklyn last night in its second concert of the season's series at the Academy of Music.

It was a brief program that the Boston maestro furnished Brooklyn's music-lovers, but one more than usually distinguished by virtue of its extreme contrasts. From virtuosic brilliancy the concert descended, at its conclusion, to something quite the opposite.

The brightest spot of the program, which had opened with a thoroughly able presentation of Dvorak's New World Symphony, was to be found in the Prelude and Fugue of Pick-Mangiagalli, a composition not often heard, but one that is fully deserving of its respected place in symphony repertoire. Here Dr. Koussevitzky's sensitive strings found an excellent and sympathetic vehicle and the composition, as it flowed from the instruments of the capable Bostonians, was at once charming and inspiring.

None the less beautiful was the spiritual Interlude from Strauss' "Intermezzo," that thoroughly satisfying reverie that displays a totally different Strauss from the composer of "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." It is in this type of music that Dr. Koussevitzky is at his best. So far as last night's performance is concerned, it is something of a pity that the concert should not have ended with the last melodic phrase of the Interlude.

But no, there was a bit of Wagner yet to come and here it is a sad duty to record that Dr. Koussevitzky permitted the dreamy somnolence of the preceding number to carry over into the Prelude to the Meistersingers. The result was something new and original, for it involved the dullest and most spiritless reading of this great work that these ears have ever heard flow over the footlights of a concert stage. Philip Hale's illuminating program notes tell us that a contemporary critic characterized this Prelude as "monotonous" when it was first performed 68 years ago. Were the composition always played as it was last night, the verdict of this now deceased and hard to please luminary would still hold good.

It was, however, an enjoyable concert, even though some of us might be constrained to wonder why Mr. Koussevitzky declined to repeat the new compositions which enraptured all at his last Carnegie Hall appearances—namely, the new Bax symphony and Ravel's "Bolero." Surely Brooklyn music-lovers must want also to hear the best that the best of our contemporaries are producing.

J. C. O.

MUSIC

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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In Tournier's "Féerie" one found a contrast to the Russian music, a contrast of delicacy and grace and swirling lightness. If there was no startling exhibition of originality or any particular indication of the stature of genius in this piece, it did nevertheless suggest the charm and graciousness of the finished technician. The composer is professor of the harp at the Conservatory in Paris and was the teacher of Mr. Zighera, yesterday's soloist. His music is characteristically conceived for the solo instrument and the instrumentation is well handled. A pleasant and dexterous bit, without any pretensions to greatness, it held a creditable place on the program.

Mr. Koussevitzky brings to Ravel's music a warmth and a brilliance which to many listeners is his most interesting manner. He finds all the rhythmic patterns and sets them forth incisively and sharply. He contrasts these rhythms one against another until all the intricate lines merge into one exposition. He accents melodies skillfully. And never does he verge into sentimental ruts, since Ravel's music simply refuses to lend itself thereto. Perhaps the innate irony combined with the sparkling abilities of the composer are Mr. Koussevitzky's best spur. At any rate, few writers route him to similar effectiveness.

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C. S. B.

A Matinee Of Bon-Bons and Sweet Sounds

Dr. Koussevitzky with Mr. Zighera and His Harp To Assist

WHAT an afternoon of bonbons . . . It was a stray remark from the corridors after yesterday's concert at Symphony Hall. Which corridors are to the observant a treasure house of reactions, a mine of points of view. And if one of the observant perchance has the pleasant duty of making "copy" of programs and performances, companies of hearers and responses from those hearers, those same corridors may become for him a veritable Bible of texts. And thus for the day a "text" has been chosen.

Bon-bons—confections; let us see. In the course of the afternoon twice the rising dawn was evoked; once the surface of a gentle sea yielded its picture; lovers made sport to the tones of a liquid flute; while other beings, product of romantic imaginings, held court at the bottom of the sea; a shining harp was brought to stand beside the conductor for all to see and hear; and lately, a string of "tunes" was made by clever hands into a symphony. Or, for the prosaic record—the rising dawn once was prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantschina"; again it was first of the excerpts from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," which also yielded the silver flute and the pastoral dancers; the sea and the goings-on beneath the sea were Rimsky-Korsakov's "musical picture," "Sadko"; upon the golden harp Mr. Zighera ably played Monsieur Tournier's "Féerie"; and the symphony which was also "tunes," was Dr. Antonin Dvorak's symphony, No. 5 in E minor, better known as the "New World Symphony."

Thus ran a pleasant afternoon, with not a thing to disturb the most timid. Yes, there were climaxes; no music can proceed without its periodic ebb and flow, its heights and depths. But these heights were not the towering Rockies with bold crags and gouged canyons; these were the older Alleghenies, with peaks eroded and valleys filled in with the wash from the mountain-tops. Or, to change violently the figure and resort to homely simile, these climaxes scarce caused a tempest in a teapot, they were rather the natural rise and fall of a thermometer on a calm fleckless summer's day—brought indoors in mid-December.

And yet—one should pause a bit. Why should this little old year of 1929 thus complacently deliver itself of its smug assurances? A decade or two, a mere score of years or two, have wrought mighty change. Count back only two years more than a decade and Boston was first hearing its "Daphnis and Chloe," and oldsters were sitting on needles and youngsters were straightening their spines at its audacities, for in 1918 it was in the very vanguard of the "advanced"; and count back a half-decade farther and this same ballet brought dissension between composer and producer, Ravel and Diaghilev. Bon-bon indeed! Or go back less than two score of years, within the easy memory of many who sit before the orchestra on Fridays (less, who sit there on Saturdays), and another of these "bon-bons" is a bone of contention. The program-book yesterday was full of reflections of the battle of pen against pen. The learned were trying to discover whether the Bohemian Dr. Dvorak had used negro tunes for the making of an "American" symphony; leaving in the background the more important question of whether a Bohemian can, in the very nature of the case, write "American" music, and to what extent Negroid melodies are indeed "American." Which dissensions may well be allowed to rest in peace. The point being that within the easy span of a single lifetime this symphony was as much and perhaps more an issue than is at present the latest problem-work of a Stravinsky or a Honegger or a Schoenberg. Nor does one have to go back to the eighteen-nineties for such opinion. Our young lions will roar to be reminded that not later than 1918 one of the best of commentators from the ranks of the teaching fraternity thus delivered himself on the subject of the last measures of this symphony: "The end comes with the savagest, most ear-devastating harmonies, like the cries of lost souls." And now the corridors of Symphony hall call it a "bon-bon."

Truth to tell, Dr. Koussevitzky, in the assembling of this program was but exercising the same catholicity in program-making which he has shown during his entire stay in Boston. It may be exercised in many ways. The component parts of an audience are various. While one is agreeably stimulated, another is painfully lacerated; while one smilingly remembers the good old days, another is lulled to sleep. Both may be satisfied by placing numbers of both kinds on a single program. Or, some programs may be for the one group while others are for the other. The present generation places possibly undue emphasis upon suspense and excitement; it has often had its day in Symphony Hall. An older generation prefers wistfulness, and memories, and pleasant sounds; it had its day yesterday. Certainly one in ten years (it was last played in 1920) the "New World Symphony" deserves hearing. And how best frame it than with music of not too great disparity with it? That the afternoon was enjoyed was evident from the hand-clapping at the end. For while suburbanites and modernists (what a combination!) were rushing to the doors a large company ardently recalled conductor time after time until he bade the orchestra rise to its feet. In a well appointed day (or year) there is a place for "bon-bons."

Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov or Ravel is well known. Be they writing of the shining sea or the rising dawn, he polishes and makes bright and effulgent their tonal surfaces. Light is reflected from them. They shine. Is the dawn rising, they grow in splendor, as with the clear-skied Musorgsky; or, they radiate more and more warmth (not heat, be it remembered) as in the unfolding measures of Ravel. Is there sudden change of scene, as in "Sadko," a drum-beat quickly whisks one from undulating surfaces into realms of magic. And the new mood is as suddenly upon one as if by a stroke of legerdemain. Is there dancing, as of nymphs and shepherds and bacchantes, Dr. Koussevitzky, even as Ravel, furnishes stimulus, rises with the dancers to the tumult of joy.

Marcel Tournier is, of course, virtuoso composer, very much virtuoso-composer. He knows his harp and, disdaining the vaudeville tricks with which others seem to find it necessary to deck it out, writes pleasingly and effectively for it. His piece fits into the afternoon's program. And Mr. Zighera, who for some years has labored in semi-obscurity behind violas and near bass drums is for once heard as able virtuoso on his own account. By no means small was his portion of the applause.

What would Dr. Koussevitzky do with Dr. Dvorak's symphony, it was asked. First of all, he gave it performance remarkable for its clarity, for excellent proportioning of parts to each other, to the whole. Straightforward, virile, was the theme of ascending and descending arpeggii. The succeeding one, in G minor, might as well have been Oriental as Negroid. Or do our ears still hear as "Oriental" anything of a certain type of the exotic, regardless of its origin? A "Largo" which has become the stock-in-trade of all sorts and conditions of musicians and near-musicians (perhaps a coined opposite, far-musicians, would be more truthful word), came with exquisite taste. The English horn of Mr. Speyer, gently guided by the hand of the conductor, avoided both pitfalls; it neither over-sentimentalized by too slow tempo, nor lost one whit of its melancholy. And with succeeding themes Dr. Koussevitzky was equally apt, even through the incongruous ballet-like measures which serve to introduce a reference to the main theme of the symphony, and through it to the English horn solo.

But the scherzo proved, of all the movements most akin to our own age. We are living in a scherzo-day. Probably not the day of Dvorak, not the day and the way of any of his most ardent admirers (and he was a great lion himself, at one time) could summon so well the scherzo-mood as did Dr. Koussevitzky. To the modernists in the audience it must have been like a breath of fresh air amid the perfumes emanating from—well—the "bon-bons." And in the last movement, almost Chaikovskian, resounded the procluamation which is its chief theme. Less slender than the other movements, it gave Dr. Koussevitzky opportunity for real climax with this symphony. While the youngsters who thought Dvorak's "old hat," but who are too young to have heard him in the absence of these ten years, must have opened surprised eyes and ears at the quotation of earlier themes in the later movements, and perhaps at the simultaneous appearance of two themes, regardless of the once new clash of harmonies, which the professor found "devastating."

A. H. M.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

WITHOUT WORDS

Perhaps you, too, are haunted by melodies. Tschaikowsky, maybe. Maybe one of those exquisite passages from the F Minor Symphony which the Boston Symphony Orchestra played so beautifully the other night. We were. And to get rid of it ("My Heart's Beloved," that one) we simply had to sing it. Some men marry on the same delightful principle.

Well, do you know, the tune took such hold on us that since then we have sought unfrequented streets where we could more freely swell out on it, the way Dr. Koussevitsky's fiddles did? But sometimes even in more crowded thoroughfares we haven't been able to resist the temptation.

Once—this is really quite comical—the commiserating glances of two shabbily dressed fellows on Exchange Place suggested that our enthusiasm should be more guarded. "Singin' in the rain", we laughed gaily to them, which only made matters worse. They didn't understand. People don't as a rule.

But mark what followed! Seeing a clear stretch of sidewalk ahead, good for at least six uninterrupted measures, we began to hum the strain, softly at first but more fervently as we progressed. And to our surprise we became conscious of someone a pace or two behind us humming along with us, right on the pitch, a sympathetic voice, and, apparently, another enchanted soul.

Remarkable! He (it was a man; that's the one flaw in the story) caught up with us. Emboldened by each other's presence we continued the ravishing melody right into the thick of the pedestrians, and finished it. Then, without a word having been exchanged, we shook hands and parted.

"A case for the police," observed an eminently sane friend of ours. Ah, no. For the gods.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES

JAN 1 1 1930

BOSTONIAN
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Second in Series for Providence Patrons Given at Albee.

On paper it looked overwhelmingly Russian, that program which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, played last evening as the second of its series of concerts for the season 1929-30 in the E. F. Albee Theatre. But it was devoid of that monotony that anyone but a Russian enthusiast is apt to experience in such a musical offering.

The program:

1. Vivaldi—Concerto in D minor for Orchestra
   (Edited by A. Siloti)
   I. Maestoso
   II. Largo
   III. Allegro

2. Stravinsky — Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"), a Danced Legend
   I. Introduction: Katschei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire-Bird
   II. Supplication of the Fire-Bird
   III. The Princesses Play with the Golden Apples
   IV. Dance of the Princess
   V. Informal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei

3. Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 6 in B minor ("Pathetic"), Opus 74
   1. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
   II. Allegro con grazia
   III. Allegro molto vivace
   IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

While there was the Russian sombreness of outlook and poignancy of expression, there was also much that was bright and vivid and many colored. Our music was free from the morbid pessimism that regards life as a victim driven by a pitiless destiny that shapes its ends rough.

True, the little Vivaldi concerto in D minor had much to do with giving the affair a non-partisan start. Vivaldi was not addicted to psychological cataclysms nor hopeless yearnings for what the gods had neglected to create. His music is rather a fine expression of the movement and pomp of life, proceeding with a dignity and a sense of power that belong to those who live their own lives in the sunshine. Shadows are things that pass, while sorrow is an accident; freedom from care is natural. And this mood culminates at intervals in a joy that does not fear to make itself heard lest the jealous divinity fire the thunderbolt as the penalty for such presumption.

Non-Contemptuous Familiarity

Stravinsky's Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu," a danced legend, is no longer the startling thing that it was at first. We realize the legend element in it now, and instead of sitting spellbound by its magic, we wander through the many enchanted gardens of our memory wherein that of Katschei's becomes merely one of the many rather than the one supreme site of enchantment.

The beauty of Stravinsky's music seems to lie in its color and its movement, as well as its riot of instrumentation. The tropical flowers are all a-bloom, gorgeous, but without scent, often a dissonance of hues seen from afar by one as in a dream, where the dreamer hesitates and wonders if he prefer this or this.

And in the midst of the color is the movement, now the poising and swoop of wings, and now the insinuating subtlety of the serpent at times growing heavy under the ill-contrived pretex of m[illegible]nster.

With the Magic Feather

But as real music to give joy to the ears it has much to seek. Honeybees and wasps and hornets for stinging; strange leaps and glistening cries that cling to the note for the note's sake; the sound of wet fingers upon glass in the strings; the small woodwind making a sound of birds dusting themselves in the sand, startled by a lovely reminiscence from Debussy; a brief melody on the 'cello, so lovely that everyone had to repeat it in turn, and the old serpent writhed and struck and fell to the ground, and darkness covered his eyes and made him vanish from our vision, fold on fold.

Dr. Koussevitzky has given us a Tschaikowsky changed somewhat in feature, but wholly recognizable for all that. We get a sharper and stronger intellectual force, a certain hardness, a bitterness of reality that breaks at times into a jest, a mixture of the sombre, melting on occasion almost into the genial; and withal an inevitableness that no one would doubt.

Never have we heard his harmonies more firmly set forth, while at the same time held under perfect control; his rhythms, too, were all definite in their movement, at the same time free from the vagueness that some conductors have a habit of imputing to them. His polyphony, under the baton of Dr. Koussevitzky, was that of a powerful master, never in doubt as to structure or expedient.

Unneeded Warnings.

There was little of the instability, the petty irritation, the subject of mood, that they warn us against in Tschaikowsky. Inevitable was the sombre pitch of the minor mood, and all that it suggests of fantasy, longing, aspiration doubt; but there was a beauty also that neutralized all of this—a beauty that blunted the malignity of pessimism—casting about itself a spell that was almost benign.

We have been warned against the hypnotism that rises from Tschaikowsky's monotony of rhythm—a monotony that seems like a child's sing-song reading of verse. This, too, was conspicuous in absentia; for even that long pedal point in the 5-4 measure of the second movement ceased to be wild and sinister. It assumed rather an air of purpose and determination than that of hopelessly rocking, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Even the climaxes kept their proper distances. There was little evidence of the sting of the gadfly or the lash of the furies, broken by the loud outcries and the maudlin pianissimos of a mind drunk with its own conceits. There was more of the open air, the big expanse, and the far reaches that Beethoven knew so well how to paint. A bigger and nobler Tschaikowsky, more in sympathy with his fellows—less apprehensive of himself.

M. C. W.

MUSIC

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, submitted the ninth program of the Friday afternoon series of concerts at Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Dec. 20. Two Russian pieces inaugurated the afternoon. The Prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovánstchina" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko." Then came two samples of French writing, Tournier's "Féerie," Prelude and Dance for Harp with Orchestra, given its first performance with orchestra yesterday (Bernard Zighera, member of the orchestra, was the soloist) and the Second Suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé." For larger work, the audience heard Dvořák's Symphony in E minor, "From the New World."

Mr. Koussevitzky's program, as he outlined it yesterday, was not the most stimulating combination of music imaginable. "Sadko" had been heard quite recently. The music from "Khovánstchina," for all its barbaric splendor and deep, gaunt effectiveness, is by no means unfamiliar fare. Yet, accustomed or not, these Russians proved good to listen to. How Mr. Koussevitzky revels in the grandeur, the stern magnificence of the Prelude! And how he sweeps his men through the swiftly changing pictures of "Sadko"! The instruments etch in the rumbling, charging waves of the music with sureness and power. And there is something of the glamour of the ancient folk tale, with its colorful elaborations of musical detail.

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C. S. B.

Trans Dec 28
BOSTON EVENING

Symphony

Elder Masters, A Nondescript, And A Genius

Substitution and an Incident, Mozart, Bloch, Beethoven, At Symphony Hall

THE PRIGS were severe and withering. The cynics were wry and sneering. Perhaps it was wisest to be mildly amused at the ordinary courses of human nature in public assembled. . . . Dr. Koussevitzky had persuaded himself, or been persuaded, that a "symphonic tone-picture ballet"—whatever such a triple-headed curiosity may be—deserved performance at the Symphony Concerts. It was all about "The Saporoshhtzy Cossacks," who had a habit of defying Turkish Sultans in phrases that the Watch and Ward Society would surely find "objectionable." Having written them on fair white paper—if we are to believe the subtitles of the "symphonic tone-picture ballet"—they further released their feelings in laughter and the dance. One Glière, a workaday Russian composer, "now living in Moscow," civilly "musicked" them. . . . Well, as the clergymen say by way of clearing their throats, the oftener Dr. Koussevitzky read and rehearsed Glière's Muscovite masterpiece, the less worthy and desirable it seemed for performance in Symphony Hall. At last disinclination mounted to decision, and he tossed the score into the discard. Something must be substituted in the twinkling of an eye. Lo and behold, when the elect ladies of Friday afternoon opened program-books, the final number was the "Ouverture Solennelle" of Chaikovsky, more briefly known as "1812."

Now, "1812" is well enough in its way—so well indeed that it has been played weekly at the Pop Concerts summers beyond recall. Year in and year out, besides, it has landed near the top of the list when audiences were polled for a "Request Night." Whether or not it had been heard before at a Symphony Concert, no man knoweth, since the informing program-book gave it only one line of forty-odd letters. Long memories recollected it at a concert for the Pension Fund; while a waif and stray from Philadelphia said that it was "a great favorite" with Mr. Stokowski, his orchestra and his public. And all of us Bostonians (amongst whom she had the luck to settle) know what they are! . . . Anyhow, the "Ouverture Solennelle" was played—played as though Dr. Koussevitzky believed in it as, perhaps, he did. It generated a stirring motion and tuneful excitement as it proceeded, say with La Marseillaise in one hand and the Russian national hymn—Tsarist, not Soviétique—in the other. It ended with stringy whirrs and brazen clangors, high heaven-rending.

Then ensued the event of the afternoon. Bach, Beethoven and Brahms have been played at the Symphony Concerts. Schubert and Schumann, Mozart and Wagner, have sounded there—classics all, and twenty others with them. Debussy, Ravel, Strauss, Stravinsky, has each had his sonorous inning. Yet in a quarter-century at Symphony Hall, not one, for any masterpiece, has received more applause than yesterday belauded this "Ouverture Solennelle." There were shouts and murmurs; volleys of hand-clapping; eager recalls for the conductor. For once, the matinée audience was lingering to release its fervors of delight. It knew what it liked, received it and—blessings on it!—testified a hearty, honest elation. . . . So runs the world away and it is pleasant to watch it from the bank with a half-smile. "It is holiday time, you know," said a kindly mentor at Symphony Hall. Bien ça!, as the French have it. Or in the American vernacular, "You bet!"

One of the preliminaries to the "Ouverture Solennelle" was another overture, by Mozart set before his opera of "The Magic Flute." With the grave, mysterious chords still sounding retrospectively in our ears, some of us may crave permission to find them more sonorous, not to say solemn, than the subsequent Chaikovskian tumults. We may even lay our hands on our hearts and declare them close to grandeur: while as for the intervening measures, was there ever a music more akin to light and air and fire—so swift, so volatile, so bright? In the overture abides the effortless magic which Mozart distilled from what he liked to call his magic play—distilled and touched it, when he would, even with sublimity. Dr. Koussevitzky toiled over "1812"; but observe him winging Mozart's overture into inspired flight. It was as though the conductor, like we others, found it irresistible.

There is something to be said, too—even with the "Ouverture Solennelle" to come after—for the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven. How well for example, it companioned the overture of Mozart, though nowhere does it rise to the grandeur of the Mozartean sonorities. Both composers seem writing out of an ease-ful readiness and abundance; both would make a music akin to light; both hear their several instruments sounding gratefully in their ears. In the maturer symphonies Beethoven bent choirs and individual voices to his will. In this Fourth he often plays with them gracefully (for him), even affectionately, as though he cherished their quality and diversity, would persuade and not drive them. have their charm and not their power. Fancy runs free, alert and stirring through the unfolding and the upbuilding of the melodies, in the wreathing of ornament, in the incessant animation of beginning and end, in the third movement that is neither minuet nor scherzo but caprice playing over both.

And in this Symphony, written only six years into the nineteenth century, hear Beethoven as the man of sentiment by the eighteenth bred. In the introduction, he is not quite sure of this new character; gropes amiably for the mood; finds it in the lively violins; runs through a first movement benign, gay, light-handed with themes and voices, ever in happy curve. In the slow movement, he is all for songful sentiment with the play of instruments for piquant sauce to sweetness. The light-footed finale, with nothing much to say but a mercurial animation in the saying, is neither more nor less than eighteenth-century leave-taking with an elegant, confident air. Call this Fourth, Beethoven's Symphony of sentiment and virtuosity, with the responsive Dr. Koussevitzky and his virtuoso-orchestra lying in wait for it. Granted this view, he did not refine too much on the golden melody of the slow-movement; while virtuoso after virtuoso had his turn to shade it with a little solo. Even the kettle-drum, beloved of Beethoven, took its chance.

Last, to thrust the "Ouverture Solennelle" into outer darkness, Bloch's Rhapsody, which is Schelomo in Hebrew and Solomon in English—the great king in his glory, the greater preacher of a bitter wisdom. My Jewish part is my better part, wrote Bloch in substance to the editor of the program-book. Out of it he made this music for proclaiming violoncello and seconding orchestra. The form is the freest; a unity of texture and speech and passion, motivs plangent, projected, piercing, bind the whole together. The violoncello, deep-toned, sounds with sensuous magnificence; sets forth power and state; swells into sovereign exaltation; cries out in sharp rejection and acrid scorn. There is no end to the diversity of its speech; its very repetitions prevail; throughout it is the mingled voice of Solomon and the tone-poet, with splendor charged, to bitterness stripped.

The orchestra is both complement and contrast, deepening sensuous lusters, echoing song as though it were the Great King's temple; answering proclamation with tribal tumults; turning sombre and shadowed, brooding and fateful; shrieking out in the mockeries of despair. The hand of power stretches the design; wealth of resource fills it; impassioned imagination clothes it; racial spirit impregnates it; a very fire of creation heats it. Voice against voice beat the sensual and the spiritual; splendor declines into shadow while across it wisdom pierces. . . . Music of a power that among American composers none but the Jewish Bloch has conceived and accomplished in our time. And Mr. Salmond at the violoncello, Dr. Koussevitzky above him, an orchestra, enkindled rather than compelled, shared and outspread this puissance.

H. T. P.

'1812' OVERTURE BY SYMPHONY

Shining Beauty Made of Familiar Strains by Orchestra

Trans Dec 28

An eleventh-hour chaange replaced the untried "Saporotchky Cossacks" with Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture on yesterday's program for the Boston Symphony orchestra concert. And taking its stirring phrases, its thunderous crescendos, its martial rhythms, and its all too familiar melodies, Mr. Koussevitzky achieved the impossible and transformed its triteness into as exciting and inspiring a musical treat as an audience could wish for.

The customary procedure calls for a spattering of applause and immediate rush for the doors at the close of the Friday afternoon program. But yesterday's audience remained to recall Mr. Koussevitzky and to acclaim his men, who could make such shining beauty out of strains that have become more familiar to the vaudeville fan and the open-air park crowds than to the concertgoer. "Let the miracle be his" read an advance notice, and yesterday's performance deserves to be placed in that category.

The overture was preceded by Bloch's "Solomon," a Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello and orchestra. Felix Salmond was the soloist, and showed a complete mastery of his instrument and an understanding of this significant expression of the Jewish soul as Mr. Bloch has written it. A program note relates that Mr. Bloch's desire is to create good, genuine music, and not to attempt a reconstruction of the purely Hebraic. In "Solomon" he has done both, for its very sombreness and brooding tone hold the sorrowful history of his race in every phrase.

The remainder of the program was devoted to Beethoven's B-flat Major Symphony, and to Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute."

CELLIST IS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Post A Dec 28

Concert Ends With "1812" and Audience Likes It

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Like the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady of Kipling's poem, the subscribers to the Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts and those denied that cultural advantage are, musically speaking, sisters under their skins. For final number at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, wrested from the Pops, came that clap-trap in excelsis, Tchaikovsky's "1812." And when the last resounding note had ceased did the assembled dowagers, debutantes and those between lift a supercilious eyebrow? Emphatically they did not. They went, as the expression goes, quite wild with delight.

BEETHOVEN'S FOURTH

There was variety aplenty in yesterday's list, and in the presentation of it. To Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute," with which the concert began, Dr. Koussevitzky would impart the qualities of a sonorous, dramatic, brilliant theatrically effective curtain-raiser; but in the process the essential Mozartean spirit, as precious as it is indefinable, evaporated. There was brilliance, but there was hardly the requisite lucidity in the weaving of the voices, the euphony, the formal beauty.

On the other hand, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony that followed was nobly played. This performance might be described as Beethovenish, in the fullest, truest, most flattering sense of the term. Not in long recollection, even at Dr. Koussevitzky's own hands, has this symphony, admittedly one of the lesser ones, proved so engrossing in Symphony Hall, seemed so worthy of its fellowship in the immortal nine.

And if Dr. Koussevitzky was yesterday eloquent with Beethoven, he was nothing less than inspired in his conducting of Ernest Bloch's "Schelemo" (Solomon), Hebrew Rhapsody for violoncello and orchestra, in which Felix Salmond, notable 'cellist, but newcomer to the Symphony Concerts, bore the solo part.

It was good yesterday to hear Mr. Salmond, who played with his customary full and firm yet beautifully modulated tone, with a fervor and poetry and a feeling for the savage magnificence of the music, its epic voice and stride, that matched Dr. Koussevitzky's own. It was good, too, after two performances last season of the pot-boiler "America," to be reminded again of the greater, the essential Bloch.

This Swiss Jew, who now honors this country with his residence, is not only the unequalled tonal prophet of his race; he is, and the fact becomes clearer with each succeeding year, one of the foremost figures in contemporary musical life.

Dec 29 '28

Music Notes and Comment

Dr Koussevitzky plans to repeat at this week's Symphony concerts Ravel's Bolero, which made an unprecedented sensation when first played here last month, and Bax's Second Symphony, which was more warmly received than are most new works at its first performance here, the first anywhere.

Rather belatedly Charles Martin Loeffler's new "Canticles of the Sun," with a text from St Francis of Assisi, is to be given its first Boston performance. It has been heard in Washington and Philadelphia. Mme Povla Frijsh, the Danish soprano long admired here as an interpreter of concert songs, will sing the soprano solo in Mr Loeffler's work, as she has done at the previous performances. Mme Frijsh is also to be heard in a Jordan Hall recital Jan 8.

The Boston Symphony's Wagner program this afternoon, with Florence Austral, one of the greatest of livin singers, as soloist, will benefit th pension fund for retired members the orchestra. This concert will b gin at 3, instead of the usual hour 3:30.

Globe Dec 28 THE B

19

BLOCH'S 'SOLOMON' AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Felix Salmond Soloist in Hebrew Rhapsody

Dr Koussevitzky's Interpretation of Tschaikowsky's "1812" Applauded

Ernest Bloch's "Solomon," or "Schelomo," a "Hebrew Rhapsody" for violoncello and orchestra was the only modern piece on yesterday's Symphony concert program. The solo cellist was Felix Salmond, an Englishman, who has given several recitals in Boston. The other numbers were Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, and, instead of Gliere's "Saporotzy Cossacks," Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture.

"Solomon," first played at these concerts in 1923, with Mr Bedetti as soloist, is one of the finest of Bloch's compositions. Here his melodic and harmonc originality, his flair for distinctive tone color, his emotional intensity find full scope. Interested, as he has written, by "the Jewish soul . . . the complex, glowing, agitated soul . . . vibrating throughout the Bible," Bloch has not tried to be a musical archaeologist, or to base his music on more or less authentic Hebrew themes.

His creative power stimulated by thoughts of the magnificent sensualism and despair of the great king of Hebrew tradition, Bloch has written glowingly, rhapsodically, powerfully. Dr Koussevitzky's intense and dramatic interpretation of the purely orchestral measures made Mr Salmond's conception of the solo part seem tepid and tame.

Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, one of the most marvelous pure patterns in tone yet created, was gracefully and fluently played. Here Dr Koussevitzky had not Mozartian melody, with which he is out of sympathy, to baffle him in his endeavors for a sympathetic performance. He was, accordingly, more successful than he has yet been in Boston with any work by Mozart.

Beethoven's Fourth Symphony has from its first performances been more or less eclipsed in the minds and memories of musicians by the Third and Fifth Symphonies. Why, it is hard to explain. The music is original and in its way wholly delightful, but somehow neither the themes nor the working out of them have the intense creative energy felt by everyone in the "Eroica" and Fifth symphonies.

Dr Koussevitzky excelled yesterday in the slow introduction to the first movement, which he made sound more deeply significant than it usually has. Where he fell short was where he so often fails with the great classics. Again and again, in the slow movement, in the trio of the scherzo, with the second theme of the first allegro, he did not clearly grasp Beethoven's melodic line and reveal all its subtlety and purity of design. From the printed music he drew melody, to be sure, but a stickier, stodgier melody in slow passages, and a flimsier, more trivial melody in rapid passages, than Beethoven wrote.

It was a surprise to some to find Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture on the program of a pair of symphony concerts. In Boston that piece has for a good many years been relegated to the Pops and the movie houses. Many listeners, among them the present writer, dislike the "1812" overture intensely, not merely because it is now hopelessly hackneyed, but because of the overemphasis of its final climax, one of the emptiest and noisiest in all music.

But even listeners thus prejudiced against the piece could not fail to be struck with the tremendous dramatic power of Dr Koussevitzky's interpretation and impressed by the ingenuity with which he avoided wherever possible all suggestion of the commonplaces of music. He made the "1812" overture sound much better than it has sounded before, and won rapturous applause from the audience.

After hearing Dvorak's "New World" symphony the other day and "1812" yesterday one is inclined to surmise that Dr Koussevitzky intends this season occasionally to regale the Boston Symphony audiences with "popular classics," with the sort of piece that is the mainstay of the Pops programs. By so doing he would undoubtedly please very many of the subscribers. If Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, and Victor Herbert's arrangement of "The Rosary" are played in due course, they will be heartily applauded, let the musical intelligentsia sneer, as it unquestionably will.

But, after all, is not the purpose of these Symphony concerts the performance, not of the most popular music in the world, but of the best? From Bach to Stravinsky the repertory of orchestral music is full of things that are not, and will probably never be popular in the sense that "1812" is popular. No audience large enough to fill Symphony Hall exists anywhere in the world, which is devoted only to the best music. In these matters the subscribers trust the conductor to maintain a standard most of them would not attempt to decide upon for themselves.

Next week, if the announced program is not altered, the audience will hear Bax' Second Symphony and Ravel's Bolero repeated, also Walton's "Portsmouth Point" and Mr Loeffler's new "Cantum fratris Solis," with Povla Frijsh as soloist.

MR AND MRS MAY OSER

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD
DEC 29 1929

Russian Exiles Will Be Aided By Concert

Boston Symphony to Play At Carnegie Hall for Fund

MRS. HENRY P. LOOMIS, President of the American Society for Relief of Russian exiles, announces that plans have been completed for the first non-subscription concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give at 2:30 o'clock on Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Russian exiles. The program, which Dr. Serge Koussevitzky has volunteered to conduct, will be all-Russian. It will consist of the prelude to "Khovantchina" by Moussorgsky; Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite from "Sadko;" the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff, Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka," and Tchaikowsky's 1812 Overture.

Among the patrons and patronesses are: Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton de Peyster, Mrs. William E. Wheelock, Mrs. Donald W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne, Albert M. Bagby, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Mrs. Harleston Deacon, Robert Fulton Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Loomis, Miss Lucile Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris.

Tickets for the concert can be obtained by writing to the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, 522 Fifth Avenue, or at the Carnegie Hall box-office.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
EXPRESS
DEC 28 1929

NEWS ABOUT PROKOFIEFF

Serge Prokofieff has been commissioned to write a special composition commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The world premiere of his "Le Joueuer," to which he contributed both words and music, took place at the Theater de la Monnaie, Brussels, April 29. On April 17 the first performance of Prokofieff's Third Symphony, conducted by Monteux, took place in Paris. Diaghileff opened his ballet season May 21 at Paris with Prokofieff's "Le Fils Prodigue." The composer conducted middle of the 1929-1930 season. He will appear before many of the coast-to-coast chapters of Pro-Musica. Prokofieff has been engaged by many of the major orchestras including the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD
DEC 29 1929

Announcement has been made of the special non-subscription concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play in Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, for the benefit of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles in collaboration with the High Commission for Refugees League of Nations and International Anti-Tuberculosis Union.

The all-Russian program will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. It will consist of the prelude to "Khovantchina," by Moussorgsky; Rimsky-Korsakov's suite from "Sadko;" the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff; Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka," and Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture.

Prokofieff's violin concerto will be played by Benno Rabinoff, who has just returned from a concert tour abroad. He is a pupil of Prof. Leopold Auer who, it will be remembered, arranged a special concert for him two years ago, in which Mr. Rabinoff was the violin soloist to the accompaniment of the Philharmonic Orchestra, with Prof. Auer himself conducting.

AUSTRAL SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Wagner Program Given to Aid Pension Fund

Globe Dec 30

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the first of its annual concerts in aid of the pension fund for retired players yesterday afternoon. An audience which filled Symphony Hall applauded orchestra, conductor and the soloist, Florence Austral, at every opportunity. Miss Austral's voice, one of the greatest this generation has heard, and her admirable singing of three Wagner excerpts, the best Wagner singing heard in Boston in concert in many a long year, made this concert memorable.

Dr Koussevitzky arranged a program which illustrated the development of Wagner's genius. It began with the overture and "Senta's Ballad," from "The Flying Dutchman." The other numbers were the Bacchanale and Elisabeth's "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," the "Ride of the Valkyries," and the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan."

As always it seemed incredible that the same man who, in the 1840's, wrote "The Flying Dutchman," with its commonplace harmonies and noisy orchestration, could 20 years later rise to the height of the excerpts from "Meistersinger" and "Tristan." In the work of no other great composer is there such a gulf between his early and his later music.

Miss Austral has one of the finest dramatic soprano voices now to be heard anywhere in the world, with a phenomenal volume and a ringing intensity of quality that make it almost ideally suited to Wagner. She uses her voice with musical and dramatic intelligence of a very high order. Nobody within the memory of persons under 40 has sung "Dich, Theure Halle" and the "Liebestod" in Boston, either in opera or in concert, so well as Miss Austral sang them yesterday.

It is strange that so great a singer, with many outstanding successes in Wagner in European opera houses to her credit, should not have been heard in opera in the United States. The only Wagnerian soprano comparable to her whom Boston has heard in recent years is Frida Leider, now an ornament of the Chicago Civic Opera. But Miss Leider's voice has not the phenomenal power of Miss Austral's.

Enthusiasm over a great singer, in a day when great singers with great voices are the rarest of visitors to our concert halls, should not lead anyone into taking as a mere matter of course the greatness of the Boston Syphony Orchestra. The other day the pianist Iturbi remarked to an interviewer that three of the four finest orchestras in the world were in America.

The four greatest orchestras, according to Iturbi, whose triumphantly successful career has brought him solo appearances with orchestras the world over, are the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, and Amsterdam Concertgeboeuw. He tactfully refrained from ranking the four in order of excellence.

The Boston Symphony under Dr Koussevitzky has by common consent regained its proud position among the world's greatest, unsurpassed anywhere. Its playing yesterday, as always these days, proved its right to be counted among the most superb of the instruments upon which celebrated conductors perform.

Wagner, however, is not a composer in whose music Dr Koussevitzky excels. Yesterday the latter part of the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," and the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" were taken at a pace strangely slow and in a mood inappropriately languishing. Nor was the interpretation of the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" an artistic triumph comparable to those scored by Dr Koussevitzky in such things as Ravel's Bolero and Tchaikovsky's "1812." The conductor was at his best yesterday in the sound and fury of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. P. R.

ALBANY, N. Y.
Knickerbocker Press

ROME—Ottorino Respighi, Italian maestro, has accepted an offer to write the symphony for the Boston Symphony orchestra to be used in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the organization's foundation.

PENSION AN EPIC CONCERT

Mme. Austral, Wagnerian Singer, a Notable Aid

Post Dec 30

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Wagner concerts by the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its Pension Fund are no novelty. Nor has the orchestra on such occasions gone always without competent and helpful vocal embellishment. But yesterday, at Symphony Hall, there came a Pension Fund Wagner concert with a notable Wagnerian singer, Florence Austral, to aid. And that was novelty indeed.

IN PRESENCE OF GREATNESS

As was wholly appropriate, the best came last yesterday, in the shape of the "Tristan" Prelude and "Love-Death," and the large audience by its pronounced and protracted enthusiasm showed itself sensible of the fact that it had been in the presence of greatness: great music, great singing, great orchestral playing and great conducting. Many times were Dr. Koussevitzky and Miss Austral recalled, and at length the conductor bade the players rise and bow their acknowledgments.

The programme of yesterday's concert was ingeniously made. First there was the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," and after it Senta's Ballad, from that opera, seldom enough sung hereabouts. Here was the early Wagner, a giant in swaddling clothes but a giant for all that. Followed the Bacchanale from the later, Parisian version of "Tannhauser," a glowing page for which Dr. Koussevitzky displays especial sympathy although there have been those who dissented from this or that detail in his reading of it. And as pendant to this came a bit from the original "Tannhauser," music still as fresh as on the day when it was penned, Elizabeth's greeting to the Hall of Song.

For the rest there was, and richly played, the noble apotheosis of Hans Sachs that is the introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and the Ride of the Valkyries, again at the dizzy pace which Dr. Koussevitzky fancies here.

To Senta's Ballad, which she sang in English, Miss Austral brought yesterday its three essential moods: the wild terror at the thought of the spectreship and its doomed captain, the maid's calm faith that the sacrifice of one who truly loved him would lift the Dutchman's curse, and the passionate exaltation in which she proclaims herself as his potential deliverer. And Miss Austral, who was later to voice so eloquently the emotions of the Isolde who had learned all that there was to know of love and life, could also bring to the music of Elizabeth a note of virginal innocence and maidenly joy.

Music Notes and Comment

Those who do not subscribe to series of Boston Symphony concerts have next Sunday afternoon an excellent opportunity to hear the great orchestra that is Boston's chief musical glory play a Wagner program for the benefit of its pension fund. Florence Austral, one of the greatest of living singers, will be heard as soloist.

Dr Koussevitzky has chosen as the program a piece by the Russian composer Gliere, born in 1875 and known here by his tone poem "The Sirens," entitled "The Saporoshtzy Cossacks." This composition, described by a Russian analyst as a "symphonic tone picture ballet," was suggested by a painting by Ilya Repin, which hangs in a Moscow gallery. Its subject, drawn from Russian history, depicts the leaders of Cossack tribes engaged in drawing up a scurrilous defiance of the Turkish Sultan Mohammed IV, in 1680, in answer to a letter from him commanding that they recognize his suzerainty. At this week's concerts the English cellist, Felix Salmond, heard in Bloch's rhapsody "Solomon," or 'Schelomo."

Herald Dec 30

MUSIC

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Yesterday's concert in aid of the Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund, the sixtieth, no less, for the purpose, proved an occasion of beauty and splendor, almost of solemnity. People knew it would be an event. They "sensed" as much in the air, forbidding and damp though it was, on the way to Symphony Hall; once in a way a happy presentiment of the sort does make itself felt, although nobody can quite tell why. Perhaps the press of cars at the corner, which raised erossing the street to the pitch of a perilous adventure, had a hand in spreading the right atmosphere abroad.

The right atmosphere, at all events, prevailed, inside the hall as well as out. An audience filling every seat sat mighty expectant, all looking for something apart. For the spell of Wagner still holds its power unlessened by one iota. For real romance the world is still eager. But of course the romance must be genuine, not commonplace ragged out.

So wild a note of high romance Dr. Koussevitzky found in the "Flying Dutchman" overture that he startled some of his hearers. He made the music sound not early Wagner, but at the least of it post-Ring. He also made it hard for Mme. Florence Austral, who sang Senta's ballad, to follow him to the same dizzy level of expression and picturesqueness.

With less of novelty but with a finer beauty Dr. Koussevitzky read the Bacchanale from the first act of "Tannhaeuser." Magnificiently, in very truth, he blazoned forth this glorified ballet music. Leda's swan, satyrs and the three graces—not for one second were they missed. Also Mme. Austral, more at home with "Tannhaeuser" than with the Hollaender, gave of her beautiful voice successfully in Elizabeth's "Dich, Heure Halle."

All this was lofty. But loftier lowed when Dr. Koussevitzky p the prelude to the third act of Meistersinger." Every exquisite dious phrase, as it fell, rhythm right and entrancingly sonorous the refreshed and satisfied ear, st memories of the blessed Sunday that the Hans Sachs of Emil Fis when the curtain rose on act t personified.

Here was the solemnity of the a noon, crowning perfect beauty. there was a second solemn mon when Dr. Koussevitzky, after the fr of applause that greeted the Valky ride, motioned the orchestra to st This was a significant moment.

It led to a thrillingly beautiful ormance of the prelude to "Trist and the Love-Death in which M Austral joined. For sheer musician surely Dr. Koussevitzky has never passed the high point he reached this prelude. Since emotion held with musicianship, the performa moving as well as beautiful, was to be remembered this many a da

The audience applauded Mme. A tral, Dr. Koussevitzky and the pla with enthusiasm. R. R. C

WAR VETERAN AGED

NEW YORK
AMERICAN
JAN 1 - 1930

Benefit Concert Gets Aid of El

THE list of patrons, patr esses and boxholders the benefit concert of the Bos Symphony Orchestra on Fri afternoon, January 10, at C negie Hall, includes:

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. erick Lothrop Ames, Mrs. Albert Bagby, Mrs. Charles Tracy Barney, and Mrs E. Farrar Bateson, Mr. Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, Mrs. Donal Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge way, Mrs. Eunice Putnam Chadbo Mrs. Charles A. Childs, Mr. and Arthur Osgood Choate, Mrs. Richar Colgate, Mr. and Mrs George Eustis coran, Mrs. Charles H. Coster, Jr., Winthrop Cowdin, Mr. and Mrs. F. K bury Curtis, Mr. Robert Fulton Cu Mrs Harleston Deacon, Mr. and Marius de Brabant, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Delafield, Mr. and Mrs. Ashto Peyster, the Duchesse de Richelieu and Mrs. William F. Dominick, M Bradhurst Field, Mrs. Charles S rie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin and Mrs. John Henry Hammond and Mrs. Edward J. Haney, Mr. and Edward S. Harkness, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Jam Higginson, Jr.

Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Jr., Eliot Betts Hoadley, Miss Anne Sh Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King Adolph Ladenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, Mr. and Mrs Robert Littl Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Loomis, M Mrs. Clarence F. MacMurray, George T. Maxwell, Mr and Mrs. ence Blair Mitchell, Mrs. John M Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis G neur Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Henry ter Pease, Mrs. Alfred Duane Pell William Peyton, Mrs. Percy Riv Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts Elihu Root, Jr., Mr and Mrs. Jo Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Sche horn, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay S felin, Mrs. Alfred Seton, Miss Ge Robinson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Myr Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Th Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne and Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Miss Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren and Mrs. William E. Wheelock.

NEW YORK
TIMES
DEC 29 1929

TWO BENEFITS

The Russian Relief and Hospital Unit Lay Plans

PLANS are being formed for a non-subscription performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the afternoon of Jan. 10 at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the American Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc. It is being arranged by this group in collaboration with the High Commission for Refugees of the League of Nations and International Anti-Tuberculosis Union. Mrs. Henry P. Loomis is president of the American society.

The program, which will be conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, will consist of all Russian music, including the prelude to "Khovantchina," by Moussorgsky, Rimsky Korsakoff's suite from "Sadko," the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff, Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka" and Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture."

Tickets may be secured at the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, 522 Fifth Avenue, or at Carnegie Hall.

Taking Note Of Week-End Music-Making

Hans Jan 6

Mr. Loeffler Again Honored, The Maturing Heifetz, Parisian Visitors

THE AUDIENCE of Saturday evening at the Symphony Concert listened intently to Mr. Loeffler's setting of St. Francis's "Canticle to The Sun"; applauded the composer, the singer (Mme. Frijsh), the conductor, the orchestra, no less warmly than had the listeners of Friday. Again the bowing three, with the standing orchestra behind them, were climax to the whole. Since the distant day of the Symphony, called "Hora Mystica," Mr. Loeffler has not set before his own city so rarefied a music. An exacting audience heard it eagerly, answered with applause in which musical appreciation and personal regard were justly mingled. . . . In turn, the repetition of Ravel's "Bolero" fared as indifferently as it had on Friday. The listening was nonchalant; the applause no heartier than any displayful piece might excite. . . . And the Saturday audience still hears doubtingly the new Symphony of Mr. Bax. As the signs went, it is interested rather than impressed; seems still to doubt whether a living and a modern English composer can really be true when he spreads so spacious a canvas; sweeps across it from fervor to fervor; fills it with significant music that is stranger neither to vigor and wildness nor, in the slow movement, to troubled beauty.

Above most of his fellow-conductors, Dr. Koussevitzky does not forget his more deserving "novelties" as soon as he has played them. Not only does he repeat them after a few weeks, as he did on Friday and Saturday with Mr Bax's Symphony and Ravel's "Bolero," he actually tries to keep one and another in the active repertory. Though to some it will seem rank blasphemy, Mr. Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point," deserves such place quite as much as Schumann's Overture to "Manfred," to be resurrected tomorrow. Nowadays, Byron's dramatic poem reposes unread in his "collected works:" while Schumann's prelude shines only in the reflected light of orchestral tradition and his own richer-furnished, more enduring, music. Mr. Walton, beside him, is only a youthful Englishman and a born modernist.

Therefore most of us hear "Portsmouth Point" as though it were curtain-raiser to a serious concert, or cocktail before the baked meats. Whereas, its short motivs and breathless phrases tumble about in dazzling discordance; the colors flash; the rhythms spring; the little hornpipe dances; the whole is as buoyant and bright as a blowy, sun-drenched day, with the orchestra swaggering and shouting "all over the place." Once in so often, for the good of our souls, it is better to be lusty than refined; while not once does Mr. Walton's Overture turn loose-lipped and merely noisy.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD
DEC 29 1929

Russian Exiles Will Be Aided By Concert

Boston Symphony to Play At Carnegie Hall for Fund

MRS. HENRY P. LOOMIS, President of the American Society for Relief of Russian exiles, announces that plans have been completed for the first non-subscription concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give at 2:30 o'clock on Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Russian exiles. The program, which Dr. Serge Koussevitzky has volunteered to conduct, will be all-Russian. It will consist of the prelude to "Khovantchina" by Moussorgsky; Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite from "Sadko;" the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff, Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka," and Tchaikowsky's 1812 Overture.

Among the patrons and patronesses are: Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton de Peyster, Mrs. William E. Wheelock, Mrs. Donald W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne, Albert M. Bagby, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Mrs. Harleston Deacon, Robert Fulton Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Loomis, Miss Lucile Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris.

Tickets for the concert can be obtained by writing to the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, 522 Fifth Avenue, or at the Carnegie Hall box-office.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
EXPRESS
DEC 28 1929

NEWS ABOUT PROKOFIEFF

Serge Prokofieff has been commissioned to write a special composition commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The world premiere of his "Le Joueuer," to which he contributed both words and music, took place at the Theater de la Monnaie, Brussels, April 29. On April 17 the first performance of Prokofieff's Third Symphony, conducted by Monteux, took place in Paris. Diaghileff opened his ballet season May 21 at Paris with Prokofieff's "Le Fils Prodigue." The composer conducted middle of the 1929-1930 season. He will appear before many of the coast-to-coast chapters of Pro-Musica. Prokofieff has been engaged by many of the major orchestras including the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD
DEC 29 1929

AUSTRAL SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Wagner Program Given to Aid Pension Fund

Globe Dec 30

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the first of its annual concerts in aid of the pension fund for retired players yesterday afternoon. An audience which filled Symphony Hall applauded orchestra, conductor and the soloist, Florence Austral, at every opportunity. Miss Austral's voice, one of the greatest this generation has heard, and her admirable singing of three Wagner excerpts, the best Wagner singing heard in Boston in concert in many a long year, made this concert memorable.

Dr Koussevitzky arranged a program which illustrated the development of Wagner's genius. It began with the overture and "Senta's Ballad," from "The Flying Dutchman." The other numbers were the Bacchanale and Elisabeth's "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," the "Ride of the Valkyries," and the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan."

As always it seemed incredible that the same man who, in the 1840's, wrote "The Flying Dutchman," with its commonplace harmonies and noisy orchestration, could 20 years later rise to the height of the excerpts from "Meistersinger" and "Tristan." In the work of no other great composer is there such a gulf between his early and his later music.

Miss Austral has one of the finest dramatic soprano voices now to be heard anywhere in the world, with a phenomenal volume and a ringing intensity of quality that make it almost ideally suited to Wagner. She uses her voice with musical and dramatic intelligence of a very high order. Nobody within the memory of persons under 40 has sung "Dich, Theure Halle" and the "Liebestod" in Boston, either in opera or in concert, so well as Miss Austral sang them yesterday.

It is strange that so great a singer, with many outstanding successes in Wagner in European opera houses to her credit, should not have been heard in opera in the United States. The only Wagnerian soprano comparable to her whom Boston has heard in recent years is Frida Leider, now an ornament of the Chicago Civic Opera. But Miss Leider's voice has not the phenomenal power of Miss Austral's.

Enthusiasm over a great singer, in a day when great singers with great voices are the rarest of visitors to our concert halls, should not lead anyone into taking as a mere matter of course the greatness of the Boston Syphony Orchestra. The other day the pianist Iturbi remarked to an interviewer that three of the four finest orchestras in the world were in America.

The four greatest orchestras, according to Iturbi, whose triumphantly successful career has brought him solo appearances with orchestras the world over, are the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, and Amsterdam Concertgebouw. He tactfully refrained from ranking the four in order of excellence.

The Boston Symphony under Dr Koussevitzky has by common consent regained its proud position among the world's greatest, unsurpassed anywhere. Its playing yesterday, as always these days, proved its right to be counted among the most superb of the instruments upon which celebrated conductors perform.

Wagner, however, is not a composer in whose music Dr Koussevitzky excels. Yesterday the latter part of the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," and the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" were taken at a pace strangely slow and in a mood inappropriately languishing. Nor was the interpretation of the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" an artistic triumph comparable to those scored by Dr Koussevitzky in such things as Ravel's Bolero and Tchaikovsky's "1812." The conductor was at his best yesterday in the sound and fury of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. P. R.

Announcement has been made of the special non-subscription concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play in Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, for the benefit of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles in collaboration with the High Commission for Refugees League of Nations and International Anti-Tuberculosis Union.

The all-Russian program will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. It will consist of the prelude to "Khovantchina," by Moussorgsky; Rimsky-Korsakov's suite from "Sadko;" the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff; Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka," and Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture.

Prokofieff's violin concerto will be played by Benno Rabinoff, who has just returned from a concert tour abroad. He is a pupil of Prof. Leopold Auer who, it will be remembered, arranged a special concert for him two years ago, in which Mr. Rabinoff was the violin soloist to the accompaniment of the Philharmonic Orchestra, with Prof. Auer himself conducting.

ALBANY, N. Y.
Knickerbocker Press

ROME—Ottorino Respighi, Italian maestro, has accepted an offer to write the symphony for the Boston Symphony orchestra to be used in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the organization's foundation.

PENSION AN EPIC CONCERT

Mme. Austral, Wagnerian Singer, a Notable Aid

Post Dec 30

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Wagner concerts by the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its Pension Fund are no novelty. Nor has the orchestra on such occasions gone always without competent and helpful vocal embellishment. But yesterday, at Symphony Hall, there came a Pension Fund Wagner concert with a notable Wagnerian singer, Florence Austral, to aid. And that was novelty indeed.

IN PRESENCE OF GREATNESS

As was wholly appropriate, the best came last yesterday, in the shape of the "Tristan" Prelude and "Love-Death," and the large audience by its pronounced and protracted enthusiasm showed itself sensible of the fact that it had been in the presence of greatness: great music, great singing, great orchestral playing and great conducting. Many times were Dr. Koussevitzky and Miss Austral recalled, and at length the conductor bade the players rise and bow their acknowledgments.

The programme of yesterday's concert was ingeniously made. First there was the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," and after it Senta's Ballad, from that opera, seldom enough sung hereabouts. Here was the early Wagner, a giant in swaddling clothes but a giant for all that. Followed the Bacchanale from the later, Parisian version of "Tannhauser," a glowing page for which Dr. Koussevitzky displays especial sympathy although there have been those who dissented from this or that detail in his reading of it. And as pendant to this came a bit from the original "Tannhauser," music still as fresh as on the day when it was penned, Elizabeth's greeting to the Hall of Song.

For the rest there was, and richly played, the noble apotheosis of Hans Sachs that is the introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and the Ride of the Valkyries, again at the dizzy pace which Dr. Koussevitzky fancies here.

To Senta's Ballad, which she sang in English, Miss Austral brought yesterday its three essential moods: the wild terror at the thought of the spectreship and its doomed captain, the maid's calm faith that the sacrifice of one who truly loved him would lift the Dutchman's curse, and the passionate exaltation in which she proclaims herself as his potential deliverer. And Miss Austral, who was later to voice so eloquently the emotions of the Isolde who had learned all that there was to know of love and life, could also bring to the music of Elizabeth a note of virginal innocence and maidenly joy.

Music Notes and Comment

Those who do not subscribe to series of Boston Symphony concerts have next Sunday afternoon an excellent opportunity to hear the great orchestra that is Boston's chief musical glory play a Wagner program for the benefit of its pension fund. Florence Austral, one of the greatest of living singers, will be heard as soloist.

Dr Koussevitzky has chosen as the program a piece by the Russian composer Gliere, born in 1875 and known here by his tone poem "The Sirens," entitled "The Saporoshtzy Cossacks." This composition, described by a Russian analyst as a "symphonic tone picture ballet," was suggested by a painting by Ilya Repin, which hangs in a Moscow gallery. Its subject, drawn from Russian history, depicts the leaders of Cossack tribes engaged in drawing up a scurrilous defiance of the Turkish Sultan Mohammed IV, in 1680, in answer to a letter from him commanding that they recognize his suzerainty. At this week's concerts the English cellist, Felix Salmond, heard in Bloch's rhapsody "Solomon," or 'Schelomo."

Handel and Haydn Society will

Herald Dec 30

MUSIC

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Yesterday's concert in aid of the Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund, the sixtieth, no less, for the purpose, proved an occasion of beauty and splendor, almost of solemnity. People knew it would be an event. They "sensed" as much in the air, forbidding and damp though it was, on the way to Symphony Hall; once in a way a happy presentiment of the sort does make itself felt, although nobody can quite tell why. Perhaps the press of cars at the corner, which raised erossing the street to the pitch of a perilous adventure, had a hand in spreading the right atmosphere abroad.

The right atmosphere, at all events, prevailed, inside the hall as well as out. An audience filling every seat sat mighty expectant, all looking for something apart. For the spell of Wagner still holds its power unlessened by one iota. For real romance the world is still eager. But of course the romance must be genuine, not commonplace ragged out.

So wild a note of high romance Dr. Koussevitzky found in the "Flying Dutchman" overture that he startled some of his hearers. He made the music sound not early Wagner, but at the least of it post-Ring. He also made it hard for Mme. Florence Austral, who sang Senta's ballad, to follow him to the same dizzy level of expression and picturesqueness.

With less of novelty but with a finer beauty Dr. Koussevitzky read the Bacchanale from the first act of "Tannhaeuser." Magnificiently, in very truth, he blazoned forth this glorified ballet music. Leda's swan, satyrs and the three graces—not for one second were they missed. Also Mme. Austral, more at home with "Tannhaeuser" than with the Hollaender, gave of her beautiful voice successfully in Elizabeth's aria "Dich, Heure Halle."

All this was lofty. But loftier followed when Dr. Koussevitzky played the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger." Every exquisite melodious phrase, as it fell, rhythmically right and entrancingly sonorous, on the refreshed and satisfied ear, stirred memories of the blessed Sunday calm that the Hans Sachs of Emil Fischer, when the curtain rose on act three, personified.

Here was the solemnity of the afternoon, crowning perfect beauty. But there was a second solemn moment, when Dr. Koussevitzky, after the frenzy of applause that greeted the Valkyries' ride, motioned the orchestra to stand. This was a significant moment.

It led to a thrillingly beautiful performance of the prelude to "Tristan," and the Love-Death in which Mme. Austral joined. For sheer musicianship surely Dr. Koussevitzky has never surpassed the high point he reached in this prelude. Since emotion held pace with musicianship, the performance, moving as well as beautiful, was one to be remembered this many a day.

The audience applauded Mme. Austral, Dr. Koussevitzky and the players with enthusiasm. R. R. G.

NEW YORK
AMERICAN
JAN 1 - 1930

Benefit Concert Gets Aid of Elite

THE list of patrons, patronesses and boxholders for the benefit concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, January 10, at Carnegie Hall, includes:

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Frederick Lothrop Ames, Mrs. Albert M. Bagby, Mrs. Charles Tracy Barney, Mr. and Mrs E. Farrar Bateson, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, Mrs. Donald W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge Callaway, Mrs. Eunice Putnam Chadbourne, Mrs. Charles A. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, Mrs. Richard M. Colgate, Mr. and Mrs George Eustis Corcoran, Mrs. Charles H. Coster, Jr., Mrs. Winthrop Cowdin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingsbury Curtis, Mr. Robert Fulton Cutting, Mrs Harleston Deacon, Mr. and Mrs. Marius de Brabant, Mr. and Mrs. John Ross Delafield, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton de Peyster, Die Duchesse de Richelieu, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dominick, Mrs. A. Bradhurst Field, Mrs. Charles S. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Hancy, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, Mr. and Mrs. John Robert Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. James J Higginson, Jr.

Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Jr., Mrs. Eliot Betts Hoadley, Miss Anne Sherman Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, Mrs. Adolph Ladenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Larkin, Mr. and Mrs Robert Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence F. MacMurray, Mrs. George T. Maxwell, Mr and Mrs. Clarence Blair Mitchell, Mrs. John Murray Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hollister Pease, Mrs. Alfred Duane Pell, Mrs. William Peyton, Mrs. Percy Rivington Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mrs. Elihu Root, Jr., Mr and Mrs. John D. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, Mrs. Alfred Seton, Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Miss Lucile Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren and Mrs. William E. Wheelock.

NEW YORK
TIMES
DEC 29 1929

TWO BENEFITS

The Russian Relief and Hospital Unit Lay Plans

PLANS are being formed for a non-subscription performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the afternoon of Jan. 10 at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the American Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc. It is being arranged by this group in collaboration with the High Commission for Refugees of the League of Nations and International Anti-Tuberculosis Union. Mrs. Henry P. Loomis is president of the American society.

The program, which will be conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, will consist of all Russian music, including the prelude to "Khovantchina," by Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite from "Sadko," the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff, Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka" and Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture."

Tickets may be secured at the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, 522 Fifth Avenue, or at Carnegie Hall.

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Concert-Chronicle

St. Francis at Symphony Hall

UPON the program of the Symphony Concerts tomorrow and Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky has placed a notable work by a composer dwelling in the environs of Boston; for the performance has called in the singer from the outset associated with it. The work is Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis" or "Song of Brother Sun," more often called "The Canticle of the Sun"; the singer is that intelligent musician, Mme. Povla Frijsh. The 'Canticle of the Sun" is one of the last great hymns of St. Francis of Assisi. Mr. Loeffler's musical setting was written on commission for the first festival of chamber music in the Library of Congress, to which institution upon her own "foundation," Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge had confided the perpetuation of her annual rites at Pittsfield. At Washington, on Oct. 28, 1925, the new "Canticle" was heard for the first time from Mme. Frijsh and a chamber-orchestra of about thirty players, with Mr. Frederick Stock of Chicago as conductor.

When in 1224, at the age of forty-four, the gentle Francis, broken in body, sore in heart at the crudities of a world so completely the opposite of himself, gave vent to his feelings, it was not to utter lamentations or complaints, but to raise a hymn of praise. For all the material and elemental blessings of life he lauded "the good Lord God." When the surgeons of the day administered treatment which nowadays seems brutal, when there was no relief in sight, he added significantly the verse in praise of "our sister, the death of the body." And, since he considered the sun the crown of creation, since he recalled that "In Scripture the Lord Himself is called 'The Sun of Righteousness'" he gave to his verses for name, "The Song of Brother Sun."

Francis of Assisi (he was not then, of course, a saint) characteristically disdained the use of pompous Latin for his poem. Instead, he used the Umbrian dialect of his day—and scholars have given him credit as a founder of Italian religious poetry. For his setting Mr. Loeffler has used a modern Italian version furnished him by Mr. Gino Perera. Program books have carried an English translation by Matthew Arnold, as follows:

"O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!

"Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

"Praised be my Lord for our brtoher fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by the most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

"Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most High, shalt give them a crown!

"Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

"Praised be my Lord God, with all his creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us thee!

"Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with great humility."

Mr. Loeffler wrote his score late in the winter and in the spring and summer of 1925; scored it for three flutes, English horn, two horns, celesta, piano, two harps, organ and strings, and, of course, the solo-voice. Each verse has its own characterizing music, be the source of the characterization an appropriate Gregorian motif from the church liturgy or the free, delineative imaginings of the com- own spirit. Mr. Loeffler does not music of great spiritual radiance, of rapt, inward exultation. And in this place no technical labels shall be applied to it.

Since the poem is a hymn of praise, it is fitting that the first verse (after some preluding) should sound the music of the "Deo gratias"; that in the final exulting climax about "our brother, the sun," the same motif should again gloriously recur. Writes Mr. Gilman: "Here the music of Loeffler is irradiated from within, as horns and organ, and finally the whole orchestra, join in a superb outburst on the 'Deo gratias.'" Further, one hears undulating harps in praise of "our sister water" in the third verse; tremulous and sighing harps, strings and winds, for "our brother the wind" of the fourth verse: the flickering of celesta, piano, harps and winds for "our brother fire" of the fifth verse. Then follows the verse in praise of "our sister, the death of the body." Mr. Loeffler prefaces it with music in which the introit "Ressurexit" occurs: accompanies it with an English horn singing the penitential "Kyrie eleison." After which a quickening of tempo, a music growing more and more radiant, bring us to tones of ineffable light in the apostrophe to the stars of the eighth verse. After which the climax as already described.

When New York heard Mr. Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" (from Madame Frijsh, Dr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians on Jan. 5, 1926) reviewers gave it warm praise. Mr. Downes wrote of it as a music of "grave and constrained nobility and of simple exaltation." And Mr. Gilman thus expressed himself, "The matchless words of Saint Francis have evidently stirred Loeffler very deeply. We recall no music of his since "Hora Mystica" which has seemed to us so searching in its beauty and intensity. It is rare music, exalted, unsullied, rapt. It is worthy of the poem." A. H. M.

Incidents and Prospects

As guest-conductor and composer, Mr. Glazunov will be heard with the Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theater at Cambridge on Thursday evening, Jan. 16; in Symphony Hall at Boston on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Jan. 17 and 18. On all three occasions the program will comprise his Sixth Symphony (in C minor); his Concerto for Violin; his tone-poem, "Stenka Razin." The violinist at each concert will be Mr. Benno Rabinov, a rising youth schooled by Auer.

For his concert of piano-pieces in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12, Mr. Sanromá, lately returned with European laurels, announces these numbers, half of them—it is pleasure to write—from living composers:

Italian Concerto	Bach
Kreisleriana	Schumann
Ballad—Mazurka—Scherzo	Chopin
Six Little Piano-Pieces	Schönberg
Omaggi	Malipiero
March—Prelude	Prokoffiev
Polichinelle	Villa-Lobos
Joyous March	Halffter
Fantastic Dance, No. 1	Turina
El Puerto from "Iberia"	Albéniz
Fire-Dance from "Love the Sorcerer"	de Falla

The Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra is the larger by $10,000—gift last Sunday of a friend and benefactor who prefers to go unnamed. Evidently he, or she, directs generosity wisely.

In New York next week, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra will repeat on Thursday evening the program for tomorrow and Saturday at Symphony Hall: Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point"; Bax's new Symphony; Mr. ymn atur- they y in and Oc- oem, ero" lyn, e in will ym-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
COLUMBUS, O.
DISPATCH

Horse Is Guest

BOSTON, DEC. 28.—(WNS).—Twenty-two guests were assembled in the music room of Edgar Levinstein's Briardale farm at North Sudbury, on Christmas eve, listening to the music of Boston Symphony orchestra stars.

There came a stir at the door. In walked a groom and behind him, Pumpernickle, two-year-old thoroughbred and the pride of Levinstein's racing stables. The horse gazed around, cocked an ear to the music, then arched his neck as the women patted him. With the other instruments stilled, Cellist Zighera played for the horse, which seemed to be appreciative. Pumpernickle then turned and followed, without bridle or lead, the groom back out the door and to the stables.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

SYMPHONY CONCERT CAUSES TRAFFIC JAM

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concert was the magnet which last night drew thousands of vehicles into Westminster street and created a serious traffic jam. Beginning shortly before 8 o'clock, three lines of machines began the slow crawl from Turk's Head to the Albee Theatre and, after discharging their passengers, poured into Washington and Weybosset streets, crowding those thoroughfares.

Street car service was delayed greatly by the slow moving procession, and machines attempting to enter Westminster street from intersecting streets were forced to wait from five to 15 minutes in some instances before a break in the line gave them an opportunity.

At Washington and Mathewson streets, vehicles approaching in three directions caused an impasse which required several minutes to straighten out, long lines of traffic on both streets being held up in the meantime.

Conditions at 10 o'clock, after the concert, were somewhat better, machines intending to pick up passengers in front of the theatre keeping in line to the extreme left of the street, permitting street cars and through traffic to use the centre of the street.

Two traffic officers were stationed at Westminster and Mathewson streets and one at each other intersecting street along Westminster street.

The Players, The Numbers, The Incidents

Mr. Goossens's Second Inning, The Flute-Players Give A Fiftieth Concert

UNTIL the turn came of Respighi's "Roman Festivals," there were warmths at the Symphony Concert of Saturday. The audience frequenting it has a longer, quicker memory than the matrons and maidens of the matinée; received Mr. Goossens as remembered and welcome guest. In particular it was pleased with his version of Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, covering him and the orchestra with long applause. It was as full of compliment and good will at the end of the conductor-composer's own Concertino, joining with him in the plaudits the cherished string - choir. At second and more familiar hearing that music also bettered itself. Through the first division, the rhythmic stride was Bach-like; the play of the several groups from counterpoint to counterpoint, apt and pithy; the whole, unlabored and unrelaxed in pervading animation. Preferring a folk-tune quality for the slow section, Mr. Goossens outdid the folk-pieces with his own melody. The first viola introduced it; the first violin farewelled it; between, the string orchestra gave it clear depths. It sang freshly and not too wistfully; it paraded no false pretense of sophisticated innocence. If in imagination the composer had overheard a solitary singer, with a keen sense of medium he transferred the song to his choirs. The finale, picking up a figure from the first division, escaped monotony in the gay play of rhythms and timbres; in the sudden interjection, Beethoven-like, of grave, low-pitched, full-toned measures. Throughout, the modern way with an old form refilled.

As for "Roman Festivals," there was good reason to suspect an audience that declined to take them seriously. Signor Respighi "presented" his popular fête and everyone was amused at the barker, the hand-organ, the gutter-tune, the stamping dances—as often as one or another scooted through the thick-voiced orchestra And what a welter of brass was his Circus Maximus, with the strings salving out of the din the song of the Christian martyrs! Some score with a pen; relentless Respighi now and then prefers a hammer. High-brows of the opera house reproach Puccini with banalities. Agreed: but he shines like a master beside the symphonic Respighi on sentimental "fall excursion" into the hills, or piously upturning eyes and ears at sight of marching pilgrims, at sound of ringing church-bells. What next? asked a few foreboding spirits. But we have the Signore's word that he has finished his Roman trilogy. No more between high-voiced and low-voiced instruments will he juggle the dins, ancient or modern, of Mussolini's city.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N. Y. TELEGRAM

DEC 28 192

Symphony Concert to Aid Russian Exiles

Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, president of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, and her associates in that organization have taken over the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert on Friday afternoon, January 10, in Carnegie Hall, as a benefit. The program, with Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, will be all-Russian. It will consist of the prelude to "Khovantchina" by Moussorgsky. Rimsky-Korsakov's suite from "Sadko," the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff, Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka," and Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture.

Almost all of the first tier boxes have already been subscribed. Among the patrons and patronesses are Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Mr and Mrs. Frederic Ashton de Peyster, Mrs. William E. Wheelock, Mrs. Donald W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne, Albert M. Bagby, Mr and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Jr., Mrs. Harleston Deacon, Robert Fulton Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Loomis, Miss Lucile Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris.

Povla Frijsh Is Symphony Soloist

Events of the week at the Symphony are the first hearing of Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," and the repetition of Ravel's flaming and flamboyant "Bolero," by all odds the musical events of this season.

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NEW YORK
EVENING POST

Another modern Italian novelty was fully accepted by a New York audience, at Saturday's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This was Vicke Mangiagalli's "Prelude and Fugue." The prelude is a work of orchestral sonority, suited to Serge Koussevitzy's capacity for vivid effects, and the fugue is cunningly contrived and entertaining, so that the applause at the end was truly enthusiastic. The program included Bach's third "Brandenburg Concerto," Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, the Interlude to the Strauss opera, "Intermezzo," and Ravel's "Bolero."

H. B.

Concert-Chronicle

St. Francis at Symphony Hall

UPON the program of the Symphony Concerts tomorrow and Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky has placed a notable work by a composer dwelling in the environs of Boston; for the performance has called in the singer from the outset associated with it. The work is Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis" or "Song of Brother Sun," more often called "The Canticle of the Sun"; the singer is that intelligent musician, Mme. Povla Frijsh. The 'Canticle of the Sun" is one of the last great hymns of St. Francis of Assisi. Mr. Loeffler's musical setting was written on commission for the first festival of chamber music in the Library of Congress, to which institution upon her own "foundation," Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge had confided the perpetuation of her annual rites at Pittsfield. At Washington, on Oct. 28, 1925, the new "Canticle" was heard for the first time from Mme. Frijsh and a chamber-orchestra of about thirty players, with Mr. Frederick Stock of Chicago as conductor.

When in 1224, at the age of forty-four, the gentle Francis, broken in body, sore in heart at the crudities of a world so completely the opposite of himself, gave vent to his feelings, it was not to utter lamentations or complaints, but to raise a hymn of praise. For all the material and elemental blessings of life he lauded "the good Lord God." When the surgeons of the day administered treatment which nowadays seems brutal, when there was no relief in sight, he added significantly the verse in praise of "our sister, the death of the body." And, since he considered the sun the crown of creation, since he recalled that "in Scripture the Lord Himself is called 'The Sun of Righteousness'" he gave to his verses for name, "The Song of Brother Sun."

Francis of Assisi (he was not then, of course, a saint) characteristically disdained the use of pompous Latin for his poem. Instead, he used the Umbrian dialect of his day—and scholars have given him credit as a founder of Italian religious poetry. For his setting Mr. Loeffler has used a modern Italian version furnished him by Mr. Gino Perera. Program books have carried an English translation by Matthew Arnold, as follows:

"O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!

"Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

"Praised be my Lord for our brtoher fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who are found walking by the most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

"Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most High, shalt give them a crown!

"Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

"Praised be my Lord God, with all his creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us thee!

"Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with great humility."

Mr. Loeffler wrote his score late in the winter and in the spring and summer of 1925; scored it for three flutes, English horn, two horns, celesta, piano, two harps, organ and strings, and, of course, the solo-voice. Each verse has its own characterizing music, be the source of the characterization an appropriate Gregorian motif from the church liturgy or the free, delineative imaginings of the composers's own spirit. Mr. Loeffler does not write a music of ascetic mysticism. More deeply does he penetrate into the heart of the saint. His setting is, rather, a music of great spiritual radiance, of rapt, inward exultation. And in this place no technical labels shall be applied to it.

Since the poem is a hymn of praise, it is fitting that the first verse (after some preluding) should sound the music of the "Deo gratias"; that in the final exulting climax about "our brother, the sun," the same motif should again gloriously recur. Writes Mr. Gilman: "Here the music of Loeffler is irradiated from within, as horns and organ, and finally the whole orchestra, join in a superb outburst on the 'Deo gratias.'" Further, one hears undulating harps in praise of "our sister water" in the third verse; tremulous and sighing harps, strings and winds, for "our brother the wind" of the fourth verse: the flickering of celesta, piano, harps and winds for "our brother fire" of the fifth verse. Then follows the verse in praise of "our sister, the death of the body." Mr. Loeffler prefaces it with music in which the introit "Ressurexit" occurs: accompanies it with an English horn singing the penitential "Kyrie eleison." After which a quickening of tempo, a music growing more and more radiant, bring us to tones of ineffable light in the apostrophe to the stars of the eighth verse. After which the climax as already described.

When New York heard Mr. Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" (from Madame Frijsh, Dr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians on Jan. 5, 1926) reviewers gave it warm praise. Mr. Downes wrote of it as a music of "grave and constrained nobility and of simple exaltation." And Mr. Gilman thus expressed himself, "The matchless words of Saint Francis have evidently stirred Loeffler very deeply. We recall no music of his since "Hora Mystica" which has seemed to us so searching in its beauty and intensity. It is rare music, exalted, unsullied, rapt. It is worthy of the poem." A. H. M.

Incidents and Prospects

As guest-conductor and composer, Mr. Glazunov will be heard with the Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theater at Cambridge on Thursday evening, Jan. 16; in Symphony Hall at Boston on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Jan. 17 and 18. On all three occasions the program will comprise his Sixth Symphony (in C minor); his Concerto for Violin; his tone-poem, "Stenka Razin." The violinist at each concert will be Mr. Benno Rabinov, a rising youth schooled by Auer.

For his concert of piano-pieces in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12, Mr. Sanromá, lately returned with European laurels, announces these numbers, half of them—it is pleasure to write—from living composers:

Italian Concerto	Bach
Kreisleriana	Schumann
Ballad—Mazurka—Scherzo	Chopin
Six Little Piano-Pieces	Schönberg
Omaggi	Malipiero
March—Prelude	Prokoffiev
Polichinelle	Villa-Lobos
Joyous March	Halffter
Fantastic Dance, No. 1	Turina
El Puerto from "Iberia"	Albéniz
Fire-Dance from "Love the Sorcerer"	de Falla

The Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra is the larger by $10,000—gift last Sunday of a friend and benefactor who prefers to go unnamed. Evidently he, or she, directs generosity wisely.

In New York next week, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra will repeat on Thursday evening the program for tomorrow and Saturday at Symphony Hall: Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point"; Bax's new Symphony; Mr. Loeffler's setting of St. Francis's "Hymn to the Sun"; Ravel's "Bolero." On Saturday afternoon, in Carnegie Hall, they will be heard in Mozart's Symphony in E-flat; Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, applauded to the echo last October in Boston; Rabaud's tone-poem, "La Procession Nocturne"; "Bolero" again. To his audience in Brooklyn, which resembles the matinée audience in Boston, the discerning conductor will proffer Dvorák's "New-World" Symphony.

Mr. Segovia, the little master of the

The Players, The Numbers, The Incidents

Mr. Goossens's Second Inning, The Flute-Players Give A Fiftieth Concert

UNTIL the turn came of Respighi's "Roman Festivals," there were warmths at the Symphony Concert of Saturday. The audience frequenting it has a longer, quicker memory than the matrons and maidens of the matinée; received Mr. Goossens as remembered and welcome guest. In particular it was pleased with his version of Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, covering him and the orchestra with long applause. It was as full of compliment and good will at the end of the conductor-composer's own Concertino, joining with him in the plaudits the cherished string - choir. At second and more familiar hearing that music also bettered itself. Through the first division, the rhythmic stride was Bach-like; the play of the several groups from counterpoint to counterpoint, apt and pithy; the whole, unlabored and unrelaxed in pervading animation. Preferring a folk-tune quality for the slow section, Mr. Goossens outdid the folk-pieces with his own melody. The first viola introduced it; the first violin farewelled it; between, the string orchestra gave it clear depths. It sang freshly and not too wistfully; it paraded no false pretense of sophisticated innocence. If in imagination the composer had overheard a solitary singer, with a keen sense of medium he transferred the song to his choirs. The finale, picking up a figure from the first division, escaped monotony in the gay play of rhythms and timbres; in the sudden interjection, Beethoven-like, of grave, low-pitched, full-toned measures. Throughout, the modern way with an old form refilled.

As for "Roman Festivals," there was good reason to suspect an audience that declined to take them seriously. Signor Respighi "presented" his popular fête and everyone was amused at the barker, the hand-organ, the gutter-tune, the stamping dances—as often as one or another scooted through the thick-voiced orchestra And what a welter of brass was his Circus Maximus, with the strings salving out of the din the song of the Christian martyrs! Some score with a pen; relentless Respighi now and then prefers a hammer. High-brows of the opera house reproach Puccini with banalities. Agreed: but he shines like a master beside the symphonic Respighi on sentimental "fall excursion" into the hills, or piously upturning eyes and ears at sight of marching pilgrims, at sound of ringing church-bells. What next? asked a few foreboding spirits. But we have the Signore's word that he has finished his Roman trilogy. No more between high-voiced and low-voiced instruments will he juggle the dins, ancient or modern, of Mussolini's city.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

N. Y. TELEGRAM

DEC 28 192

Symphony Concert to Aid Russian Exiles

Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, president of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, and her associates in that organization have taken over the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert on Friday afternoon, January 10, in Carnegie Hall, as a benefit. The program, with Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, will be all-Russian. It will consist of the prelude to "Khovantchina" by Moussorgsky. Rimsky-Korsakov's suite from "Sadko," the concerto for violin and orchestra by Prokofieff, Stravinsky's orchestral suite from "Petrouchka," and Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture.

Almost all of the first tier boxes have already been subscribed. Among the patrons and patronesses are Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Mr and Mrs. Frederic Ashton de Peyster, Mrs. William E. Wheelock, Mrs. Donald W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne, Albert M. Bagby, Mr and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Jr., Mrs. Harleston Deacon, Robert Fulton Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Loomis, Miss Lucile Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris.

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The performance of Ravel's ripple of applause compared with the storm it evoked when it was heard here first a month ago. Walton's dashing brilliant overture, "Portsmouth Point," began the program.

followed, without bridle or lead, the groom back out the door and to the stables.

drew thousands of vehicles into Westminster street and created a serious traffic jam. Beginning shortly before 8 o'clock, three lines of machines began the slow crawl from Turk's Head to the Albee Theatre and, after discharging their passengers, poured into Washington and Weybosset streets, crowding those thoroughfares.

Street car service was delayed greatly by the slow moving procession, and machines attempting to enter Westminster street from intersecting streets were forced to wait from five to 15 minutes in some instances before a break in the line gave them an opportunity.

At Washington and Mathewson streets, vehicles approaching in three directions caused an impasse which required several minutes to straighten out, long lines of traffic on both streets being held up in the meantime.

Conditions at 10 o'clock, after the concert, were somewhat better, machines intending to pick up passengers in front of the theatre keeping in line to the extreme left of the street, permitting street cars and through traffic to use the centre of the street.

Two traffic officers were stationed at Westminster and Mathewson streets and one at each other intersecting street along Westminster street.

22 Piss found Nov. 13

The Fifth Symphony for Our First

A Beethoven Backbone Gives Koussevitzky His Chance as the Boston Symphony Season Opens.—A New American Poem and Strauss's Pranks

It was pleasant last evening to see again the familiar faces of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished director, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, and hear once more the well-known strains of our old familiar friend, the C Minor Symphony, the sharp laughter of our old acquaintance, Till Eulenspiegel, and the new stories of our young acquaintance of the Enchanted Isle.

Perhaps it was the latter that attracted us most, for ever since the days of Homer —and the Enchanted Isle goes back to him—it has been the peculiar characteristic of audiences to welcome ever the song that is newest. Pindar tells us that it was the same in his day, with perhaps a note of satire in his voice; and here today we demand with the same insistence fresh songs to relieve the tedium of the old.

We have never heard the orchestra perform with more fire or more elan. It was a performance con brio throughout. There was a fluency and luminosity in the playing that at times suggested the high places up in the cold blue sky; and again a pitting of instrument against instrument in a struggle that suggested body against body and curse against curse, with all the clangor and uproar of the pit. Storm and strife, calm and serene sunshine, sweet deception, malignant plotting, mixed with the shrieking, demoniac laughter that breaks in sardonic scorn from the sky spread over a Paradise of Fools. Which was best and which worst is purely a matter of personal taste and preference.

The Standard Works

Musicians of whatever taste never weary of Beethoven. Each repetition brings them something never noticed before. So it was last night. There was a shifting of color in the reeds, an altered glow in the strings, an unwonted fulness in the brass, an unsuspected sting in a note hitherto believed guileless-one and all making him as subtle and elusive as the clouds that roll up from the horizon and change without rest before the wind.

He is the old Cloud-Compeller, mighty, insistent, but withal tolerant, as a god should be. He rouses us to aspire and he lays us in the dust; he jeers at our infirmity and he raises a paean that makes us strong. Where is there another such as he?

But for all that, there seemed to be lacking a certain tenderness that so often walks in Beethoven's music hand in hand with nobility of soul. There was force in abundance, mysticism, impetuosity (perhaps at times a little too much), but the tender grace of a day that is dead, that Beethoven loved so well to contemplate, only to dash it in the dust in one of his cynical outbursts, does not always make itself manifest in the playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at least when it plays here. Perhaps the mood is akin to the sublime in literature and is not given to every orchestra to express.

The Fresh Gruenberg

And "The Enchanted Isle"—how new and how old! Modern self-confidence of treatment, and modern dearth of native composition material. Why bother about enchantment when the very idea is now discarded along with the witches and demons, and the devils that have long been cast out? Why meddle with Ulysses and Calypso on their magic isle, or Ulysses and Circe in their magic Schweinerei, and pretend to make from these something new?

The Greeks had a word which they used with no intention of compliment—to Phrygianize—which in music and poetry was synonymous with poor judgment and questionable taste. That is what so many modern composers and quasi-composers are doing today; they are Phrygianizing the little jewels and gems inherited from their ancestors, giving them a new costume-setting.

Their music is not the music that will either make us laugh or weep. They are pretty things that we take in our hands and examine and turn this way and that only to throw away. Like insects they live their little day and die.

The Way of the New Man

Of course we know that all this and worse was said of Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner and the rest; but those worthies at least seemed to advance the kingdom of music; they made their characters walk the fields of the Epic or the boards of Tragedy; now when a new character comes on, we wonder whether to look for him in Rabelais, Gulliver's Travels, or the Isle of the Penguins.

But Till Eulenspiegel is a different matter. Last night he seemed deeply rooted in the soil, a rare combination of Aristophanes in his most malignant moments and Browning in a peculiarly crabbed mood; and perhaps, like those two, his mood was a mere affectation, a parody of backwoods wit assumed for those who know what to laugh at, while it provided righteous indignation for those who had no clue or lacked the fundamental sense of humor so necessary for all who are to enter into the spirit of the piece.

Beyond a doubt the orchestra made it acrid and bitter enough, but it was deft enough in its drawings to blot out the sketches before we realized fully whether they were of Caliban or the Sirens; which we take to be skill of a very high order.

M. C. W.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Beethoven—
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op.84

Gruenberg—
"The Enchanted Isle," Symphonic Poem

Strauss—
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," after the Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner,—in Rondo Form, Op. 28.

Beethoven—
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67
I. Allegro con brio
II. Andante con moto
III. Allegro; Trio
IV. Allegro

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHILDREN'S CONCERT

Program to Be Repeated This Afternoon

Globe Jan 9

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first of its annual series of young people's concerts yesterday afternoon to an attentive and eager audience that filled Symphony Hall. Richard Burgin conducted two numbers on the program. Dr Koussevitzky conducted the remaining three. Interesting stereopticon slides illustrated comments on each of the pieces. In the absence of Alfred H. Meyer, his notes were read to the audience by Carlos Pinfield, one of the violinists in the Boston Symphony.

This year 300 seats on the floor have again been reserved for sale to individuals who wish to bring their children. The rest of the hall is sold out through public and private schools in Greater Boston. The block of seats sold to individuals was filled yesterday with small children and their grown-up escorts. Some of these children were 3 and 4-year-olds. The seats sold through the schools had been given out in the upper grades, to boys and girls ranging in age from perhaps 12 to 18. The audience was notably quiet and well behaved. Even the little tots seemed interested in the concert.

The pictures used as illustrations included photographs of the settings of the Chicago Civic Opera production of Prokofieff's "Love of Three Oranges," sent by the opera company. The little march from this modernistic opera greatly pleased the youthful audience. So did the Saint-Saens quasi-humorous "Carnival of the Animals," with its numerous incidental solos, and the luscious "Swan," in which Mr Bedetti's cello playing was notable. Mr Kunze was the double-bass soloist in "The Elephant." Mr Laurent played the flute solo in "The Aviary." The two pianists were Jesus Sanroma and Arthur Fiedler.

Bernard Zighera played Tournier's "Feerie" for harp with orchestral accompaniment, which he recently performed in the regular series of Symphony concerts. The young people were as interested as their elders had been in the instrument. They were shown pictures of the different types of harp and told a little about the differences between them.

The concert began with three 18th century numbers from Rameau and ended with Ravel's Bolero. Dr Koussevitzky very rightly wishes to introduce to his youthful audiences modern music and 18th century pieces. This is far sounder aesthetic policy than that of the usual run of makers of "educational programs" who favor such 19th century writers as Grieg and Massenet; because it is in line with present musical fashions.

This program will be repeated today at 4. There will be a second pair of young people's concerts later in the season.

"FISHERMAN"
THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
JAN 6 - 1930

MUSIC NOTES

Serge Koussevitzky has made some changes in the program originally announced for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Carnegie Hall concert next Saturday afternoon. The revised list includes Bach's third Brandenburg concerto, Beethoven's fourth symphony, Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, an interlude from Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo" and Ravel's Bolero.

LOEFFLER'S LATEST BY SYMPHONY

Mme. Frijsh in Voice Part of "Canticle of the Sun"

Post Jan. 4

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Four contemporary composers; two Londoners, a Parisian and a Bostonian (by long residence), shared the programme of yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. And it is a pleasure to be able to record, as an impartial and unprejudiced opinion, that for sheer musical quality the composition of last-named had much the best of it.

POVLA FRIJSH, SOLOIST

In detail these composers, representative of four periods and phases of modern music, were William Walton, Arnold Bax, Maurice Ravel and Charles Martin Loeffler, and their pieces were, respectively, the overture, "Portsmouth Point," the Symphony No. 2 in E minor and C, the "Bolero" of recent sensation in Symphony Hall, and the "Canticle of the Sun" (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice and orchestra. The singer in Mr. Loeffler's piece, which was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, was Povla Frijsh, who also sang it on the occasion of its first performance anywhere, at the Library of Congress Festival of Chamber Music, in the fall of 1925.

The Canticle of St. Francis, a rhapsody in praise of God and nature, is a poetic outburst that not only cried aloud for a musical setting but that also was ideally suited to the peculiar genius of Mr. Loeffler. That his tonal investment of the lines would have the mystical rapture, the poignant beauty, the soaring eloquence, the charm of instrumental color yesterday disclosed, was almost a foregone conclusion. In Mme. Frijsh, in Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra, this "Canticum Fratris Solis" found yesterday fitting interpreters, and at the conclusion of the performance all concerned received an ovation.

Bax Heard Again

The overture of the youthful Walton, first played here three seasons ago, deserved at least one re-hearing. There is in the piece a bluff English quality, a rousing vigor, a disdain of tonal politeness that is in a way exhilarating and refreshing. Of actual thematic substance the music has but little.

That Dr. Koussevitzky should have repeated the Symphony of Bax, dedicated to himself and played for the first times at the symphony concerts of three weeks ago, was altogether fitting. A piece of symphonic dimensions from the hand of so gifted a composer as Bax deserves such consideration. That a second hearing of the symphony revealed in it attributes of greatness undiscovered at first may, however, not be said. Bax says his say often gracefully, movingly and even impressively, but most of what he says has been uttered before in one form or another.

Not only is this music of Bax in the last analysis unoriginal, it is at times disconcertingly reminiscent of other composers.

"Bolero" Fails to Excite

Finally Ravel's "Bolero," which provoked a demonstration of historic vehemence at the Friday afternoon Symphony concert of Dec. 6, last, was received by the audience yesterday with relative apathy. There was applause at the end, to be sure, but no untoward excitement.

A good story should be told

NEW YORK
TIMES

By way of the Paris press comes the report that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will remain in Boston to take part in the tricentenary of the State of Massachusetts instead of touring Europe this Spring. The tour, according to the paragraphs, has been postponed until the Spring of 1931.

The recent "first Boston performances" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra include Arnold Bax's second symphony in E minor and C, and on Jan. 3 Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis" (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice and orchestra. The soloist was Povla Frijsh, who likewise appeared in the first production of this work in Washington and elsewhere three seasons ago.

The pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the larger by a ten-thousand-dollar gift lately by a friend and benefactor who prefers to go unnamed.

FRIJSH SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" Performed

Ravel's Bolero and Bax' Symphony Repeated From Previous Programs

Globe Jan 4

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," a setting for soprano and orchestra of verses attributed to St Francis of Assisi, was performed for the first time in Boston at yesterday's Symphony concert, with Povla Frijsh as soloist. There was hearty and prolonged applause for composer, soloist and conductor, when they came out to bow at the end of the piece. Finally the orchestra was bidden to rise and share the plaudits.

Ravel's Bolero and Bax' "Second Symphony," repeated from previous programs of the current season; and Walton's "Portsmouth Point" were the other numbers on a program drawn wholly from the work of living composers.

Mr Loeffler wrote his "Canticle of the Sun" in 1925 at the request of Mrs F. S. Coolidge for the first of her Washington festival concerts of chamber music. He set for soprano and chamber orchestra a modernized Italian version of the hymn said to have been written by St Francis, prepared for his use by Gino Perera of Boston. Mr Loeffler's music has been performed at concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, as well as at the Washington festival in 1925. Mme Frijsh has sung the soprano solo at each performance.

The hymn, a naive medieval rhapsody, demands of a modern composer the evocation of a mood wholly alien to his own day and age. Mr Loeffler has used modal harmonies, and woven into the texture of his music many liturgical motives. He succeeds as well as anyone now could in creating the atmosphere of St Francis' rhapsody. One listens to his music in the spirit of a modern tourist in Assisi. But, as some modern visitors there have done, one feels a certain monotony, a certain barrenness, a lack of enduring vitality.

Try as one may to view the middle ages reverently, one cannot but recall at times the mockery of Anatole France in such pages as the famous one in his "Penguin Island" about the paintings of Margaritone of Arezzo. Mr Loeffler has done in this Canticle all that taste and skill can do to recreate something vanished, something even more alien to us than Periclean Athens, or than the Scythians whom those other modern composers, Stravinsky and Prokofieff have evoked for us (from the pages of Herodotus), with such astonishing power.

Mme Frijsh has long been admired here as an interpreter of music. Her tact and intuition are remarkable. Not so her voice, however. Yesterday she made very skilful use of her vocal resources, but in so large a hall neither the quality nor the volume of tone were wholly adequate. Furthermore she was unable to convey the nuances she wished, and would certainly have made in a smaller room.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
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Work by English Composer Arouses Much Enthusiasm in Boston Performance

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The composer has said that "there is absolutely no communicable program associated with the music, which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work."

"When the symphonic poems by Bax were played by this orchestra," says Philip Hale in the Boston Herald, "the charge of occasional diffuseness, if not vagueness, was urged against him, while full justice was done to the fine, poetic qualities. It might have been said that he was then lulled at too great length by the enchanting airs he heard in the Faery hills and in the garden of Fand. In this symphony even more than in his first symphony played two years ago, there is still, especially in the second movement, the Celtic feeling that is characteristic of many of his works; there are themes, there are harmonies of tender, wistful beauty, not free from a pleasing melancholy, but these pages only relieve and enhance the heroic character of the work as a whole, the defiant pages or those of doubt and questioning until there is at the end submission to the inevitable, if not a lasting peace. These final pages, artfully simple, leading to silence, are among the most eloquent and impressive in the symphony.

"That the audience realizes the strength and the beauty, the originality of invention and expression was shown by the manner in which the symphony was received. Seldom, if ever, has the first performance of a new symphony been so heartily and honestly applauded."

Trans Jan. 7

Koussevitzky to Bax

Telegrams from Conductor to Composer About a Current Symphony

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> The orchestra and I wish to express to you our profound admiration of this work. We are proud to give it its first performance, which will be a considerable date for the Boston Symphony.

Again after the first performances:

> With greatest joy am sending you my heartiest congratulations on the exceptional success of your symphony.

22 Prov Journal Nov. 13

The Fifth Symphony for Our First

A Beethoven Backbone Gives Koussevitzky His Chance as the Boston Symphony Season Opens.—A New American Poem and Strauss's Pranks

It was pleasant last evening to see again the familiar faces of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished director, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, and hear once more the well-known strains of our old familiar friend, the C Minor Symphony, the sharp laughter of our old acquaintance, Till Eulenspiegel, and the new stories of our young acquaintance of the Enchanted Isle.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Beethoven—
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op.84

Gruenberg—
"The Enchanted Isle," Symphonic Poem

Strauss—
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," after the Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner,—in Rondo Form, Op. 28.

Beethoven—
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67
I. Allegro con brio
II. Andante con moto
III. Allegro; Trio
IV. Allegro

Perhaps it was the latter that attracted us most, for ever since the days of Homer —and the Enchanted Isle goes back to him—it has been the peculiar characteristic of audiences to welcome ever the song that is newest. Pindar tells us that it was the same in his day, with perhaps a note of satire in his voice; and here today we demand with the same insistence fresh songs to relieve the tedium of the old.

We have never heard the orchestra perform with more fire or more elan. It was a performance con brio throughout. There was a fluency and luminosity in the playing that at times suggested the high places up in the cold blue sky; and again a pitting of instrument against instrument in a struggle that suggested body against body and curse against curse, with all the clangor and uproar of the pit. Storm and strife, calm and serene sunshine, sweet deception, malignant plotting, mixed with the shrieking, demoniac laughter that breaks in sardonic scorn from the sky spread over a Paradise of Fools. Which was best and which worst is purely a matter of personal taste and preference.

The Standard Works

Musicians of whatever taste never weary of Beethoven. Each repetition brings them something never noticed before. So it was last night. There was a shifting of color in the reeds, an altered glow in the strings, an unwonted fulness in the brass, an unsuspected sting in a note hitherto believed guileless-one and all making him as subtle and elusive as the clouds that roll up from the horizon and change without rest before the wind.

He is the old Cloud-Compeller, mighty, insistent, but withal tolerant, as a god should be. He rouses us to aspire and he lays us in the dust; he jeers at our infirmity and he raises a paean that makes us strong. Where is there another such as he?

But for all that, there seemed to be lacking a certain tenderness that so often walks in Beethoven's music hand in hand with nobility of soul. There was force in abundance, mysticism, impetuosity (perhaps at times a little too much), but the tender grace of a day that is dead, that Beethoven loved so well to contemplate, only to dash it in the dust in one of his cynical outbursts, does not always make itself manifest in the playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at least when it plays here. Perhaps the mood is akin to the sublime in literature and is not given to every orchestra to express.

The Fresh Gruenberg

And "The Enchanted Isle"—how new and how old! Modern self-confidence of treatment, and modern dearth of native composition material. Why bother about enchantment when the very idea is now discarded along with the witches and demons, and the devils that have long been cast out? Why meddle with Ulysses and Calypso on their magic isle, or Ulysses and Circe in their magic Schweinerei, and pretend to make from these something new?

The Greeks had a word which they used with no intention of compliment—to Phrygianize—which in music and poetry was synonymous with poor judgment and questionable taste. That is what so many modern composers and quasi-composers are doing today; they are Phrygianizing the little jewels and gems inherited from their ancestors, giving them a new costume-setting.

Their music is not the music that will either make us laugh or weep. They are pretty things that we take in our hands and examine and turn this way and that only to throw away. Like insects they live their little day and die.

The Way of the New Man

Of course we know that all this and worse was said of Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner and the rest; but those worthies at least seemed to advance the kingdom of music; they made their characters walk the fields of the Epic or the boards of Tragedy; now when a new character comes on, we wonder whether to look for him in Rabelais, Gulliver's Travels, or the Isle of the Penguins.

But Till Eulenspiegel is a different matter. Last night he seemed deeply rooted in the soil, a rare combination of Aristophanes in his most malignant moments and Browning in a peculiarily crabbed mood; and perhaps, like those two, his mood was a mere affectation, a parody of backwoods wit assumed for those who know what to laugh at, while it provided righteous indignation for those who had no clue or lacked the fundamental sense of humor so necessary for all who are to enter into the spirit of the piece.

Beyond a doubt the orchestra made it acrid and bitter enough, but it was deft enough in its drawings to blot out the sketches before we realized fully whether they were of Caliban or the Sirens; which we take to be skill of a very high order.

M. C. W.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHILDREN'S CONCERT

Program to Be Repeated This Afternoon

Globe Jan 29

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first of its annual series of young people's concerts yesterday afternoon to an attentive and eager audience that filled Symphony Hall. Richard Burgin conducted two numbers on the program. Dr Koussevitzky conducted the remaining three. Interesting stereopticon slides illustrated comments on each of the pieces. In the absence of Alfred H. Meyer, his notes were read to the audience by Carlos Pinfield, one of the violinists in the Boston Symphony.

This year 300 seats on the floor have again been reserved for sale to individuals who wish to bring their children. The rest of the hall is sold out through public and private schools in Greater Boston. The block of seats sold to individuals was filled yesterday with small children and their grown-up escorts. Some of these children were 3 and 4-year-olds. The seats sold through the schools had been given out in the upper grades, to boys and girls ranging in age from perhaps 12 to 18. The audience was notably quiet and well behaved. Even the little tots seemed interested in the concert.

The pictures used as illustrations included photographs of the settings of the Chicago Civic Opera production of Prokofieff's "Love of Three Oranges," sent by the opera company. The little march from this modernistic opera greatly pleased the youthful audience. So did the Saint-Saens quasi-humorous "Carnival of the Animals," with its numerous incidental solos, and the luscious "Swan," in which Mr Bedetti's cello playing was notable. Mr Kunze was the double-bass soloist in "The Elephant." Mr Laurent played the flute solo in "The Aviary." The two pianists were Jesus Sanroma and Arthur Fiedler.

Bernard Zighera played Tournier's "Feerie" for harp with orchestral accompaniment, which he recently performed in the regular series of Symphony concerts. The young people were as interested as their elders had been in the instrument. They were shown pictures of the different types of harp and told a little about the differences between them.

The concert began with three 18th century numbers from Rameau and ended with Ravel's Bolero. Dr Koussevitzky very rightly wishes to introduce to his youthful audiences modern music and 18th century pieces. This is far sounder aesthetic policy than that of the usual run of makers of "educational programs" who favor such 19th century writers as Grieg and Massenet; because it is in line with present musical fashions.

This program will be repeated today at 4. There will be a second pair of young people's concerts later in the season.

FISHERMAN"

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
JAN 6 - 1930

MUSIC NOTES

Serge Koussevitzky has made some changes in the program originally announced for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Carnegie Hall concert next Saturday afternoon. The revised list includes Bach's third Brandenburg concerto, Beethoven's fourth symphony, Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, an interlude from Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo" and Ravel's Bolero.

LOEFFLER'S LATEST BY SYMPHONY

Mme. Frijsh in Voice Part of "Canticle of the Sun"

Post Jan. 4

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Four contemporary composers; two Londoners, a Parisian and a Bostonian (by long residence), shared the programme of yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. And it is a pleasure to be able to record, as an impartial and unprejudiced opinion, that for sheer musical quality the composition of last-named had much the best of it.

POVLA FRIJSH, SOLOIST

In detail these composers, representative of four periods and phases of modern music, were William Walton, Arnold Bax, Maurice Ravel and Charles Martin Loeffler, and their pieces were, respectively, the overture, "Portsmouth Point," the Symphony No. 2 in E minor and C, the "Bolero" of recent sensation in Symphony Hall, and the "Canticle of the Sun" (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice and orchestra. The singer in Mr. Loeffler's piece, which was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, was Povla Frijsh, who also sang it on the occasion of its first performance anywhere, at the Library of Congress' Festival of Chamber Music, in the fall of 1925.

The Canticle of St. Francis, a rhapsody in praise of God and nature, is a poetic outburst that not only cried aloud for a musical setting but that also was ideally suited to the peculiar genius of Mr. Loeffler. That his tonal investment of the lines would have the mystical rapture, the poignant beauty, the soaring eloquence, the charm of instrumental color yesterday disclosed, was almost a foregone conclusion. In Mme. Frijsh, in Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra, this "Canticum Fratris Solis" found yesterday fitting interpreters, and at the conclusion of the performance all concerned received an ovation.

Bax Heard Again

The overture of the youthful Walton, first played here three seasons ago, deserved at least one re-hearing. There is in the piece a bluff English quality, a rousing vigor, a disdain of tonal politeness that is in a way exhilarating and refreshing. Of actual thematic substance the music has but little.

That Dr. Koussevitzky should have repeated the Symphony of Bax, dedicated to himself and played for the first times at the symphony concerts of three weeks ago, was altogether fitting. A piece of symphonic dimensions from the hand of so gifted a composer as Bax deserves such consideration. That a second hearing of the symphony revealed in it attributes of greatness undiscovered at first may, however, not be said. Bax says his say often gracefully, movingly and even impressively, but most of what he says has been uttered before in one form or another.

Not only is this music of Bax in the last analysis unoriginal, it is at times disconcertingly reminiscent of other composers.

"Bolero" Fails to Excite

Finally Ravel's "Bolero," which provoked a demonstration of historic vehemence at the Friday afternoon Symphony concert of Dec. 6, last, was received by the audience yesterday with relative apathy. There was applause at the end, to be sure, but no untoward excitement.

A good story should be told once, and once only. "Bolero" depends for its effect on a mere musical trick, though executed with infinite cleverness. Heard a second time the constantly repeated tune (uninteresting of itself), the reiterated rhythm, the long crescendo, the sudden modulation near the end, all fail greatly to stir and excite the listener.

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MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 11th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows:

Walton, overture, "Portsmouth Point." Bax, Symphony No. 2, E minor and C. Loeffler, Canticum Fratris Solis—after St. Francis of Assisi (first time in Boston; Povla Frijsh, soprano). Ravel, Bolero.

Walton and Bax are together in the catalogue as British composers: Walton born in Lancashire; Bax in London. The two were educated musically in England. How different their musical natures as exemplified in the overture and the symphony heard yesterday.

Walton's music is of the hearty John Bull type; roast beef, flagons of ale, the England of Captain Marryatt, "Rule Britannia," "The British Grenadiers," "Down Among the Dead Men," "God Save the King." To music this overture is as the prints of Rowlandson to art—and Rowlandson found his musical translator in Walton. Or the Walton of this overture is to music as Daniel Defoe and William Cobbett to English literature. Music that is sturdy, self-reliant, not without a suggestion of insular arrogance. Walton wisely did not attempt an interlinear translation into tones of Rowlandson's print of a quayside in confusion; no sentimental passage for the officer farewelling his lady love; no grotesque dance for the wooden legged sailor. The composer strove to picture the hurry, the bustle, what one might call the fury of departure. He did not strive in vain.

Bax, on the other hand, has been known to us by his musical sojourn in fairy land. He dwelt in western Ireland for a time, nor was he a stranger among the artists and writers of Dublin. His visit to Russia did not affect him musically to any noticeable extent.

It was said of the pugilist Sir Daniel Donnelly that there were Iricisms in his style. In the music of Arnold Bax there are Celticisms: the romantic melancholy, the Donnybrook defiant outbursts, the fancy that has been nourished on Irish legends. He has seen "the good people"; he has visited the Faery Hills and sailed to the island of Pfand; he has listened to the men and women known to Synge; exchanged mystical revelations with the poet Yeats, yet Bax is no idle dreamer of an empty lay; he dreams—even in this symphony—but here he is also a purposeful man of action. He is profoundly musical and feels no need of a program to fire his imagination. (The symphony is a highly imaginative work.) Mr. Edwin Evans is not extravagant in saying that Irish legends, landscapes and songs have contributed to the characteristic style by which one knows the music of Bax. His music is intensely emotional, but in an individual manner. To some this symphony is a stumbling block; even if they have emotions, they wish them to be aroused in a more familiar and genteel manner. They have ears, but they do not hear. There is nothing cryptic in the music. Everywhere is strength, even in the beauty of the work. Is anyone left unmoved by the Celtic sadness of the ending? Suppose Bax had ended with a roaring fortissimo, with the organ thundering, drums beating, cymbals crashing fanfares of triumpets in what is sometimes called "the apotheosis" would not some have then applauded tempestuously, and said as they went out: "I didn't get on to a good deal of the music, but I liked the ending."

A third hearing confirms one hearer in the impression made by the first; here is one of the most important musical works that have crossed the Atlantic for many years. The sympathetic, eloquent, superb performance yesterday turned impression into conviction.

Mr. Loeffler is a man of fine literary taste and wide reading as well as a singularly skilled composer of exquisite fancy. It is not surprising that this "Hymn of Brother Sun" appealed to him and led him to seek out the fitting music. The Hymn has attracted many composers. Some of them have written in heroic, bravura manner, singularly out of keeping with the text. There are lovely pages in Mr. Loeffler's work—charming melodic lines, an assisting not distracting, always pertinent use of liturgical motives, a poetic blending of instrumental timbres. Mme. Frijsh, the one great interpreter of songs, now before the American public, did not fail to realize and express the sentiments of the Saint and the illuminating commentary of the composer. Mr. Loeffler, Mme. Frijsh, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were obliged more than once to acknowledge the hearty tribute paid them.

There were many requests during the last fortnight for a repetition of Ravel's "Bolero." Ravel did not fare the better by the granting of the request. This "Bolero" is the clever trick of a superrefined composer. The trick is amazingly well performed, but it is only a trick. The surprise of a first performance does not affect one a second time. Indeed, the first 10 minutes in performance yesterday, owing to the inevitable monotony, were rather boresome. Still there was the expectation of something going to happen, of a final thunderous proclamation of the inherently negligible tune. According to the old saw, surprise is the chief element of wit. Perhaps—but honest laughter follows the first cracking of a joke. After that the laughter is only courteous.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give concerts in New York and Brooklyn next week. Alexander Glazounov will be the "guest conductor" here on Jan. 17, 18. The program will comprise his sixth symphony; his violin concerto (Benno Rabinoff, violinist), and his symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin."

MUSIC

CHILDREN'S CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert for young people yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin conducted. Alfred H. Meyer's comments on the program were read by Carlos E. Pinfield. Stereopticon slides were shown. The program was as follows: Rameau-Kretzschmar, ballet suite from "Acante et Cephisse." Tournier, "Fairie," for harp (Bernard Zighera), and orchestra. Prokofieff, march from "The Love for Three Oranges." Saint-Saens, "The Animals' Carnival—Cocks and Hens, The Elephant (M. Kunze, double bass), Aquarium, Personages with Long Ears, The Cuckoo in the Depth of the Forest, Aviary (E. Laurent, flute), The Swan (J. Bedetti, violoncello); Messrs. Sanroma and Fiedler, pianists. Ravel, Bolero.

The question arises whenever a concert is given for children, what compositions are the better suited to their musical instincts (if they have any)—music that has pronounced and stirring rhythm, music of action, or music of obvious melody. In these concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra there is no deliberate plan of instruction. Mr. Meyer's interesting comments are upon the pieces then and there performed. There are no long explanations of the various instruments and various forms, as in Mr. Schilling's concerts, with music to illustrate now the strings, now the wood-wind instruments and so on. The "education" is to be derived from the music heard. It has been shown in previous concerts in Symphony hall that the young people show little interest in slow movements of the composers called "classic." A lively piece, provided it is obviously melodious, pleases the young. It is safe to say that they would enjoy Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," or Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" more than a slow movement by Mozart or Beethoven. Nor is this to be greatly deplored. The realization of Mozart's greatness will come later in the children's musical life.

Early in this month a concert for children was given in London, and what was the program? Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Elgar's transcription of Bach's C minor fantasia and fugue; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and the overture to "Tannhaeuser." Even the English children take their pleasures sadly. The program presented yesterday was much more to the point; a program that should please children from 10 to 80 years of age. Take this ballet music of Rameau's, for example. The fact that Rameau in this "heroic pastoral" was the first to introduce clarinets in the Paris Opera House would not interest children, nor would they be thrilled if they were told that as the first performance was in celebration of the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, Rameau endeavored in the overture to express the popular joy "as far as it is possible in music." Surely the music itself would be enough. Nor are children, unlike some of their elders, frightened by the name Prokofieff, nor do they argue that his music must be of a barbaric nature. And what music is more appropriate for a concert of this nature than Saint-Saens's Animals and Ravel's Bolero.

The hall was filled from top to bottom. The children were much more appreciative, more enthusiastic than on certain preceding occasions. Some of the slides amused them greatly. What would the comedians and ballet dancers of Rameau's time have said had they known that their costumes and poses would have excited laughter when shown to children of Boston in the 20th century? Yesterday the audience enjoyed the heavy tread of the elephantine double-bass, the virtuosity of Mr. Laurent, and the song of the swan so beautifully sung by Mr. Bedetti's violoncello. Unsophisticated, they applauded Rameau, Prokofieff, Tournier and Ravel with delightful impartiality.

The order of the program was changed from that given above. Mr. Burgin conducted the ballet suite and Saint-Saens's zoological music. He was succeeded by Dr. Koussevitzky, who conducted the remaining numbers with the care and interest that he would display at one of the Friday afternoon or Saturday evening concerts.

The final pair of young people's concerts this season will be given on April 23 and 24. The concert of yesterday will be repeated this afternoon.

BROCKTON

SECOND TUESDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Schumann and Wagner Fill Program

The second program of the Tuesday afternoon Symphony concert series consisted of the overture to Byron's "Manfred" and the Second Symphony of Schumann, and four Wagner excerpts—the "Lohengrin" prelude, the "Ride of the Valkyries," the prelude and the introduction to Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger."

Schumann's orchestral works are interesting solely because seldom played. Hearing these two compositions of his, it is evident that he never fully grasped the orchestral and symphonic concept. His attitude is too thoroughly pianistic to permit him to go farther from his naturale genre than chamber music. He seems to find no necessity for contrast and color.

When he does try original combinations of instruments, they are often bizarre. The kettledrum strokes in the overture stand out like the proverbial sore thumbs; though in the first movement of the symphony they fit in admirably. Schumann's instrumentation is insecure and erratic.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democratic Chronicle

NEWEST WORK OF DR. HANSON TO BE SAVED-

Rochester Composer Holds 'Romantic' for Boston; To Play 'Nordic' Here

Dr. Howard Hanson will conduct his "Nordic" Symphony at the Philharmonic matinee to be given next Friday by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra in the Eastman Theater. In the announcement of the season's matinee programs a new work by Dr. Hanson was announced for this concert. When Dr. Hanson was asked yesterday about that new work, his explanation was of interest.

"The reason why my new symphony, the 'Romantic,' is not being played in Rochester this season is due to the fact that Mr. Koussevitski has commissioned it for performance next season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra," said Dr. Hanson. "The reason for this commission is that next year will be the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony and Mr. Koussevitski has asked representative composers from various countries to write works for first performances during that season," he explained. "Due to the importance of such a performance, I am holding up all previous performances of the work."

Dr. Hanson also received yesterday a letter from the offices of the American Academy in Rome informing him that he has been appointed a member of the jury which will elect the next holder of the Prix de Rome. The other members of the jury will be Walter Damrosch, John Alden Carpenter, Edward Burlingame Hill and Leo Sowerby.

self, particularly in the Schmann Symphony. This should have raised the level of the performance to unusual heights, but unfortunately the orchestra showed the ill effects of either scanty rehearsal or carelessness. There were several unfortunate slips, noticeably in the "Meistersinger" prelude, and in the end of the "Lohengrin" prelude.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

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The performance of the various works gave great pleasure to the large audience. Whether the music was by Schumann or by Wagner, the performance was conspicuous by its eloquence; by its attention to the details—as in the symphony—which, interpreted by Dr. Koussevitzky, never seemed mere pad-

ding. If Schumann and Wagner could have heard their music played in this manner they might have had greater respect, the one for the other—perhaps genuine affection. Who knows?

The next one of the Tuesday concerts will be Feb. 11. H. M. G.

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Save for the "Lohengrin" Prelude, the Wagner excerpts were all heard at the recent Pension Fund Concert, while the Schumann Symphony had place not long ago at a Friday and Saturday pair. The "Manfred" Overture, however, had never before appeared on one of Dr. Koussevitzky's Boston programmes, though his plans for his initial season here once included a performance of the whole of Schumann's music to Byron's play, enlisting the services of solo singers, a chorus and a reader. The Overture itself has more than once been called the finest of Schumann's orchestral compositions. In it is a sweep and a freedom, a passion and a dramatic quality certainly not to be found in any of the symphonies. It received from Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra yesterday a performance of expected eloquence, and it is to be hoped that the conductor will see fit to play the piece ere long at the regular concerts.

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Herald Dec 30

MUSIC

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Yesterday's concert in aid of the Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund, the sixtieth, no less, for the purpose, proved an occasion of beauty and splendor, almost of solemnity. People knew it would be an event. They "sensed" as much in the air, forbidding and damp though it was, on the way to Symphony Hall; once in a way a happy presentiment of the sort does make itself felt, although nobody can quite tell why. Perhaps the press of cars at the corner, which raised crossing the street to the pitch of a perilous adventure, had a hand in spreading the right atmosphere abroad.

The right atmosphere, at all events, prevailed, inside the hall as well as out. An audience filling every seat sat mighty expectant, all looking for something apart. For the spell of Wagner still holds its power unlessened by one iota. For real romance the world is still eager. But of course the romance must be genuine, not commonplace ragged out.

So wild a note of high romance Dr. Koussevitzky found in the "Flying Dutchman" overture that he startled some of his hearers. He made the music sound not early Wagner, but at the least of it post-Ring. He also made it hard for Mme. Florence Austral, who sang Senta's ballad, to follow him to the same dizzy level of expression and picturesqueness.

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Here was the solemnity of the afternoon, crowning perfect beauty. But there was a second solemn moment, when Dr. Koussevitzky, after the frenzy of applause that greeted the Valkyries' ride, motioned the orchestra to stand. This was a significant moment.

It led to a thrillingly beautiful performance of the prelude to "Tristan," and the Love-Death in which Mme. Austral joined. For sheer musicianship surely Dr. Koussevitzky has never surpassed the high point he reached in this prelude. Since emotion held pace with musicianship, the performance, moving as well as beautiful, was one to be remembered this many a day.

The audience applauded Mme. Austral, Dr. Koussevitzky and the players with enthusiasm. R. R. G.

WAR VETERAN AGED 104

MUSIC

Herald Jan 4

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 11th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows:

Walton, overture, "Portsmouth Point." Bax, Symphony No. 2, E minor and C. Loeffler, Canticum Fratris Solis—after St. Francis of Assisi (first time in Boston; Povla Frijsh, soprano). Ravel, Bolero.

Walton and Bax are together in the catalogue as British composers: Walton born in Lancashire; Bax in London. The two were educated musically in England. How different their musical natures as exemplified in the overture and the symphony heard yesterday.

Walton's music is of the hearty John Bull type; roast beef, flagons of ale, the England of Captain Marryatt, "Rule Britannia," "The British Grenadiers," "Down Among the Dead Men," "God Save the King." To music this overture is as the prints of Rowlandson to art—and Rowlandson found his musical translator in Walton. Or the Walton of this overture is to music as Daniel Defoe and William Cobbett to English literature. Music that is sturdy, self-reliant, not without a suggestion of insular arrogance. Walton wisely did not attempt an interlinear translation into tones of Rowlandson's print of a quayside in confusion; no sentimental passage for the officer farewelling his lady love; no grotesque dance for the wooden legged sailor. The composer strove to picture the hurry, the bustle, what one might call the fury of departure. He did not strive in vain.

Bax, on the other hand, has been known to us by his musical sojourn in fairy land. He dwelt in western Ireland for a time, nor was he a stranger among the artists and writers of Dublin. His visit to Russia did not affect him musically to any noticeable extent.

It was said of the pugilist Sir Daniel Donnelly that there were Iricisms in his style. In the music of Arnold Bax there are Celticisms: the romantic melancholy, the Donnybrook defiant outbursts, the fancy that has been nourished on Irish legends. He has seen "the good people"; he has visited the Faery Hills and sailed to the island of Pfand; he has listened to the men and women known to Synge; exchanged mystical revelations with the poet Yeats, yet Bax is no idle dreamer of an empty lay; he dreams—even in this symphony—but here he is also a purposeful man of action. He is profoundly musical and feels no need of a program to fire his imagination. (The symphony is a highly imaginative work.) Mr. Edwin Evans is not extravagant in saying that Irish legends, landscapes and songs have contributed to the characteristic style by which one knows the music of Bax. His music is intensely emotional, but in an individual manner. To some this symphony is a stumbling block; even if they have emotions, they wish them to be aroused in a more familiar and genteel manner. They have ears, but they do not hear. There is nothing cryptic in the music. Everywhere is strength, even in the beauty of the work. Is anyone left unmoved by the Celtic sadness of the ending? Suppose Bax had ended with a roaring fortissimo, with the organ thundering, drums beating, cymbals crashing fanfares of triumpets in what is sometimes called "the apotheosis" would not some have then applauded tempestuously, and said as they went out: "I didn't get on to a good deal of the music, but I liked the ending."

A third hearing confirms one hearer in the impression made by the first; here is one of the most important musical works that have crossed the Atlantic for many years. The sympathetic, eloquent, superb performance yesterday turned impression into conviction.

Mr. Loeffler is a man of fine literary taste and wide reading as well as a singularly skilled composer of exquisite fancy. It is not surprising that this "Hymn of Brother Sun" appealed to him and led him to seek out the fitting music. The Hymn has attracted many composers. Some of them have written in heroic, bravura manner, singularly out of keeping with the text. There are lovely pages in Mr. Loeffler's work—charming melodic lines, an assisting not distracting, always pertinent use of liturgical motives, a poetic blending of instrumental timbres. Mme. Frijsh, the one great interpreter of songs, now before the American public, did not fail to realize and express the sentiments of the Saint and the illuminating commentary of the composer. Mr. Loeffler, Mme. Frijsh, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were obliged more than once to acknowledge the hearty tribute paid them.

There were many requests during the last fortnight for a repetition of Ravel's "Bolero." Ravel did not fare the better by the granting of the request. This "Bolero" is the clever trick of a super-refined composer. The trick is amazingly well performed, but it is only a trick. The surprise of a first performance does not affect one a second time. Indeed, the first 10 minutes in performance yesterday, owing to the inevitable monotony, were rather boresome. Still there was the expectation of something going to happen, of a final thunderous proclamation of the inherently negligible tune. According to the old saw, surprise is the chief element of wit. Perhaps—but honest laughter follows the first cracking of a joke. After that the laughter is only courteous.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give concerts in New York and Brooklyn next week. Alexander Glazounov will be the "guest conductor" here on Jan. 17, 18. The program will comprise his sixth symphony; his violin concerto (Benno Rabinoff, violinist), and his symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin."

SYMPHONY IN 2D MATINEE

Romantic List Played for Tuesday Series

Post Jan 8

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Save for the "Lohengrin" Prelude, the Wagner excerpts were all heard at the recent Pension Fund Concert, while the Schumann Symphony had place not long ago at a Friday and Saturday pair. The "Manfred" Overture, however, had never before appeared on one of Dr. Koussevitzky's Boston programmes, though his plans for his initial season here once included a performance of the whole of Schumann's music to Byron's play, enlisting the services of solo singers, a chorus and a reader. The Overture itself has more than once been called the finest of Schumann's orchestral compositions. In it is a sweep and a freedom, a passion and a dramatic quality certainly not to be found in any of the symphonies. It received from Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra yesterday a performance of expected eloquence, and it is to be hoped that the conductor will see fit to play the piece ere long at the regular concerts.

Even more successfully than before did Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday reveal the beauties and conceal the defects of Schumann's long and uneven Symphony. The performances of the Wagnerian fragments, tinctured here and there with the conductor's individual approach to the music, were effective and much relished by the large audience which, in fact, took exceptional pleasure in the entire concert.

SECOND TUESDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

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Globe Jan 8

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Schumann's orchestral works are interesting solely because seldom played. Hearing these two compositions of his, it is evident that he never fully grasped the orchestral and symphonic concept. His attitude is too thoroughly pianistic to permit him to go farther from his naturale genre than chamber music. He seems to find no necessity for contrast and color.

When he does try original combinations of instruments, they are often bizarre. The kettledrum strokes in the overture stand out like the proverbial sore thumbs; though in the first movement of the symphony they fit in admirably. Schumann's instrumentation is insecure and erratic.

The musical substance of both the overture and the symphony is so original that it stands out in spite of the clumsy scoring. The principal motive in the symphony is, curiously enough, identical both rhythmically and melodically with the beginning of the introduction to Haydn's D-major symphony.

Unfortunately Dr Koussevitzky substituted for the "Siegfried Funeral Music," originally announced, the more obvious "Ride of the Valkyries." It is a question whether such an excerpt as the introduction to Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger" is suitable for concert performance. The other three Wagner excerpts played were more or less self contained units. The beautiful music of the introduction became almost uninteresting taken out of its proper context. The "Meistersinger" prelude, while played with a great attention to detail, did not have the plasticity it inherently possesses.

Dr Koussevitzky quite outdid himself, particularly in the Schmann Symphony. This should have raised the level of the performance to unusual heights, but unfortunately the orchestra showed the ill effects of either scanty rehearsal or carelessness. There were several unfortunate slips, noticeably in the "Meistersinger" prelude, and in the end of the "Lohengrin" perlude.

LEAVES [illegible]

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KILLING PROOF

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Post

PENSION AN EPIC CONCERT

Mme. Austral, Wagnerian Singer, a Notable Aid

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Wagner concerts by the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its Pension Fund are no novelty. Nor has the orchestra on such occasions gone always without competent and helpful vocal embellishment. But yesterday, at Symphony Hall, there came a Pension Fund Wagner concert with a notable Wagnerian singer, Florence Austral, to aid. And that was novelty indeed.

IN PRESENCE OF GREATNESS

As was wholly appropriate, the best came last yesterday, in the shape of the "Tristan" Prelude and "Love-Death," and the large audience by its pronounced and protracted enthusiasm showed itself sensible of the fact that it had been in the presence of greatness: great music, great singing, great orchestral playing and great conducting. Many times were Dr. Koussevitzky and Miss Austral recalled, and at length the conductor bade the players rise and bow their acknowledgments.

The programme of yesterday's concert was ingeniously made. First there was the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," and after it Senta's Ballad, from that opera, seldom enough sung hereabouts. Here was the early Wagner, a giant in swaddling clothes but a giant for all that. Followed the Bacchanale from the later, Parisian version of "Tannhauser," a glowing page for which Dr. Koussevitzky displays especial sympathy although there have been those who dissented from this or that detail in his reading of it. And as pendant to this came a bit from the original "Tannhauser," music still as fresh as on the day when it was penned, Elizabeth's greeting to the Hall of Song.

For the rest there was, and richly played, the noble apotheosis of Hans Sachs that is the introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and the Ride of the Valkyries, again at the dizzy pace which Dr. Koussevitzky fancies here.

To Senta's Ballad, which she sang in English, Miss Austral brought yesterday its three essential moods: the wild terror at the thought of the spectre-ship and its doomed captain, the maid's calm faith that the sacrifice of one who truly loved him would lift the Dutchman's curse, and the passionate exaltation in which she proclaims herself as his potential deliverer. And Miss Austral, who was later to voice so eloquently the emotions of the Isolde who had learned all that there was to know of love and life, could also bring to the music of Elizabeth a note of virginal innocence and maidenly joy.

Globe Jan 12

Glazunov As Guest Conductor

Dr Koussevitzky is taking this week and next the midseason vacation from his duties as conductor of the Boston Symphony allowed him by the terms of his present contract with the trustees As is now customary, he is to be replaced at the Symphony concerts by two distinguished guest leaders, Alexander Glazunov, the Russian composer, who will conduct this week a program of his own music, and Eugene Goossens, the English conductor and composer, who will appear next week.

Glazunov was born at St Petersburg, now Leningrad, Aug 10, 1865. His first American tour, now in progress, has included appearances with the Chicago Symphony and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The program book of the Chicago concerts of Dec 20, and 21, 1929, stated that the music of Glazunov has been played by the Chicago Orchestra oftener than that of any other living composer except Richard Strauss. This is not the case with the Boston Symphony, on whose programs the music of such writers as Ravel and Sibelins has more frequently figured than has that of the noted Russian. But a good deal of Glazunov's work has been heard at Boston Symphony concerts.

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A Pupil's View

An interesting appreciation of Glazunov as a man and a teacher was contributed to the music department of the New York Times by Dimitri Tiomkin, one of his pupils.

"Who of the hundreds—perhaps even thousands—of the graduates of the former Imperial Conservatory of Music of St Petersburg," wrote Mr Tiomkin, "does not recollect the large, imposing office with portraits of Rubinstein, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, etc, and behind the large table the imposing figure of the moving spirit of the venerable 'Lighthouse' of the tonal art —Alexander Constantinovitch Glazunov? . . . He is known in Russia not only as a towering musical genius, composer of symphonies, ballets, songs, instrumental work and stage music, and an incomparable pedagogue, but he is worshiped as one of the most magnanimous personalities, a friend of the poor and the outcast—a man with a real heart. His devotion to the cause of his art may be judged by the fact that throughout the revolutionary terror he stuck heroically to his post in the conservatory and did not leave Russia, as most of his colleagues did. Mme Kamaneva, head of the Department of Culture, said proudly, 'We can be proud of our Glazunov at the head of the conservatory.'

"A majority of the great Russian virtuosi, conductors, composers and not a severe technical drilling and composition—intensely thorough and conscientious as he was in these respects—but a spiritual inspiration. Although apparently democratic and gentle in his relations to the students, yet he remained a spiritual dictator in principle. All the students were most anxious to prepare best their lessons for Glazunov, as they all feared the detection of the slightest mistakes, for which he had a phenomenal perception.

"Like all men of personality, Glazunov has his individual peculiarities, his outspoken likes and dislikes. Either he is very lively or absolutely silent Although he inherited considerable wealth from his ancestors, that enabled him to live well, he was never so happy as he was in simple Bohemian apartments on the Kazanskaya, about four blocks from the Conservatory, which he furnished in the old style. Until a short while ago he was the good boy of his 90-year-old mother, who always called him Sashenka. His particular hobby was his old family coach, a strange-looking vehicle, which he used in Summer and in Winter. With a long black cigar, a big black tie and robust figure, dressed in the manner of the characters of Turgeniew's or Tolstoy's novels, he was an outstanding figure in St Petersburg society. But Glazunov was far more a Bohemian of comfortable habits than a society man. His constant guests were the well-known writers, painters and musicians of the Russian metropolis: Chekhow, Serow, Repin, Stassow, Rimsky-Korsakow, Liadow and company. . . .

"Glazunov was accessible to everybody, without any red tape. He received everybody who came, helped everyone who asked for help. He never forgot a pupil, or failed, long after the official lessons had come to an end, to read and, if they wished it, to correct their writing. He never condemned anybody. He had no enemies. Even the police, who suspected him of being a sympathizer with the radicals, never dared molest him by searching his house or asking questions about his proteges.

"Utter modesty and spiritual democracy were his watchwords at home and in the school. As a rule, he spoke little in society, but when he was aroused on a particular subject he could be brilliantly conversational. His favorite topics were the stage and the ballet, in which field of composition he distinguished himself. There is in him much of the hospitable Russian merchant who loves to entertain his visitors, or, in the good old days, treat them to a glass of tea or vodka. Above all his musical colleagues in Russia, he was loved, almost deified, by the students and even the general public."

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court procedures.

Music in Boston

Monday Jan 8

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, gave the second of its Tuesday series of concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Schumann and Wagner were drawn upon to make up a program of Romantic music. The items were the "Manfred" Overture and the Second Symphony in C major of the former, and the Prelude to "Lohengrin," the Ride of the Valkyrs, and the Introduction to Act III and the Prelude to "Meistersinger."

All these numbers have been heard at other concerts under Dr. Koussevitzky, except the "Manfred" Overture. Let us be thankful that he has confined himself to the Overture instead of carrying out his dire scheme, as once threatened, of presenting the entire poem, with all the incidental music accompanying the fervid voice of a reader. The Overture contains all the characterizing music that is necessary to expound the Byronic notion of romantic grandeur. A century ago people appear to have liked that sort of altiloquence; today the Overture is quite enough.

In fact, it was pleasant yesterday to put out of memory the literary associations and give oneself up to enjoyment

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THIS CLIPPING FROM

RICHMOND, VA.

TIMES DISPATCH

Boston Orchestra Is Almost 50 Years Old

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization of 112 musicians conducted by the celebrated Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, which is to give its annual Richmond concert in the Mosque the night of Monday, February 3, under the management of T. Michaux Moody as the second attraction in his artists' course of five concerts, is almost 50 years old. It was founded in 1881 by the late Major Henry L. Higginson, who spared neither time nor money in bringing the organization to the highest possible standard. Tickets for this concert alone and for that to be given by Jascha Heizetz, violinist, on the following Monday night, February 10, as well as for the series, are now on sale at Walter D Moses and Company. Tremendous interest is being shown in the coming to this city of these two attractions, for nohing is more popular with the public than a distinguished orchestra or a world-famous violinist.

Herald Dec. 28

MUSIC

BLOCH'S RHAPSODY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave its 10th concert of the 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute;" Beethoven, symphony No. 4; Bloch, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"); Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello (Felix Salmond) and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, overture, "1812."

Mr. Bloch is most inspired when he stands firmly and proudly on Jewish ground. The well equipped composer is seen in all that he writes, but his three Jewish poems for orchestra, his Psalms, for voice and orchestra, two of which have been sung here by Mme. Povla Frijsh and in a memorable manner; his "Schelomo" are far above his what might be called Gentile work, even above his concerto, not to mention the cycloramic "America." As he has written in an account of himself and his artistic beliefs, it is the Jewish soul that interests him; "the complex, glowing, agitated soul" that he feels vibrating through the Bible. No wonder that the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem and the splendor of Solomon alike appealed to him; the monarch in all his glory; the Preacher, who when he looked on all the works that his hands had wrought and on the labor that he had labored to do, could only exclaim: "And behold, all was vanity, and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the Sun." And so Mr. Bloch might have taken as a motto for this Hebrew rhapsody the lines of Rueckert:

"Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
* * * * *
Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;
Honor and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind."

Other composers have taken Solomon for their hero; as Handel in his oratorio; Goldmark, representing him as mighty and jealous in "The Queen of Sheba"; Gounod in the opera similarly entitled, based on the wildly fantastic tale of Gerard de Nerval; there are older operas, but all, or nearly all, are concerned with the "Grande Turke," the Sultan of the Ottomans. It was left for Mr. Bloch to express in music the magnificence and the pessimistic, despairing philosophy of the ruler to whom is falsely attributed the book, Ecclesiastes.

Here is music that does not brook conventional analysis: music that is now purely lyrical, now dramatic, now pictorial; music that rises to gorgeous heights and sinks to the depths; with a conclusion that is not of the Preacher, the pious admonition after summing up the whole matter; but a conclusion voiced by the violoncello: "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." Here is no Solomon, lord of all creatures, at whose name Afrites and evil jinn trembled, the Solomon of the "Thousand Nights and a Night"; here is the monarch that having known power and all pleasures, drawn-out complaint. The inference would be wrong, for Mr. Bloch has imagined in tones, in superbly exultant measures the pomp and sumptuousness of the King enthroned. There are orchestral bursts of glorification; between them are recitatives and lyric reflections for the jaded voluptuary, the embittered philosopher. The ingenuity displayed is as remarkable as the individuality, the originality shown by the composer stirred in his soul not only by the story of Solomon; moved mightily by the thought of ancient days, the succeedings trials and persecution of his race. More than once in the Rhapsody, if there is a suggestion of Solomon's court and Temple, there is also the suggestion of the Wailing Wall.

The performance by Mr. Salmond, whose musicianship and art were already known in Boston, and by the orchestra was of the utmost eloquence. A violoncellist, seeking only for applause, would have chosen a concerto that would inevitably by its obvious tunefulness, have won him easy recognition. Bloch's rhapsody is not a parade piece for a virtuoso regarding the orchestra only as a necessary appendage. The Rhapsody is orchestral with violoncello obbligato. Without an orchestra like the one heard yesterday; without Dr. Koussevitzky, imbued with the spirit of the composition, appreciating the interpretation of the soloist, the Rhapsody might have seemed enigmatical to many. There were yesterday three interpreters, all in aesthetic rivalry. One tribute was paid to them by the audience. The enthusiasm was genuine.

The concert was otherwise of a high standard; even Tchaikovsky's overture, written for an occasion, music that should be heard out-of-doors if possible, gained a certain dignity by the dramatic rendering. For once there was music, not merely bustle and noise. Mozart's overture, ever fresh and sparkling; Beethoven's symphony—they were performed in a vital, necessarily romantic manner; the symphony in the poetically grand style—not with the perfunctory respect paid to a name that is often supposed to guarantee a performance, though it be pedestrian and boresome.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Walton, overture "Portsmouth Point." Bax, Symphony No. 2. Loeffler, "Cantum Fratris Solis"

NEW YORK

SUN

Boston Symphony Gives Second ~~Matinee~~ Concert

The second matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place Saturday in Carnegie Hall with a sold-out house. The orchestra, which had given three concerts in greater New York during the preceding two days, including the Friday Russian refugee benefit, was in admirable form, showing its virtuosity in glowing colors throughout the program. The high light of the concert was the second number, when Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of Beethoven's fourth symphony, a work all the more welcome because of infrequent hearing here, received a wealth of lyric beauty through great tonal finesse from the orchestra and polished and graceful articulation of phrasing.

A number new here was a prelude and fugue by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, a Czech-Italian composer, whose ballet "Il Carillon Magico" was seen some years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House. His prelude and fugue is a well written, melodious, fresh and buoyant composition with parts effectively partial to the strings. The number was given with so much orchestral color and dash as to win for it a decided hit with the audience.

The program began with the allegro moderato and allegro sections from Bach's third Brandenburg concerto, which were played in a very straightforward, but virile manner. Richard Strauss's melodious interlude from the opera "Intermezzo, A Domestic Comedy" and Ravel's "Bolero," repeated from Thursday's concert, and not winning the acclaim to be expected, completed the program.

HARTFORD, CONN.

TIMES

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

New York, Jan. 11.—(NANA)—Artistic New York had two novelties this week to wrangle over—a new symphony and a dance without music. The symphony, No. 2 in E Minor and C" by Arnold Bax, the Anglo-Celtic composer, was introduced by Serge Koussevitzky and the visiting Boston Symphony orchestra.

Bax is not unknown to concert goers here. Four years ago Sokoloff and his Cleveland Symphony played his E-flat symphony, a ~~stern,~~ somber composition. The new symphony is described as "absolute music". It is not too absolute—which word many translate as "modern" and "chaotic"—to win the praises of the stricter critics.

Of the new symphony, Lawrence Gilman, who is not addicted to the moderns, says:

"Mr. Bax's symphony is in three movements, formidable in scope and content, and it lasts for almost forty minutes. It is scored for an orchestra of heroic size, fit to deal with what Carlyle so bravely called 'the immensities and the eternities'. And it is as substantial in its imaginative and intellectual yield as if tonal gnat's eggs had not been agreed upon as the only decent thing for the creative mind

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N. Y. TELEGRAM

JAN 4 - 1930

Ravel's "Bolero," which made such a hit with audiences when Mr. Toscanini put it on a series of Philharmonic-Symphony programs recently, has been selected to close the Carnegie Hall concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening, January 9, and Saturday afternoon, January 11.

On Thursday Mr. Koussevitzky will also introduce the ~~new second~~ symphony (in E minor and C) of Arnold Bax, which Mr. Bax has dedicated to him. Walton's "Portsmouth Point" overture and Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," with Mme. Povla Frijsh as soprano soloist, are also on the program.

Additional numbers for Saturday are a prelude and fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, with a major scale as the fugal subject; Mozart's symphony in E flat and Rabaud's "Procession nocturne."

Programs in Prospect

Trans Jan 16

From Mr. Eugene Goossens as guest conductor at the Symphony Concerts of next week::

A Faust Overture....................Wagner
Symphony, No. 1, in B-flat major....Schumann
Concertino for Double String-Orchestra, ...Goossens
Symphonic Poem. "Roman Festivals"..Respighi

A program to which there can be no possible demur outside one item—the Symphony from Schumann. Is Mr. Goossens aware that with Schumann in general and with this First Symphony in particular, Dr. Koussevitzky excels most other conductors, that no less than four times it was played at the Symphony Concerts last season? All else whets expectation. Wagner's Faust Overture has been long overlooked at Symphony Hall; wherever it has been heard, Mr. Goossens's Concertino has pleased; while Respighi's "Roman Festivals," new likewise to Boston, rounds the series begun with "Roman Fountains," continued with "Roman Pines."

From Symphony Hall for the Young People's Concerts on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, Jan. 28 and 29, with Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin conducting and Mr. Meyer as introducer of the several pieces:

Three Dances from The Ballet "Acanthus and Cephissa"......................Rameau
"Faerie" for Harp and Orchestra.......Tournier
(Harpist: Bernard Zighera)
March from The Opera, "Love of Three Oranges"......................Prokoffiev
Seven Numbers from "The Animals' Carnival"......................Saint-Saëns
(Soloists: Messrs. Kunze, Laurent, Bedetti. Pianists: Messrs. Sanromá and Fiedler)
Ride of The Valkyrs from The Opera, "Die Walküre"......................Wagner

A new proviso for these Young People's Concerts runs: "Three hundred desirable floor seats have been reserved, to be sold directly to individuals for their children. These special reserved tickets are available to Symphony subscribers at the Symphony Hall box office at $1 each. No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children. The balance of the seats will, as before, be offered the schools of Greater Boston at thirty-five cents each."

PENSION AN EPIC CONCERT

Post

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Symphonic Poem, "R...

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4.50 P.M.—Women's ...
5.00 P.M.—...
5.45 P.M.—...
6.20 P.M.—...
6.30 P.M.—...
6.45 P.M.—...
6.50 P.M.—...
7.00 P.M.—Harmon... Big Bro...
7.30 P.M.—... ley, ten... direction... (Quicksi... Under ... Jungle ... Crying ... of the ...
8.00 P.M. ...
9.00 P.M. ... tenor; ... tenor; Orche... Juba ... iana, ... ni). ... piano ... Matt... (Dris... from ...
9.30 P. ...
10.00 ... Iago ... bari... Orch... Shil...
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Globe Jan 12

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"Who of the hundreds—perhaps even thousands—of the graduates of the former Imperial Conservatory of Music of St Petersburg," wrote Mr Tiomkin, "does not recollect the large, imposing office with portraits of Rubinstein, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, etc, and behind the large table the imposing figure of the moving spirit of the venerable 'Lighthouse' of the tonal art —Alexander Constantinovitch Glazunov? . . . He is known in Russia not only as a towering musical genius, composer of symphonies, ballets, songs, instrumental work and stage music, and an incomparable pedagogue, but he is worshiped as one of the most magnanimous personalities, a friend of the poor and the outcast—a man with a real heart. His devotion to the cause of his art may be judged by the fact that throughout the revolutionary terror he stuck heroically to his post in the conservatory and did not leave Russia, as most of his colleagues did. Mme Kamaneva, head of the Department of Culture, said proudly, 'We can be proud of our Glazunov at the head of the conservatory.'

"A majority of the great Russian virtuosi, conductors, composers and musicians in less prominent positions owe their training and success to this leading master of Russian music today.

"My own recollections of Glazunov as a teacher in the Imperial Conservatory of Music are and remain the most cherished moments of my past. He acted as a teacher of orchestration, counterpoint and composition, whose lessons were the most popular features of the institution. His method was not a severe technical drilling and composition—intensely thorough and conscientious as he was in these respects—but a spiritual inspiration. Although apparently democratic and gentle in his relations to the students, yet he remained a spiritual dictator in principle. All the students were most anxious to prepare best their lessons for Glazunov, as they all feared the detection of the slightest mistakes, for which he had a phenomenal perception.

"Like all men of personality, Glazunov has his individual peculiarities, his outspoken likes and dislikes. Either he is very lively or absolutely silent Although he inherited considerable wealth from his ancestors, that enabled him to live well, he was never so happy as he was in simple Bohemian apartments on the Kazanskaya, about four blocks from the Conservatory, which he furnished in the old style. Until a short while ago he was the good boy of his 90-year-old mother, who always called him Sashenka. His particular hobby was his old family coach, a strange-looking vehicle, which he used in Summer and in Winter. With a long black cigar, a big black tie and robust figure, dressed in the manner of the characters of Turgeniew's or Tolstoy's novels, he was an outstanding figure in St Petersburg society. But Glazunov was far more a Bohemian of comfortable habits than a society man. His constant guests were the well-known writers, painters and musicians of the Russian metropolis: Chekhow, Serow, Repin, Stassow, Rimsky-Korsakow, Liadow and company. . . .

"Glazunov was accessible to everybody, without any red tape. He received everybody who came, helped everyone who asked for help. He never forgot a pupil, or failed, long after the official lessons had come to an end, to read and, if they wished it, to correct their writing. He never condemned anybody. He had no enemies. Even the police, who suspected him of being a sympathizer with the radicals, never dared molest him by searching his house or asking questions about his proteges.

"Utter modesty and spiritual democracy were his watchwords at home and in the school. As a rule, he spoke little in society, but when he was aroused on a particular subject he could be brilliantly conversational. His favorite topics were the stage and the ballet, in which field of composition he distinguished himself. There is in him much of the hospitable Russian merchant who loves to entertain his visitors, or, in the good old days, treat them to a glass of tea or vodka. Above all his musical colleagues in Russia, he was loved, almost deified, by the students and even the general public."

court procedures.

Music in Boston

Monitor Jan 8

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, gave the second of its Tuesday series of concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Schumann and Wagner were drawn upon to make up a program of Romantic music. The items were the "Manfred" Overture and the Second Symphony in C major of the former, and the Prelude to "Lohengrin," the Ride of the Valkyrs, and the Introduction to Act III and the Prelude to "Meistersinger."

All these numbers have been heard at other concerts under Dr. Koussevitzky, except the "Manfred" Overture. Let us be thankful that he has confined himself to the Overture instead of carrying out his dire scheme, as once threatened, of presenting the entire poem, with all the incidental music accompanying the fervid voice of a reader. The Overture contains all the characterizing music that is necessary to expound the Byronic notion of romantic grandeur. A century ago people appear to have liked that sort of altiloquence; today the Overture is quite enough.

In fact, it was pleasant yesterday to put out of memory the literary associations and give oneself up to enjoyment of the music alone. The playing of the orchestra was superb in this number and in the symphony. Fortunate are those among the Tuesday subscribers who are having their introduction to symphonic music from such a band and such a conductor.

L. A. S.

Herald Dec. 28

MUSIC

BLOCH'S RHAPSODY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave its 10th concert of the 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute;" Beethoven, symphony No. 4; Bloch, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"); Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello (Felix Salmond) and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, overture, "1812."

Mr. Bloch is most inspired when he stands firmly and proudly on Jewish ground. The well equipped composer is seen in all that he writes, but his three Jewish poems for orchestra, his Psalms, for voice and orchestra, two of which have been sung here by Mme. Povla Frijsh and in a memorable manner; his "Schelomo" are far above his what might be called Gentile work, even above his concerto, not to mention the cycloramic "America." As he has written in an account of himself and his artistic beliefs, it is the Jewish soul that interests him; "the complex, glowing, agitated soul" that he feels vibrating through the Bible. No wonder that the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem and the splendor of Solomon alike appealed to him; the monarch in all his glory; the Preacher, who when he looked on all the works that his hands had wrought and on the labor that he had labored to do, could only exclaim: "And behold, all was vanity, and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the Sun." And so Mr. Bloch might have taken as a motto for this Hebrew rhapsody the lines of Rueckert:

"Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.

* * * * *

Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;
Honor and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind."

Other composers have taken Solomon for their hero; as Handel in his oratorio; Goldmark, representing him as mighty and jealous in "The Queen of Sheba"; Gounod in the opera similarly entitled, based on the wildly fantastic tale of Gerard de Nerval; there are older operas, but all, or nearly all, are concerned with the "Grande Turke," the Sultan of the Ottomans. It was left for Mr. Bloch to express in music the magnificence and the pessimistic, despairing philosophy of the ruler to whom is falsely attributed the book, Ecclesiastes.

Here is music that does not brook conventional analysis: music that is now purely lyrical, now dramatic, now pictorial; music that rises to gorgeous heights and sinks to the depths; with a conclusion that is not of the Preacher, the pious admonition after summing up the whole matter; but a conclusion voiced by the violoncello: "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." Here is no Solomon, lord of all creatures, at whose name Afrites and evil jinn trembled, the Solomon of the "Thousand Nights and a Night"; here is the monarch that having known power and all pleasures, enumerating them—even to "the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts"—reasoned that everything was futile; that all was vanity.

One might therefore infer that this Rhapsody is distressingly sombre, for nothing is more wearisome than a long drawn-out complaint. The inference would be wrong, for Mr. Bloch has imagined in tones, in superbly exultant measures the pomp and sumptuousness of the King enthroned. There are orchestral bursts of glorification; between them are recitatives and lyric reflections for the jaded voluptuary, the embittered philosopher. The ingenuity displayed is as remarkable as the individuality, the originality shown by the composer stirred in his soul not only by the story of Solomon; moved mightily by the thought of ancient days, the succeedings trials and persecution of his race. More than once in the Rhapsody, if there is a suggestion of Solomon's court and Temple, there is also the suggestion of the Wailing Wall.

The performance by Mr. Salmond, whose musicianship and art were already known in Boston, and by the orchestra was of the utmost eloquence. A violoncellist, seeking only for applause, would have chosen a concerto that would inevitably by its obvious tunefulness, have won him easy recognition. Bloch's rhapsody is not a parade piece for a virtuoso regarding the orchestra only as a necessary appendage. The Rhapsody is orchestral with violoncello obbligato. Without an orchestra like the one heard yesterday; without Dr. Koussevitzky, imbued with the spirit of the composition, appreciating the interpretation of the soloist, the Rhapsody might have seemed enigmatical to many. There were yesterday three interpreters, all in aesthetic rivalry. One tribute was paid to them by the audience. The enthusiasm was genuine.

The concert was otherwise of a high standard; even Tchaikovsky's overture, written for an occasion, music that should be heard out-of-doors if possible, gained a certain dignity by the dramatic rendering. For once there was music, not merely bustle and noise. Mozart's overture, ever fresh and sparkling; Beethoven's symphony—they were performed in a vital, necessarily romantic manner; the symphony in the poetically grand style—not with the perfunctory respect paid to a name that is often supposed to guarantee a performance, though it be pedestrian and boresome.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Walton, overture "Portsmouth Point." Bax, Symphony No. 2. Loeffler, "Cantum Fratris Solis" (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice (Povla Frijsh) and orchestra (first time here). Ravel, "Bolero."

... without music. The symphony, No. 2 in E Minor and C" by Arnold Bax, the Anglo-Celtic composer, was introduced by Serge Koussevitzky and the visiting Boston Symphony orchestra.

Bax is not unknown to concert goers here. Four years ago Sokoloff and his Cleveland Symphony played his E-flat symphony, a stern, somber composition. The new symphony is described as "absolute music". It is not too absolute—which word many translate as "modern" and "chaotic"—to win the praises of the stricter critics.

Of the new symphony, Lawrence Gilman, who is not addicted to the moderns, says:

"Mr. Bax's symphony is in three movements, formidable in scope and content, and it lasts for almost forty minutes. It is scored for an orchestra of heroic size, fit to deal with what Carlyle so bravely called 'the immensities and the eternities'. And it is as substantial in its imaginative and intellectual yield as if tonal gnat's eggs had not been agreed upon as the only decent thing for the creative mind to hatch.

Mr. Bax completed the symphony in 1923, and it was published last year, with a dedication to Mr. Koussevitzky."

... Carnegie ... ton Symphony Orchestra ... Thursday evening, January 9, and Saturday afternoon, January 11.

On Thursday Mr. Koussevitzky will also introduce the new second symphony (in E minor and C) of Arnold Bax, which Mr. Bax has dedicated to him. Walton's "Portsmouth Point" overture and Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," with Mme. Povla Frijsh as soprano soloist, are also on the program.

Additional numbers for Saturday are a prelude and fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, with a major scale as the fugal subject; Mozart's symphony in E flat and Rabaud's "Procession nocturne."

... old Haydn's ... a Czech-Italian composer, whose ballet "Il Carillon Magico" was seen some years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House. His prelude and fugue is a well written, melodious, fresh and buoyant composition with parts effectively partial to the strings. The number was given with so much orchestral color and dash as to win for it a decided hit with the audience.

The program began with the allegro moderato and allegro sections from Bach's third Brandenburg concerto, which were played in a very straightforward, but virile manner. Richard Strauss's melodious interlude from the opera "Intermezzo, A Domestic Comedy" and Ravel's "Bolero," repeated from Thursday's concert, and not winning the acclaim to be expected, completed the program.

Concert-Chronicle

Three for Luck Jan 8 – Trans

NO less than three printed programs were spread before the concert-goer at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. First (in the sense of being oldest) was the program of Mr. Hale's notes. But fine print above those notes gave information, "The program was changed too late to make a corresponding change in the notes." One turned to the front page, on which the numbers are listed—found program number two, with Schumann's "Manfred" overture replacing Schubert's "Rosamunde" music of the original program. And then there was an insert, the third program, reciting simply: "The program has been changed as follows": And this time Siegfried's funereal music out of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" had been removed to make place for the same composer's "Ride of the Valkyries." From all of which one suspects that Dr. Koussevitzky's program-complex had been even more active than usual. And the result was that the hearers were given a Schumann-Wagner afternoon.

To begin, the hearer who may have been drowsing in his place on an unseasonably warm winter's afternoon, was startled out of his day dreaming by the three vigorous introductory chords of the "Manfred" overture. Few there are who could charge, as if with electricity, such simple matter as does Dr. Koussevitzky. There could be no more drowsing after those chords. In due time followed the sombre but restlessly melancholy theme of Manfred, and in its turn the plaintive tender melody of Astarte. Of the two is this overture compounded. The subject matter is such as to appeal to the romanticist who was Schumann. He characters his hero, his heroine, sets emotional background for them, brings to climax their music, at end in summing up, writes his quiet epilogue—which tendency toward "epilogues" commentators have called Schumannesque. And to Byron and to Schumann, that other romanticist who is Koussevitzky, yesterday was perfect counterpart.

Came next the same composer's Symphony in C major. Both in Cambridge

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 12

February Third Marks Coming Of Orchestra

Famous Boston Symphony With Koussevitsky Leading Will Play at Mosque

All music-loving Richmond is looking forward with keen enthusiasm to the annual visit of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, comprised of 112 musicians and headed by that towering artist, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, which comes to the Mosque the night of Monday, February 3, as the second attraction in the artists' course of five great concerts. The orchestra will be presented by T. Michaux Moody and tickets for this offering alone and for the series are now being sold at Walter D. Moses & Co., where the box office is located. This is the third annual visit of the Boston Symphony under the same management and now its appearance is generally recognized as an established part of the local season of music.

The superlative performances of the orchestra are declared by both critics and the public as something to cause wonder and ceaseless adulation. But just why this organization has come to be one of the very greatest in the world leaves little room for speculation or debate. The outstanding facts of its history are self-explanatory. In 1881 the late Major Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra—a rare thing in those days. This noted musician, soldier, financier and public-spirited citizen believed that there was a musical public for such an undertaking. Sparing no expense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill up its ranks, and brought to this country one after the other the world's greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the improvement of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony in its original form had only sixty players, and its conductor was George Henschel, a celebrated musician of his day. The initial aims, still adhered to, were that the musicians should play under one conductor in one orchestra, and not debase their talents by routine engagements; that the symphony should provide only the finest music; that artistic considerations should always be paramount, and that the conductor be given absolute control. Controversy waxed hot. The policies, the programs, even the venture itself were violently attacked and staunchly defended. But the wisdom of the founder has been justified and now the orchestra gives sixty concerts a season in Boston alone and many in other cities.

Schumann; the solidities and the dignities, the pomp and the impelling onward rush which is the finale. By the way we noted this or that figure which seemed essentially "modern." Above all we were impressed with Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Schumann. For some years it has seemed as if neglect were to be Schumann's portion. He is not "in tune" with the tendencies of the present day. His ardent, passionate romanticism is at the opposite pole from present "mechanistic" practices. Into this present Dr. Koussevitzky brings Schumann, rekindles the flame that is in him, gives persuasive and eloquent voice to his idealism, better than most others minimizes his faults, and behold, the "hard-as-tacks" contemporary world (which, however, beneath the surface still clings to not a little of its romanticism) finds this Schumann good. Of a truth, not far behind the conductor's illuminating way with Brahms is his revitalizing of Schumann.

After an intermission, the Wagner of "Lohengrin" with its prelude; of "The Valkyrie" with its "Ride"; of "The Mastersingers" with preludes to the third act, to the opera as a whole. Another type of romanticist is this; Wagner, who is continually scaling the heavens, who would wrest from the gods their secrets—but who could stoop also to write of a

Continued on Following Page

It will be known as .....

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

simple, honest cobbler, and a "green," poetically naive young singer, investing them with all the grandeur of a background of music otherwise reserved for his gods. Thus we listened to that long, cumulative ascent, that glorious consummation, which introduces into the realms of the magic land of Lohengrin. Thus we listened to the tumults and the clangors of the warrior-maidens of the Wagnerian brand of Norse mythology—played with a punch which an opera-house would find it hard to equal. Then we followed conductor and composer and orchestra through an exceedingly lyric, emotionally finely wrought version of the introduction to the third act of the "Mastersingers." And at last came to a heroic playing of the prelude to the same work. In this prelude it seemed the conductor exceeded himself. If ever there may be proof of the thesis that a concert version of an operatic excerpt may differ from operatic performance itself, such playing of this prelude would be first line evidence. As climax to a concert in which high points were not lacking, it gave enough and to spare. A. H. M.

Amusements

A Full-Stocked Week-End at Symphony Hall

The Orchestra Returns from New York—Mr. Sanroma As Modernist

(Adv) Jan 13

THE Symphony Orchestra returned, Saturday evening, from a fortunate visit to New York. There it was heard in three concerts: in usual course on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon; by exception on Friday afternoon in behalf of those studious Russian exiles, once an object of fashionable philanthropy in Boston. The good offices of Dr. Koussevitzky now made $9000 available for them. On Thursday, the conductor repeated his program of the preceding week in Symphony Hall: Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point"; Bax's new Symphony; Loeffler's Canticle of St. Francis; Ravel's "Bolero." The audience responded with eager interest and uncommonly warm applause—for Mr. Loeffler, who was present to receive it; for Mme. Frijsh, assisting singer; for the conductor himself. With an exception or two, the reviewers were as generous. One who demurred damned all four pieces with a rather amusing succession of faint praise; another was merely bored after the manner of those that go to concerts against their will.

More to the point, Mr. Henderson in The Sun hailed Mr. Loeffler's Canticle as "beautiful and noble music"; took pleasure in the "unconventional melodic ideas," the "syncopated rhythms," the "jovial" mood and "humorous fancy" of Mr. Walton's Overture; wrote of Mr. Bax's Symphony in these terms:

> The themes upon which the first movement is built, and which are basic, are valiant, full of red blood and the strong breathing of a man who lives in the outdoor world and meets nature face to face. They sing and sometimes they shout, but always they have substance and musical quality. The development is over-elaborated; there are pages from which some of the packing might well be pulled out. But it is a good movement.
>
> The andante rests on a long drawn lyric melody of genuine beauty given out by the strings. The whole movement is song-like and varied by sharply contrasting episodes. The finale, like the first movement, is noteworthy for its confident and full-throated utterance. It closes effectively. Mr. Bax employs modern harmonies with excellent skill and his orchestration is sonorous and richly colored. What is perhaps best, however, is the spontaneity, the ebullient spirit of the composition which is set forth in brilliant light by the introspective mood underrunning the whole. Mr. Bax's communions with nature have made him serious, but have strengthened his courage. He is no pessimist. The symphony was performed in a manner which would have given the composer infinite joy and the audience appeared to find the music admirable.

Mr. Gilman of The Herald Tribune should also be heard about the Symphony: "Mr. Bax writes without apology after the ample fashion of the symphonic fathers. He scores, not for two piccolos and a jewsharp in B-flat, but for the unashamedly ponderable apparatus of those who seem to have thought that a symphony is essentially an ample and deliberate affair, and not something to be disposed of as a sort of belated musical repartee to the invention of the telegraph. . . . And the outcome is as substantial in imaginative and intellectual yield as if tonal gnat's eggs had not been agreed upon as the only decent thing for the creative mind to hatch.

"Whether it is absolute or not this is detaining music. It has fiber and strength and gravity; and at its best, as in the latter part of the Finale, it reminds us that music is still, if we wish it to be, an incomparable vehicle for the utterance of first and last things. . . . In his earlier symphony Mr. Bax appeared to be chiefly concerned with fashioning a stern and drastic music, little occupied with Celtic faery spells and magic seas and haunted, melancholy woods. The fierce gloom of the North was felt in it, and a new aggressiveness and power. These traits mark the new symphony. Yet, on the whole, it is less somber and austere a work than its predecessor. The Celtic temperament is a difficult thing to outlive. . . ."

Dr. Koussevitzky filled his program on Friday with more or less familiar Russian numbers; on Saturday divided it between Beethoven's Fourth Symphony—"played with marked clarity, spirit and polish"—and a miscellany of short pieces. Among them was Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, heard and delightedly applauded at the orchestra's first pair of concerts in Boston. In New York it even provoked cheers. Nor, seemingly, does repetition lessen the excitement of the Manhattanese over Ravel's "Bolero." In it The Evening Post found Dr. Koussevitzky taking at the outset a "slower, more languorous" tempo than had Mr. Toscanini, but "at the conclusion he unleashed all the orgiastic fury and din of which his ensemble was capable—a virtuoso achievement of the most stunning brilliance."

Glazunov Makes Orchestral Bow

Trans Jan 17

With Cambridge to Give First Warm Welcome to the Conductor-Composer

SINCE the annual Koussevitzkian vacation takes two weeks ,and since it is preceded by a week-end in New York, it comes about that Cambridge each year hears one of the noted guests who fill those two weeks. And since the Cantabrigian concert falls on Thursday, it is the university audience which has the honor of first greeting the visitor. Last evening it was the Russian composer and educator, Alexander Glazunov. And the greeting which the university audience gave him, was one to warm the heart of any man. When he made his way slowly to the conductor's podium, the orchestra rose to a man. The audience, not to be outdone, quickly followed. Of course there was applause, long and hearty.

It is written that when the unorganized Israelites looked about them for a king, they chose Saul because he stood a head taller than all his brethren. One ventures that if conductors were chosen by the same process, Mr. Glazunov would have an excellent chance to become conductor of almost any group in which he might find himself. And what is more, if circumference were to be taken into consideration, his chances would be increased several-fold. Looking upon the conductor-composer in his sixty-fifth year, one can discover from the reviewer's seat in Sanders Theater not a single gray hair upon his head. If advancing years have left any mark upon him, it is to retard a bit his pace as he walks to the conductor's stand. In his place before the orchestra he conducts with a minimum of effort. His beat is clear, firm, decisive. But it never describes a wide arc. The left hand is almost never brought into play except to indicate a cue here, a diminuendo there. But from the orchestra come energies, sharp rhythms, dynamic fervors which might have assumed a conductor wilting his collar to the very roots.

Of course the program was entirely Glazunov. With the sixth symphony it began. After the intermission it continued with the violin concerto, Opus 82, played by Mr. Benno Rabinov. And it ended with the youthful symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." Mr. Glazunov is masterful with his own works. Persuasively he leads one through an ascending introduction, a well-charactered chief theme, a song of arresting melody as a second; through resourceful and scholarly development, more songful measures, energetic conclusion. The variations of the second movement he outlined, each in its own mood, each with its particular sonorities and timbres, through fugue and nocturne, scherzo and majestic finale, to mention only a few. And then came playful intermezzo, full of its own especial charm. At last the finale. Of the Russian dance it reminds one. Energies are released, sonorities piled upon each other. A powerful movement, and last evening powerfully played. After which came the principal demonstration of the evening. Applause came abundantly. Mr. Glazunov shook hands with Mr. Burgin, then with Mr. Theodorowicz. Still it continued. The orchestra was asked to rise to its feet. And more handshaking; through many of the rest of the principals of the string choir. And still the audience would not let the composer go. But the resources of acknowledgement were at an end. And Mr. Glazunov had to fall back upon simple bowing until the enthusiasm of the audience had spent itself.

The concerto is grateful piece for the solo instrument. Though it is played continuously, it suggests the usual four movements. A long cadenza gives the soloist especial opportunity. To it Mr. Rabinov and Mr. Glazunov and a hundred others also gave charactering voice.

Although it is an early work, "Stenka Razin" must rank high among the works of Mr. Glazunovx. The Cossack ruffian is the nominal hero of the piece, but the real hero is of course the River Volga, which furnishes the background for the other characters. It is well known how the composer takes the familiar boatman's song for unifying theme. Against it one hears Stenka, one hears his Persian princess, and through it one hears the final tumult. Vigorous and imaginative it is. Vigorously and imaginatively it was played last evening. A. H. M.

25

Concert-Chronicle

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Came next the same composer's Symphony in C major. Both in Cambridge and in Boston has the conductor played it. Now he brings it to his "series of classics" which is the Tuesday concerts. Once again we heard the simple motto which "unifies" (as the phrase goes) the movements; once again lived through alternately the fun and the romance which are the first movement; the lively play, only briefly interrupted by quasi-seriousness, which is the scherzo—remembered that here Schumann is in highly characteristic vein; the long, lyric melody which is the Adagio, and which is also one of the "famous" passages in all Schumann; the solidities and the dignities, the pomp and the impelling onward rush which is the finale. By the way we noted this or that figure which seemed essentially "modern." Above all we were impressed with Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Schumann. For some years it has seemed as if neglect were to be Schumann's portion. He is not "in tune" with the tendencies of the present day. His ardent, passionate romanticism is at the opposite pole from present "mechanistic" practices. Into this present Dr. Koussevitzky brings Schumann, rekindles the flame that is in him, gives persuasive and eloquent voice to his idealism, better than most others minimizes his faults, and behold, the "hard-as-tacks" contemporary world (which, however, beneath the surface still clings to not a little of its romanticism) finds this Schumann good. Of a truth, not far behind the conductor's illuminating way with Brahms is his revitalizing of Schumann.

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Amusements

Amusements

A Hit

...ready to start work on ...Louis Bertelli," based on the sensational

This is the third annual visit of the Boston Symphony under the same management and now its appearance is generally recognized as an established part of the local season of music.

The superlative performances of the orchestra are declared by both critics and the public as something to cause wonder and ceaseless adulation. But just why this organization has come to be one of the very greatest in the world leaves little room for speculation or debate. The outstanding facts of its history are self-explanatory. In 1881 the late Major Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra—a rare thing in those days. This noted musician, soldier, financier and public-spirited citizen believed that there was a musical public for such an undertaking. Sparing no expense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill up its ranks, and brought to this country one after the other the world's greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the improvement of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony in its original form had only sixty players, and its conductor was George Henschel, a celebrated musician of his day. The initial aims, still adhered to, were that the musicians should play under one conductor in one orchestra, and not debase their talents by routine engagements; that the symphony should provide only the finest music; that artistic considerations should always be paramount, and that the conductor be given absolute control. Controversy waxed hot. The policies, the programs, even the venture itself were violently attacked and staunchly defended. But the wisdom of the founder has been justified and now the orchestra gives sixty concerts a season in Boston alone and many in other cities.

A Full-Stocked Week-End at Symphony Hall

The Orchestra Returns from New York—Mr. Sanroma As Modernist

THE Symphony Orchestra returned, Saturday evening, from a fortunate visit to New York. There it was heard in three concerts: in usual course on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon; by exception on Friday afternoon in behalf of those studious Russian exiles, once an object of fashionable philanthropy in Boston. The good offices of Dr. Koussevitzky now made $9000 available for them. On Thursday, the conductor repeated his program of the preceding week in Symphony Hall: Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point"; Bax's new Symphony: Loeffler's Canticle of St. Francis; Ravel's "Bolero." The audience responded with eager interest and uncommonly warm applause—for Mr. Loeffler, who was present to receive it; for Mme. Frijsh, assisting singer; for the conductor himself. With an exception or two, the reviewers were as generous. One who demurred damned all four pieces with a rather amusing succession of faint praise; another was merely bored after the manner of those that go to concerts against their will.

More to the point, Mr. Henderson in The Sun hailed Mr. Loeffler's Canticle as "beautiful and noble music"; took pleasure in the "unconventional melodic ideas," the "syncopated rhythms," the "jovial" mood and "humorous fancy" of Mr. Walton's Overture; wrote of Mr. Bax's Symphony in these terms:

> The themes upon which the first movement is built, and which are basic, are valiant, full of red blood and the strong breathing of a man who lives in the outdoor world and meets nature face to face. They sing and sometimes they shout, but always they have substance and musical quality. The development is over-elaborated; there are pages from which some of the packing might well be pulled out. But it is a good movement.
>
> The andante rests on a long drawn lyric melody of genuine beauty given out by the strings. The whole movement is song-like and varied by sharply contrasting episodes. The finale, like the first movement, is noteworthy for its confident and full-throated utterance. It closes effectively. Mr. Bax employs modern harmonies with excellent skill and his orchestration is sonorous and richly colored. What is perhaps best, however, is the spontaneity, the ebullient spirit of the composition which is set forth in brilliant light by the introspective mood underrunning the whole. Mr. Bax's communions with nature have made him serious, but have strengthened his courage. He is no pessimist. The symphony was performed in a manner which would have given the composer infinite joy and the audience appeared to find the music admirable.

Mr. Gilman of The Herald Tribune should also be heard about the Symphony: "Mr. Bax writes without apology after the ample fashion of the symphonic fathers. He scores, not for two piccolos and a jewsharp in B-flat, but for the unashamedly ponderable apparatus of those who seem to have thought that a symphony is essentially an ample and deliberate affair, and not something to be disposed of as a sort of belated musical repartee to the invention of the telegraph. . . . And the outcome is as substantial in imaginative and intellectual yield as if tonal gnat's eggs had not been agreed upon as the only decent thing for the creative mind to hatch.

"Whether it is absolute or not this is detaining music. It has fiber and strength and gravity; and at its best, as in the latter part of the Finale, it reminds us that music is still, if we wish it to be, an incomparable vehicle for the utterance of first and last things. . . . In his earlier symphony Mr. Bax appeared to be chiefly concerned with fashioning a stern and drastic music, little occupied with Celtic faery spells and magic seas and haunted, melancholy woods. The fierce gloom of the North was felt in it, and a new aggressiveness and power. These traits mark the new symphony. Yet, on the whole, it is less somber and austere a work than its predecessor. The Celtic temperament is a difficult thing to outlive. . . ."

Dr. Koussevitzky filled his program on Friday with more or less familiar Russian numbers; on Saturday divided it between Beethoven's Fourth Symphony—"played with marked clarity, spirit and polish"—and a miscellany of short pieces. Among them was Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, heard and delightedly applauded at the orchestra's first pair of concerts in Boston. In New York it even provoked cheers. Nor, seemingly, does repetition lessen the excitement of the Manhattanese over Ravel's "Bolero." In it The Evening Post found Dr. Koussevitzky taking at the outset a "slower, more languorous" tempo than had Mr. Toscanini, but "at the conclusion he unleashed all the orgiastic fury and din of which his ensemble was capable—a virtuoso achievement of the most stunning brilliance."

Glazunov Makes Orchestral Bow

Trans — Jan 17

With Cambridge to Give First Warm Welcome to the Conductor-Composer

SINCE the annual Koussevitzkian vacation takes two weeks ,and since it is preceded by a week-end in New York, it comes about that Cambridge each year hears one of the noted guests who fill those two weeks. And since the Cantabrigian concert falls on Thursday, it is the university audience which has the honor of first greeting the visitor. Last evening it was the Russian composer and educator, Alexander Glazunov. And the greeting which the university audience gave him, was one to warm the heart of any man. When he made his way slowly to the conductor's podium, the orchestra rose to a man. The audience, not to be outdone, quickly followed. Of course there was applause, long and hearty.

It is written that when the unorganized Israelites looked about them for a king, they chose Saul because he stood a head taller than all his brethren. One ventures that if conductors were chosen by the same process, Mr. Glazunov would have an excellent chance to become conductor of almost any group in which he might find himself. And what is more, if circumference were to be taken into consideration, his chances would be increased several-fold. Looking upon the conductor-composer in his sixty-fifth year, one can discover from the reviewer's seat in Sanders Theater not a single gray hair upon his head. If advancing years have left any mark upon him, it is to retard a bit his pace as he walks to the conductor's stand. In his place before the orchestra he conducts with a minimum of effort. His beat is clear, firm, decisive. But it never describes a wide arc. The left hand is almost never brought into play except to indicate a cue here, a diminuendo there. But from the orchestra come energies, sharp rhythms, dynamic fervors which might have assumed a conductor wilting his collar to the very roots.

Of course the program was entirely Glazunov. With the sixth symphony it began. After the intermission it continued with the violin concerto, Opus 82, played by Mr. Benno Rabinov. And it ended with the youthful symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." Mr. Glazunov is masterful with his own works. Persuasively he leads one through an ascending introduction, a well-charactered hief theme, a song of arresting melody as a second; through resourceful and scholarly development, more songful measures, energetic conclusion. The variations of the second movement he outlined, each in its own mood, each with its particular sonorities and timbres, through fugue and nocturne, scherzo and majestic finale, to mention only a few. And then came playful intermezzo, full of its own especial charm. At last the finale. Of the Russian dance it reminds one. Energies are released, sonorities piled upon each other. A powerful movement, and last evening powerfully played. After which came the principal demonstration of the evening. Applause came abundantly. Mr. Glazunov shook hands with Mr. Burgin; then with Mr. Theodorowicz. Still it continued. The orchestra was asked to rise to its feet. And more handshaking; through many of the rest of the principals of the string choir. And still the audience would not let the composer go. But the resources of acknowledgement were at an end. And Mr. Glazunov had to fall back upon simple bowing until the enthusiasm of the audience had spent itself.

The concerto is grateful piece for the solo instrument. Though it is played continuously, it suggests the usual four movements. A long cadenza gives the soloist especial opportunity. To it Mr. Rabinov and Mr. Glazunov and a hundred others also gave charactering voice.

Although it is an early work, "Stenka Razin" must rank high among the works of Mr. Glazunovx. The Cossack ruffian is the nominal hero of the piece, but the real hero is of course the River Volga, which furnishes the background for the other characters. It is well known how the composer takes the familiar boatman's song for unifying theme. Against it one hears Stenka, one hears his Persian princess, and through it one hears the final tumult. Vigorous and imaginative it is. Vigorously and imaginatively it was played last evening. A. H. M.

Mr. Goossens Returns, Baton in Hand

Last Season He Came as Pianist and Composer, But Now He Brings a Nordic Folio as Conductor and Guest of the Boston Symphony

Under the baton of Eugene Goossens, the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season at the Albee Theatre, will feature on next Tuesday evening a program by Wagner, Schumann and Sibelius.

Eugene Goossens the conductor we met four years ago under similar auspices and under similar conditions. When he came last year it was as composer, pianist and violinist playing his own compositions alone and with other artists in a Sunday afternoon concert in Memorial Hall. He returns fresh from his venture in opera in Philadelphia, where his "Judith" had its premiere.

His experience as a conductor dates back to 1921 when he formed his own orchestra of carefully picked players, "with whom he gave a concert of modern music that established his reputation among the foremost conductors of the day. He aroused so much interest that the program had to be repeated at the following concert.

Since then his services have been in constant demand on both sides of the Atlantic. He has conducted the British National and Carl Rosa Opera Companies, the Russian Ballet, the London Symphony Orchestra, and many other organizations. His most successful American connection was probably with the Hollywood Bowl group whom he conducted in open-air symphony.

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2. Schumann...Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38.
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   - II. Larghetto.
   - III. Scherzo; Molto vivace. Trio 1: Molto piu vivace; Trio II.
   - IV. Allegro Animato e grazioso.
3. Sibelius..."A Saga," Tone Poem, Op. 9.
4. Wagner..Excerpts from Act III, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Introduction--Dance of the Apprentices—Assemblage of the Masters.

From Wagner's Youth

The program begins and ends with Wagner. At the outset we have a "Faust" overture, a novelty which should prove of great interest to all who might wonder how the Titan would treat such a theme. Written in 1840 when the composer was 27 years old, it has been called a superb orchestral piece, the first work which bears the true stamp of Wagner.

"It was conceived after a rehearsal of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Conservatoire in the winter of 1839 and is in some sense a piece of autobiography written in music. As originally planned it was to form the first movement of a Faust Symphony. It is a masterpiece of construction and instrumentation. The influence of Beethoven is apparent in the concise power of the themes, and the plain direct manner in which they are set forth, yet the work is Wagner's own from beginning to en

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Schumann's First Symphony has never been what might be called popular, but it is fine music just the same. Easily surpassing the work of Schubert and Mendelssohn in power and range, it is striking on account of its musical ideas and that subtle charm which is indispensable to greatness. Perhaps Schumann did use Beethoven as a sort of model, but he is very far away from both Mozart and Hayden in this work. It shows unusual originality and a creative force that is distinctly Schumann.

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lius is a composer who stands in his individuality, which was enough to make itself felt even very beginning of his career. He d, mysterious, sweet, bold, sad, in often speaking with a sublime ty seldom heard in the works of sers of equal rank.

ranks among the foremost living sers of today. He has been wholly ected by the work of his predeces- nd contemporaries. He is con- d, first and last, in giving his own ge to the world in a form that s austere and forbidding on a first ntance, but which holds the at- n throughout. His method of atic development is peculiarly ori- Much of his work is based on national life of Finland, in which and Death play a large and gloomy But for all that, he is not mor- his main characteristic being that ormous power.

M. C. W.

WARNING!

NEW YORK
TIMES

THE number of new works presented thus far this season by the conductors of the major orchestras in this country has been large and diversified. Compositions by native composers have had unusual attention.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitsky, gave Boston its first hearing of Marcel Lucien Tournier's "Féerie"—Prelude and Dance for harp and orchestra. The composer, now living in Paris, was a pupil of the distinguished French harpist, Hasselmans, whose son is now conducting at the Metropolitan Opera House. The soloist was Bernard Zighera, a pupil of the composer, and first harpist of the orchestra. He has often played important piano parts with the orchestra.

Henry Eichheim conducted his own musical impressions of the Orient which he called "Burma" and "Java." In these works the composer employed many native percussion instruments he had himself collected. At the same concert, during November, was heard Spohr's "Notturno for Wind Instruments and Jannissaries," Op. 34, which Richard Strauss suggested to Dr. Koussevitzky as being worthy of a rehearing.

Early in December the Symphony played Blair Fairchild's "Chant Nègres." Written originally for the piano, it was here scored for full modern orchestra, receiving its première. Ravel's "Bolero" was presented to Boston hearers for the first time at the same concert.

Richard Burgin, the concertmaster of the orchestra, conducted the first Boston hearing of Wetzler's "The Basque Venus" toward the end of November.

Other "first times" included Louis Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle" on Nov. 8, Pick-Mangiagalli's "Prelude and Fugue" on Oct. 11 and Richard Strauss's Interlude from "Intermezzo, A Domestic Comedy," on Oct. 18.

Bach's "Kunst der Fuge" was played there by the Seventeenth Century Ensemble and assisting artists under Paul Stassevitch.

UR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTACHED CLIPPING WHICH
Y'S ISSUE OF THE MUSICAL LEADER.

JAN 30 19

New Works Played by Boston Symphony Orchestra

At the second Thursday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 9, Koussevitzky provided an "embarrassment of riches" for his brilliant subscription audience. He succeeded in offering a most satisfactory program of living composers with two first performances in New York. The first was the overture, "Portsmouth Point," by William Turner Walton, a young English composer of fewer than thirty years. If this overture is an example of what he did at the age of twenty-four it promises well for his future. The first performance of the work took place at the Zurich Festival of the International Society of Contemporary Music. Koussevitzky conducted the first American performance in Boston in November, 1926. It is a bit of rollicking fun—blatant and breathing the atmosphere of vulgarity necessary to the picture. The title is taken from a print by the English caricaturist, Thomas Rowlandson, picturing Portsmouth Point when it was the center of the shipping trade. Walton has caught the atmosphere and has woven a score which hums with life, rhythm, vitality, and humor.

The second novelty was Arnold Bax' Symphony No. 2 in E minor--C major, (world premiere in Boston under Koussevitzky's baton, Dec. 13, 1929.) The score, dedicated to Koussevitzky, is one of the most representative works in symphonic form we have heard in recent years. It reflects a brooding poetic quality which has not succumbed to the contemporary point of view of eliminating personal feelings from a musical composition. It is frankly romantic, of a Celtic romanticism—Mr. Bax's methods are sometimes impressionistic. He is not afraid of dissonance, but neither is he afraid of long-phrased melodic loveliness, which in the slow movement recalls an Irish folk song. Edwin Evans, the London critic, in an article in "Modern Music" of November-December, 1927, sums up the composer and his work admirably: "Of all contemporary British composers, he is the most difficult correctly to classify. He corresponds to none of the labels which pass as current coin today. He is neither an impressionist, nor an expressionist; neither a revolutionary, nor that still more subversive apparition, a neo-classicist. Atonality, polytonality, and linear counterpoint may all be met with in his later works, and doubtless, quarter-tones would be there also if he felt that he needed them; but none of these technical seasonings mean anything in his still comparatively young life, beyond their use as seasoning the fare he has to offer us. Some say he is not a modernist—whatever that may mean—but he certainly is no conservative, nor is he a traditionalist, except in the praiseworthy sense in which every heir to the *materia musica* of his predecessors—and, in fact, every artist is under obligation to the material in which he works. Those critics who must classify at all costs have discovered that there is only one label that fits him: romantic; and that fits him because, in one way or another, it fits every artist with the love of beauty in his soul." It is the lyrical impulse which made the slow movement so lovely. The entire score is rich in harmonic coloring and it reflects great sincerity. That it was slightly long and perhaps diffuse in form does not take away from the fact that it is exceedingly beautiful music. We hope to hear it again and often.

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" for voice and orchestra, was written for the 1925 Library of Congress Festival of Chamber Music. It is a gloriously beautiful work, and we have reason to be proud that it was written in America. As a text Mr. Loeffler has used a hymn of St. Francis of Assisi. Mme. Povla Frijsh sang it with the Boston Symphony and through her efforts and those of the Boston Symphony, it was given a magnificent performance. Mr. Loeffler has written with characteristic refinement of style, which has found expression in the use of liturgical motives and a mature orchestral technic and unerring taste. Mme. Frijsh gave all of her superb artistry to the interpretation of the work. The composer was present, and the house broke into storms of applause when he appeared with Koussevitzky and Mme. Frijsh.

The program closed with an interesting performance of Ravel "Bolero." It was intererpretation so soon after tor held back the tempo osition up in speed and lous climax. The audiinfluence of the fascinatith cheers, a fitting close g programs that Serge

NEW YORK
WORLD

Other Music

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 2.30.

Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.....Bach
Symphony No. 4 in B Flat.....Beethoven
Preludn and Fugue.....Pick-Mangiagalli
Interlude from "Intermezzo".....Strauss
Bolero .....Ravel

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra could scarcely have expected to pass the scrutiny of a third audience in Carnegie Hall without offering some enticement to insure a continued interest. Hence the Prelude and Fugue by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, played yesterday afternoon. As matters turned out, the audience would have been amply satisfied with his beautiful reading of Beethoven's Symphony in B Flat.

The Italian work, introduced to Boston by Mr. Toscanini and the La Scala Orchestra in 1921, had never before been played here. The Prelude, obviously influenced by certain past modes in the world's great music, is virile and commanding, its sturdy simplicity resting solely upon a poise of unshakable dignity. Mr. Koussevitzky, we thought, seemed inclined to vest it with a passion and romanticism wholly alien to its basic mood. The succeeding Fugue, built upon a major scale introduced by the clarinet, follows closely upon the classic form of Bach, yet is relieved of undue austerity by a lush and brilliant orchestration. The audience received the work cordially.

An Interlude from Richard Strauss's opera "Intermezzo," that tale of domestic upheaval; Bach's third "Brandenburg" Concerto (G major), to which Mr. Koussevitzky gave the lilting beauty of a serenade, and Ravel's acclaimed Bolero constituted the rest of the program. The rhythm of the latter grew a bit plethoric as the Koussevitzky baton faltered, and we could think of nothing but wooden shoes and avoirdupois.

Across the street in Chalif Hall a

NEW YORK
AMERICAN

A matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, drew a thronged attendance and deserved it fully, as well as the demonstrative applause which Serge Koussevitzky acknowledged for himself and his players.

Stimulative, highly musical, and technically flawless readings were given of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3; Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Pick-Mangiaqalli's inconsequential "Prelude and Fugue," the "Interlude" from Strauss's "Intermezzo," and the sure-fire "Bolero" by Ravel, quite the most sensational orchestral novelty of the season. yIts exciting performance elicited prolonged cheers.

* * *

...Carnegie Hall

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

JAN 14 19

Music

By FELIX DEYO

POST-COMMENT ON THE BOSTON SYMPHONY'S RECENT CONCERT IN BROOKLYN

TO PLACATE, perhaps, even in partial measure, the Left Wing of Brooklyn's music strata, Mr. Koussevitzky included a contemporary Italian composition, namely, a Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, on the programme of last week's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the Academy of Music. Even this was conventional, but not without interest, as the fugue proved almost a bit of conscious witticism, a smirk at the pedants, for its subject was none other than the centuries-old Ionian scale, perhaps known better as that most melodious ladder of tones which constitutes the Do-Re-Mi, etc., of our childhood. The composer juggles his major scale adroitly, in diminution and augmentation and stretto, and what not, enlivening its steps with jaunty, rhythmic counterpoints and instrumental devices. As a whole the score is one of those things, academic in point and purpose, but neither here nor there.

* * *

IT WAS PLEASURE to hear once again Antonin Dvorak's "From the New World" Symphony, which was last heard in Brooklyn at the Orchestral Society's concert of March 9, 1925, under the baton of Herbert J. Braham. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the work "con amore," although the orchestra seemed to indicate, by its somewhat apathetic playing, that it was bored a bit by the music of this erstwhile celebrated composition.

Now a thing of the past, embalmed in the pages of music history, is the spirited controversy that long ranged over Dvorak's symphony. As late as 1907, William Ritter, an authority on Bohemian music, asserted that "the 'New World' expresses the state of soul of an uncultured Czech in America, the state of a homesick soul remembering his native land and stupefied by the din and hustle of a new life," and that "Negro airs, not copied, adapted, or imitated, tint slightly two or three passages of the symphony without injury to its Czech character.

This attempt, as Mr. Lawrence Gilman describes, to "de-Africanize" and "whiten the complexion" of Dvorak's music was carried on in many quarters.

* * *

WHATEVER variation of opinion, past or present, as to the 100 per cent Americanism of the "New World" Symphony, its music, molded in the complete and permanent contour of classic form, is robust, captivating buoyant, large in expressiveness, direct and certain. As a voyager bent on discoveries, Dvorak found in this country a treasure trove of untouched melody. His imagination eagerly seized upon and expanded

(Continued from Page 8)

its possibilities. The "New World" is his legacy.

Apropos of the celebrated Largo, Dr. Henry T. Fleck, of Hunter College, some time since informed our interested self that Anton Seidl (who conducted the New York premiere of this symphony on December 15, 1893, at Carnegie Hall) established the tempo of the movement, Dvorak's original marking having been Audante. The composer's miscalculation was sensed by the interpretative genius of Seidl, who, at rehearsal, made the alteration to a much slower tempo. Dr. Fleck, present upon that occasion, states that this change met the immediate approval of the visibly excited and pleased composer.

* * *

NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

Carnegie Hall reveled in benefits yesterday. The Boston Symphony Orchestra in the afternoon raised about $9,000 for the Association for the Relief of Russian Exiles, and the Philharmonic-Symphony, in the evening, realized another $4,000 for its pension fund. Most of the orchestra seats at the latter concert were reserved for members of the Philharmonic Society, while the upper floors were sold out.

Mr. Goossens Returns, Baton in Hand

Last Season He Came as Pianist and Composer, But Now He Brings a Nordic Folio as Conductor and Guest of the Boston Symphony

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The excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" that end our evening are more familiar, as nearly everyone knows Wagner's one important venture in the field of comedy. This he based definitely on the pattern of old comedy, just as he based his tragedies on old Greek models with their inscrutable Fate to justify or nullify the ways of gods and men. Like Aristophanes he has his fun at the expense of the manners, vices and follies of the people, and the stage is set to illustrate a specific page of history.

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4. Wagner..Excerpts from Act III, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Introduction—Dance of the Apprentices—Assemblage of the Masters.

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Against the instrumentation of this symphony too much has been said of late, particularly by those human gulls and crows that chatter at the eagle. Whatever the instrumentation, the work is lively, fresh, and full of the buoyancy and uplift of life. Its first movement, we are told, was to have been called "Spring's Awakening," and the finale, "Spring's Farewell."

Schumann's Innovations

"The beginning of the introduction evidently represents a trumpet-summons sent pealing down from on high; then gentle zephyrs blow softly to and fro, and everywhere the dormant forces awake and take their way to the light." (We are quoting from the composer's own program.) "In the Allegro the Spring comes laughing in, in the full beauty of youth. This explains and justifies the novel use of the triangle in the first movement—an instrument not then considered admissible in a symphony. An enchanting effect is produced by the spring song at the close of the first movement, played as though sung with a full heart; and it is an entirely new form of coda."

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[redacted] Carnegie Hall

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

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BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

JAN 14 1930

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By FELIX DEYO

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NEW YORK
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JAN 11 1930

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Mr. Goossens Returns, Baton in Hand

Last Season He Came as Pianist and Composer, But Now He Brings a Nordic Folio as Conductor and Guest of the Boston Symphony

Under the baton of Eugene Goossens, the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season at the Albee Theatre, will feature on next Tuesday evening a program by Wagner, Schumann and Sibelius.

Eugene Goossens the conductor we met four years ago under similar auspices and under similar conditions. When he came last year it was as composer, pianist and violinist playing his own compositions alone and with other artists in a Sunday afternoon concert in Memorial Hall. He returns fresh from his venture in opera in Philadelphia, where his "Judith" had its premiere.

His experience as a conductor dates back to 1921 when he formed his own orchestra of carefully picked players, with whom he gave a concert of modern music that established his reputation among the foremost conductors of the day. He aroused so much interest that the program had to be repeated at the following concert.

Since then his services have been in constant demand on both sides of the Atlantic. He has conducted the British National and Carl Rosa Opera Companies, the Russian Ballet, the London Symphony Orchestra, and many other organizations. His most successful American connection was probably with the Hollywood Bowl group whom he conducted in open-air symphony.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

1. Wagner.....A Faust Overture
2. Schumann...Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38.
   - I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
   - II. Larghetto.
   - III. Scherzo; Molto vivace. Trio 1: Molto piu vivace; Trio II.
   - IV. Allegro Animato e grazioso.
3. Sibelius..."A Saga," Tone Poem, Op. 9.
4. Wagner..Excerpts from Act III, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Introduction—Dance of the Apprentices—Assemblage of the Masters.

From Wagner's Youth

The program begins and ends with Wagner. At the outset we have a "Faust" overture, a novelty which should prove of great interest to all who might wonder how the Titan would treat such a theme. Written in 1840 when the composer was 27 years old, it has been called a superb orchestral piece, the first work which bears the true stamp of Wagner.

"It was conceived after a rehearsal of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Conservatoire in the winter of 1839 and is in some sense a piece of autobiography written in music. As originally planned it was to form the first movement of a Faust Symphony. It is a masterpiece of construction and instrumentation. The influence of Beethoven is apparent in the concise power of the themes, and the plain direct manner in which they are set forth, yet the work is Wagner's own from beginning to end."

The excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" that end our evening are more familiar, as nearly everyone knows Wagner's one important venture in the field of comedy. This he based definitely on the pattern of old comedy, just as he based his tragedies on old Greek models with their inscrutable Fate to justify or nullify the ways of gods and men. Like Aristophanes he has his fun at the expense of the manners, vices and follies of the people, and the stage is set to illustrate a specific page of history.

A Satyr Play

The Greek tragedian offered tragedies immediately after which was presented a comedy (Satyr Play). "Meistersinger," we are told is a Satyr Play that might follow the tragic "Tannhauser;" and more than that, it happens to be a superhuman laugh of derision at the hand of Fate itself; for Wagner wrote it immediately after the terrible failure of "Tannhauser" in Paris.

Schumann's First Symphony has never been what might be called popular, but it is fine music just the same. Easily surpassing the work of Schubert and Mendelssohn in power and range, it is striking on account of its musical ideas and that subtle charm which is indispensable to greatness. Perhaps Schumann did use Beethoven as a sort of model, but he is very far away from both Mozart and Hayden in this work. It shows unusual originality and a creative force that is distinctly Schumann.

Against the instrumentation of this symphony too much has been said of late, particularly by those human gulls and crows that chatter at the eagle. Whatever the instrumentation, the work is lively, fresh, and full of the buoyancy and uplift of life. Its first movement, we are told, was to have been called "Spring's Awakening," and the finale, "Spring's Farewell."

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"The beginning of the introduction evidently represents a trumpet-summons sent pealing down from on high; then gentle zephyrs blow softly to and fro, and everywhere the dormant forces awake and take their way to the light." (We are quoting from the composer's own program.) "In the Allegro the Spring comes laughing in, in the full beauty of youth. This explains and justifies the novel use of the triangle in the first movement—an instrument not then considered admissible in a symphony. An enchanting effect is produced by the spring song at the close of the first movement, played as though sung with a full heart; and it is an entirely new form of coda."

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BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

JAN 22 1928

Goossens Pays His Annual Call

The English Guest Pairs the Old Foes, Schumann and Wagner, in Providing a Nordic Evening for the Third Boston Symphony Here

With its customary enthusiasm a large audience in the Albee Theatre last night welcomed the season's third appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, this time under the direction of Eugene Goossens, the gifted director of the Rochester Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Goossens is well known in Providence, where he has appeared already in the character of director, composer and performer. His return naturally arouses a friendly interest, giving at the same time a basis for comparison of the ways and means of conducting as seen in this rather restricted sphere.

And Mr. Goossens, with his sensitive hands, long arms, lithe body and straight legs, has a system of calisthenics that differs radically from that of Dr. Koussevitzky, producing a prompter flexibility of body and a more significant reach of arm and hand, which are equipped with signs and wonders of all sorts and degrees. He is more positive and more demonstrative than Dr. Koussevitzky, seeming to know his music so thoroughly that he imitates it in the rhythmic movements of his body, giving a sort of welcome to each theme as it floats up on the orchestra.

The magic circles of his stick are many and various, and of every conceivable complexity; and even when he drops the stick at the feet of the 'cellos he goes on imperturbably, grasping between his delicate thumb and first finger a phantom wand that served his purpose just as well. He is not even averse to beating time with one foot to supplement the efforts of two hands, and it is not at all strange that with such complex exertions he manages to keep himself

"Agile comme Scaramouche,
Elegant comme Celadon."

Doubtless he did some things as Don Quixote would have done them, but he had his reward.

The Orchestra's Response

He made the orchestra feel perfectly at home from the moment he mounted the stand, and under his direction it seemed to play with perfect ease and composure. There was no anxiety, no restraint, no confusion. An atmosphere of contentment seemed to hang over the players, suggesting a cheerful evening at home rather than a formal concert. And there were moments in the Symphony and in the Meistersinger when a spiritual exaltation lifted the music to a veritable celestial plane.

The audience was not slow to realize the quality of Mr. Goossens's work for it gave him quite an ovation at the close of the Schumann Symphony, a work so played as to sound as fresh and vivid and full-hearted as any that we have heard in many a day.

The Wagner "Faust Overture" did not arouse a feeling of regret that its composer neglected to write the other movements. One fortunate result of its being played was the fact that it made us realize that there are violas in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and good ones at that. We have always observed them in their places, but never before have we had the opportunity of hearing them play and of experiencing real pleasure in the hearing.

It may be that this program gave them their opportunity, but we are inclined to think that their conductor overestimated their tone power and keeps them too subdued. However that may be, they had their inning last evening, being conspicuous in every number that was played and adding a charm and a color all their own.

The Gay Schumann

The Symphony was a marvel of heaven-inspired melody, full of songs—songs of joy, vivacity, roguishness and a happy heart. Melodies glad and gay, the slow movements never melancholy but rather breathing peace and contentment, while the rapid movements were merry without cynicism or mockery.

The strings had a wonderful chance and they made the most of it. In their tones was not a sound of anything acrid or mean; in the second movement they sang like a choir voicing a perfect hymn of praise to the Most High, the flute soaring above it like a breath of incense. There was one beautiful melody that seemed to have strayed across from the Songs of Mendelssohn and joined the others with no one to blame. And then the merriment of the reel-like tunes and the beautiful cadenza on the flute were as charming as such things can be.

The Saga of Sibelius seems to be a puzzle to the interpreters, because the composer did not tell them what to say about it. But one can say anything about it that fits the age it represents. He can even go back to the Age of Beowulf and hear the swing of the oars and the straining of the sail and the wind in the cordage.

He can see in the undulating violin bows the long roll of the ocean; the disembarking, the battle formation, the press of fighting men, onward into action, aggressively straining forward; then the joy of victory, as clean-cut as a Moqui snake dance, tom-toms and all. (In the excitement of one melee the 'cellos started to run amok before they got the cue.) After the booty was gathered and the spoil collected the rovers sail away on to silence in their sea-going boats.

In Wagner's Meistersinger excerpts Mr. Goossens finds more of humanity in the large and less of the nervous, the irritating, the ill-at-ease, the unsatisfied desires that so many read into him. The first part of this number was marred somewhat by the careless playing of the first violins, all of whom in a certain place seemed to disagree with each other and to disregard the conductor. But that was a small and tran-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

The Observation Post

By Walter Brown, Dramatic Editor

Strange and Stranger.

Here's a verbatim report of a fragment of conversation heard on the street Saturday: "Sure I'm goin' to the show; but say, there's a girl in my office she's so damn dumb that she ain't liberal and broadminded about it at all an' ——"

Theer'll be some strange things there besides the Interlude!

✣ ✣ ✣

The Boston Orchestra.

Frank Sedgwick, who will bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra here for an evening concert in the Bushnell Memorial on April 9, tells me the program for the concert is not yet arranged inasmuch as what may be given here depends somewhat on the numbers that are in immediate rehearsal at the time—but he assures me that Dr. Koussevitzky will present a very fine list in his first concert in the new hall.

And in this connection possibly readers of this column may be interested in the impressions of the Boston Symphony work that I gathered in the concert at Carnegie Hall last Saturday afternoon.

The program included the Allegro and Allegro Moderato from Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3; the Beethoven Fourth Symphony; the brand new Pick-Mangiagalli Prelude and Fugue; an Interlude from Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo"; and finally the Ravel "Bolero"—certainly a varied and attractive list. And there was superb playing.

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Dr. Koussevitzky has, twice this season at concerts I have been privileged to attend, elected to begin with a rendition of music written for the string orchestra. He played the Handel "Concerto Grosso" at the November Saturday afternoon concert in Carnegie and last Saturday Bach was the chosen composer.

He thus puts before his audience the wealth of power possessed by the strings—and often there is the feeling that one is listening to a gigantic string quartet, so fine is the blending of tone in the various choirs.

The principal melody of this Brandenburg No. 3 is that which many Hartford people became very familiar with in their long-ago youth when Professor Reilly taught the sailors' hornpipe to chosen skilled ones in his dancing classes, and quite needless to say this melody was played with a very fine spirit and snap by the orchestra.

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But the reading of the Beethoven Fourth Symphony put all else out of the hearers' minds at that Carnegie concert—here was magnificent playing from the first measure to last. Everything was done with the finest possible care and finish and each phrase seemed to flow as from one great instrument.

The first climax was built up, in tremendous power with the orchestra at the top of its tonal form, and every little trim measure as the first movement closed was lovely in clarity. The Adagio, gorgeously played, yet with a full avoidance of the feeling of mere classicism in the reading; the lovely Trio, sung in the heights of spirit and tonal beauty; the Finale taken at lightning speed—all were a delight to an audience that showed great enthusiasm for every number played. Dr. Koussevitzky was brought back to the platform time after time by the applause showered upon him.

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Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, whose Prelude and Fugue were played in New York for the first time at that Saturday concert, is a modernist but a melodist. Born in Bohemia in 1882 of a Czech father and an Italian mother his musical training has been strictly Italian and he now resides in Milan.

His Prelude opens rather stormily though with perfect sanity of expression, and his melodies flow freely and easily, building up a finely-made fugue on the ordinary scale beginning in sonorous brass, and weaving along established lines to tremendous final chords made in the molds of the classicists—and well made. The whole work is brilliantly colorful and it was given a reading that would have gratified the composer could he have heard it.

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Dr. Koussevitzky chose an Interlude from Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo" to stand between the new Italian work and the Ravel "Bolero." This particular Interlude was first played in Boston last October and the assumption is that it has not been very frequently played in New York. The whole work is a domestic comedy with symphonic interludes—a rather stormy story being told. In the present part of the orchestration the composer shows his usual consummate skill in the weaving of three or more melodies in his orchestra into harmonious—though frequently strange—wholes. The whole thing seems most expressive of Strauss's individuality, and only an orchestra and conductor of quality would make much out of it. But much was made the other afternoon at Carnegie!

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And now for the Ravel "Bolero." There are prophets who say that with it Ravel will invade the theaters, the music shows, the talkies! For here is the simplest sort of dance rhythm repeated over and over again—using all the tricks of the most "modern" of the dance orchestras in the brass, at least—something that gets into your senses, your toes, your hips. It is a glorious dance and watching that big audience in New York the other day one could see people everywhere in the house swaying their bodies with the rhythm that was so permeative, so insistent, so effective.

The reading of this simple dance tune? It began in just a rhythm and that was all—dimly felt, hardly heard at all; and in a never-failing perfection of crescendo it rose from that whisper to heights on heights of tonal power. Instrument after instrument that had been silent early in the dance joined in the mad rhythm and swept, louder and louder still, into the maelstrom of tone finally set in motion. Had there been the slightest lapse in the growth of that phenomenally long crescendo the effect of the whole thing would have been lost—but there was no lapse; the conducting, the playing, were absolute in their brilliance of perfection.

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES ITALIAN WORK

N. Y. Times Jan 12/30

Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli in Premiere Here Seems Conventional.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert of the week yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting. The program comprised the Brandenburg Concerto 3 of Bach, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Pick-Mangiagalli's "Prelude and Fugue," which received its first performance here; Ravel's "Bolero," introduced to New York this season by Toscanini, and the Interlude to Richard Strauss's opera "Intermezzo."

The novelty by the young Italian composer proved to be an ingeniously written, though somewhat conventional work, employing the resources of the orchestra with excellent effect. Its basic themes, not distinguished for originality, are developed with a craftsmanship which respects the traditions of classic rules with occasional adventurings into the modernist realms of harmony. The nervous force of the figures played by the strings, with superimposed phrases of fine breadth and sonority by the wind instruments, give to the work an interest which the audience yesterday was quick to acknowledge. The dramatic finales of the two sections were especially effective.

"The Bolero" of Ravel, perhaps now an old story to many in the audience yesterday, failed to rouse the enthusiastic response of former concerts.

It was from the brilliant performances of the Bach and Beethoven that the audience derived most satisfaction.

NEW YORK
SUN

Two Benefit Performances At Carnegie Hall

Carnegie Hall was the scene of two benefits yesterday. In the afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, was heard under the auspices of the American Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles. Benno Rabinoff, violinist, was the assisting artist.

Mr. Koussevitzky offered a program suitable to the occasion, beginning with Moussorgsky's prelude to "Khovanchina," including Propofieff's violin concerto, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," a tone picture, 5; Stravinsky's suite from his ballet "Petrouchka," with Jesus Maria Sanroma at the piano, and closing with a rousing performance with that movie orchestra favorite, Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture.

NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

New Composer's Work on Boston Symphony Bill

Pick-Mangiagalli Prelude and Fugue Cheered by Capacity Audience at Matinee

Ravel's 'Bolero' Repeated

Fourth Beethoven Symphony Given Spirited Rendition

Concluding its unusually busy sojourn in New York, which included Friday afternoon's Russian refugee benefit concert besides the regular subscription quota, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's direction, played yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before a capacity audience. The program included one number new to Manhattan, a prelude and fugue by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, a composer of Czech and Italian parentage, who was represented at the Metropolitan Opera House early in the last decade by his ballet "Il Carillon Magico."

The work proved conservative. The prelude is melodious in a conventional manner, with its themes adorned by a constant series of light, rapid passages in the strings. The fugue opens with a major scale, which is one of its themes, deftly interwoven with others of a different, faster moving type. The movement is unusually effective, owing the the skill shown in its construction and color in instrumentation, and was received with prolonged applause.

Opens With Bach Concerto

Dr. Koussevitzky opened his program with Bach's third Brandenburg concerto, vigorously performed. The single transitional adagio measure separating the two sections of the work in the original score was omitted. The second number was Beethoven's fourth symphony, which has not been heard here indoors since the Philharmonic performances under Toscanini in February, 1928. Under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction, this highly lyric work was played with marked clarity, spirit and polish. After the Pick-Mangiagalli prelude and fugue, Dr. Koussevitzky continued the innocuous interlude from Strauss's "Intermezzo' and Ravel's "Bolero."

GLAZUNOV CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Russian Composer Leads Program of His Works

Sixth Symphony, Violin Concerto, and "Stenka Razin" Heard

Globe Jan 15

Alexander Glazunov, the noted Russian composer, conducted a program of his own works at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. Dr Koussevitzky is taking his annual midseason vacation of two weeks. Next week the guest leader will be Eugene Goossens, the English composer and conductor now head of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N Y.

Mr Glazunov's program nicluded his Sixth Symphony, opus 58; his Concerto for violin, opus 82, and his symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin," opus 13, all of them previously performed at these concerts.

The soloist in the concerto was Benno Rabinoff, son of Max Rabinoff, remembered here as manager of the "Boston-National Opera Company," which purchased the settings and costumes of the Boston Opera and engaged some of its singers to tour the country the season after the resident company here was given up. Benno Rabinoff gave a Jordan Hall recital Jan 23, 1928. He is a pupil of Auer.

Mr Glazunov's program included his as are all Russian names when translated into our alphabet, in half a dozen different ways, of which the simplest is here followed), is, since 1922, director of the Leningrad Conservatory of Music, a position he had held from 1909-12, before the revolution. An account of his long and distinguished career as composer and teacher was printed in last Sunday's Globe. He is now making his first visit to this country, and has already appeared as guest conductor in Chicago, Detroit and New York.

Few Gestures

Yesterday's audience saw a tall, heavily built man, quiet and dignified in manner, who conducts with the fewest possible gestures, and never makes an unnecessary motion. Only his slow and rather hesitant gait betrays the fact that he is in his 65th year, and recovering from an illness which caused him to cancel an engagement in Cleveland the other day. He was quick to share the hearty applause which greeted his music with the orchestra, and with the young and almost unknown soloist.

In the 1890's the muscial conservatives denounced Glazunov as a modernist composer, but a comparison of his works with those his contemporaries, Debussy and Richard Strauss, produced between 1880 and 1905, since which date Glazunov has published almost nothing, proves the essentially conservative and academic character of Glazunov's music.

The sixth of his eight symphonies was published in 1897. It is well written music, with fluent melody and interesting rhythmic effects. The themes were apparently chosen with a view to the artistic unity of the work, so marked are the resemblances between the chief melodic ideas. This symphony shows the influence on Glazunov of the more conservative and, in America, least known works of Rimsky Korsakov, whose pupil he was. But the side of Rimsky's genius which influenced so strongly the first notable work, "The Firebird," of his later pupil Stravinsky is apparently alien to Glazunov's musical imagination.

Glazunov is **not**, and has made no pretention of being, a virtuoso conductor. He is, however, competent to get from an orchestra the effects he wishes in his music, as the admirably clear and sanely balanced performance of this symphony yesterday proved. The audience obviously enjoyed the music. Its applause was no mere polite tribute to the composer's presence, but heartfelt.

Show Piece

The violin concerto, which has been played at these concerts by Zimbalist and by Richard Burgin, is a skillfully written and ingratiating show piece, offering a soloist ample opportunities to display his abilities. Mr Rabinoff used a warm, rather too vibrant tone. His technique is considerable, though not sufficiently impeccable to save him from occasionally faulty information. He was very cordially applauded. One's impression of his musical gifts was distinctly more favorable yesterday than at his last Boston appearance, but he is not yet a mature and polished artist.

The other number on the program, "Stenka Razin," twice played here under Mr Monteux, was written in 1885. It is a product of the movement for nationalism in Russian music begun by Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov and their group, of whom Glazunov at 20 was the brilliant protege. It was suggested by a half-legendary, half-historical Cossack bandit. The first theme is the "Volga Boatman's Song" now thrice-familiar to audiences here, but still one of the best of Russian folk tunes. The scoring for orchestra is, as always with Glazunov, notably skillful, but the piece yesterday seemed immature and old-fashioned. The Sixth Symphony is more genuine and more interesting music.

Next week Mr Goossens, as guest conductor, proposes a program including Wagner's "A Faust Overture," Schumann's First Symphony, his own Concertino, and Respighi's "Feste Romane," the latest issued of his now lengthy series of musical guide books to Rome.

P. R.

NEW YORK
EVENING POST
JAN 16

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Bostonians Introduce a New Symphony by Bax and Povla Frijsh Hymns Loeffler Canticle Anew

WITH the return of the Boston Symphony to Carnegie Hall last night a new symphony by Arnold Bax was conducted by the virtuoso of the baton to whom it is dedicated, Serge Koussevitzky. Mr. Bax, who makes London his habitat, was not present to hear his work performed, but another of the composers of the evening was. After Povla Frijsh had sung his "Canticle of the Sun" to the evident gratification of those to whom this is one of the most consistently rewarding of American symphonic works written in the last decade, Charles Martin Loeffler was called before the audience for repeated bows and handshakings with the soloist and the conductor. For many years a member of this orchestra, Mr. Loeffler's compositions seem to come most naturally from the ensemble with which he was identified, though the "Canticle of the Sun" was first played in Washington at the 1925 Library of Congress Festival and was introduced to New York by Mr. Stowkowski's Philadelphians with the same soloist as last night. Both the work and the soloist had their accustomed success.

Aside from the new symphony, the chief disclosure of the evening was that the Ravel "Bolero" is by no means a one-conductor sensation. Mr. Koussevitzky also made of it an incentive for shouts and stampings, with such pounding of the palms as is rarely heard even from the professionals at the Metropolitan. The Boston conductor began this maddening tour de force much more slowly and languorously than Mr. Toscanini did, but in the conclusion unleashed all the orgiastic fury and din of which his ensemble was capable. Some individual parts were not so well played, one of the trombones missing its footing and the higher saxophone notes lacking bite and surety; but, admitting all this and also a preference for the faster, more immediately tense pulse of the earlier performances, this also was a virtuoso achievement of the most stunning brilliance.

THE orchestra played the Bax Symphony with a splendor of tone and a superb adjustment of sonorities which justified the compliment paid it by the composer when he wrote in advance of the premiere, "I am confident that this symphony will receive a finer first performance than any previous work of mine." Thought that first performance was not the one in New York last night, but one in Boston not quite a month ago, there is no reason to suspect that the orchestra's playing of the symphony has become any the less remarkable by reason of two repetitions. Mr. Bax was authority for the statement that there is no communicable program associated with this music, and that it is as entirely and severely "absolute" as a work of the classic period. He also called attention to the cyclic character of the form and to the persistent use of a three-note figure in all three movements of the symphony. The one clue he provided as to the meaning seems to have been that the close should be very broad and possess "a kind of oppressive catastrophic mood."

Whatever the composer's intent, this music in performance was far from suggesting the classic symphonies—as far in spirit as in technique and manner. Each of the movements took on the character of a dramatic tone-poem, with the emotion which Mr. Bax confessed having put into it, assuming a highly personal address, customarily associated with romantic music rather than with the classic and the severely absolute. On first hearing, whatever the continuity sought or assured by the use of the cyclic form, the work appeared episodic, and though possessing many arresting and some enchanting moments its interest was not cumulative. Climactic passages led into moments of dullness, and its thematic material, workable and plentiful as it was, commanded no large measure of admiration for any superior inherent beauty. As in his earlier orchestral works, the English composer attested the high order of his craftsmanship. The work is, indeed, so good that the pity is it is not better.

Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point," which is not new to Carnegie Hall, provided a robustious opening for the concert. For those who go to the trouble to associate it with the old print—or rather the literary description of the print—by the English caricaturist Rowlandson, which inspired the composition, there is no negligible degree of pictorial suggestion in this music. But without some definite mental vista of the bustling quays, the roistering sailors, the love-making and leave-taking, the fiddling and the grog-drinking, this tone-painting has a limited appeal as music.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
SUN

NEW YORK
TIMES
JAN 1 —

TO AID RUSSIAN EXILES.

Concert Will Be Given by Boston Symphony Orchestra Today.

A special concert will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall this afternoon to aid the American Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles. Grand Duchess Kira of Russia is expected to arrive from Washington to attend the concert, which will consist of all-Russian music, conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. Benno Rabinoff, violinist, will be the soloist.

Among those who have taken boxes or seats are: Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. E. Farrar Bateson, Jr., and Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge Callaway, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingsbury Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Blair Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hollister Pease, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ashton de Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. John Ross Delafield, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dominick, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence F. MacMurray, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Mrs. Frederick Lothrop Ames, Mrs. Donald W. Brown, Mrs. A. Bradhurst Field, Mr. and Mrs. Marius de Brabant, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin, Mrs. George T. Maxwell, Mrs. William Peyton, Mrs. Elihu Root Jr., Mrs. Alfred Seton and Mrs. Percy Rivington Pyne.

Koussevitzky Offers Novelties

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Program at Carnegie Hall Includes New Works.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Serge Koussevitzky (who, we observe, now suffers from chronic doctoring) smothered his devotees under an avalanche of novelty at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening, but fortunately to their delectation. He began with an overture entitled "Portsmouth Point" by William Turner Wallace, an English composer born in 1902. The work formed itself in the musician's mind after he had pondered an old print representing a quay in the familiar confusion of such places.

The overture reflects this by bold and unconventional melodic ideas and syncopated rhythms. It is a piece of healthy, hearty music, jovial and touched with humorous fancy. The melodic foundations rest on the soil of Britain's native song and the structure reared upon them is well planned and symmetrical. It was a pleasure to hear such a wholesome product of one of the young minds of musical England.

The overture was followed by Arnold Bax's second symphony, which is in the keys of E minor and C major. This work had its first performance anywhere on December 13, when Dr. Koussevitzky produced it in Boston. We bestow our blessing on Mr. Bax for declining to load his music with a program. He has definitely said that it has none, but is a piece of absolute music, cyclical in form and utilizing a persistent three note figure as a germinal, or at least binding theme.

This new symphony carved its lines deep into the consciousness of this hearer. It is in three movements, an allegro moderato preceded by a slow introduction, an andante and a finale marked allegro feroce, which proved to be by no means ferocious. The themes upon which the first movement is built, and which are basic, are valiant, full of red blood and the strong breathing of a man who lives in the outdoor world and meets nature face to face. They sing and sometimes they shout, but always they have substance and musical quality. The development is overelaborated; there are pages from which some of the packing might well be pulled out. But it is a good movement.

The andante rests on a long drawn lyric melody of genuine beauty given out by the strings. The whole movement is song-like and varied by sharply contrasting episodes. The coda might perhaps be shortened a little to its advantage. The finale, like the first movement, is noteworthy for its confident and full throated utterance. It closes effectively. Mr. Bax employs modern harmonies with excellent skill and his orchestration is sonorous and richly colored. The symphony shows care in workmanship. The structure barring the elaboration already mentioned is firm and the outline tolerably clear. What is perhaps best, however, is the spontaneity, the ebullient spirit of the composition which is set forth in brilliant light by the introspective mood underrunning the whole. Mr. Bax's communions with nature have made him serious, but have strengthened his courage. He is no pessimist. The symphony was performed in a manner which would have given the composer infinite joy and the audience appeared to find the music admirable.

The third of Dr. Koussevitzky's collection of novelties was Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" (Canticum Fratris Solis) after the hymn of St. Francis of Assisi. It had, of course, been heard before here.

The work was written for the opening of the new Chamber Music Hall in the Library of Congress in Washington, presented to the nation by Mrs. F. S. Coolidge and opened in 1925. The composition is for soprano and orchestra and the singer last evening was Mme. Povla Frijsh, who sang the part at the first performance.

When the hymn was given in Philadelphia, Lawrence Gilman, who writes the masterly program notes for Mr. Stokowski's organization as well as for the Philharmonic of this city, furnished a careful analysis showing how Mr. Loeffler had cunningly utilized the basic materials of old ecclesiastical music. This composer's ability to create an illusion of antiquity with modern materials is well known. The song of the Greek flute is heard again in this canticle and the voice part is so beautifully fitted to the style and sentiment of the text that it is entrancing from beginning to end.

The composition discloses once more Mr. Loeffler's originality of idiom and that lofty dignity which marks his entire artistic output. It is beautiful and noble music. It was excellently done. Mme. Povla Frijsh sang the vocal solo with understanding and a range of expression not always heard in her singing. Tonally her delivery was not perfect, but the blemishes were outweighed by the excellences.

The concert concluded with Ravel's "Bolero," which had already been made known here by the Philharmonic under Toscanini. The repetition had its value, but the music lover's gratitude was due to Mr. Koussevitzky for his presentation of three such interesting novelties.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

Serge Koussevitzky Twice a "Doctor"

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who will appear with his 112 musicians at the Mosque Monday, February 3, is twice has received honorary degrees from a "doctor" besides wearing the badge of the French Legion of Honor. He both Brown and Harvard Universities.

NEWS
JAN 5 - 1930

WE LOSE GOOD MUSIC

ANNOUNCEMENT that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra will not come to Baltimore next season is sad news to real music lovers. And it makes some of us wonder if Baltimore really is going ahead as a music center.

Perhaps we are pessimists, but some of us, at least, see signs of retrogression. The Boston Symphony Orchestra used to have a regular season in Baltimore. This winter it makes one appearance — last night. There was a time when the Boston Symphony concerts were the big musical events here. The Philadelphia Orchestra used to give five and six concerts a season. This winter it is giving four.

A few years ago there were six children's concerts by the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. This season there are three. Recitals have not been so well attended this season. Yehudi Menuhin, it was believed, would fill every seat in the Lyric, but he didn't. Kreisler seems to be the only artist who can do that in Baltimore.

Neither the German Opera Company nor the American Opera Company, with its new work, "Yolanda of Cyprus," more than half-filled the Lyric. Apparently, Baltimore only wants the Metropolitan Opera Company, the Philadelphia Orchestra, Kreisler, Ponselle and a few other great artists. But that indicates a love for the spectacular rather than a love for music.

MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL
JAN 19 1930

Bax Classic A Novelty in N.Y

Boston Orchestra Produces New Opus in Celtic Strain

During a recent concert in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra Serge Kousesevitzky introduced a new symphony by Arnold Bax, in E minor and C major. Lawrence Gilman wrote of it in the New York Tribune-Herald as follows:

"Mr. Bax's symphony is in three movements, formidable in scope and content, and it lasts for almost 40 minutes. It is scored for an orchestra of heroic size, fit to deal with what Carlyle so bravely called "the immensities and the eternities." And it is as substantial in its imaginative and intellectual yield as if tonal gnat's eggs had not been agreed upon as the only decent thing for the creative mind to hatch.

"The composer, in a letter spread upon the pages of Mr. Hale's annotations, says that "there is absolutely no communicable program associated with the music, which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work." Nevertheless, he speaks of the end of the symphony as publishing "a kind of oppressive catastrophic mood," and remarks that he has "put a great deal of emotion into the writing of it"; from which we are entitled to infer that the music is perhaps not so "severely absolute" as a strict interpretation of that phrase would suggest.

"In his earlier symphony Bax appeared to be chiefly concerned with fashioning a sterner and more drastic music, little occupied with faery spells and magic seas and haunted, melancholy woods. The fierce gloom of the North was felt in it, and a new aggressiveness and power.

"These traits mark the new symphony that we heard Thursday night. Yet, on the whole, it is less somber and austere a work than its predecessor. We are warned by it that the Celtic temperament, with its predilection for strangely colored loveliness, its wistful, melancholy tenderness, its inexhaustible nostalgia, is a difficult thing to outlive. In the 'cello theme of the first movement, in the lyrical violin subject of the Andante (with its odd suggestion of an Irish Grieg—the ghost of the C minor violin sonata flits by), Mr. Bax reminds us that the Gael dies hard."

NEW YORK
EVENING POST

Music : *By Oscar Thompson*

Bostonians Introduce a New Symphony by Bax and Povla Frijsh Hymns Loeffler Canticle Anew

WITH the return of the Boston Symphony to Carnegie Hall last night a new symphony by Arnold Bax was conducted by the virtuoso of the baton to whom it is dedicated, Serge Koussevitzky. Mr. Bax, who makes London his habitat, was not present to hear his work performed, but another of the composers of the evening was. After Povla Frijsh had sung his "Canticle of the Sun" to the evident gratification of those to whom this is one of the most consistently rewarding of American symphonic works written in the last decade, Charles Martin Loeffler was called before the audience for repeated bows and handshakings with the soloist and the conductor. For many years a member of this orchestra, Mr. Loeffler's compositions seem to come most naturally from the ensemble with which he was identified, though the "Canticle of the Sun" was first played in Washington at the 1925 Library of Congress Festival and was introduced to New York by Mr. Stowkowski's Philadelphians with the same soloist as last night. Both the work and the soloist had their accustomed success.

Aside from the new symphony, the chief disclosure of the evening was that the Ravel "Bolero" is by no means a one-conductor sensation. Mr. Koussevitzky also made of it an incentive for shouts and stampings, with such pounding of the palms as is rarely heard even from the professionals at the Metropolitan. The Boston conductor began this maddening tour de force much more slowly and languorously than Mr. Toscanini did, but in the conclusion unleashed all the orgiastic fury and din of which his ensemble was capable. Some individual parts were not so well played, one of the trombones missing its footing and the higher saxophone notes lacking bite and surety; but, admitting all this and also a preference for the faster, more immediately tense pulse of the earlier performances, this also was a virtuoso achievement of the most stunning brilliance.

THE orchestra played the Bax Symphony with a splendor of tone and a superb adjustment of sonorities which justified the compliment paid it by the composer when he wrote in advance of the premiere, "I am confident that this symphony will receive a finer first performance than any previous work of mine." Thought that first performance was not the one in New York last night, but one in Boston not quite a month ago, there is no reason to suspect that the orchestra's playing of the symphony has become any the less remarkable by reason of two repetitions. Mr. Bax was authority for the statement that there is no communicable program associated with this music, and that it is as entirely and severely "absolute" as a work of the classic period. He also called attention to the cyclic character of the form and to the persistent use of a three-note figure in all three movements of the symphony. The one clue he provided as to the meaning seems to have been that the close should be very broad and possess "a kind of oppressive catastrophic mood."

Whatever the composer's intent, this music in performance was far from suggesting the classic symphonies—as far in spirit as in technique and manner. Each of the movements took on the character of a dramatic tone-poem, with the emotion which Mr. Bax confessed having put into it, assuming a highly personal address, customarily associated with romantic music rather than with the classic and the severely absolute. On first hearing, whatever the continuity sought or assured by the use of the cyclic form, the work appeared episodic, and though possessing many arresting and some enchanting moments its interest was not cumulative. Climactic passages led into moments of dullness, and its thematic material, workable and plentiful as it was, commanded no large measure of admiration for any superior inherent beauty. As in his earlier orchestral works, the English composer attested the high order of his craftsmanship. The work is, indeed, so good that the pity is it is not better.

Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point," which is not new to Carnegie Hall, provided a robustious opening for the concert. For those who go to the trouble to associate it with the old print—or rather the literary description of the print—by the English caricaturist Rowlandson, which inspired the composition, there is no negligible degree of pictorial suggestion in this music. But without some definite mental vista of the bustling quays, the roistering sailors, the love-making and leave-taking, the fiddling and the grog-drinking, this tone-painting has a limited appeal as music.

NEW YORK
TIMES

TO AID RUSSIAN EXILES.

Concert Will Be Given by Boston Symphony Orchestra Today.

A special concert will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall this afternoon to aid the American Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles. Grand Duchess Kira of Russia is expected to arrive from Washington to attend the concert, which will consist of all-Russian music, conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. Benno Rabinoff, violinist, will be the soloist.

Among those who have taken boxes or seats are: Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. E. Farrar Bateson, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge Callaway, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingsbury Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Blair Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hollister Pease, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ashton de Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. John Ross Delafield, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dominick, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence F. MacMurray, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Landon K. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Mrs. Frederick Lothrop Ames, Mrs. Donald W. Brown, Mrs. A. Bradhurst Field, Mr. and Mrs. Marius de Brabant, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin, Mrs. George T. Maxwell, Mrs. William Peyton, Mrs. Elihu Root Jr., Mrs. Alfred Seton and Mrs. Percy Rivington Pyne.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
SUN

Koussevitzky Offers Novelties

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Program at Carnegie Hall Includes New Works.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Serge Koussevitzky (who, we observe, now suffers from chronic doctoring) smothered his devotees under an avalanche of novelty at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening, but fortunately to their delectation. He began with an overture entitled "Portsmouth Point" by William Turner Wallace, an English composer born in 1902. The work formed itself in the musician's mind after he had pondered an old print representing a quay in the familiar confusion of such places.

The overture reflects this by bold and unconventional melodic ideas and syncopated rhythms. It is a piece of healthy, hearty music, jovial and touched with humorous fancy. The melodic foundations rest on the soil of Britain's native song and the structure reared upon them is well planned and symmetrical. It was a pleasure to hear such a wholesome product of one of the young minds of musical England.

The overture was followed by Arnold Bax's second symphony, which is in the keys of E minor and C major. This work had its first performance anywhere on December 13, when Dr. Koussevitzky produced it in Boston. We bestow our blessing on Mr. Bax for declining to load his music with a program. He has definitely said that it has none, but is a piece of absolute music, cyclical in form and utilizing a persistent three note figure as a germinal, or at least binding theme.

This new symphony carved its lines deep into the consciousness of this hearer. It is in three movements, an allegro moderato preceded by a slow introduction, an andante and a finale marked allegro feroce, which proved to be by no means ferocious. The themes upon which the first movement is built, and which are sic, are valiant, full of red blood d the strong breathing of a man o lives in the outdoor world and ts nature face to face. They and sometimes they shout, but ys they have substance and muquality. The development is laborated; there are pages which some of the packing well be pulled out. But it is movement.

ndante rests on a lyric melody of genuine beauty given out by the strings. The whole movement is song-like and varied by sharply contrasting episodes. The coda might perhaps be shortened a little to its advantage. The finale, like the first movement, is noteworthy for its confident and full throated utterance. It closes effectively. Mr. Bax employs modern harmonies with excellent skill and his orchestration is sonorous and richly colored. The symphony shows care in workmanship. The structure barring the elaboration already mentioned is firm and the outline tolerably clear. What is perhaps best, however, is the spontaneity, the ebullient spirit of the composition which is set forth in brilliant light by the introspective mood underrunning the whole. Mr. Bax's communions with nature have made him serious, but have strengthened his courage. He is no pessimist. The symphony was performed in a manner which would have given the composer infinite joy and the audience appeared to find the music admirable.

The third of Dr. Koussevitzky's collection of novelties was Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" (Canticum Fratris Solis) after the hymn of St. Francis of Assisi. It had, of course, been heard before here.

The work was written for the opening of the new Chamber Music Hall in the Library of Congress in Washington, presented to the nation by Mrs. F. S. Coolidge and opened in 1925. The composition is for soprano and orchestra and the singer last evening was Mme. Povla Frijsh, who sang the part at the first performance.

When the hymn was given in Philadelphia, Lawrence Gilman, who writes the masterly program notes for Mr. Stokowski's organization as well as for the Philharmonic of this city, furnished a careful analysis showing how Mr. Loeffler had cunningly utilized the basic materials of old ecclesiastical music. This composer's ability to create an illusion of antiquity with modern materials is well known. The song of the Greek flute is heard again in this canticle and the voice part is so beautifully fitted to the style and sentiment of the text that it is entrancing from beginning to end.

The composition discloses once more Mr. Loeffler's originality of idiom and that lofty dignity which marks his entire artistic output. It is beautiful and noble music. It was excellently done. Mme. Povla Frijsh sang the vocal solo with understanding and a range of expression not always heard in her singing. Tonally her delivery was not perfect, but the blemishes were outweighed by the excellences.

The concert concluded with Ravel's "Bolero," which had already been made known here by the Philharmonic under Toscanini. The repetition had its value, but the music lover's gratitude was due to Mr. Koussevitzky for his presentation of three such interesting novelties.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

Serge Koussevitzky Twice a "Doctor"

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who will appear with his 112 musicians at the has received honorary degrees from a "doctor" besides wearing the badge Mosque Monday, February 3, is twice of the French Legion of Honor. He both Brown and Harvard Universities.

NEWS

WE LOSE GOOD MUSIC

ANNOUNCEMENT that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra will not come to Baltimore next season is sad news to real music lovers. And it makes some of us wonder if Baltimore really is going ahead as a music center.

Perhaps we are pessimists, but some of us, at least, see signs of retrogression. The Boston Symphony Orchestra used to have a regular season in Baltimore. This winter it makes one appearance — last night. There was a time when the Boston Symphony concerts were the big musical events here. The Philadelphia Orchestra used to give five and six concerts a season. This winter it is giving four.

A few years ago there were six children's concerts by the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. This season there are three. Recitals have not been so well attended this season. Yehudi Menuhin, it was believed, would fill every seat in the Lyric, but he didn't. Kreisler seems to be the only artist who can do that in Baltimore.

Neither the German Opera Company nor the American Opera Company, with its new work, "Yolanda of Cyprus," more than half-filled the Lyric. Apparently, Baltimore only wants the Metropolitan Opera Company, the Phil-

MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL

Bax Classic A Novelty in N.Y

Boston Orchestra Produces New Opus in Celtic Strain

During a recent concert in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra Serge Kousesevitzky introduced a new symphony by Arnold Bax, in E minor and C major. Lawrence Gilman wrote of it in the New York Tribune-Herald as follows:

"Mr. Bax's symphony is in three movements, formidable in scope and content, and it lasts for almost 40 minutes. It is scored for an orchestra of heroic size, fit to deal with what Carlyle so bravely called "the immensities and the eternities." And it is as substantial in its imaginative and intellectual yield as if tonal gnat's eggs had not been agreed upon as the only decent thing for the creative mind to hatch.

"The composer, in a letter spread upon the pages of Mr. Hale's annotations, says that "there is absolutely no communicable program associated with the music, which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work." Nevertheless, he speaks of the end of the symphony as publishing "a kind of oppressive catastrophic mood," and remarks that he has "put a great deal of emotion into the writing of it"; from which we are entitled to infer that the music is perhaps not so "severely absolute" as a strict interpretation of that phrase would suggest.

"In his earlier symphony Bax appeared to be chiefly concerned with fashioning a sterner and more drastic music, little occupied with faery spells and magic seas and haunted, melancholy woods. The fierce gloom of the North was felt in it, and a new aggressiveness and power.

"These traits mark the new symphony that we heard Thursday night. Yet, on the whole, it is less somber and austere a work than its predecessor. We are warned by it that the Celtic temperament, with its predilection for strangely colored loveliness, its wistful, melancholy tenderness, its incurable nostalgia, is a difficult thing to outlive. In the 'cello theme of the first movement, in the lyrical violin subject of the Andante (with its odd suggestion of an Irish Grieg—the ghost of the C minor violin sonata flits by), Mr. Bax reminds us that the Gael dies hard."

BROOKLYN
EAGLE
JAN 11 193[illegible]

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

MR. KOUSSEWITSKY did not conduct, as was his original intention, a Dvorak and Wagner program at the Academy of Music last evening. Sensing, it may be, the desire of those who attend the Brooklyn concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to hear occasionally music less familiar than excerpts from the Wagnerian music-dramas (which Mr. Koussewitsky not infrequently performs for them), he set aside, on second thought, his well-thumbed scores of the prelude to "Lohengrin," the "Walkuerenritt" and the introduction to the "Meistersinger's" third act and in their place substituted those of a Prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangigalli and a symphonic interlude from the "Intermezzo" of Richard Strauss. Music of our times, though contemporaneous only in date of composition, these novelties were relished by a large audience, which found in them no trace of that subversive modernism that several years ago provoked it to protest the performance of Mr. Copland's "Music for the Theater."

* * *

We refer to the Pick-Mangigalli Prelude and Fugue and Strauss Interlude as novelties. The term applies accurately to the Italian work, which had not had a New York performance previous to that of last evening, but excerpts from the Strauss opera have been introduced in the past by Mr. Mengelberg, Mr. Klemperer and Mr. Furtwaengler to audiences in Manhattan, though not, we believe, to audiences in Brooklyn. Its composer's Op. 72, "Intermezzo" was completed and first performed in 1924. Strauss wrote both text and music of this domestic comedy in two acts and a dozen scenes, which relates with much gusto and not a little sentiment an anecdote that commentators have asked us to interpret an autobiographical, since it concerns a misunderstanding between an orchestral conductor and his temperamental wife. The seven scenes of the first and the five scenes of the second act are separated by symphonic interludes, and it was one of these—that following the fifth scene of Act One—that Mr. Koussewitsky performed last evening.

The fifth interlude from "Intermezzo" is love music. To realize this we do not need to be told that in the scene which follows Christine (the conductor's wife) has in the absence of her husband entertained a young and personable Baron, falling, upon his departure, into the sentimental reverie. Mr. Koussewitsky played not only the music of the interlude proper but some 50-odd measures preceding it and accompanying Christine's meditations. The key is A-flat, the mood dreamy and amorous. This interlude is the best thing in the opera, and fairer report might be made of it had we not heard it before in its author's "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote." The composer who repeats himself is scarcely better off than the composer who repeats another, for both borrow to conceal an insolvent talent. In this interlude from "Intermezzo" Strauss remembers and rewrites the third variation of his "Don Quixote" and the concluding pages of "Ein Heldenleben"—remembers and rewrites with emendations and amplifications and strives to simulate an emotion which he no longer feels. The result is ardent, unctuous and unconvincing.

*

Pick-Mangigalli's Prelude and Fugue preceded the excerpt from "Intermezzo," introducing the second half of the program. The Italian composer owes the coloring of the Prelude, as well as its profile, to Klingsor's music in "Parsifal," and in its postlude he treats fugally the diatonic scale. This he does ingeniously, but the result hardly induces us to alter the opinion we have entertained of him as a clever yet unimportant musician. Mr. Koussewitsky conducted both the Pick-Mangigalli and the Strauss performances, which greatly raised the music in the esteem of the audience. The program was otherwise devoted to Dvorak's E minor Symphony ("From the New World") and the overture to the "Meistersinger."

* * *

This Brooklyn concert was the second given yesterday by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussewitsky's direction. The first took the form of a special matinee at Carnegie Hall, for the benefit of the American Society for the Relief of Russians in Exile, Inc., at which

NEW YORK
AMERICAN

ANGLO-SAXON MUSIC MARKS PROGRAM OF BOSTON ORCHESTRA

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, did an unusual thing last evening at Carnegie Hall in giving over almost his entire programme to works by Anglo-Saxon composers.

The list embraced "Portsmouth Point," an overture, by William Turner Walton; Symphony No. 2, by Arnold Bax; "Canticum Fratris Solis" (St. Francis's Hymn to the Sun), by Charles Martin Loeffler, and "Bolero," by Maurice Ravel. Walton and Bax are English; Loeffler, although born an Alsatian, is an American citizen and Boston resident of many years' standing; Ravel is, of course, French.

It is difficult to guess exactly why Koussevitzky set up such a programme, for it was austere and even dull musically. The Ravel "Bolero," which came at the end, had the effect of a stiff, fresh wind blowing away a murky and somnalent fog.

Walton's overture, mildly modernistic, professes to give a tonal impression of Thomas Rowlandson's (1756-1827) print called "Portsmouth Point." The picture shows the bustle of a naval harbor, with a melee of departing sailors and their officers, some drunk, some fighting, romancing.

Bax Pages Sombre

The Walton music suggests snatches of old English tune, and something of the noisy, rowdy atmosphere of Rowlandson's subject. It is a very short, hurrying composition, and before one could thoroughly weigh its merits it was over.

Much more serious, terribly serious, was the Bax Symphony "in E minor and C," as the programme had it. The addition of the C did not help matters much, for the Bax pages are prevailingly sombre when they are not forbiddingly severe. The composition, dedicated to Koussevitzky, had its first New York performance last night.

I have seldom heard music so seemingly compact and well made and yet so devoid of recognizable purpose or direction. Bax varies his style so much that followers of Debussy, Wagner, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cesar Franck and some of the French and German moderns, all might claim him as a camp-follower.

There are some finely expressed lyrical moments in the Bax Symphony, some resounding climaxes and long stretches of monotonous music making that found one listener hard put to it to keep awake at times. I regard Bax's work with respect and something of awe, and I wish I could give it a more informative analysis.

The Loeffler hymn, for voice and orchestra, is church-writing, except that the composer takes harmonic liberties not usual in liturgical expression. No great imaginative heights are reached in Loeffler's essay. The solo part was done well by Povla Frijsch, whose unsensuous soprano voice and spiritualized delivery suited the reserved character of the music.

No rhapsodical delight came from the audience until after the whirling, propulsive finale of the splendidly played "Bolero."

JOURNAL

Mr. Goossens Returns, Baton in Hand

Last Season He Came as Pianist and Composer, But Now He Brings a Nordic Folio as Conductor and Guest of the Boston Symphony

Under the baton of Eugene Goossens, the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season at the Albee Theatre, will feature on next Tuesday evening a program by Wagner, Schumann and Sibelius.

Eugene Goossens the conductor we met four years ago under similar auspices and under similar conditions. When he came last year it was as composer, pianist and violinist playing his own compositions alone and with other artists in a Sunday afternoon concert in Memorial Hall. He returns fresh from his venture in opera in Philadelphia, where his "Judith" had its premiere.

His experience as a conductor dates back to 1921 when he formed his own orchestra of carefully picked players, "with whom he gave a concert of modern music that established his reputation among the foremost conductors of the day. He aroused so much interest that the program had to be repeated at the following concert.

Since then his services have been in constant demand on both sides of the Atlantic. He has conducted the British National and Carl Rosa Opera Companies, the Russian Ballet, the London Symphony Orchestra, and many other organizations. His most successful American connection was probably with the Hollywood Bowl group whom he conducted in open-air symphony.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

1. Wagner.......A Faust Overture
2. Schumann...Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38.
   - I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
   - II. Larghetto.
   - III. Scherzo; Molto vivace. Trio 1: Molto piu vivace; Trio II.
   - IV. Allegro Animato e grazioso.
3. Sibelius..."A Saga," Tone Poem, Op. 9.
4. Wagner..Excerpts from Act III, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Introduction—Dance of the Apprentices—Assemblage of the Masters.

From Wagner's Youth

The program begins and ends with Wagner. At the outset we have a "Faust" overture, a novelty which should prove of great interest to all who might wonder how the Titan would treat such a theme. Written in 1840 when the composer was 27 years old, it has been called a superb orchestral piece, the first work which bears the true stamp of Wagner.

"It was conceived after a rehearsal of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Conservatoire in the winter of 1839 and is in some sense a piece of autobiography written in music. As originally planned it was to form the first movement of a Faust Symphony. It is a masterpiece of construction and instrumentation. The influence of Beethoven is apparent in the concise power of the themes, and the plain direct manner in which they are set forth, yet the work is Wagner's own from beginning to end."

The excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" that end our evening are more familiar, as nearly everyone knows Wagner's one important venture in the field of comedy. This he based definitely on the pattern of old comedy, just as he based his tragedies on old Greek models with their inscrutable Fate to justify or nullify the ways of gods and men. Like Aristophanes he has his fun at the expense of the manners, vices and follies of the people, and the stage is set to illustrate a specific page of history.

A Satyr Play

The Greek tragedian offered tragedies immediately after which was presented a comedy (Satyr Play). "Meistersinger," we are told is a Satyr Play that might follow the tragic "Tannhauser;" and more than that, it happens to be a superhuman laugh of derision at the hand of Fate itself; for Wagner wrote it immediately after the terrible failure of "Tannhauser" in Paris.

Schumann's First Symphony has never been what might be called popular, but it is fine music just the same. Easily surpassing the work of Schubert and Mendelssohn in power and range, it is striking on account of its musical ideas and that subtle charm which is indispensable to greatness. Perhaps Schumann did use Beethoven as a sort of model, but he is very far away from both Mozart and Hayden in this work. It shows unusual originality and a creative force that is distinctly Schumann.

Against the instrumentation of this symphony too much has been said of late, particularly by these human gulls and crows that [illegible] at the eagle. Whatever [illegible]ation, the work is lively, fresh, and full of the buoyancy and [illegible] first movement, we are [illegible] to have been called "Spring [illegible]" and the finale, "Spring's [illegible]."

Schumann's [illegible]

[illegible] the introduction [illegible] a trumpet-summons [illegible] on high; then [illegible] softly to and fro, and everywhere the dormant forces awake and [illegible] their way to the light." (We are quoting from the composer's own program.) "In the Allegro the Spring comes laughing in, in the full beauty of youth. This explains and justifies the novel use of the triangle in the first movement—an instrument not then considered admissible in a symphony. An enchanting effect is produced by the spring song at the close of the first movement, played as though sung with a full heart; and it is an entirely new form of coda."

Sibelius is a composer who stands alone in his individuality, which was strong enough to make itself felt even at the very beginning of his career. He is wild, mysterious, sweet, bold, sad, in turns, often speaking with a sublime majesty seldom heard in the works of composers of equal rank.

He "ranks among the foremost living composers of today. He has been wholly unaffected by the work of his predecessors and contemporaries. He is concerned, first and last, in giving his own message to the world in a form that appears austere and forbidding on a first acquaintance, but which holds the attention throughout. His method of thematic development is peculiarly original." Much of his work is based on the national life of Finland, in which Hades and Death play a large and gloomy power. But for all that, he is not morbid, his main characteristic being that of enormous power.

M. C. W.

... Applesauce is what Miss I...

Amer Jan 18

GLAZOUNOV IS GREETED AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

THOUGH the audience at this week's Symphony concerts comes more or less prepared for what it is to see and hear, it rubs its eyes none the less. Here before it is, in the actual and plentiful fresh, Alexander Glazounov, grand old man of present day Russian composers, great connecting link with the past, one of the great line. Here is a man who rubbed shoulders intimately, as an equal, with Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin and Balakirev, of whose music Franz Liszt was a champion.

It seems incredible, but the miracle is accomplished before our eyes: Glazounov, as guest leader, conducting a program devoted entirely to his own works. The explanation is, of course, that Glazounov developed as a composer at an extraordinarily youthful age: at 16 he had written a symphony taken seriously by his master, Rimsky-Korsakov.

Perhaps, it explains, too, the pathos that this concert held for some of us. For it was evident, as the program proceeded, that Glazounov is not a man of his time. Granted the stupendous musicianship that are evident in the pieces played on this program, including the Sixth Symphony, the Violin Concerto and the Symphonic Poem, "Stenka Razin." Granted the talent, the very genius that fills these pieces with music of the highest order, music for the most part not Russian, but cosmopolitan. Despite this, one feels something foreign to our time; one senses the spectacle of an actor of genius playing before an audience no longer in sympathy with his play or with his style.

None the less, it is distinctly an "occasion" this week at Symphony Hall. The program rises in steady crescendo of interest to the beautiful, sweeping "Stenka Razin." Benno Rabinoff plays the solo part of the Concerto smoothly, with small but fine tone, with appreciative musicianship. And the audience, suspicious in its opening greeting to the composer, ends by being as cordial as the hundred musicians on the stage, giving one long ... [illegible]

Brahms Festival

Series of Concerts to Assemble His Work and Mark His Fame

AS now and finally arranged, the long-projected Brahms Festival will consist of four special concerts in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 23; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 24, 25, 26. To them will be joined the preceding Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21 and Saturday evening, March 22. For the special concerts, with the whole hall open to all comers, seats ~~will go~~ on sale ~~today~~ at the automatic subscription board. For the two regular Symphony Concerts, no seats, except chance "returns" are available.

At both the regular Symphony Concerts, the Second Symphony, the Third Symphony and the Academic Overture will be played. The special concert of Sunday afternoon, March 23, will be orchestral, including the Variations on a Theme of Haydn; the Second Piano-Concerto; the Fourth Symphony. The concert of Monday evening, March 24, will be choral, divided between "The Song of Destiny" and the German Requiem. Chamber-pieces will fill the concert of Tuesday evening, March 25: a Sonata for Violin and Piano; numbers from the "Liebeslieder" for small mixed chorus; piano-pieces; the Quintet in F minor for Piano and Strings. The final concert, on Wednesday evening, March 26, will array the Rhapsody for Alto, Chorus and Orchestra; the First Piano-Concerto; the First Symphony.

The forces concerned: As conductor through the whole festival, Dr. Koussevitsky; for orchestra, the Symphony Orchestra; for chorus, the Harvard Glee Club of Dr. Davison, the Radcliffe Choral Society of Mr. Woodworth; for the chamber concert, the Burgin String Quartet of members of the orchestra; for assisting singers at need, Mme. Matzenauer (of the Metropolitan Opera House), Miss Jeannette Vreeland, Mr. Fraser Gange. Finally, for illustrious guest, bidden to Boston especially for this festival, Arthur Schnabel, the renowned pianist, master in the music of Brahms.

BROOKLYN
EAGLE
JAN 11 1930

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

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We refer to the Pick-Mangigalli Prelude and Fugue and Strauss Interlude as novelties. The term applies accurately to the Italian work, which had not had a New York performance previous to that of last evening, but excerpts from the Strauss opera have been introduced in the past by Mr. Mengelberg, Mr. Klemperer and Mr. Furtwaengler to audiences in Manhattan, though not, we believe, to audiences in Brooklyn. Its composer's Op. 72, "Intermezzo" was completed and first performed in 1924. Strauss wrote both text and music of this domestic comedy in two acts and a dozen scenes, which relates with much gusto and not a little sentiment an anecdote that commentators have asked us to interpret an autobiographical, since it concerns a misunderstanding between an orchestral conductor and his temperamental wife. The seven scenes of the first and the five scenes of the second act are separated by symphonic interludes, and it was one of these—that following the fifth scene of Act One—that Mr. Koussewitsky performed last evening.

* * *

The fifth interlude from "Intermezzo" is love music. To realize this we do not need to be told that in the scene which follows Christine (the conductor's wife) has in the absence of her husband entertained a young and personable Baron, falling, upon his departure, into the sentimental reverie. Mr. Koussewitsky played not only the music of the interlude proper but some 50-odd measures preceding it and accompanying Christine's meditations. The key is A-flat, the mood dreamy and amorous. This interlude is the best thing in the opera, and fairer report might be made of it had we not heard it before in its author's "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote." The composer who repeats himself is scarcely better off than the composer who repeats another, for both borrow to conceal an insolvent talent. In this interlude from "Intermezzo" Strauss remembers and rewrites the third variation of his "Don Quixote" and the concluding pages of "Ein Heldenleben"—remembers and rewrites with emendations and amplifications and strives to simulate an emotion which he no longer feels. The result is ardent, unctuous and unconvincing.

* * *

Pick-Mangigalli's Prelude and Fugue preceded the excerpt from "Intermezzo," introducing the second half of the program. The Italian composer owes the coloring of the Prelude, as well as its profile, to Klingsor's music in "Parsifal," and in its postlude he treats fugally the diatonic scale. This he does ingeniously, but the result hardly induces us to alter the opinion we have entertained of him as a clever yet unimportant musician. Mr. Koussewitsky conducted both the Pick-Mangigalli and the Strauss performances, which greatly raised the music in the esteem of the audience. The program was otherwise devoted to Dvorak's E minor Symphony ("From the New World") and the overture to the "Meistersinger."

* * *

This Brooklyn concert was the second given yesterday by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussewitsky's direction. The first took the form of a special matinee at Carnegie Hall, for the benefit of the American Society for the Relief of Russians in Exile, Inc., at which Benno Rabinoff, violinist, appeared as assisting artist. The prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khowantchina," a suite from Strawinsky's "Petrouschka," the Prokofiew Violin Concerto, Rimsky's "Sadko," Op. 5, and Tschaikowsky's 1812 Overture comprised the program.

The list embraced "Portsmouth Point," an overture, by William Turner Walton; Symphony No. 2, by Arnold Bax; "Canticum Fratris Solis" (St. Francis's Hymn to the Sun), by Charles Martin Loeffler, and "Bolero," by Maurice Ravel. Walton and Bax are English; Loeffler, although born an Alsatian, is an American citizen and Boston resident of many years' standing; Ravel is, of course, French.

It is difficult to guess exactly why Koussevitzky set up such a programme, for it was austere and even dull musically. The Ravel "Bolero," which came at the end, had the effect of a stiff, fresh wind blowing away a murky and somnalent fog.

Walton's overture, mildly modernistic, professes to give a tonal impression of Thomas Rowlandson's (1756-1827) print called "Portsmouth Point." The picture shows the bustle of a naval harbor, with a melee of departing sailors and their officers, some drunk, some fighting, romancing.

Bax Pages Sombre

The Walton music suggests snatches of old English tune, and something of the noisy, rowdy atmosphere of Rowlandson's subject. It is a very short, hurrying composition, and before one could thoroughly weigh its merits it was over.

Much more serious, terribly serious, was the Bax Symphony "in E minor and C," as the programme had it. The addition of the C did not help matters much, for the Bax pages are prevailingly sombre when they are not forbiddingly severe. The composition, dedicated to Koussevitzky, had its first New York performance last night.

I have seldom heard music so seemingly compact and well made and yet so devoid of recognizable purpose or direction. Bax varies his style so much that followers of Debussy, Wagner, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cesar Franck and some of the French and German moderns, all might claim him as a camp-follower.

There are some finely expressed lyrical moments in the Bax Symphony, some resounding climaxes and long stretches of monotonous music making that found one listener hard put to it to keep awake at times. I regard Bax's work with respect and something of awe, and I wish I could give it a more informative analysis.

The Loeffler hymn, for voice and orchestra, is church-writing, except that the composer takes harmonic liberties not usual in liturgical expression. No great imaginative heights are reached in Loeffler's essay. The solo part was done well by Povla Frijsch, whose unsensuous soprano voice and spiritualized delivery suited the reserved character of the music.

No rhapsodical delight came from the audience until after the whirling, propulsive finale of the splendidly played "Bolero."

JOURNAL
JAN 12

Mr. Goossens Returns, Baton in Hand

Last Season He Came as Pianist and Composer, But Now He Brings a Nordic Folio as Conductor and Guest of the Boston Symphony

Under the baton of Eugene Goossens, the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season at the Albee Theatre, will feature on next Tuesday evening a program by Wagner, Schumann and Sibelius.

Eugene Goossens the conductor we met four years ago under similar auspices and under similar conditions. When he came last year it was as composer, pianist and violinist playing his own compositions alone and with other artists in a Sunday afternoon concert in Memorial Hall. He returns fresh from his venture in opera in Philadelphia, where his "Judith" had its premiere.

His experience as a conductor dates back to 1921 when he formed his own orchestra of carefully picked players, "with whom he gave a concert of modern music that established his reputation among the foremost conductors of the day. He aroused so much interest that the program had to be repeated at the following concert.

Since then his services have been in constant demand on both sides of the Atlantic. He has conducted the British National and Carl Rosa Opera Companies, the Russian Ballet, the London Symphony Orchestra, and many other organizations. His most successful American connection was probably with the Hollywood Bowl group whom he conducted in open-air symphony.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

1. Wagner.....A Faust Overture
2. Schumann...Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38.
   - I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
   - II. Larghetto.
   - III. Scherzo; Molto vivace. Trio 1: Molto piu vivace; Trio II.
   - IV. Allegro Animato e grazioso.
3. Sibelius..."A Saga," Tone Poem, Op. 9.
4. Wagner..Excerpts from Act III, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

Introduction—Dance of the Apprentices—Assemblage of the Masters.

From Wagner's Youth

The program begins and ends with Wagner. At the outset we have a "Faust" overture, a noveity which should prove of great interest to all who might wonder how the Titan would treat such a theme. Written in 1840 when the composer was 27 years old, it has been called a superb orchestral piece, the first work which bears the true stamp of Wagner.

"It was conceived after a rehearsal of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Conservatoire in the winter of 1839 and is in some sense a piece of autobiography written in music. As originally planned it was to form the first movement of a Faust Symphony. It is a masterpiece of construction and instrumentation. The influence of Beethoven is apparent in the concise power of the themes, and the plain direct manner in which they are set forth, yet the work is Wagner's own from beginning to end."

The excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" that end our evening are more familiar, as nearly everyone knows Wagner's one important venture in the field of comedy. This he based definitely on the pattern of old comedy, just as he based his tragedies on old Greek models with their inscrutable Fate to justify or nullify the ways of gods and men. Like Aristophanes he has his fun at the expense of the manners, vices and follies of the people, and the stage is set to illustrate a specific page of history.

A Satyr Play

The Greek tragedian offered tragedies immediately after which was presented a comedy (Satyr Play). "Meistersinger," we are told is a Satyr Play that might follow the tragic "Tannhauser;" and more than that, it happens to be a superhuman laugh of derision at the hand of Fate itself; for Wagner wrote it immediately after the terrible failure of "Tannhauser" in Paris.

Schumann's First Symphony has never been what might be called popular, but it is fine music just the same. Easily surpassing the work of Schubert and Mendelssohn in power and range, it is striking on account of its musical ideas and that subtle charm which is indispensable to greatness. Perhaps Schumann did use Beethoven as a sort of model, but he is very far away from both Mozart and Hayden in this work. It shows unusual originality and a creative force that is distinctly Schumann.

Against the instrumentation of this symphony too much has been said of late, particularly by those human gulls and crows that chatter at the eagle. Whatever the instrumentation, the work is lively, fresh, and full of the buoyancy and uplift of life. Its first movement, we are told, was to have been called "Spring's Awakening," and the finale, "Spring's Farewell."

Schumann's Innovations

"The beginning of the introduction evidently represents a trumpet-summons seen pealing down from on high; then gentle zephyrs blow softly to and fro, and everywhere the dormant forces awake and make their way to the light." (We are quoting from the composer's own program.) "In the Allegro the Spring comes laughing in, in the full beauty of youth. This explains and justifies the novel use of the triangle in the first movement—an instrument not then considered admissible in a symphony. An enchanting effect is produced by the spring song at the close of the first movement, played as though sung with a full heart; and it is an entirely new form of coda."

Sibelius is a composer who stands alone in his individuality, which was strong enough to make itself felt even at the very beginning of his career. He is wild, mysterious, sweet, bold, sad, in turns, often speaking with a sublime majesty seldom heard in the works of composers of equal rank.

He "ranks among the foremost living composers of today. He has been wholly unaffected by the work of his predecessors and contemporaries. He is concerned, first and last, in giving his own message to the world in a form that appears austere and forbidding on a first acquaintance, but which holds the attention throughout. His method of thematic development is peculiarly original." Much of his work is based on the national life of Finland, in which Hades and Death play a large and gloomy power. But for all that, he is not morbid, his main characteristic being that of enormous power.

M. C. W.

Applesauce is what Miss I

Amer Jan 18

GLAZOUNOV IS GREETED AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

THOUGH the audience at this week's Symphony concerts comes more or less prepared for what it is to see and hear, it rubs its eyes none the less. Here before it is, in the actual and plentiful fresh, Alexander Glazounov, grand old man of present day Russian composers, great connecting link with the past, one of the great line. Here is a man who rubbed shoulders intimately, as an equal, with Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin and Balakirev, of whose music Franz Liszt was a champion.

It seems incredible, but the miracle is accomplished before our eyes: Glazounov, as guest leader, conducting a program devoted entirely to his own works. The explanation is, of course, that Glazounov developed as a composer at an extraordinarily youthful age: at 16 he had written a symphony taken seriously by his master, Rimsky-Korsakov.

Perhaps, it explains, too, the pathos that this concert held for some of us. For it was evident, as the program proceeded, that Glazounov is not a man of his time. Granted the stupendous musicianship that are evident in the pieces played on this program, including the Sixth Symphony, the Violin Concerto and the Symphonic Poem, "Stenka Razin." Granted the talent, the very genius that fills these pieces with music of the highest order, music for the most part not Russian, but cosmopolitan. Despite this, one feels something foreign to our time; one senses the spectacle of an actor of genius playing before an audience no longer in sympathy with his play or with his style.

None the less, it is distinctly an "occasion" this week at Symphony Hall. The program rises in steady crescendo of interest to the beautiful, sweeping "Stenka Razin." Benno Rabinoff plays the solo part of the Concerto smoothly, with small but fine tone, with appreciative musicianship. And the audience, suspicious in its opening greeting to the composer, ends by being as cordial as the hundred musicians on the stage, giving one long

Brahms Festival

Series of Concerts to Assemble His Work and Mark His Fame

AS now and finally arranged, the long-projected Brahms Festival will consist of four special concerts in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 23; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 24, 25, 26. To them will be joined the preceding Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21 and Saturday evening, March 22. For the special concerts, with the whole hall open to all comers, seats will go on sale today at the automatic subscription board. For the two regular Symphony Concerts, no seats, except chance "returns" are available.

At both the regular Symphony Concerts, the Second Symphony, the Third Symphony and the Academic Overture will be played. The special concert of Sunday afternoon, March 23, will be orchestral, including the Variations on a Theme of Haydn; the Second Piano-Concerto; the Fourth Symphony. The concert of Monday evening, March 24, will be choral, divided between "The Song of Destiny" and the German Requiem. Chamber-pieces will fill the concert of Tuesday evening, March 25: a Sonata for Violin and Piano; numbers from the "Liebeslieder" for small mixed chorus; piano-pieces; the Quintet in F minor for Piano and Strings. The final concert, on Wednesday evening, March 26, will array the Rhapsody for Alto, Chorus and Orchestra; the First Piano-Concerto; the First Symphony.

The forces concerned: As conductor through the whole festival, Dr. Koussevitsky; for orchestra, the Symphony Orchestra; for chorus, the Harvard Glee Club of Dr. Davison, the Radcliffe Choral Society of Mr. Woodworth; for the chamber concert, the Burgin String Quartet of members of the orchestra; for assisting singers at need, Mme. Matzenauer (of the Metropolitan Opera House), Miss Jeannette Vreeland, Mr. Fraser Gange. Finally, for illustrious guest, bidden to Boston especially for this festival, Arthur Schnabel, the renowned pianist, master in the music of Brahms.

30

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

Eugene Goossens

Will conduct Boston Symphony Orchestra in its third concert of season Tuesday night.

Eugene Goossens, Symphony Conductor, Well Known Here

Appeared in Same Capacity Three Years Ago. His Program

BY WARREN STORY SMITH

Eugene Goossens, who conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concert in the Albee Theatre Tuesday evening, needs no introduction to Providence, since he appeared in this city in the same capacity four seasons ago. Of Belgian and English descent, born in England and educated musically at the Bruges Conservatory, Mr. Goossens is a true cosmopolite. As composer he is classed with the younger British school, of which he is a notable representative, but the artistic influences traceable in his music are predominantly Continental. Having acquired at home an enviable reputation as conductor, Mr. Goossens was called to Rochester, N. Y., a few years ago to take charge of the newly formed symphony orchestra in that city. Quite recently Mr. Goossens was honored in Philadelphia, where his opera "Judith" with libretto by Arnold Bennett, produced in London last summer, received its American premiere.

By a curious coincidence the first three numbers on Mr. Goossens's program of next Tuesday evening, Wagner's "A Faust Overture," Schumann's First Symphony and Sibelius's "A Saga," are the three pieces that, in the same order, began a pair of Boston Symphony concerts in 1910 when Max Fiedler, the conductor at that time, introduced to Boston the tone poem of Sibelius, since then unheard in that city, though Mr. Koussevitzky announced it for performance early last autumn.

"A Saga" has no program, but its title gives a clear hint of the character of the music. Which one of the Scandinavian heroic poems the composer had in mind [illegible]

the music of this greatest of Finnish composers.

Wagner's "A Faust Overture" belongs to his earlier years, and it and the "Siegfried Idyl" are his only considerable instrumental pieces outside his operas. At the close of Tuesday's program, by the way, the fully matured Wagner of "Die Meistersinger" will be represented by three excerpts from that music drama, making possible an interesting comparison of styles. As a matter of fact, the overture is not wholly of the youthful Wagner, since, like the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" and the first scene of "Tannhauser," it received subsequent revision at its composer's hands. 'A Faust Overture," which bears the subtitle "Faust in Solitude," was intended as the first of a series of three symphonic movements based on Goethe's poem, but the two companion pieces were never written. Sombre in coloring, brooding and introspective, the overture is an excellent musical character-study and strongly forecasts the later Wagner's remarkable powers in this direction.

In the Introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers," which has place on Mr. Goossens's program, may be found an impressive example of this psychological delineation. Here the "subject" is Hans Sachs, the noble, generous, whole-souled cobbler-poet of Nuremberg. With it the conductor has placed the gay Dance of the Apprentices and the stately processional of the mastersingers, as they march to the contest of song in which Walther's Prize song —beloved of all tenors—is to win for that young nobleman both the coveted admission to the guild of mastersingers and the hand of his lady fair.

The Symphony of Schumann, to discuss last the most pretentious numb on the program, is both the first ar the freshest of his four efforts in t symphonic form. Later on Schuman was to fill that form with music of ripe technical skill, music more truly symphonic in character, but he never re captured the ardor and enthusiasm tha went into the making of this lyrical, impulsive, songful and ardent Symphony in B-flat major, intended by him to be a paean in praise of the vernal season and often called the "Spring" Symphony.

CLEVELAND, O.
NEWS

The new symphony by Arnold Bax, written in two keys, E minor and C major, was performed for the first time by the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. Although it was written in 1924-25, the composer reserved the production for Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom the work is dedicated. The composer has said that "there is absolutely no communicable program associated with the music, which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work."

BROOKLYN
EAGLE

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

English Music at a Boston Symphony Concert—"Tannhaeuser" With Mme. Rethberg.

IN HIS invaluable notes on the program performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussewitsky conducting, at Carnegie Hall last evening, Philip Hale finds occasion to quote from a review, written by Ernest Newman of William Turner Walton's "Facade," an example of musical jesting which the London critic relished greatly. "Not all of the 'Facade' music came off, it is true," wrote Mr. Newman, "some of it was too imitative of the sort of thing we used to hear in the great days of about 1920, when M. Diaghilew was writing—or at all events signing—those wonderful letters to the papers in which a new scheme of musical values was foreshadowed, Beethoven and Brahms and Elgar being reduced to the status of mere straphangers by the Strawinskys and Saties and Prokofiews and Milhauds of the new dawn."

* * *

Beethoven, Brahms and Elgar! We do not need the signature of this review to know its origin—such inspired grouping of the great could only be made by Mr. Newman or one of his London colleagues. Only they possess the attribute of character that made it possible: a passionate and proselytizing devotion to all in Britain born and bred. We often encounter, in musical criticism of English authorship, the counterparts of Mr. Newman's phrase, and if they amuse us always, occasionally they afflict us with a becoming sense of shame. For we cannot boast, nor can any American writer upon music, so touching a faith, so courageous an attachment, to the composers of our race and nation: Beethoven, Brahms and MacDowell. Perish the thought! But our British colleagues may cry aloud what angels fear to whisper, for theirs is that generous, blind tolerance for its own of national solidarity.

* * *

Doubtless it makes them happy. They do not seek the English composer—as we seek the American composer. They find him at every turn, a genius potent and fertile. And if elsewhere his reception is less instant and unquestioning than at home, well they know the reason. We know it too—though not, perhaps, the same reason—and our knowledge is today the more certain, since Mr. Koussewitsky and the Boston Orchestra have played for us, as they did last evening, music by Walton and Arnold Bax, musicians of whose superior gifts no doubt exists in England, since they are Englishmen.

* * *

Mr. Bax's Second Symphony received, last evening, its first performance in New York. An earnest and sober work, it confirmed a belief which we have long entertained in the authenticity of its composer's gifts. We have heard relatively little of Bax's music. Many years ago a tone-poem, "November Woods," was played for us by the Boston Orchestra, then under the direction of Mr. Monteux, and more recently a Symphony in E-flat and a second tone-poem, "Tintagel," have been performed in this city. These and the Second Symphony disclose a powerful creative imagination expressing itself in music somber and harsh, crude in its melodic contours, violent in its coloring, always intense, passionate, hieretical, in accent, burdened with tragedy and disaster. Its derivatio[illegible]

forceful and individual character, its ability, at its best, to overwhelm one with the passion and terror of the artist's conception—it is not great music. In the Second Symphony the mediocrity of the thematic material contrasts sharply with the superb treatment which it receives. One is annoyed by the commonplace profile of Bax's melody, by the triviality of its metrical scheme. This weakens the impression made by the music, all but cancels it, and this is a deplorable thing.

* * *

None the less, the Symphony was well worth hearing, and indeed could be heard again with pleasure and profit. Not so, however, Mr. Walton's overture, "Pourtsmouth Point," a piece whose rowdiness is less delightful than that of Rowlandson. As an exercise in orchestral virtuosity, it did not transcend the abilities of Mr. Koussewitsky's players, who polished it off brilliantly as a curtain-raiser to the Bax Symphony.

Later in the evening Mr. Koussewitsky conducted the second New York performance of Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis," a setting for soprano voice and orchestra of St. Francis' hymn to the sun. The work, which does not represent Mr. Loeffler at his best, was not enhanced by a performance curiously uneven and unsatisfying, in which Mme. Povla Frijsh, a singer whose interpretative skill no longer compensates for her declining vocal powers, was the soloist. Ravel's Bolero, recently introduced here by Mr. Toscanini, concluded the concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

TWO ORCHESTRAS IN BENEFIT CONCERTS

Boston Symphony in All-Russian Program Aids Exiles—Philharmonic Helps Pension Fund.

Both the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony gave benefit concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday, the visiting organization's special matinee producing gross receipts above $9,000, a large part of which will go to the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles.

Conductor Koussevitzky and Manager W. H. Brennan cooperated with Mrs. Henry P. Loomis of the society in not only giving an all-Russian program of absorbing musical interest, but also introducing pictures during an intermission to show the relief work done in collaboration with the High Commission for Refugees, League of Nations and International Anti-Tuberculosis Union.

Moussorgsky's prelude to "Khovantchina" introduced the matinee in a popular crescendo leading up to Tchaikovsky's "Overture 1812" with a rising recall for players and conductor. J. M. Sanroma assisted at the piano in Stravinsky's applauded "Petruchka" suite, and Benno Rabinoff gave a notable performance of Prokofieff's violin concerto. Curiosity centred especially on Rimsky-Korsakoff's earliest sketch, Op. 5, for the opera, "Sadko," which is to be produced this month at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Mengelberg and the Philharmonic-Symphony players last evening played for members of their guarantor society, who filled the floor of Carnegie Hall, while a general sale above-stairs earned some $3,000 for the local orchestra's pension fund. Mme. Rethberg, as guest, sang an unfamiliar "Ino Cantata," by Tellemann. Messrs. Guidi and Hans Lange played Bach's D minor concerto for two violins and Mr. Mengelberg ended with Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

NEW YORK
AMERICAN

Two Orchestras Heard in Benefits

TWO major orchestras were heard in benefit concerts at Carnegie Hall yesterday. In the afternoon the Boston Symphony, directed by Sergei Koussevitzky, presented an all-Russian programme, the receipts to be applied to the fund of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc. The list comprised the Prelude to Moussorgsky's "Kovantchina," Suite from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko;" Prokofieff's violin concerto; Orchestral Suite from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," and Tschaikovsky's overture, "1812."

NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Russian Concert Given By Boston Symphony

All-National Program Has Rabinoff as Soloist

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, gave what was stated to be the first non-subscription benefit concert to be offered in New York by this orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, for the benefit of the work of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc., of which Mrs. Henry P. Loomis is president. The gross receipts were said to be $9,000.

Appropriately for a benefit of this kind, the Russian conductor led his men in an all-Russian program, beginning with the prelude to Moussorgsky's opera "Khovantchina," and the orchestral suite from Stravinsky's ballet "Petrouchka," with Jesus Maria Sanroma playing the piano part.

Benno Rabinoff, a young violinist who has appeared here as soloist and in recital, played the solo role in Serge Prokofieff's concerto, Op. 10. The performance showed that he has made a marked advance in the last few years, being characterized by distinct technical proficiency and a tone of full, firm and pleasing quality.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's early "musical picture," "Sadko," is not one of Rimsky's greatest works, lacking the richness of color of "Scheherazade," but was timely, in view of the approaching production of the opera of the same name at the Metropolitan this month. Of this opera the much earlier "musical picture" is a forerunner, and its material is incorporated mainly in the sixth tableau of the stage work. Mr. Koussevitzky then closed the program with the familiar warhorse, Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture.

For the evening's subscription concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Mr. Koussevitzky gave Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, a work new here; an interlude from Strauss's opera "Intermezzo" and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." F. D. P.

NEW YORK
WORLD

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 8.30. Soloist: Povla Frijsh, soprano.

Portsmouth Point.....Walton
Symphony No. 2.....Bax
Canticum Fratris Solis (St. Francis's Hymn to the Sun).....Loeffler
Mme. Frijsh
Bolero.....Ravel

If applause means anything, the audience at last night's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert was bored with the first half of Dr. Koussevitzky's program and enchanted with the second.

This reaction to the creations of two Englishmen, an Alsatian and a Frenchman should prove conclusively that a symphony audience, unlike an army, travels on its nerves. For though the English works were hardly masterpieces and offered many moments of ennui, the "Bolero" of Ravel, which is almost twenty minutes of sheer monotony, nearly drove the subscribers frantic with excitement.

The reason is that Ravel is a psychologist while Mr. Bax—to take the more important of the Englishmen—is not. It is perhaps fair to state that Ravel has only in recent years become cognizant of his onions, for in the old days this sensitive Frenchman was as oblivious of an audience as Mr. Bax is now. But having had his full say, the composer of the string quartet may have come to the conclusion that in these days it is possible to maintain one's place in the sun and yet say nothing—that is, if one has the sense not to overestimate the artistic capacities of paying customers. Given a symphony orchestra, a clever musician who knows the effect of a reiterated, precise rhythm can play the devil with the collective spine of a packed house. Therefore the "Bolero" may be counted on for the present to kill anything that precedes it on a program, from a new symphony by Bax to Beethoven's "Ninth."

The Bax work is, by the way, nothing to sneeze at. If a good deal of it derives from Tschaikowsky and Grieg, it lacks as a whole the sensational element, the planting of effects, the inflated self-assertiveness that are characteristic of most contemporary writing. Mr. Bax, it is evident, desires mightily and sincerely to say things, and if what he says fails to interest, his motives are, at any rate, beyond suspicion.

Mr. Loeffler's hymn is the careful work of a musician and a scholar which does not, it seems to me, quite express the artless ecstacy of St. Francis, whose rhapsody serves it as a text. Miss Povla Frijsh sang the voice part with rare understanding of what it was all about, and at the conclusion of the piece was, in company with Mr. Loeffler and Dr. Koussevitzky, generously acclaimed.

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Eugene Goossens, who conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concert in the Albee Theatre Tuesday evening, needs no introduction to Providence, since he appeared in this city in the same capacity four seasons ago. Of Belgian and English descent, born in England and educated musically at the Bruges Conservatory, Mr. Goossens is a true cosmopolite. As composer he is classed with the younger British school, of which he is a notable representative, but the artistic influences traceable in his music are predominantly Continental. Having acquired at home an enviable reputation as conductor, Mr. Goossens was called to Rochester, N. Y., a few years ago to take charge of the newly formed symphony orchestra in that city. Quite recently Mr. Goossens was honored in Philadelphia, where his opera "Judith" with libretto by Arnold Bennett, produced in London last summer, received its American premiere.

By a curious coincidence the first three numbers on Mr. Goossens's program of next Tuesday evening, Wagner's "A Faust Overture," Schumann's First Symphony and Sibelius's "A Saga," are the three pieces that, in the same order, began a pair of Boston Symphony concerts in 1910 when Max Fiedler, the conductor at that time, introduced to Boston the tone poem of Sibelius, since then unheard in that city, though Mr. Koussevitzky announced it for performance early last autumn.

"A Saga" has no program, but its title gives a clear hint of the character of the music. Which one of the Scandinavian heroic poems the composer had in mind may not be said, but his music is abundantly Northern in feeling, bardic in character. The final episode, in which a clarinet chants over an accompaniment of muted strings and a soft drumstick-roll on a single cymbal, is one of the most striking passages in all the music of this greatest of Finnish composers.

Wagner's "A Faust Overture" belongs to his earlier years, and it and the "Siegfried Idyl" are his only considerable instrumental pieces outside his operas. At the close of Tuesday's program, by the way, the fully matured Wagner of "Die Meistersinger" will be represented by three excerpts from that music drama, making possible an interesting comparison of styles. As a matter of fact, the overture is not wholly of the youthful Wagner, since, like the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" and the first scene of "Tannhauser," it received subsequent revision at its composer's hands. "A Faust Overture," which bears the subtitle "Faust in Solitude," was intended as the first of a series of three symphonic movements based on Goethe's poem, but the two companion pieces were never written. Sombre in coloring, brooding and introspective, the overture is an excellent musical character-study and strongly forecasts the later Wagner's remarkable powers in this direction.

In the Introduction to the third act of "The Mastersingers," which has place on Mr. Goossens's program, may be found an impressive example of this psychological delineation. Here the "subject" is Hans Sachs, the noble, generous, whole-souled cobbler-poet of Nuremberg. With it the conductor has placed the gay Dance of the Apprentices and the stately processional of the mastersingers, as they march to the contest of song in which Walther's Prize song —beloved of all tenors—is to win for that young nobleman both the coveted admission to the guild of mastersingers and the hand of his lady fair.

The Symphony of Schumann, to discuss last the most pretentious number on the program, is both the first and the freshest of his four efforts in the symphonic form. Later on Schumann was to fill that form with music of riper technical skill, music more truly symphonic in character, but he never recaptured the ardor and enthusiasm that went into the making of this lyrical, impulsive, songful and ardent Symphony in B-flat major, intended by him to be a paean in praise of the vernal season and often called the "Spring" Symphony.

was written in 1924-25, the composer reserved the production for Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom the work is dedicated. The composer has said that "there is absolutely no communicable program associated with the music, which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work."

BROOKLYN
EAGLE

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

English Music at a Boston Symphony Concert—"Tannhaeuser" With Mme. Rethberg.

IN HIS invaluable notes on the program performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussewitsky conducting, at Carnegie Hall last evening, Philip Hale finds occasion to quote from a review, written by Ernest Newman of William Turner Walton's "Facade," an example of musical jesting which the London critic relished greatly. "Not all of the 'Facade' music came off, it is true," wrote Mr. Newman, "some of it was too imitative of the sort of thing we used to hear in the great days of about 1920, when M. Diaghilew was writing—or at all events signing—those wonderful letters to the papers in which a new scheme of musical values was foreshadowed, Beethoven and Brahms and Elgar being reduced to the status of mere straphangers by the Strawinskys and Saties and Prokofiews and Milhauds of the new dawn."

* * *

Beethoven, Brahms, and Elgar! We do not need the signature of this review to know its origin—such inspired grouping of the great could only be made by Mr. Newman or one of his London colleagues. Only they possess the attribute of character that made it possible: a passionate and proselytizing devotion to all in Britain born and bred. We often encounter, in musical criticism of English authorship, the counterparts of Mr. Newman's phrase, and if they amuse us always, occasionally they afflict us with a becoming sense of shame. For we cannot boast, nor can any American writer upon music, so touching a faith, so courageous an attachment, to the composers of our race and nation: Beethoven, Brahms and MacDowell. Perish the thought! But our British colleagues may cry aloud what angels fear to whisper, for theirs is that generous, blind tolerance for its own of national solidarity.

* * *

Doubtless it makes them happy. They do not seek the English composer—as we seek the American composer. They find him at every turn, a genius potent and fertile. And if elsewhere his reception is less instant and unquestioning than at home, well they know the reason. We know it too—though not, perhaps, the same reason—and our knowledge is today the more certain, since Mr. Koussewitsky and the Boston Orchestra have played for us, as they did last evening, music by Walton and Arnold Bax, musicians of whose superior gifts no doubt exists in England, since they are Englishmen.

* * *

Mr. Bax's Second Symphony received, last evening, its first performance in New York. An earnest and sober work, it confirmed a belief which we have long entertained in the authenticity of its composer's gifts. We have heard relatively little of Bax's music. Many years ago a tone-poem, "November Woods," was played for us by the Boston Orchestra, then under the direction of Mr. Monteux, and more recently a Symphony in E-flat and a second tone-poem, "Tintagel," have been performed in this city. These and the Second Symphony disclose a powerful creative imagination expressing itself in music somber and harsh, crude in its melodic contours, violent in its coloring, always intense, passionate, hieretical, in accent, burdened with tragedy and disaster. Its derivations are obvious but do not matter: Bax's music follows logically, in its style, that of the romantic and the post-romantic composers and represents the development, not the imitation, of their methods. Yet despite all this—its forceful and individual character, its ability, at its best, to overwhelm one with the passion and terror of the artist's conception—it is not great music. In the Second Symphony the mediocrity of the thematic material contrasts sharply with the superb treatment which it receives. One is annoyed by the commonplace profile of Bax's melody, by the triviality of its metrical scheme. This weakens the impression made by the music, all but cancels it, and this is a deplorable thing.

* * *

None the less, the Symphony was well worth hearing, and indeed could be heard again with pleasure and profit. Not so, however, Mr. Walton's overture, "Pourtsmouth Point," a piece whose rowdiness is less delightful than that of Rowlandson. As an exercise in orchestral virtuosity, it did not transcend the abilities of Mr. Koussewitsky's players, who polished it off brilliantly as a curtain-raiser to the Bax Symphony.

Later in the evening Mr. Koussewitsky conducted the second New York performance of Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis," a setting for soprano voice and orchestra of St. Francis' hymn to the sun. The work, which does not represent Mr. Loeffler at his best, was not enhanced by a performance curiously uneven and unsatisfying, in which Mme. Povla Frijsh, a singer whose interpretative skill no longer compensates for her declining vocal powers, was the soloist. Ravel's Bolero, recently introduced here by Mr. Toscanini, concluded the concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

TWO ORCHESTRAS IN BENEFIT CONCERTS

Boston Symphony in All-Russian Program Aids Exiles—Philharmonic Helps Pension Fund.

Both the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony gave benefit concerts in Carnegie Hall yesterday, the visiting organization's special matinee producing gross receipts above $9,000, a large part of which will go to the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles.

Conductor Koussevitzky and Manager W. H. Brennan cooperated with Mrs. Henry P. Loomis of the society in not only giving an all-Russian program of absorbing musical interest, but also introducing pictures during an intermission to show the relief work done in collaboration with the High Commission for Refugees, League of Nations and International Anti-Tuberculosis Union.

Moussorgsky's prelude to "Khovantchina" introduced the matinee in a popular crescendo leading up to Tchaikovsky's "Overture 1812" with a rising recall for players and conductor. J. M. Sanroma assisted at the piano in Stravinsky's applauded "Petruchka" suite, and Benno Rabinoff gave a notable performance of Prokofieff's violin concerto. Curiosity centred especially on Rimsky-Korsakoff's earliest sketch, Op. 5, for the opera, "Sadko," which is to be produced this month at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Mengelberg and the Philharmonic-Symphony players last evening played for members of their guarantor society, who filled the floor of Carnegie Hall, while a general sale above-stairs earned some $3,000 for the local orchestra's pension fund. Mme. Rethberg, as guest, sang an unfamiliar "Ino Cantata," by Tellemann. Messrs. Guidi and Hans Lange played Bach's D minor concerto for two violins and Mr. Mengelberg ended with Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

be applied to the fund of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc. The list comprised the Prelude to Moussorgsky's "Kovantchina," Suite from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko;" Prokofieff's violin concerto; Orchestral Suite from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," and Tschaikovsky's overture, "1812."

NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
Jan 14 1930

Russian Concert Given By Boston Symphony

All-National Program Has Rabinoff as Soloist

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, gave what was stated to be the first non-subscription benefit concert to be offered in New York by this orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, for the benefit of the work of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc., of which Mrs. Henry P. Loomis is president. The gross receipts were said to be $9,000.

Appropriately for a benefit of this kind, the Russian conductor led his men in an all-Russian program, beginning with the prelude to Moussorgsky's opera "Khovantchina," and the orchestral suite from Stravinsky's ballet "Petrouchka," with Jesus Maria Sanroma playing the piano part.

Benno Rabinoff, a young violinist who has appeared here as soloist and in recital, played the solo role in Serge Prokofieff's concerto, Op. 10. The performance showed that he has made a marked advance in the last few years, being characterized by distinct technical proficiency and a tone of full, firm and pleasing quality.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's early "musical picture," "Sadko," is not one of Rimsky's greatest works, lacking the richness of color of "Scheherazade," but was timely, in view of the approaching production of the opera of the same name at the Metropolitan this month. Of this opera the much earlier "musical picture" is a forerunner, and its material is incorporated mainly in the sixth tableau of the stage work. Mr. Koussevitzky then closed the program with the familiar warhorse, Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture.

For the evening's subscription concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Mr. Koussevitzky gave Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, Pick-Mangiagalli's "Concert" and Fugue, a work new here; the prelude from Strauss's opera "Ingelheim" and the prelude to Wagner's "Meistersinger."

F. D. P.

NEW YORK
WORLD

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 8.30. Soloist, Povla Frijsh, soprano.

Portsmouth Point.....Walton
Symphony No. 2.....Bax
Canticum Fratris Solis (St. Francis's Hymn to the Sun).....Loeffler
Mme. Frijsh
Bolero.....Ravel

If applause means anything, the audience at last night's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert was bored with the first half of Dr. Koussevitzky's program and enchanted with the second.

This reaction to the creations of two Englishmen, an Alsatian and a Frenchman should prove conclusively that a symphony audience, unlike an army, travels on its nerves. For though the English works were hardly masterpieces and offered many moments of ennui, the "Bolero" of Ravel, which is almost twenty minutes of sheer monotony, nearly drove the subscribers frantic with excitement.

The reason is that Ravel is a psychologist while Mr. Bax—to take the more important of the Englishmen—is not. It is perhaps fair to state that Ravel has only in recent years become cognizant of his onions, for in the old days this sensitive Frenchman was as oblivious of an audience as Mr. Bax is now. But having had his full say, the composer of the string quartet may have come to the conclusion that in these days it is possible to maintain one's place in the sun and yet say nothing—that is, if one has the sense not to overestimate the artistic capacities of paying customers. Given a symphony orchestra, a clever musician who knows the effect of a reiterated, precise rhythm can play the devil with the collective spine of a packed house. Therefore the "Bolero" may be counted on for the present to kill anything that precedes it on a program, from a new symphony by Bax to Beethoven's "Ninth."

The Bax work is, by the way, nothing to sneeze at. If a good deal of it derives from Tschaikowsky and Grieg, it lacks as a whole the sensational element, the planting of effects, the inflated self-assertiveness that are characteristic of most contemporary writing. Mr. Bax, it is evident, desires mightily and sincerely to say things, and if what he says fails to interest, his motives are, at any rate, beyond suspicion.

Mr. Loeffler's hymn is the careful work of a musician and a scholar which does not, it seems to me, quite express the artless ecstacy of St. Francis, whose rhapsody serves it as a text. Miss Povla Frijsh sang the voice part with rare understanding of what it was all about, and at the conclusion of the piece was, in company with Mr. Loeffler and Dr. Koussevitzky, generously acclaimed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK TIMES

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CHEERED BY THRONG

Serge Koussevitzky Conducts One of the Most Brilliant Concerts of the Season.

TWO NOVELTIES ARE GIVEN

William Turner Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point," and a Symphony by Arnold Bax.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, last night in Carnegie Hall was one of the most brilliant that has been given in New York this season—brilliant for the music that it offered as well as for the manner in which this music was played, using the word "brilliant" in the sense of a conspicuously successful occasion. The audience listened with an attention and responsiveness that were atmospheric. It recalled a certain composer—Charles Martin Loeffler—and a certain singer—Mme. Poyla Frisch—and, needless to say, Mr. Koussevitzky, time and again. It would not have enough of them, and it cheered the worst performance of the evening, which was that of Ravel's "Bolero," produced by Mr. Toscanini earlier this season. But this was only one of the four items of a program of which the three others rivaled each other in interest of various kinds. It was a memorable evening.

The two first compositions were new to audiences in this city. They were William Turner Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point," and a new symphony "in E minor and C" by Arnold Bax, which the composer has not heard yet, since the work, dedicated to Mr. Koussvitzky, was performed for the first time anywhere on the 13th of last month in Boston, and, we believe, was played for the first time outside of Boston last night. This is a symphony of conspicuously original character, and, so far as one could judge from a score which was entirely a new experience, it was magnificently interpreted. But there was even more to come in the surpassing performance of Mr. Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," after St. Francis of Assisi, a performance which resulted in the greatest public triumph of Mr. Loeffler that this writer has witnessed. For once, so far as visible signs and tokens were concerned, he received his due. He has always had a devoted following consisting of an inner circle especially perceptive and responsive to his distinguished art. Last night an immense audience rendered him unstinted homage.

If the editor of the Boston Symphony program book did not inform us of the inspiration of Walton's ripping and salty overture, we would have more than a fair idea of the picture in his mind from the character of his music. It is extremely lively, very funny, and its recklessness is essentially British. The composer's imaginative point of departure was a print by the Englishman, Thomas Rowlandson, of old Portsmouth Point in the old days when England was fighting and trading with most of the world: the harbor, chock-a-block with wooden ships, the choked, dirty, disordered streets, lined with dens and rum-shops; sailors and their girls, officers and bearers and baggage pouring in from or out to the ships in the anchor; and the fighting, the boozing, the racket.

All this is in the music, which has a glorious and unbuttoned gusto. We do not know the Rowlandson prints, but it seems that their caricature could not be more spirited or spontaneous than Walton's. How salty it is, how refreshing in its Rabelaisian audacity after the pink-tea purity and polite jests of a Sullivan or other polite English composer of the mauve decade. This music has race in it, and this laughter is the laughter of a man. And how far more genuine and contagious than the smart ironies of a Lord Berners or another composer of sophisticated satire. Why, by the way, do our modern music societies, such as the League of Composers, not let us hear such a piece as Walton's "Façade," which is sung to orchestral accompaniment through a megaphone stuck in the mouth of a big face painted on a curtain. When he heard that, Mr. Ernest Newman waved his umbrella and cheered. There is something in the composer of "Portsmouth Point."

Nothing could have stood in more striking contrast to the vigorous jesting of Walton than the long, darkly colored, runic symphony of Arnold Bax. It is not important that his new symphony happens to be written in the modern harmonic vein, that it combines keys as well as chords, that it employs deep and black tints of the orchestra as a background for the ancestral utterances of the instruments. The important thing is the mood of the music, and the steel that has come into the expression of the composer. The thought of Bax as we have known him, is synonmous with the thought of a glamorous Celticism.

This symphony, in turn, is Celtic with a celticism that is heroic and profound. A great sword flashes against a background of wild and desolate nature. Winds sweep and flay the earth, thunders prophecy doom. Old chants are heard, old defiances and lamentations. But this, one believes, is rather a work precipitated by communion with nature rather than a specific poetic program. The symphony is free of title or program. The listener may give his own imagination free course to range as it will through Bax' pages. If the composer had specific thoughts in mind, they do not concern or shacktle us as listeners, and the best that is in his music springs from a source much deeper and older than that of any conscious thinking.

It is true that this symphony is too long, and that some passages of development might well be pruned and the whole piece pulled together. It is also true that the score is not devoid of the suggestion of effort on the part of the creator; effort in the sense that he girds his loins to deal with great things and abjure soft as fetty. This score is important in itself, and it should be the prelude to greater ones. The symphony shows a Bax growing in power as well as fantasy, and with eyes fixed on distant peaks.

Mr. Loeffler's beautiful and exalted setting of St. Francis's Hymn to the Sun has been heard before in this city. Last night's performance, which was irresistably eloquent from beginning to end, and the illuminative familiarity which it fostered with the music, gave those who listened a better understanding than they could have had before of the composition. Its prevailing mood was felt more deeply, its details could not have been more clearly or exquisitely revealed. Mr. Loeffler has used motives of plain-chant as a natural speech, transforming them or fitting them at will to his expressive purpose.

He has found for the voice a melodic line of a sheer loveliness and simplicity which fittingly clothe the text. The orchestration is exceptionally transparent, and a sensuousness which is a part of Mr. Loeffler's temperament is apotheoized in certain exultant passages when the instruments enter with a sweep and glory of color that never cloys or makes flgesh of the exquisite verse. The composition is a purification of conception and of style, the mature and alembicated produce of all the best elements of Mr. Loeffler's art.

These qualities found ideal expression from the orchestra which Mr. Koussvitzky moulded to the finest line and the subtlest nuance, and in Mme. Frisch's masterly treatment of musical line and text. Always an interpreter first, and a vocalist afterwards, she was in exceptional voice, and in her tones were the same transparencies and the same ecstatic gentleness that ferments text and music. There was a rare harmony of all the factors necessary to the finest interpretation, the effect of which was shown by the response of the audience.

Per contra, the performance of Ravel's "Bolero" was unfortunately self-conscious, unnecessarily stiff in rhythm, hard and dry in its sonorities, and, even technically, under the level of the rest of the concert, in which its orchestra played with exemplary finish and brilliancy of effect. However, Ravel's workmanship and wizardry in th employment of instruments, carried him to victory.

BROOKLYN CITIZEN

Boston Orchestra to Give Brahms Festival

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Sarge Koussevitzky, conductor, announces a Brahms Festival on a large scale to be given in the orchestra's own city on March 21-26.

In this week of special concerts, Dr. Koussevitzky will present the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of the German master. The orchestra will be assisted by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges; Arthur Schnabel, the German pianist, who is crossing from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

The purely orchestral works to be played include the Four Symphonies, the Academic Festival Overture, and the Variations on a Theme by Haydn. Choral works announced are "A German Requiem," "A Song of Destiny," the Liebeslieder Waltzes, and the Rhapsody for alto and male chorus Schnabel will appear with the orchestra in the two piano concertos, and likewise on the chamber music program which is to include works for piano solo, a violin sonata, and the Quintet in F minor.

NEW YORK EVE. WORLD

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

THE experiment of devoting an entire program to living composers was undertaken last night at Carnegie Hall by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The result was, in quality as well as performance, one of the best concerts of the season. For the creative artists represented included Arnold Bax, Charles Martin Loeffler, who was present, and Maurice Ravel, whose "Bolero," the most sensational new work of the year, roused a capacity audience to the usual pandemonium.

Mr. Koussevitzky began the evening with an overture, "Portsmouth Point," by William Turner Walton, a youthful Englishman, whose work was chosen to represent Great Britain in the International Festival at Zurich during 1926. The title is taken from a print by the caricaturist, Thomas Rowlandson, of a quayside a century ago, with tippling sailors and their drabs, gold-laced officers, scuffling hooligans, a wooden-legged fiddler, a lady in a sedan chair and a background of sea and ships. This bustling and unhallowed scene was rendered into tones with a rollicking paganism and a spree of rhythms which brought spontaneous applause. But it was music solely of externals, and as such, despite its flashing vivacity, essentially cold and repellent.

But it was at the springs of spiritual beauty that Mr. Bax sought inspiration for his Symphony in E Minor and C Major, No. 2, which enjoyed at this concert its first hearing in New York, the "world premiere" having occurred in Boston, under Mr. Koussevitzky, on Dec. 13 last. The score, published in 1929, is dedicated to the Bostonian leader.

Even at first hearing, the symphony towered forth as an extraordinary work. Unlike many present-day compositions, it is rich in material and requires no padding to mask a poverty of ideas. Not often do we hear to-day a new work of a fabric so compact and closely reasoned. The use of the orchestra was masterly in its handling both of color and splendor. One characteristic was a superb employment of the very lowest tones of the tuba and trombones, and rarely is the entrance of the organ so dramatic as when its diapason tubes, literally shaking the hall, reinforced and deepened these abysmal voices.

But the work possessed far more than technical brilliance and originality. It was informed throughout by a singularly poetic imagination, rising at moments to something resembling lyric genius. This was particularly true of the slow movement, and in the finale, labeled "Allegro feroce," there emerged a surprising fairy-like scene, as delicate and fanciful as a Celtic legend. By every sign, the composition met with a most favorable reception. Its performance was one of highest credit to Mr. Koussevitsky and his colleagues. Since Mr. Toscanini's departure, I have not heard a brass choir treated with the power and mellowness attained by the Boston players. Where there might readily have been shattering noise, Mr. Koussevitsky wielded the secret of force with restraint.

After the intermission came Mr. Loeffler's setting of the "Canticle of the Sun," after the famous hymn of St. Francis of Assisi, which was composed for the opening of the New Chamber Music Hall in the Library of Congress at Washington, presented to the Nation by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. At the first performance, on Oct. 28, 1925, Mme. Povla Frijsh was the soloist, as she was again last night. After a resplendent performance, both by the soprano and the orchestra, there appeared upon the platform a slender, scholarly figure—that of Mr. Loeffler, now ending his 69th year. Twice he bowed with Mr. Koussevitzky and Mme. Frijsh, and then came forth alone. He might have returned many times more, for the audience was eager to pay its homage to the creator of the fine and distinguished beauty which still echoed about the walls.

Finally came the "Bolero," which was introduced in this country by Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 14 last. Mr. Koussevitzky began it more slowly and more softly than his Italian colleague—the snare drum, with its incessant metrical pattern, was at first almost inaudible. The Boston chieftain also built up the crescendo with less rapidity. But whereas, with Mr. Toscanini, the work remained an innocent if refulgent show piece, with Mr. Koussevitzky it became drenched with sensuous languors which ascended to the most thunderous orgies of passion. It should be added that Mr. Toscanini's soloists in this number were far more reliable than some of those in the Boston Orchestra, particularly the saxophone players and French horn.

No one could be expected to consider seriously such a production of "Carmen" as was put forward by the American Opera Company last night at the Casino Theatre. The frisking and romping that went on during the first two acts of this burlesque of Bizet's masterpiece might easily have been mistaken for a New Year's Eve jollification in a Broadway cabaret.

Of the type of singing and acting demanded, the youthful aggregation knew virtually nothing. Bettina Hall, intrusted with the title role, made her entrance by climbing out of a window, after which she writhed and sidled through the "Habanera" like a stepper in a popular revue. Charles Hedley, as Don Jose, like the rest of the soldiery, sported a uniform of blue and lavender velvet. It would be a futile task to chronicle his activities in the part, or the immature wrestlings of Nancy McCord with the difficulties of Micaëla's music, or the astonishing idea of the duties of Escamillo disclosed by Willard Schindler, who might have been mistaken for the hero of a Wild West movie. What went on behind the footlights was no more extraordinary than the rough-shod accompaniment issuing from the orchestra pit, where Isaac Van Grove unleashed some strikingly unconventional notions concerning tempi.

NOEL STRAUS.

NEW YORK WORLD

Brahms Festival March 21 in Boston

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, announces a Brahms Festival on a large scale, to be given in the orchestra's own city March 21-26.

In this week of special concerts Dr. Koussevitzky will present the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of the German master. The orchestra will be assisted by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges; Artur Schnabel, the German pianist who is crossing from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

The purely orchestral works to be played include the Four Symphonies, the Academic Festival Overture and the Variations on a Theme, by Haydn.

Choral works announced are "A German Requiem," "A Song of Destiny," the Liebeslieder Waltzes and the Rhapsody for Alto with male chorus. Schnabel will appear with the orchestra in the two piano concertos, and likewise on the chamber music program, which is to include works for piano solo, a violin sonata and the Quintet in F Minor.

On its third visit of the season to New York, the Boston Orchestra will change the date of its Thursday evening concert to next Friday evening, Feb. 7, in Carnegie Hall.

At this and also at the Saturday matinee concert, Feb. 8, Serge Prokofieff will be the guest soloist, appearing with the orchestra in his Piano Concerto No. 2. At the Friday night concert Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct Prokofieff's Scythian Suite. He will open the program with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and close it with three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

At the matinee concert, in addition to Prokofieff's concerto, the Second Symphony of Bax in E Minor and C, which was previously played at the evening concert, will be repeated in this series. It will be preceded by Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point." De Falla's dances will likewise close this program.

MU

Herald Jan 18

GLAZOUNOV

By PHILIP HALE

Alexander Glazounov conducted yesterday, as a guest, the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The program comprized his Sixth Symphony; violin concerta (Benno Rabinoff, violinist); Symphonic Poem, "Stenka Razin."

Those who are fond of dividing a composer's musical life into periods will note that there was an interval of 11 years between the symphonic poem written when Glazounov was 20 years old, and about 10 years between the composition of the symphony (1896) and the violin concerto (1905). "Stenka Razin" is among the works that one might call pictorial-descriptive, suggested by Nature, or historical and legendary. To say that such works, as "Stenka Razin," "The Kremlin" "The Forest," "The Sea" are "romantic" while the symphony and the concerto are "classic," would be wrong; classical compositions may be romantic, not dryly academic. A wildly romantic work, romantic in the judgment of those hearing its early performances often becomes in later years acknowledged as "classic." Thus the foolish think to pay it honor, though the musical contents have remained the same. The symphony performed yesterday is as romantic and as imaginative as the symphonic poem. The former has no "program"; the latter is an illustration in tones of a legendary historical event; but the latter does not depend for enjoyment wholly on the fantastic tale. As for the concerto, it is a romantic piece for a virtuoso performance; but not written for the empty and vainglorious display of an accomplished violinist; not primarily planned as an applause trap; in fact the cadenza in which the violinist is expected to shine and "bring down the house" is the least interesting portion of the work, except possibly to violinists regarding first of all technical ingenuity on the part of the composer and technical proficiency on the part of the player.

Glazounov was congratulated by some of his Russian co-mates for abandoning pictorial and descriptive music and devoting himself to what they called "classic form." Whether they accepted his gorgeously orchestrated ballets is not known to us. His love of the ballet is hinted at in the Intermezzo of the Sixth symphony and even in the finale: but not in a too light, flippant and "popular" manner for symphonic dignity. This symphony is as conspicuous for melodic wealth as for contrapuntal skill, and cunning of instrumentation. The melodic lines are frank and appealing, as is the theme for the variations in the second movement; melodic material, which, often simple in itself, is developed by one well-versed in composition, who does not allow knowledge to choke beauty. When a man reads "Theme With Variations" on a program he trembles; he is prepared for the worst and steels himself not to express boredom, but keep a facial showing of reasonable interest and intelligence. Even when Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" is performed, one finds onesIf wondering how long it will be before the whole theme will be revealed in its splendid nudity. These variations by Glazounov are a delight from first to last; truly varied, admirably contrasted; orchestrated in a surprising and fascinating manner; the technical skill displayed serves only to enhance the euphonious and poetic charm. The first movement, with its mysterious opening arouses anticipation for a tragic, or heroic mood, which is interrupted only by the suavity and tenderness of the expressive song theme. And here as in the Variations and the following pages with the changing tempi and rhythmic devices is the abundant reason for the reputation that Glazounov enjoys of being a master of his art.

From a purely technical standpoint, the pedant might justly say that "Stenka Razin" is not to be ranked with the symphony or the concerto; but who would have this musical story of the Volga's savage ruler, the Persian Princess and Stenka's supreme sacrifice told differently? Here we have the wild irregularity that Bacon, discussing "Beauty," found necessary.

Mr. Rabinoff of New York played the concerto, introduced here by Mr. Zimbalist 18 years ago, and revived by Mr. Burgin early in 1927. The youth of the violinist, the honesty of his performance with an emotional quality that was within the bounds of the concerto, and the music itself, won instant and hearty recognition.

Mr. Glazounov conducted simply and modestly but none the less effectively. The orchestra responded affectionately, not merely respectfully, to his directions. It was a pleasure to see on the platform of Symphony hall a man interested in his music, but not parading it; appreciating the desire of the orchestra to further his wishes; apparently unconscious of the fact that his name and his works have been honored for many years in the whole world of music.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Eugene Goossens, as a guest, will conduct the concert of next week: Wagner, a "Faust" overture. Schumann, Symphony B flat major, No. 1. Goossens, Concertino for double String-Orchestra (1st time in Boston). Respighi, Roman Festivals (1st time in Boston).

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK
TIMES

JAN 1 0 1930

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CHEERED BY THRONG

Serge Koussevitzky Conducts One of the Most Brilliant Concerts of the Season.

TWO NOVELTIES ARE GIVEN

William Turner Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point," and a Symphony by Arnold Bax.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, last night in Carnegie Hall was one of the most brilliant that has been given in New York this season—brilliant for the music that it offered as well as for the manner in which this music was played, using the word "brilliant" in the sense of a conspicuously successful occasion. The audience listened with an attention and responsiveness that were atmospheric. It recalled a certain composer—Charles Martin Loeffler—and a certain singer—Mme. Poyla Frisch—and, needless to say, Mr. Koussevitzky, time and again. It would not have enough of them, and it cheered the worst performance of the evening, which was that of Ravel's "Bolero," produced by Mr. Toscanini earlier this season. But this was only one of the four items of a program of which the three others rivaled each other in interest of various kinds. It was a memorable evening.

The two first compositions were new to audiences in this city. They were William Turner Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point," and a new symphony "in E minor and C" by Arnold Bax, which the composer has not heard yet, since the work, dedicated to Mr. Koussvitzky, was performed for the first time anywhere on the 13th of last month in Boston, and, we believe, was played for the first time outside of Boston last night. This is a symphony of conspicuously original character, and, so far as one could judge from a score which was entirely a new experience, it was magnificently interpreted. But there was even more to come in the surpassing performance of Mr. Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun," after St. Francis of Assisi, a performance which resulted in the greatest public triumph of Mr. Loeffler that this writer has witnessed. For once, so far as visible signs and tokens were concerned, he received his due. He has always had a devoted following consisting of an inner circle especially perceptive and responsive to his distinguished art. Last night an immense audience rendered him unstinted homage.

If the editor of the Boston Symphony program book did not inform us of the inspiration of Walton's ripping and salty overture, we would have more than a fair idea of the picture in his mind from the character of his music. It is extremely lively, very funny, and its recklessness is essentially British. The composer's imaginative point of departure was a print by the Englishman, Thomas Rowlandson, of old Portsmouth Point in the old days when England was fighting and trading with most of the world: the harbor, chock-a-block with wooden ships, the choked, dirty, disordered streets, lined with dens and rum-shops; sailors and their girls, officers and bearers and baggage pouring in from or out to the ships in the anchor: and the fighting, the boozing, the racket.

All this is in the music, which has a glorious and unbuttoned gusto. We do not know the Rowlandson prints, but it seems that their caricature could not be more spirited or spontaneous than Walton's. How salty it is, how refreshing in its Rabelaisian audacity after the pink-tea purity and polite jests of a Sullivan or other polite English composer of the mauve decade. This music has race in it, and this laughter is the laughter of a man. And how far more genuine and contagious than the smart ironies of a Lord Berners or another composer of sophisticated satire. Why, by the way, do our modern music societies, such as the League of Composers, not let us hear such a piece as Walton's "Façade," which is sung to orchestral accompaniment through a megaphone stuck in the mouth of a big face painted on a curtain. When he heard that, Mr. Ernest Newman waved his umbrella and cheered. There is something in the composer of "Portsmouth Point."

Nothing could have stood in more striking contrast to the vigorous jesting of Walton than the long, darkly colored, runic symphony of Arnold Bax. It is not important that his new symphony happens to be written in the modern harmonic vein, that it combines keys as well as chords, that it employs deep and black tints of the orchestra as a background for the ancestral utterances of the instruments. The important thing is the mood of the music, and the steel that has come into the expression of the composer. The thought of Bax as we have known him, is synonmous with the thought of a glamorous Celticism.

This symphony, in turn, is Celtic with a celticism that is heroic and profound. A great sword flashes against a background of wild and desolate nature. Winds sweep and flay the earth, thunders prophecy doom. Old chants are heard, old defiances and lamentations. But this, one believes, is rather a word precipitated by communion with nature rather than a specific poetic program. The symphony is free of title or program. The listener may give his own imagination free course to range as it will through Bax's pages. If the composer had specific thoughts in mind, they do not concern or shacktle us as listeners, and the best that is in his music springs from a source much deeper and older than that of any conscious thinking.

It is true that this symphony is too long, and that some passages of development might well be pruned and the whole piece pulled together. It is also true that the score is not devoid of the suggestion of effort on the part of the creator; effort in the sense that he girds his loins to deal with great things and abjure soft as fetty. This score is important in itself, and it should be the prelude to greater ones. The symphony shows a Bax growing in power as well as fantasy, and with eyes fixed on distant peaks.

Mr. Loeffler's beautiful and exalted setting of St. Francis's Hymn to the Sun has been heard before in this city. Last night's performance, which was irresistably eloquent from beginning to end, and the illuminative familiarity which it fostered with the music, gave those who listened a better understanding than they could have had before of the composition. Its prevailing mood was felt more deeply, its details could not have been more clearly or exquisitely revealed. Mr. Loeffler has used motives of plain-chant as a natural speech, transforming them or fitting them at will to his expressive purpose.

He has found for the voice a melodic line of a sheer loveliness and simplicity which fittingly clothe the text. The orchestration is exceptionally transparent, and a sensuousness which is a part of Mr. Loeffler's temperament is apotheoized in certain exultant passages when the instruments enter with a sweep and glory of color that never cloys or makes flgesh of the exquisite verse. The composition is a purification of conception and of style, the mature and alembicated produce of all the best elements of Mr. Loeffler's art.

These qualities found ideal expression from the orchestra which Mr. Koussvitzky moulded to the finest line and the subtlest nuance, and in Mme. Frisch's masterly treatment of musical line and text. Always an interpreter first, and a vocalist afterwards, she was in exceptional voice, and in her tones were the same transparencies and the same ecstatic gentleness that ferments text and music. There was a rare harmony of all the factors necessary to the finest interpretation, the effect of which was shown by the response of the audience.

Per contra, the performance of Ravel's "Bolero" was unfortunately self-conscious, unnecessarily stiff in rhythm, hard and dry in its sonorities, and, even technically, under the level of the rest of the concert, in which its orchestra played with exemplary finish and brilliancy of effect. However, Ravel's workmanship and wizardry in th employment of instruments, carried him to victory.

BROOKLYN
CITIZEN

Boston Orchestra to Give Brahms Festival

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Sarge Koussevitzky, conductor, announces a Brahms Festival on a large scale to be given in the orchestra's own city on March 21-26.

In this week of special concerts, Dr. Koussevitzky will present the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of the German master. The orchestra will be assisted by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges; Arthur Schnabel, the German pianist, who is crossing from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

The purely orchestral works to be played include the Four Symphonies, the Academic Festival Overture, and the Variations on a Theme by Haydn. Choral works announced are "A German Requiem," "A Song of Destiny," the Liebeslieder Waltzes, and the Rhapsody for alto and male chorus Schnabel will appear with the orchestra in the two piano concertos, and likewise on the chamber music program which is to include works for piano solo, a violin sonata, and the Quintet in F minor.

NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

JAN 1 0 1930

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

THE experiment of devoting an entire program to living composers was undertaken last night at Carnegie Hall by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The result was, in quality as well as performance, one of the best concerts of the season. For the creative artists represented included Arnold Bax, Charles Martin Loeffler, who was present, and Maurice Ravel, whose "Bolero," the most sensational new work of the year, roused a capacity audience to the usual pandemonium.

Mr. Koussevitzky began the evening with an overture, "Portsmouth Point," by William Turner Walton, a youthful Englishman, whose work was chosen to represent Great Britain in the International Festival at Zurich during 1926. The title is taken from a print by the caricaturist, Thomas Rowlandson, of a quayside a century ago, with tippling sailors and their drabs, gold-laced officers, scuffling hooligans, a wooden-legged fiddler, a lady in a sedan chair and a background of sea and ships. This bustling and unhallowed scene was rendered into tones with a rollicking paganism and a spree of rhythms which brought spontaneous applause. But it was music solely of externals, and as such, despite its flashing vivacity, essentially cold and repellent.

But it was at the springs of spiritual beauty that Mr. Bax sought inspiration for his Symphony in E Minor and C Major, No. 2, which enjoyed at this concert its first hearing in New York, the "world premiere" having occurred in Boston, under Mr. Koussevitzky, on Dec. 13 last. The score, published in 1929, is dedicated to the Bostonian leader.

Even at first hearing, the symphony towered forth as an extraordinary work. Unlike many present-day compositions, it is rich in material and requires no padding to mask a poverty of ideas. Not often do we hear to-day a new work of a fabric so compact and closely reasoned. The use of the orchestra was masterly in its handling both of color and splendor. One characteristic was a superb employment of the very lowest tones of the tuba and trombones, and rarely is the entrance of the organ so dramatic as when its diapason tubes, literally shaking the hall, reinforced and deepened these abysmal voices.

But the work possessed far more than technical brilliance and originality. It was informed throughout by a singularly poetic imagination, rising at moments to something resembling lyric genius. This was particularly true of the slow movement, and in the finale, labeled "Allegro feroce," there emerged a surprising fairy-like scene, as delicate and fanciful as a Celtic legend. By every sign, the composition met with a most favorable reception. Its performance was one of highest credit to Mr. Koussevitsky and his colleagues. Since Mr. Toscanini's departure, I have not heard a brass choir treated with the power and mellowness attained by the Boston players. Where there might readily have been shattering noise, Mr. Koussevitsky wielded the secret of force with restraint.

After the intermission came Mr. Loeffler's setting of the "Canticle of the Sun," after the famous hymn of St. Francis of Assisi, which was composed for the opening of the New Chamber Music Hall in the Library of Congress at Washington, presented to the Nation by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. At the first performance, on Oct. 28, 1925, Mme. Povla Frijsh was the soloist, as she was again last night. After a resplendent performance, both by the soprano and the orchestra, there appeared upon the platform a slender, scholarly figure—that of Mr. Loeffler, now ending his 69th year. Twice he bowed with Mr. Koussevitzky and Mme. Frijsh, and then came forth alone. He might have returned many times more, for the audience was eager to pay its homage to the creator of the fine and distinguished beauty which still echoed about the walls.

Finally came the "Bolero," which was introduced in this country by Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 14 last. Mr. Koussevitzky began it more slowly and more softly than his Italian colleague—the snare drum, with its incessant metrical pattern, was at first almost inaudible. The Boston chieftain also built up the crescendo with less rapidity. But whereas, with Mr. Toscanini, the work remained an innocent if refulgent show piece, with Mr. Koussevitzky it became drenched with sensuous languors which ascended to the most thunderous orgies of passion. It should be added that Mr. Toscanini's soloists in this number were far more reliable than some of those in the Boston Orchestra, particularly the saxophone players and French horn.

No one could be expected to consider seriously such a production of "Carmen" as was put forward by the American Opera Company last night at the Casino Theatre. The frisking and romping that went on during the first two acts of this burlesque of Bizet's masterpiece might easily have been mistaken for a New Year's Eve jollification in a Broadway cabaret.

Of the type of singing and acting demanded, the youthful aggregation knew virtually nothing. Bettina Hall, intrusted with the title role, made her entrance by climbing out of a window, after which she writhed and sidled through the "Habanera" like a stepper in a popular revue. Charles Hedley, as Don Jose, like the rest of the soldiery, sported a uniform of blue and lavender velvet. It would be a futile task to chronicle his activities in the part, or the immature wrestlings of Nancy McCord with the difficulties of Micaela's music, or the astonishing idea of the duties of Escamillo disclosed by Willard Schindler, who might have been mistaken for the hero of a Wild West movie. What went on behind the footlights was no more extraordinary than the rough-shod accompaniment issuing from the orchestra pit, where Isaac Van Grove unleashed some strikingly unconventional notions concerning tempi.

NOEL STRAUS.

NEW YORK
WORLD

37

1930

Brahms Festival March 21 in Boston

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, announces a Brahms Festival on a large scale, to be given in the orchestra's own city March 21-26.

In this week of special concerts Dr. Koussevitzky will present the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of the German master. The orchestra will be assisted by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges; Artur Schnabel, the German pianist who is crossing from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

The purely orchestral works to be played include the Four Symphonies, the Academic Festival Overture and the Variations on a Theme, by Haydn.

Choral works announced are "A German Requiem," "A Song of Destiny," the Liebeslieder Waltzes and the Rhapsody for Alto with male chorus. Schnabel will appear with the orchestra in the two piano concertos, and likewise on the chamber music program, which is to include works for piano solo, a violin sonata and the Quintet in F Minor.

On its third visit of the season to New York, the Boston Orchestra will change the date of its Thursday evening concert to next Friday evening, Feb. 7, in Carnegie Hall.

At this and also at the Saturday matinee concert, Feb. 8, Serge Prokofieff will be the guest soloist, appearing with the orchestra in his Piano Concerto No. 2. At the Friday night concert Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct Prokofieff's Scythian Suite. He will open the program with Mozart's "Eine Kl[ei]ne Nachtmusik" and close it with t[he] ...ces from De Falla's ballet, "...ered Hat."

...cert, in addition ... Second ... C, and ... flute players. The inscription girls in short tunics, singers, harpists ... time for a chorus of clapping hands to ...

MUSIC

Herald Jan 18

GLAZOUNOV

By PHILIP HALE

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TELEGRAM

32 JAN 1 0 193

Walton, Bax, Loeffler, Ravel Make Boston Symphony Program

Povla Frijsh Is Soloist in "The Song of Brother Sun" After St. Francis.

By PITTS SANBORN.

On a second visit for this season to Carnegie Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, honored living Englishmen in the first half of its program yesterday evening. William Turner Walton's overture "Portsmouth Point" opened proceedings. There followed the local "premiere" of Arnold Bax's second symphony, which had had its first performance anywhere last month in Boston, naturally by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Walton's overture, performed with infectious spirit, again impressed one as a jolly work, good enough fun in the hearing, but of no particular importance. It was inspired by Thomas Rowlandson's print, published in 1814, depicting the hurly-burly at Portsmouth Point when all the world was at war.

As a matter of fact, Charles G. Harper's description of the picture in "The Portsmouth Road: The Sailors' Highway" is a more vivid rendering of the tumultuous scene than the Walton music.

In Celtic Twilight.

Mr. Bax's rhapsodic symphony springs from an antithetical England—an England that has known the Celtic twilight. Mr. Bax is a lyrist, unashamed in his romanticism, courageous in emotional expression. His symphony at a single hearing seemed not to sin through omission. But it is a work that deserves repeated hearings. The orchestral performance, here as in the overture, was magnificent.

After an intermission the program offered further Charles Martin Loeffler's "Song of Brother Sun," based on the canticle attributed to St. Francis of Assisi, and the Ravel "Bolero," which was a tremendous sensation some weeks ago at several Philharmonic-Symphony concerts led by Mr. Toscanini.

The Loeffler piece, for all its loftiness of spirit, impressed me as it had done before—a deal of modal monotony between a beautifully Parsifalian opening and a beautifully atmospheric close. Mrs. Povla Frijsh, sporting a black court train, delivered intelligently and sympathetically the solo part, which, however, taxed unduly the vocal resources of this extraordinary interpreter of songs. Yet, there were phrases that she voiced in unsurpassable fashion. At the conclusion Mr. Loeffler was led out on the stage by Mrs. Frijsh and Mr. Koussevitzky—a signal for an ovation from the packed house.

"Bolero" Wins Cheers.

Nevertheless, the overwhelming ovation—cheers and shouting—was reserved for Ravel's shrewdly contrived trick piece, "Bolero." Mr. Koussevitzky did not treat it to the taut, steely, perfectly graduated crescendo, taken at one unvarying, inexorable tempo, which simply bowled us over when Mr. Toscanini introduced it here, nor was the orchestral execution quite flawless.

The Russian batonist let the earlier repetitions of the single theme proceed at a freer, broader pace, and then hastened the later portion of the climax. Though one may prefer the Toscanini reading and regret the difficulties in which a saxophonist and a trombonist found themselves, the fact remains that this diabolical "Bolero" once more produced its effect.

NEW YORK
WORLD

JAN 11 1930

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra gave an extra concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall to aid the American Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles. The soloist was Benno Rabinoff, violinist and protege of Leopold Auer, who made an auspicious debut two seasons ago with the New York Symphony, conducted by Prof. Auer.

Mr. Rabinoff and the orchestra played the Prokofieff violin concerto; for the rest, Mr. Koussevitzky had chosen the prelude to Moussorgsky's opera, "Khowantchina," which has become almost standard repertoire in Chicago. Apparently the Metropolitan will have none of it. The program yesterday also contained the orchestral suite from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Tschaikowsky's "1912" Overture.

J. S.

NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

JAN 1 0

MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

A New Symphony Performed by Mr. Koussevitzky and His Bostonians

Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, in Carnegie Hall. Soloist, Povla Frijsh, soprano.

PROGRAM

Walton.....Overture, "Portsmouth Point"
Bax.....Symphony No. 2, in E minor and C
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro feroce.
(First time in New York)
Loeffler
Canticum Fratris Solis (After St. Francis of Assisi)
For Voice and Orchestra
Ravel.....Bolero"

IN OUR happy and carefree time many composers of instrumental music rejoice in their pursuit of littleness, fetching from the sources of their inspiration symphonies that last ten minutes and suites that last five, and laying them before us with the jaunty pride of an elephant retrieving a coffee bean.

And these tabloid symphonic works are often triumphantly vacuous, as if their authors were anxious to prove to us that one need possess only the brain of a canary and the circulatory system of an earthworm in order to compose important music.

Many of the typical works of our musical day suggest the offspring of a Lilliputian and a minor problem in subtraction; and composers are proudest when they can point to a new score and say, "Look! I have purged it of significance and sensibility!"—delightfully unaware that they have, by that inspired process, also purged it of life.

* * *

These being conspicuous facts of the situation, it is an uncommon pleasure to welcome such an essay in the symphonic form as that by Mr. Arnold Bax, the Anglo-Celtic composer, which Mr. Koussevitzky disclosed to us last night for the first time in this borough. For Mr. Bax writes without apology after the ample fashion of the symphonic fathers. He scores, not for two piccolos and a B-flat jewsharp, but for the unashamedly ponderable apparatus of those who seem to have thought that a symphony is essentially an ample and deliberate affair, and not something to be disposed of as a sort of belated musical repartee to the invention of the telegraph.

* * *

Mr. Bax's symphony is in three movements, formidable in scope and content, and it lasts for almost forty minutes. It is scored for an orchestra of heroic size, fit to deal with what Carlyle so bravely called "the immensities and the eternities." And it is as substantial in its imaginative and intellectual yield as if tonal gnat's eggs had not been agreed upon as the only decent thing for the creative mind to hatch.

* * *

Mr. Bax completed the symphony in 1925, and it was published last year, with a dedication to Mr. Koussevitzky. This, however, did not deter Mr. Koussevitzky from performing it. He has already given the work twice in Boston, apparently with success.

The composer, in a letter spread upon the pages of Mr. Hale's annotations, says that "there is absolutely no communicable program associated with the music, which is entirely, severely 'absolute' as a classical work." Nevertheless, he speaks of the end of the symphony as publishing "a kind of oppressive catastrophic mood," and remarks that he has "put a great deal of emotion into the writing of it"; from which we are entitled to infer that the music is perhaps not so "severely absolute" as a strict interpretation of that phrase would suggest.

* * *

But, whether it is absolute or not, this is detaining music. It has fiber and strength and gravity; and at its best, as in the latter part of the Finale, it reminds us that music is still, if we wish it to be, an incomparable vehicle for the utterance of first and last things.

Serge Koussevitzky

Conductor of last night's Boston Symphony concert

When Mr. Bax's earlier symphony, in E-flat, was introduced here by Mr. Sokoloff and the Cleveland Orchestra four years ago, it was said that he had set his face against those Celtic witcheries and dreams that had so long and so conspicuously held him. For Mr. Bax, when he first became known here, was evidently a sort of musical Yeats—a Gael not unfamiliar with Gaul, since his lyric twilights had been touched with the slightly alien magic of the Bois.

In that earlier symphony he appeared to be chiefly concerned with fashioning a sterner and more drastic music, little occupied with faery spells and magic seas and haunted, melancholy woods. The fierce gloom of the North was felt in it, and a new aggressiveness and power.

* * *

These traits mark the new symphony that we heard last night. Yet, on the whole, it is less somber and austere a work than its predecessor. We are warned by it that the Celtic temperament, with its predilection for strangely colored loveliness, its wistful, melancholy tenderness, its incurable nostalgia, is a difficult thing to outlive. In the cello theme of the first movement, in the lyrical violin subject of the Andante (with its odd suggestion of an Irish Grieg—the ghost of the C minor violin sonata flits by), Mr. Bax reminds us that the Gael dies hard.

* * *

It was a deep satisfaction to hear again Mr. Loeffler's rapt, exalted music for the "Canticum Fratris Solis" of St. Francis that he set for voice and orchestra. Mr. Stokowski introduced the work to New York four years ago, when Mme. Povla Frijsh sang the solo part, as she did last night.

We might have wished for a somewhat more closely knit, more firmly integrated reading of the orchestral part, and for a voice of different quality to utter the moving song of poet and composer. Yet it was a privilege to hear the score, and to realize that music of such rarity and elevation, such spiritual exquisiteness, such luminous beauty, could still be written in our time.

Coming after it, the trickery of Ravel's "Bolero," the point of its effect blunted by repetition, seemed unexpectedly witless and inane.

SATURDAY, JANUARY

GOOSSENS CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Guest Leader Cordially Applauded

First Performance in Boston of Respighi's New "Roman Festivals"

Eugene Goossens, the English conductor and composer now associated with the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N Y, appeared as guest conductor at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. His program included Wagner's "A Faust Overture," Schumann's First Symphony, and the first Boston performances of his own Concertino, and of Respighi's new "Roman Festivals." Mr Goossens was cordially applauded at every opportunity by orchestra and audience. He first appeared at these concerts as guest conductor Jan 22, 1926.

Wagner's "A Faust Overture," an early work intended originally as the first section of a grand "Faust Symphony" which was never completed, has not been heard here for some years past. It was meant to depict "Faust in Solitude." Wagner revised it rather perfunctorily and published it in 1855, apparently because he needed money. This score proves that Wagner could never have written a symphony that would have equalled his "music dramas." Yesterday's performance was painstakingly eloquent. It did not save the piece from dullness.

Schumann's Symphony in B flat, after Wagner's overture, sounded like a greater masterpiece than one has been accustomed to deem it. Mr Goossens, like Dr Koussevitzky, seems thoroughly convinced of the eloquence and significence of this symphony. His reading of it gets full value from every melody and every rhythm, and manages to make the scoring for orchestra sound effective, despite the proverbial ineptitudes of Schumann's instrumentation. All that one missed was the dreamy romanticism, the essentially Teutonic emotionalism characteristic of Schumann. Mr Goossens is too efficient, too deep in love with brilliance for its own sake, to get at the heart of Schumann's mystery.

With a modesty and good judgment rare among composers who serve as guest conductors, Mr Goossens put only one of his own works on yesterday's program. This was a Concertino for Double String Orchestra, which he has lately made from an octet for strings written in 1927, by adding an independent bass part and dividing the eight solo parts among first violins, second violins, violas and violoncellos. This concertino is terse, vivacious, unpretentious music, clearly and fluently written in a style not obtrusively modern.

Respighi's latest addition to his series of musical guides to Rome is entitled "Roman Festivals," and its predecessors, "Fountains of Rome" and "Pines of Rome," Boston audiences have frequently applauded. Like all writers of "best sellers" who try to repeat themselves, Respighi has now exhausted this vein of inspiration. "Roman Festivals" is almost a "reductio ad absurdam" of his whole procedure in his earlier successes.

There is a program note explaining that the four sections of the piece depict (1) the "Circus Maximus" in the days of Nero, with Christians being thrown to the lions. (2) Pilgrims in the Middle Ages jubilant at their first glimpse of the holy city from Monte Mario. (3) A harvest festival in the country near Rome with "hunting echoes, tinkling of bells, songs of love. Then in the tender evenfall arises a romantic serenade." (4) The night before Epiphany in the Piazza Navena. This last seems to be a Roman equivalent of the raucous Halloween of the old-fashioned American small town.

Respighi has chosen themes ranging from a German Easter hymn to the sort of popular Italianate tune ground out by old-fashioned hand organs. He has scored the piece for an orchestra to which almost every conceivable instrument from pipe organ to mandolin is added, always with a keen sense of sonority, and a megalomaniac frenzy to produce volume of tone as an end in itself. There is a sort of picture-postcard realism to the piece. The Pilgrim's hymn sounds like a pilgrim's hymn, the mandolin tune is just what one would expect of a mandolin player, the hand organ tune sounds like an amalgam of a dozen familiar specimens. But one passes in listening from amusement to boredom.

Now, if Respighi had only read Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," he might have written appropriate, if obstreperous, music for that delicious farce about Roman martyrs saved by a fluke. But, one fears, Respighi takes himself too seriously for that.

The performance yesterday was worthy of the piece, save for a few muddled bits. Why is it that under no conductor can the Boston Symphony, as at present constituted, succeed in getting through an entire concert with no obvious wrong notes and false entrances?

Dr Koussevitzky will return from his vacation next week. The program now announced, subject, of course, to change with or without notice, includes Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite," his new piano concerto and two of Mr Arbos' admirable arrangements of numbers from Albeniz' "Iberia." Prokofieff will appear as pianist in his concerto, but, unlike rival composers, he will leave the conducting to Dr Koussevitzky.

P. R.

GLAZOUNOV CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Post Jan 15

Distinguished Russian Composer Plays Own Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Twenty times since 1897, the name of Alexander Glazounov had appeared upon the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, and by 14 pieces was it thus represented. Yesterday afternoon three of these pieces were repeated, and under the direction of the composer himself, now on his first visit to the United States.

LINK WITH GREAT PAST

To many in yesterday's audience Glazounov, the man, was more interesting, at least for the moment, than Glazounov, the musician. Here was a composer in his 65th year whose career has extended over nearly half a century—for Glazounov was uncommonly precocious—who had won for himself an honorable place in music and who, above all, is a living link with a great past. For Glazounov, though much younger than Balakirev, Cui, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov, was first their protege and then their colleague. In particular did he work shoulder to shoulder with Borodin and Rimsky; and when the former died, leaving behind him uncompleted his "Prince Igor," it was Glazounov who wrote down from memory the overture and who, with Rimsky-Korsakov, completed the orchestration of that opera.

Throughout his useful life Glazounov has lived in the former capital of Russia. During the years of privation following the revolution it was reported that with many other artists he was in sore straits. It was even said that so wasted of body had he become that he could wrap his overcoat twice around him.

Economical of Gesture

No such emaciation, however, was observable in the man who yesterday walked forth upon the stage of Symphony Hall to face an orchestra standing in his honor and an applauding, though (for the most part) seated, audience. Indeed, the Glazounov of today is a portly figure, and his movements recall the old saying, "Large bodies move slowly." In conducting Mr. Glazounov proved singularly economical of movement and gesture, though the lethargy that characterizes his walk was absent from his beat. That was sufficiently clear-cut and decided. And if in directing he did not inspire the players to untoward exertions, at least, in the language of the orchestral musician, "he knows what he wants."

The development of Glazounov, the composer, has been curious. Some might even call it a retrogression. Beginning under the influence of the Russian "Five" he, too, wrote as a "nationalist"; witness the tone poem "Stenka Razin," a product of his 21st year, with which yesterday's concert closed.

More German Than Russian

But in time he seems to have felt this musical dialect, half slavic, half near-eastern, too confining. He yearned, it would appear, to become cosmopolitan, universal, in his speech. And the later Glazounov is far more German than Russian; witness the Sixth Symphony and the Violin Concerto that made the rest of yesterday's programme. In them is displayed abundant mastery of the resources of composition. As a musical scholar Glazounov has surpassed all of the five, save Rimsky, and even Rimsky had not the younger man's ability to fill a large canvas to sustain himself through a symphony without losing his sense of direction.

But the music of the later Glazounov, well made, well sounding (if at times skirting the edge of the superficial), has little distinctive voice, either racial or personal. It is sonorous, it is melodious, it is brilliantly orchestrated, it shows the hand of a master contrapuntist, but at the most it leaves the listener feeling comfortable and secure. It does not thrill or excite. It fails to quicken the deeper emotions.

"Stenka Razin" Lives

Report has it that Mr. Glazounov now holds "Stenka Razin," vivid musical picture of the River Volga and of the Cossack bandit that ravaged its shores, in small esteem. Yet it were kinder of him to respect the piece, for the signs are not wanting that it will remain his monument.

In conclusion a word should be said regarding the excellent playing of Benno Rabinoff, who, as solo violinist in the Concerto, made yesterday his first appearance in Boston. He was deservedly applauded. And it need hardly be added that the audience from first to last received both the distinguished guest and his music with genuine cordiality.

IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE COMING OF GLAZOUNOV

Alexander Glazounov, born at St. Petersburg now Leningrad, in 1865, one of the most prominent of Russian composers, director of the Leningrad Conservatory even before the revolution, conducted in this country for the first time on Nov. 21 of last year. The place was Detroit, for Mr. Gabrilowitch had been a pupil of his in orchestration; the orchestra was the Detroit Symphony orchestra, of which Mr. Gabrilowitch is the conductor. Mr. Glazounov then led his 6th Symphony, which is on the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week, when Mr. Glazounov will also conduct his violin concerto (Mr. Benno Rabinoff, violinist), and his symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." The three works have already been performed in Boston. Mr. Glazounov conducted at his own concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Dec. 3.

Mr. Glazounov's father was a prosperous bookseller and publisher at St. Petersburg under the imperial regime. As a little boy Alexander was chiefly interested in pictures, but having taken piano lessons he attracted the attention of Balakirev, who was a friend of the boy's mother. She was of a musical nature. As Alexander showed unusual gifts for composition, Balakirev took him to Rimsky-Korsakov. The latter wrote about their meeting in his book, "My Musical Life":

"Casually, Balakirev once brought me the composition of a 14 or 15-year-old high school student, Sascha Glazounow. It was an orchestral score written in childish fashion. The boy's talent was indubitably clear. Shortly afterward (in the season of 1879-80), Balakirev introduced him, that he might take up his studies with me. While giving lessons in elementary theory to his mother, Eleyena Pavlovna Glazounova, I began also to teach the youthful Sascha. He was a charming boy with beautiful eyes, who played the piano very clumsily; N. N. Elyenowsky taught him piano playing. Elementary theory and solfeggio proved unnecessary for him, as he had a superior ear, and Elyenowsky had covered harmony also with him to a certain extent.

"After a few lessons in harmony I took him directly into counterpoint, to which he applied himself zealously. Besides, he always showed me his improvisations and jotted down fragments of minor pieces. Thus work at counterpoint and composition went on simultaneously. In moments of leisure Sascha Glazounov played a good deal, and on his own initiative constantly acquainted himself with musical literature. At that time he was particularly fond of Liszt. His musical development progressed not by the day, but literally by the hour."

Glazounov was only 16 when he brought to Rimsky-Korsakov the sketch for his first symphony. The work, completed in 1882, was performed the same year under the direction of Balakirev at a concert of the Free School of Music in St. Petersburg. "The audience was astonished," wrote Rimsky-Korsakov, "when the composer, in a student's uniform, appeared on the stage in response to calls for him." It was rumored, unjustly, that the youth's parents had paid Rimsky to write the symphony and put Alexander's name to it. Later the road to fame was made easier for the young musician through his friendship with Belaiev, who, having succeeded to the business and fortune of his father—a timber merchant—became an ardent supporter of Russian music, and founded a music publishing business in Leipzig, which brought out the works of Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin and others of the national school.

Borodin interested himself in Glazounov's works, and brought them to the attention of Liszt. It was due to his influence that the young man's first symphony was produced at Weimar in 1884. Thereafter Glazounov's rise was rapid and continuous. His works were performed in every country of Europe, and he was invited to conduct his own music at the Paris Exposition of 1889. In 1900 Glazounov was invited to join the faculty of the St. Petersburg (Leningrad) Conservatory as professor of instrumentation and score-reading. Five years later, Rimsky-Korsakov resigned the directorship of the institution, and Glazounov succeeded him.

In 1891 the following cablegram, dated St. Petersburg, Oct. 8, was published in the newspapers of this city:

"A profound sensation was created here today. A young woman from Moscow was arrested, charged with being a Nihilist. She confessed, and admitted that she had left a trunk at the house of a well-known composer, Glazounov, in which was a revolutionary proclamation. The police proceeded to Glazounov's house and found the trunk. Glazounov protested his innocence, declaring that he was utterly ignorant of the contents of the trunk. He was nevertheless compelled to deposit as bail 15,000 roubles, in order to avoid arrest pending inquiries to be made in the case."

Glazounov suffered only temporary inconvenience. He was not imprisoned in the fortress of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, nor was he sent to Siberia; and later he wrote a cantata for the coronation of the present Tsar. In March, 1905, he, Liadov, and other leading teachers of the conservatory, espoused the cause of Rimsky-Korsakov, who was ejected from the conservatory for his sympathy with the students in political troubles, and they resigned their positions. But Glazounov was soon appointed director. He at once reinstated Rimsky-Korsakov as a teacher of composition. The catalogue of his works is long and varied, eight symphonies, two piano concertos, a violin concerto, many orchestral pieces, ballets, music for stage plays, cantatas, much chamber music, piano pieces, songs. It was once said of him that he had found in the ballet the fullest and freest form of expression—not the ballet as it was known in this country before the Russians visited us—foolish scenarios—performances that were often awkward, dull or the "labored intrepidity of indecorum," but the gorgeous ballets of St. Petersburg in the years of the Tsars. For the world's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 he wrote a triumphal march for orchestra and chorus which was performed. He had been commissioned to do this by Theodore Thomas.

He completed works left behind by Borodin—the opera "Prince Igor"—he wrote out the overture to it from memory—and the fragments of Borodin's third symphony.

At first Glazounov was given to fantastic and imaginative music. His suites and tone-poems told of carnivals, funerals, the voluptuous east, the forest with wood sprites, water nymphs, and will-of-the-wisps, the ocean, the Kremlin of Moscow with all its holy and dramatic associations. "Stenka Razin" is built on three themes: the first is the melancholy song of the barge-men of the Volga; the second theme, short, savage, bizarre, typifies the hero who gives his name to the piece; and the third, a seductive melody, pictures in tones the captive Persian princess. The chant of the barge-men is that which vitalizes the orchestral piece. It is forever appearing, transformed in a thousand ways. The river is personified. It is alive, enormous. One is reminded of Gogol's description of another Russian stream: "Marvellous is this river in peaceful weather, when it rolls at ease through forests and between mountains. You look at it, and you do not know whether it moves or not, such is its majesty. You would say that it were a road of blue ice, immeasurable, endless, sinuously making its way through verdure. What a delight for the broiling sun to cool his rays in the freshness of clear water, and for the trees on the bank to admire themselves in that looking-glass, the giant that he is! There is not a river like unto this one in the world."

Alfred Bruneau wrote in his "Musiques de Russie et Musiciens de France" (Paris, 1903), after a short study of the "Big Five,"—Balakirev, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Cui and Rimsky-Korsakov, who could not endure the name of Anton Rubinstein as a composer, and looked skew-eyed at Tchaikovsky as a "cosmopolite,"—these words concerning Glazounov: "His instrumentation has marvellous clearness, logic and strength, and a brilliance that sometimes dazzles. His sureness of hand is incomparable. But, to say everything—and I have the habit of saying everything—I wish that his truly extraordinary activity might slacken a little to the advantage of a high originality which I believe is in him, but to which he does not give the opportunity for a complete manifestation. He should fulfil the promise of his beginning; he should be the creator on whom we reckon—in a word, the man of his generation, a generation younger than that of the composers who were at first his counsellors. The new years, continuing the eternal evolution of ideas, necessitate new attempts."

It was said of Glazounov later with reference to his fourth symphony:

"At this stage the composer has already travelled far; on the road still before him he is to purify the elements of his creative substance and to divest it of everything which is not essentially musical. 'He has abandoned,' says Rimsky-Korsakov 'the thickets of "The Forest," the depths of "The Sea" and the walls of "The Kremlin"'; in the last named the musical reflection of the program, indicated by headings, has become quite faint; the romanticism of the andante of the fifth symphony of "Raymonda," of the sixth symphony and the "Middle Ages" suite is not in the vein of the contemporary descriptive composers. Glazounov has already gone far towards purging himself; he is already nearing his promised land, wherein music is absolutely self-sufficing, in the seventh symphony. With the eighth he reaches his destination.'"

Alexander Glazounov, composer and guest conductor at the Symphony concerts this week.

A Boston Brahms Festival

Dr Koussevitzky's plans for the Brahms festival to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next March are now announced in detail. They include performances of most of the major works of Brahms, in which the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, the noted German pianist Schnabel, the Burgin String Quartet, Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, bass, will assist. Schnabel is coming from Berlin especially for this festival.

Unlike the Beethoven festival given three years ago in commemoration of the centenary of the composer's death, this Brahms festival is not given to mark an anniversary. Dr Koussevitzky particularly admires the music of Brahms. There is a considerable public demand for opportunities to hear the orchestra outside its regular and extra subscription series of concerts, all places for which are taken by season subscribers, except for the Friday rush seats, and a very few Tuesday afternoon tickets. A festival is sure to attract very large audiences and worldwide attention.

The programs announced include those for the pair of subscription concerts March 22 and 23, for which no single tickets can be had, since they are sold out for the season. At these concerts the subscribers will hear the "Academic Festival" overture, and the Second and Third Symphonies. This time the program is wisely kept the same for Friday and Saturday.

There are to be four special concerts in the festival, for which season tickets are now being subscribed at Symphony Hall by means of the famous automatic subscription board first used there last Spring.

BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Among the early attractions in February will be the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. The only appearance of the famed Boston organization in this city during the present season will take place February 5 at the Lyric under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene. Director Koussevitzky has brought the Boston back to its preeminent station, which it held in the days of Karl Muck before the World War, and during which the personnel of the orchestra was very badly disrupted. Mr. Koussevitzky's leaning toward the modern school of music has brought him considerable notoriety, and his highly interesting interpretations have caused him to be regarded as an authority on such things.

young dramatic

Plays and Players --- Music and Musicians --- The Scr

A Single Line Is Glazunov's Musical Life

The Man and The Composer, From Past to Present His Firm-Set Self

HALF a century ago a shy youth of sixteen brought an orchestral score to his famous teacher, and, diffidently moving unyielding fingers across the keyboard, presented a pianistic equivalent of the Symphony of his imagination. This episode was lovingly noted by Rimsky-Korsakov—the teacher—in his "Musical Life." Alexander Constantinovich Glazunov—the pupil—was instantly accepted as the legitimate heir to the rare treasure of the Russian National School created by five non-professionals: a naval officer, Rimsky-Korsakov; an ensign of the guards, Musorgsky; a professor of chemistry, Borodin; an expert in fortification, Cui; and a broad-minded amphitryon, Balakirev.

The New World—in the geographical as well as in the chronological sense—is now welcoming Alexander Constantinovich Glazunov with a measure of sincere admiration and awesome respect that no other composer of universal fame has heretofore received. Popular emotions are often symbols; and Glazunov is a personification of ideals long dormant but none the less active beneath the surface. Tradition and faith may be these ideals. An irreproachable past may be the endearing feature. Glazunov, in all his years, has never looked over his shoulder to see the possible ruins of his civilization. Even Liadov, his closest associate, in his late years was moved by Skriabin's elusive harmonies, and sounded a foreign note in his final works.

It is a futile occupation to look for similar contemporary influences in Glazunov's music. Since the day when his first Symphony in E aroused Rimsky-Korsakov, his progress was sound and undisturbed. He has known no "periods." Even the youthful storm and stress, when a daring mind sets out to conquer the world, eluded him. Ravel and Strauss are now classical composers; but both of them have had their incendiary moments, and are still at work devising new and startling schemes, sometimes in defiance of the former faiths. There is no need to mention Stravinsky, the prodigy of avatars. If these reformed bad boys are accepted—or pardoned—the respect that they are enjoying in the popular mind, or among musicians of the old school, will never match the white purity of Glazunov's record.

Those who come in contact with Glazunov, the man, never fail to be impressed by the same high qualities that distinguish his music. Glazunov, the director of the Conservatory of St. Petersburg, the thoughtful and self-denying father of an institution that literally supplied the world with the major part of its virtuosi and composers of all descriptions—conservative, modern, modernistic—this Glazunov presiding over the directorial table and liberally dealing out aid, advice and financial help, still awaits his historian. The medieval law which functioned up to the Revolution of 1917, and which barred members of the Jewish faith from residence in the capitals, was the greatest burden on Glazunov's mind. A Russian of pure stock, he somehow managed to raise the "normal" percentage to the 53 per cent of the actual registration of Hebrew students in 1915, without breaking the law. Glazunov's solicitous regard for impecunious students led him to considerable expenditures from his private purse. How he could reconcile the mildness of his personal rule with the highest standards of discipline and learning at his Conservatory is a subject of wonderment.

Thus Glazunov outgrows the mere maker of music. He embodies principles that outlive the passion for the new. The world may grow independent ,and youngsters may sneer at eminence, but the halo of recognition will remain with the glorious past. Not too seldom revolutionaries themselves turn about and discover fantastic lights in abandoned valleys. Has not Chaikovsky been recently installed by Stravinsky in this fashion?

In his steady progress, Glazunov has never been over-confident. His correspondence with Chaikovsky shows that at one time, after the conspicuous failure of one of his secondary works he was seriously doubting his powers. Moreover, Chaikovsky, in a reply, while declaring himslef an admirer, admitted that there was a lack of something in Glazunov's music. What was that something? Chaikovsky promised to tell at the next personal meeting. But did the meeting take place, or did Chaikovsky speak his mind?

Glazunov's music is an open book. It does not present riddles, and conceals no key behind its pages or between its lines. Its methods may be traced to Liszt, its subject-matter to the Russians, its mood and form to Chopin. But the combination of these elements forms an unmistakeably individual style. This music may seem unearthly, or impress us with stationary aloofness, but its peculiar beauty, the ice-cold flame burning at the edges, kindle the imagination in spite of the absence of obvious ardors. Glazunov's themes make absorbing material for study. He likes to state the subject in the deep register of the alto, the G-string of the violin, the middle octave of the piano, the viola of the string-quartet. The melody ascends, accompanied by the bass in stately procession at a diverging angle. The design is noble, clear, yet inherently capable of manifold transformations, yielding itself to intricate embellishments. It is often built on a succession of thirds, ascending or descending, receding then by a second, to resolve the suspension. These thirds in further development may proceed without recession and compass two full octaves, passing through all seven notes of the scale. Taken together they form a chord, dissonant yet easily solvent, which is the "Glazunov chord."

Thematic material seems inexhaustible at Glazunov's hands; the thousand and one ways to fertilize a melody and to marshal its multiple variations through the spaces of musical structure have no secrets for him. He is deliberate in his methods; there is sobering poise in the exposition; exquisite balance in the tightening augmentations. Glazunov is past master of counterpoint and orchestration; so was the great Taneiev. But Taneiev's works have been relegated to the archives; not even his astonishing Symphony is ever heard. Glazunov, on the contrary, is in the repertory everywhere. There must be a hidden force in Glazunov's monumental creations that compels the public to listen to his music.

Ability, not necessarily desire, may father the thought. The genius for devising flexible melodies may have led Glazunov to the form of variation as the best medium. His greatest musical triumphs—the Intermezzo of the Sixth Symphony, the Variations for Pianoforte, to mention but a few—are embodied in such compositions. To touch a melody, without distorting its recognizable features is an art in itself, and it is Glazunov's art par excellence. This accounts for the logic of his development where musical leaves seem to grow out of the stem before our very ears. The leaves furl into buds, buds blossom into flowers. . . . To some they are a product of the hothouse, but incubated, or by nature born, they are as fragrant. . . .

In style, Glazunov is less overtly national than his illustrious predecessors. He abandons some formulas, among them pseudo-orientalism, with its famous lowered sixth. But he retains the "grand" manner, the richness of Russian modes. When he makes use of a folk-tune, such as the Song of Volga Boatmen in his early symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin," he leaves nothing undone; by change of rhythm or pace, he adapts it to a variety of moods; or by a crafty feat of instrumentation breaks it asunder, then opposes the halved parts to each other. "Stenka Razin" was written in 1889, not for contrapuntal artifice, but for the crowds at the Paris Exposiion to enjoy. Glazunov's counterpoint, as Bach's counterpoint, is his natural idiom.

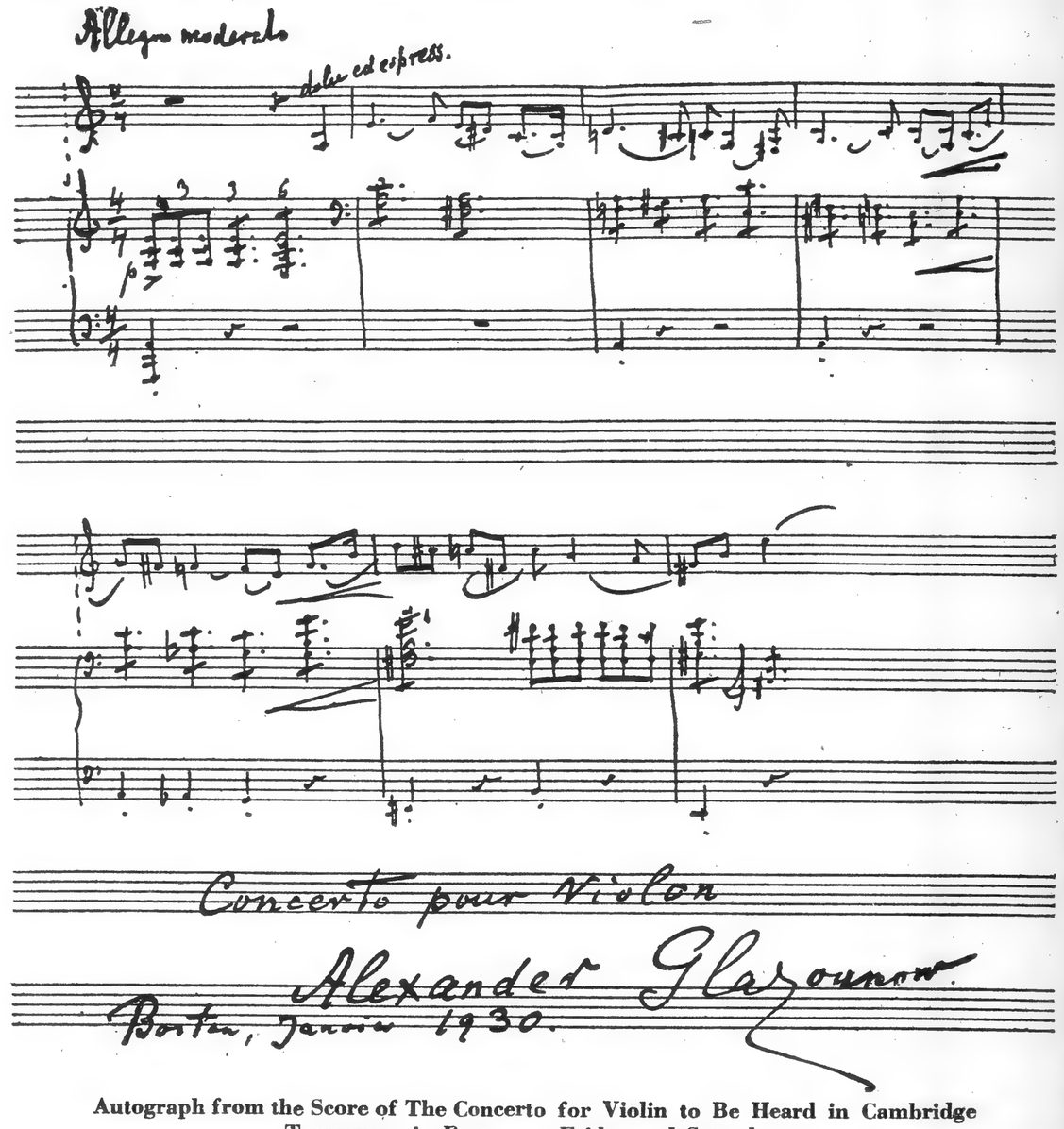
The scholarly Glazunov stands in delightful contrast with the Glazunov of ballet music. Here his sense of measure finds its most legitimate application. But it is not the sensuous ballet of the French: the music is light and nimble; there is little dramatization, and the intrinsic logic of the music never ceases to control the form or movement. Glazunov may also be programatic, as in the suite "Moyen Age," where there is a Death dancing and enticing, playing the open fifths on the fiddle: the traditional formula for devils and such. Glazunov is majestic in depicting forests, seas, or widespread wastes of land. There he employs huge orchestral masses suggesting the immensity of the subject. But he is never elephantine as Strauss in the "Alpine Symphony"; and certainly he resorts to no onomatopœia of thunder machines.

But Glazunov is primarily a composer of absolute music—Quartets, Symphonies, Concertos. Since 1915, when he wrote incidental music to the play, "The King of Judæa," by Constantin Romanov, the Tsar's cousin, his production has ceased. H. G. Wells, in his fantastic account of a journey to the post-revolutionary Petrograd, tells the story of Glazunov being unable to compose because of the shortage of music-paper. This may or may not have been the true cause of Glazunov's abstinence from creative work. Those who remember Glazunov and Russia in the dark days following "The End of St. Petersburg," recall with amazement the incredibly lean figure of the director of the Conservatory. They say, he could wrap his coat around him twice over, which represented the loss of some sixty pounds of weight. Composing may not have been in order in those days. . . .

Through wars and revoluutions, Glazunov has never been untrue to his artistic self. The fact that there are people who compose music based on unresolved dissonances concerns him as little as the existence of interesting but incomprehensible guttural sounds in African dialects. Political changes, changes of surroundings, want, physical privations, are contingencies to be met and to be endured. But integrity of character cannot and must not be influenced by such fates. Glazunov has given us an inspiring example. His has been a noble life in art. That is why his welcome has grown to the significance of a stirring event. NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

A Distinguished Russian Guest Comes This Week to The Symphony Concerts

Alexander Glazunov, Composer and Conductor
(Drawing by Syerov in Rimsky-Korsakov's "My Musical Life")



Autograph from the Score of The Concerto for Violin to Be Heard in Cambridge Tomorrow, in Boston on Friday and Saturday

BRAHMS FESTIVAL AT SYMPHONY HALL

A week of special concerts in which the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of Brahms will be played is to be given March 21-26 at Symphony hall.

The Brahms festival will be given by the Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor; the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society; Artur Schnabey, German pianist, who will come from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange; and the Burgin string quartet.

Sunday afternoon, March 23, and the evenings of March 24, 25 and 26, there will be given the First and Fourth Symphonies, the two Pianoforte Concertos, the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the "Song of Destiny" and "German Requiem" (Brahms's principal choral works), the "Liebeslieder," Rhapsody (alto and male chorus), Violin Sonata and Quintet in F minor. At the concerts of the previous Friday and Saturday, March 21 and 22, the Academic Festival Overture and the Second and Third Symphonies will be played. This pair of concerts, however, is not included in the subscription series, as they are already fully subscribed. Hamlet Thursday 23

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The Brahms Festival will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society; Artur Schnabel, the famous German pianist who holds a particular fame in the music of Brahms and who will come from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeanette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

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All subscriptions are being made by means of the automatic subscription board in the Symphony Hall lobby. Monday Jan 13

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

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Mr. Goossens's Concertino was originally written in 1927 as a String Octet and as such was performed for the first time in London last March. The first performance of the work in its present shape was in New York at a concert of the Composers' League in December of last year. The Concertino is interesting: not only as showing the technical skill of the composer; the music is alive, with a vivacity that is not academically perfunctory; it is new and sparkling wine in bottles that have not been covered with dust in the bin of a poker-backed conservative. The modern spirit that enlivens certain harmonic schemes is not that coming from an experimenter relying on polytony or any other "tony" for effect, in the desire to be abreast, or a little ahead, of the times. While the work is, as Mr. Goossens says,, somewhat in the style of the old Italian concertos—Vivaldi, for example—it might be by a Vivaldi writing today.

For the theme of the slow section Mr. Goossens invented a melody in folk-song fashion, a charming melody without affectation of simplicity but as appealing as though it expressed the emotion of some unknown, humble singer moved to vocal expression of what was felt within him.

The Concertino was brilliantly performed by the incomparable string section of the orchestra. The melody in the slow section was beautifully sung by the first viola, Mr. Lefranc, whose full, rich tone was not allowed to degenerate into cloying sentimentalism or lacrymose wailing. The audience evidently and fully appreciated the music and the performance.

Respighi's "Roman Festivals" was a disappointment, not wholly unanticipated. In 1916 the "Fountains of Rome" appeared; eight years later the "Pines of Rome;" to form a trilogy, Mr. Respighi completed the "Roman Festivals" in 1928: "Visions and evocations of Roman fetes." Mr. Toscanini brought out the composition for the first time anywhere in New York from manuscript last February. Mr. Goossens was the first to conduct it in London (June 13, 1929).

Mr. Respighi glorifies Rome again by describing in tones: First, the martyrs in the Circus Maximus, singing cheerfully in spite of the fact that wild beasts are about to devour them. Though the crowd at first shouts: "Hail! Nero!" the calmness of the martyrs is disquieting, and the people rise from their seats as agitated as those about to die are unperturbed. The second section portrays praying pilgrims on the highway, finally reaching a height from which the holy city is seen. A hymn of praise—church bells ring in answer. An October Festival is the subject of the third section—tinkling of bells, songs of love, a serenade. In the fourth section it is the night before the Epiphany. Fanfares of trumpets, country tunes, a barrel-organ and the voice of a "barker" sounding from a booth—a frantically jovial populace; in fact a "whoop it up," with the full strength of the company.

The composer s quoted as saying that his instrumentation represents "the maximum of orchestral sonority and color." One might say "noise and gaudy coloring." The most musical, and at the same time truly descriptive pages are those in which the pilgrims on their march finally arrive at the summit of the hill. And in the fourth section the wild tune of a pleasing vulgarity with the cadence used by Mascagni in "Cavalleria Rusticana" has true [illegible] befitting the scene. But too [illegible]tion is thick, not

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

JAN 10

Boston Symphony Will Play Dvorak's New World

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra appears at the Mosque the night of Monday, February 3, two weeks from last night, as the second attraction in the artists' course, presented by T. Michaux Moody, the symphony to be played will be Dvorak's "New World," one of the most noteworthy of modern compositions. It is of particular interest to all Americans, but especially so to Southerners, for some of its themes are based on the Negro folk music of the old South. Mr. Moody had considerable correspondence with the management and was permitted a choice from three symphonies. He selected the Dvorak composition because he felt that it would give the greatest pleasure to the largest number of people. Tickets for the concert are now being sold at Walter D. Moses and Company, where seats also may be obtained for the recital to be given the following Monday night, February 10, by Jascha Heifetz, violinist.

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN MONDAY CONCERT

Dr Koussevitzky Back From Vacation

Conducting for the first time since his sojourn in New York, Dr Koussevitzky presented to his Monday evening audience a sequence of interesting selections of widely divergent styles. The classicism of Vivaldi, the fantasy of Mussorgsky, the bizarre Ravel, and the austere Sibelius, provided a variety of moods that bespoke a finely chosen program.

Alexander Siloti's arrangement of the Vivaldi Concerto in D minor for orchestra and organ spun its merry, fugal through two movements that might have easily been written by Bach. There is a perennial controversy among musical pundits whether Bach did not really write some of the works credited to Vivaldi. Certainly the Largo movement, which was conducted with beautiful, not overstressed, expressiveness by Koussevitzky, is comparable even to the famous air from Bach's Suite in D major. The organ admirably sustained the climaxes.

Nothing could be more different from Vivaldi's geometry than the Mussorgsky prelude to "Khovanstchina." This prelude, which illustrates the coming of dawn over the Red Square in the Kremlin of Moscow, was performed for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in October 24, 1924, with Dr Koussevitzky conducting. The opera has for its subject the conflict between Old and New Russia. This prelude is a quaint thing. The theme has a strong resemblance to the Volga Boatman's Song, although it is disguised by its lyrical character, in contrast to the rhythmic effect of the popular tune. Dr Koussevitzky carried the extremely delicate passages at the end with a delightful finesse.

Ravel's bolero, dedicated to Ida Rubenstein, the dancer, was first brought out and danced by her at Paris in November, 1928. This remarkable piece might easily be dismissed as nothing but a novel sensation, if it were not for its unmistakable, compelling effect. It depicts a Spanish dance, and little by little excited to a frenzy as the dancer becomes more and more animated. Knives are drawn—the woman tossed from arms to arms. A drum gives the dance rhythm, which is maintained throughout; a flute pipes the theme, which is taken up by wind instruments in turn; then by groups of instruments. Without any rhythmic harmonic or melodic variation, "there is a steady crescendo for about 20 minutes, until there is an explosive modulation—brass and percussion instruments swell the din until at last there is what has been described as a tornado of sound."

The monotony of tune and rhythm, at first rather irritating, produces in its climax an irresistible effect. Needless to say, the orchestra made the most of this show piece. The audience, though not quite so wildly enthusiastic as when it was first performed here a few weeks ago, was warmly appreciative.

The last number on the program was Sibelius' Symphony in D major. Koussevitzky's conducting of the first two movements was not at all emphatic, but in the last two movements, played without interruption, he was more coherent; and particularly toward the final section of the last movement he maintained the stirring, singing theme that leads to the concluding, sonorous apotheosis.

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The third concert in the Monday night series of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place last evening in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Siloti, Concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ; Moussorgsky, Prelude to the opera "Khovanstchina"; Ravel, Bolero; Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D major.

Dr. Koussevitzky has acquainted his audiences with several of Vivaldi's, the red-haired priest's, concertos. Hearing them, one fails to see the justice of opinions expressed by solemn writers, as Sir Hubert Perry, who spoke of Vivaldi's slow movements as showing "glibness and a certain mastery of technic," but added that the musical ideas are little more than "poses"—whatever that may mean. This music has lived, for it has nobility and beauty. Not without cause did Dr. Koussevitzky put this concerto on the first program he prepared for Boston.

The Prelude to "Khovanstchina" undoubtedly owes in great measure its charm to Rimsky-Korsakov who edited the pages that Moussorgsky left and orchestrated them. It matters little, whether the hearer is acquainted with the scene on the stage; as pure and absolute music, this Prelude has a peculiar charm if only for sheer euphony and atmosphere.

Ravel's "Bolero" excites at a first hearing, it pleases by the monotony of repetitions, which exerts a hypnotic influence. The clever trick of the composer, a veritable tour de force, does not surprise one after first acquaintance. The "Bolero" shows technical skill in the establishment of a long crescendo and in the sudden, unanticipated stormy modulation; and this is all.

It cannot be said by way of praise that Sibelius's Second Symphony is "characteristic" of him, for he is himself in all his music, an imposing figure in his loneliness, his deep-seated melancholy, his rage and passion suggestive of landscapes and seascapes of hi beloved Finland.

The various moods of these four compositions were fully appreciated by the accomplished and magnetic conductor, and the performance by the superb instrument on which he plays was of the highest order. H. F. B.

GOSSENS IS LEADER AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

EUGENE GOOSSENS, English composer and conductor, who has been in this country for the better part of the last six years, conducts this week's Boston Symphony concerts as guest. Following a week after the Russian Glazounov, who led a program composed entirely of his own works, Mr. Goossens was in the dilemma familier to most guest-conductors choosing their programs. If he features modern or unfamiliar works many complain at not seeing him with a program of classics by which his ability may be compared with others. If he chooses classics, others complain that these are overplayed.

Eugene Goossens

Mr. Goossens' opening number was a fortunate choice—Wagner's "Faust" Overture, which is not often played here. Unfortunately the Schumann B-flat Symphony has been given here often under Mr. Koussevitzky. Consequently there was reason for grumbling, although Mr. Goossens may not have been responsible.

Nor can the distinguished Englishman hope to make us forget Mr. Koussevitzky's glowing version of the Symphony. In 1[illegible] place Goossens would have us hear a Schumann of melodic line, played "straight," without the romantic ardor, the joy of Spring that Schumann would have his music express. In suiting his own temperament, Goossens does violence to Schumann's

In the second part of the program the conductor is on home territory—his own Concertino for Double String Orchestra and the latest of Respighi's war-horse, "Feste Romane." The Concertino is in nine voices, built up more or less on a single theme, though there is a slow section and the single movement has three distinct parts. The music is forthrightly modern, the development ingenious.

Again "Bolero" As A Monday Hears It

FOR the third program of the Monday series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, returning to command, presented an uncommonly diversified program. Neither in style, national character, musical substance; nor instrumental color was there the slightest affinity between any two pieces. The items were Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor for Orchestra and Organ, the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina," Ravel's celebrated "Bolero" and the Second Symphony of Sibelius, in D major. The audience extended a cordial greeting to Dr. Koussevitzky as he approached the conductor's stand. Thereafter, applause was the immediate reaction to the music at hand. Vivaldi's Concerto found but lukewarm favor. Musorgsky's Prelude delighted those who prefer melody and picturesque instrumental niceties above all else; it was undoubtedly a popular number. From those who listened carefully and who have acquired a special fondness for the composer, the Symphony of Sibelius drew hearty applause, though it easily could be seen that the audience as a whole would have received one of the familiar symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms or Chaikovsky with much greater cordiality. (Strange musical material, especially in the more serious forms, is not always popular at Monday concerts.) The summit of the evening, however—to the vast majority, at least—was Ravel s irresistible "Bolero."

As everyone knows, "Bolero" is the talk of the town. The piece is generally accepted and acclaimed by the public at large. Witness the growing tenseness as the repeated and amplified melody probed deeper and deeper under the musical skin. Possibly many grew really excited and only with difficulty refrained from shouting. More likely there was a large degree of humorous speculation as to which instrument would next take up the theme or how much louder it could be proclaimed; hearty and appreciative laughter would here be the natural reaction, which, to nervous persons easily excited by relentless rhythms, might become a trifle hysterical. It is to be questioned, however, whether the great popularity of the piece derives so much from its inherent musical qualities as from its obvious character. . . . "A child can follow it" . . . Among musicians and musical amateurs opinion is about evenly divided pro and con, with the composers expressing amazement and, no doubt, some envy at the seeming ease of the trick ("Why, I could have done as well with a stencil"). To one listener, if still another opinion is worthwhile, "Bolero" is a magnificent technical stroke that may also be a stroke of genius. Be that as it may, the audience received it with great enthusiasm, repeatedly calling Dr. Koussevitzky to the stage until he had brought the orchestra to their feet. But it was an orderly enthusiasm, far from the shouting and stamping of previous report.

The Prelude to Musorgsky's Opera, "Khovantchina," was deservedly popular for the grace and delicacy with which it was played, for the objective beauty of its melodic material, for the charming play of instrumental color. Dr. Koussevitzky usually reveals his pleasaure in such music by the gesture of satisfaction with which he drops his baton across the score.

The nobility and dignity of Sibelius as a composer of symphonic music are ever more apparent with the repeated hearings which Dr. Koussevitzky's performances afford. In this second symphony he composer is moving toward a more modern and more incisive style and at he same time a more profound musical tructure that is to be observed in other ompositions of similar date. The details y which these ends are effected have een mentioned before—the individualized hoirs and the gradually evolved structure built upon previously concise statements made earlier in the symphony. /ith greater familiarity, Sibelius will increase his appreciative audience and provide fuel for the enthusiasm of his already ardent following. As for yesterday's performance, the atmosphere of pontaneity and inspiration seemed not o pervading as upon previous occasions. The Concerto of Vivaldi for final acount, though it came first upon the proram. It pleases many as it pleased last vening. The general impression is one objectivity and classical symmetry and petition carried to extreme. Dr. Koussevitzky's violins, joining with the organ sonorous closing cadence [illegible]

Playwrights' Ways

To Each One His Own Particular Courses

THERE is no one way of thinking of a play: there are as many ways as there are authors. One man will think of an idea, and will create characters as he needs them for the expounding of that idea. Another man will think of a character, and will create situations in which to exhibit that character. A third will think of a situation, and then put people into it. Mr. Sutro plans his plays for six months before he puts pen to paper. Mr. Shaw thinks of a theme and turns people loose on it as he needs them.

Sir James Barrie is reputed to write his last act first, but this cannot be true so far as "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is concerned. Perhaps that is the single instance in which he wrote his first act first. If so, it was fatal to the play, for he seems never to have got beyond the first. I say "seems," for who but Sir James himself knows whether the play was ever finished? [St. John Ervine in The London Observer

Concert Chronicle

Youngsters and "Bolero"

CHILDREN cry for it. Or more accurately, clap, shout and stamp their pleasure in it. . . . A full house yesterday afternoon awaited the Symphony Orchestra's concert for children and young people. Upstairs and down it was well sprinkled with the middle teens which, some venture to believe, are more essential to the scheme and better worth the cultivating than tender ten-year-olds. Last number on the program was Monsieur Ravel's "Bolero", for nowadays the youngsters must be in the fashion along with their elders. The piece continues through fourteen minutes —considerable tax upon young attention. As everyone knows by this time, Monsieur Ravel reiterates a single dance-theme in a changeless rhythm through a long crescendo, passing it from instrument to instrument, from choir to choir, incessantly intensifying force and color until a masterly modulation and acceleration outspread sweeping, effulgent climax.

Needless to say, the cognoscenti were curious to discover what the youngsters would make of such a music. Usually they answer to sharp-cut rhythms and stir to dance-tunes. At the outset, however, "Bolero" made little impression. Not until the saxophones picked up the motiv, did the young audience sit up and take notice. Not until the strings sharpened and deepened it were they on edge. Thereafter, they were as excited as the rest of us at a first hearing of "Bolero"; while the end loosed the usual torrent of applause. The effect of the piece is primarily nervous. The middle teens have nerves. Their bodies twitched, their hands clenched, as adults' have been known to do. The twelve-year-olds, and under, were relatively impassive, even restless and baffled. Dr. Koussevitzky led the orchestra through "Bolero," and the sixth performance of the piece gave no ground for this or that reproach to his version. True, he begins more quietly and proceeds at a slower pace than did Mr. Toscanini in New York; but the conductor had both these indications from Mme. Rubinstein for whom, as dancer, Monsieur Ravel wrote the piece. In Paris, moreover, it was played, under the eye and ear of the composer, with a like outbursting climax.

The juveniles were not too responsive to the light rhythms and light scoring of three dances, led by Mr. Burgin, from a ballet of Rameau. More to their liking was the incisive, full-throated, march—drums, trumpets 'n ev'ything — from Prokoffiev's opera of "Three Oranges." And are donkeys an extinct animal for American children and youth, altogether outside daily experience? An audience of European youngsters would have laughed loudly when the long-eared species crossed the screen to become audible in Saint-Saëns's "Animals' Carnival." The young Bostonians of all ranks at Symphony Hall gave them no more than a glance and a smile. In fact, they went sentimental over Saint-Saëns's aviary-menagerie; liked best the cuckoo calling out of the woods and the swan swimming through succulent 'cello-song. Nor, as the signs went, were they much interested in Tournier's thin-bodied, adroitly contrived harp-fantasia or the wonders of tone and skill accomplished upon it by the virtuoso-Zighera. Give them Ravel and his tavern-tune. Or give them the figures out of eighteenth-century ballet or opera shown on the screen apropos Rameau's dances. Then they laughed heartily. Little "hundred percenters" that they are, anything not American or up-to-date was intrinsically comic.

Incidents and Prospects

Since two symphonies and a new Divertimento by Mr. Prokoffiev are as yet unheard in Boston, some regret that the Symphony Concerts this week contain only his early and familiar Scythian Suite in addition to the Concerto in which he will be guest-composer-pianist. The exactions of that piece, requiring thorough rehearsal, stood in the way of either Symphony or Divertimento; nor, had there been time and opportunity, were scores easily obtainable. . . . To end the program, Dr. Koussevitzky has put by the two Spanish pieces out of Albéniz for the usual dances from de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

The annual pair of choral concerts by the Symphony Orchestra assisted is set for Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14 and 15. Debussy's version for women's voices of Rosetti's "Blessed Damozel" and hrs incidental music to d'Annunzio's play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," will divide the program. The Choral Society of Radcliffe College, prepared by Mr. Woodworth, will be choir for the one: the chorus of The Cecilia, made ready by Arthur Fiedler, for the other. For the first times, the music to "Saint Sebastian," as some say the last work of Debussy's prime, will be heard in America in virtual entirety." Mme. Ritter-Ciampi, Parisian singer, will take the solo-parts.

For record beyond the longest memory, only two concerts are announced in Boston through next week—the first of the operatic fortnight—and both fall on Sunday afternoon. "The opera is coming to town," as they say in Tulsa and Wichita.

H T. P.

Transmanic [illegible]

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The ability of Mr. Goossens as a conductor, his musically intelligent interpretations, his authority and his excellent taste, added to an ingratiating presence and a magnetic personality were made known to the Symphony audiences when he was invited to conduct this orchestra four years ago last Wednesday. His fine qualities were again revealed in his masterly, romantically poetic interpretation of the overture, much of which has aged, and the ever fresh symphony by Schumann.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik: Prokofieff, Scythian Suite; Prokofieff, piano concerto in G minor, No. 2 (first time in the United States, Mr. Prokofieff, pianist); Albeniz-Arbos, La Fete-Dieu a Seville and Triana (from "Iberia").

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The Prelude to "Khovanstchina" undoubtedly owes in great measure its charm to Rimsky-Korsakov who edited the pages that Moussorgsky left and orchestrated them. It matters little, whether the hearer is acquainted with the scene on the stage; as pure and absolute music, this Prelude has a peculiar charm if only for sheer euphony and atmosphere.

Ravel's "Bolero" excites at a first hearing, it pleases by the monotony of repetitions, which exerts a hypnotic influence. The clever trick of the composer, a veritable tour de force, does not surprise one after first acquaintance. The "Bolero" shows technical skill in the establishment of a long crescendo and in the sudden, unanticipated stormy modulation; and this is all.

It cannot be said by way of praise that Sibelius's Second Symphony is "characteristic" of him, for he is himself in all his music, an imposing figure in his loneliness, his deep-seated melancholy, his rage and passion suggestive of landscapes and seascapes of hi beloved Finland.

The various moods of these four compositions were fully appreciated by the accomplished and magnetic conductor, and the performance by the superb instrument on which he plays was of the highest order.

H. F. B.

GOSSENS IS LEADER AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

EUGENE GOOSSENS, English composer and conductor, who has been in this country for the better part of the last six years, conducts this week's Boston Symphony concerts as guest. Following a week after the Russian Glazounov, who led a program composed entirely of his own works, Mr. Goossens was in the dilemma familier to most guest-conductors choosing their programs. If he features modern or unfamiliar works many complain at not seeing him with a program of classics by which his ability may be compared with others. If he chooses classics, others complain that these are overplayed.

Eugene Goossens

Mr. Goossens' opening number was a fortunate choice—Wagner's "Faust" Overture, which is not often played here. Unfortunately the Schumann B-flat Symphony has been given here often under Mr. Koussevitzky. Consequently there was reason for grumbling, although Mr. Goossens may not have been responsible.

Nor can the distinguished Englishman hope to make us forget Mr. Koussevitzky's glowing version of the Symphony. In its place Goossens would have us hear a Schumann of melodic line, played "straight," without the romantic ardor, the joy of Spring that Schumann would have his music express. In suiting his own temperament, Goossens does violence to Schumann's

In the second part of the program the conductor is on home territory—his own Concertino for Double String Orchestra and the latest of Respighi's war-horse, "Feste Romane." The Concertino is in nine voices, built up more or less on a single theme, though there is a slow section and the single movement has three distinct parts. The music is forthrightly modern, the development ingenious.

Again "Bolero" As A Monday Hears It

For the third program of the Monday series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, returning to command, presented an uncommonly diversified program. Neither in style, national character, musical substance; nor instrumental color was there the slightest affinity between any two pieces. The items were Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor for Orchestra and Organ, the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina," Ravel's celebrated "Bolero" and the Second Symphony of Sibelius, in D major. The audience extended a cordial greeting to Dr. Koussevitzky as he approached the conductor's stand. Thereafter, applause was the immediate reaction to the music at hand. Vivaldi's Concerto found but lukewarm favor. Musorgsky's Prelude delighted those who prefer melody and picturesque instrumental niceties above all else; it was undoubtedly a popular number. From those who listened carefully and who have acquired a special fondness for the composer, the Symphony of Sibelius drew hearty applause, though it easily could be seen that the audience as a whole would have received one of the familiar symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms or Chaikovsky with much greater cordiality. (Strange musical material, especially in the more serious forms, is not always ponular at Monday concerts.) The summit of the evening, however—to the vast majority, at least—was Ravel's irresistible "Bolero."

As everyone knows, "Bolero" is the talk of the town. The piece is generally accepted and acclaimed by the public at large. Witness the growing tenseness as the repeated and amplified melody probed deeper and deeper under the musical skin. Possibly many grew really excited and only with difficulty refrained from shouting. More likely there was a large degree of humorous speculation as to which instrument would next take up the theme or how much louder it could be proclaimed; hearty and appreciative laughter would here be the natural reaction, which, to nervous persons easily excited by relentless rhythms, might become a trifle hysterical. It is to be questioned, however, whether the great popularity of the piece derives so much from its inherent musical qualities as from its obvious character. . . . . "A child can follow it" . . . Among musicians and musical amateurs opinion is about evenly divided pro and con, with the composers expressing amazement and, no doubt, some envy at the seeming ease of the trick ("Why, I could have done as well with a stencil"). To one listener, if still another opinion is worthwhile, "Bolero" is a magnificent technical stroke that may also be a stroke of genius. Be that as it may, the audience received it with great enthusiasm, repeatedly calling Dr. Koussevitzky to the stage until he had brought the orchestra to their feet. But it was an orderly enthusiasm, far from the shouting and stamping of previous report.

The Prelude to Musorgsky's Opera, "Khovantchina," was deservedly popular for the grace and delicacy with which it was played, for the objective beauty of its melodic material, for the charming play of instrumental color. Dr. Koussevitzky usually reveals his pleasaure in such music by the gesture of satisfaction with which he drops his baton across the score.

The nobility and dignity of Sibelius as a composer of symphonic music are ever more apparent with the repeated hearings which Dr. Koussevitzky's performances afford. In this second symphony the composer is moving toward a more modern and more incisive style and at the same time a more profound musical structure that is to be observed in other compositions of similar date. The details by which these ends are effected have been mentioned before—the individualized choirs and the gradually evolved structure built upon previously concise statements made earlier in the symphony. With greater familiarity, Sibelius will increase his appreciative audience and provide fuel for the enthusiasm of his already ardent following. As for yesterday's performance, the atmosphere of spontaneitv and inspiration seemed not so pervading as upon previous occasions.

The Concerto of Vivaldi for final account, though it came first upon the program. It pleases many as it pleased last evening. The general impression is one of objectivity and classical symmetry and repetition carried to extreme. Dr. Koussevitzky's violins, joining with the organ for sonorous closing cadence, alone give sensuous beautiy.

N. M. J.

Playwrights' Ways

To Each One His Own Particular Courses

THERE is no one way of thinking of a play: there are as many ways as there are authors. One man will think of an idea, and will create characters as he needs them for the expounding of that idea. Another man will think of a character, and will create situations in which to exhibit that character. A third will think of a situation, and then put people into it. Mr. Sutro plans his plays for six months before he puts pen to paper. Mr. Shaw thinks of a theme and turns people loose on it as he needs them.

Sir James Barrie is reputed to write his last act first, but this cannot be true so far as "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is concerned. Perhaps that is the single instance in which he wrote his first act first. If so, it was fatal to the play, for he seems never to have got beyond the first. I say "seems," for who but Sir James himself knows whether the play was ever finished? [St. John Ervine in The London Observer

Concert Chron[illegible]

Youngsters and "Bolero"

CHILDREN cry for it. C[illegible] curately, clap, shout ar[illegible] their pleasure in it. . . . [illegible] house yesterday afternoon awai[illegible] Symphony Orchestra's concert for[illegible] dren and young people. Upstairs down it was well sprinkled with the[illegible] dle teens which, some venture to be[illegible] are more essential to the scheme[illegible] better worth the cultivating than te[illegible] ten-year-olds. Last number on the[illegible] gram was Monsieur Ravel's "Bole[illegible] for nowadays the youngsters mus[illegible] in the fashion along with their elders[illegible] piece continues through fourteen mi[illegible] —considerable tax upon young a[illegible] tion. As everyone knows by this[illegible] Monsieur Ravel reiterates a single d[illegible] theme in a changeless rhythm th[illegible] a long crescendo, passing it from in[illegible] ment to instrument, from choir to [illegible] incessantly intensifying force and [illegible] until a masterly modulation and [illegible] eration outspread sweeping, effi[illegible] climax.

Needless to say, the cognoscenti [illegible] curious to discover what the youn[illegible] would make of such a music. U[illegible] they answer to sharp-cut rhythm[illegible] stir to dance-tunes. At the outset[illegible] ever, "Bolero" made little impr[illegible] Not until the saxophones picked [illegible] motiv, did the young audience sit [illegible] take notice. Not until the strings [illegible] ened and deepened it were they on[illegible] Thereafter, they were as excited a[illegible] rest of us at a first hearing of "Bol[illegible] while the end loosed the usual torren[illegible] applause. The effect of the piece is [illegible] marily nervous. The middle teens h[illegible] nerves. Their bodies twitched, th[illegible] hands clenched, as adults' have be[illegible] known to do. The twelve-year-olds, an[illegible] under, were relatively impassive, even restless and baffled. Dr. Koussevitzky led the orchestra through "Bolero," and the sixth performance of the piece gave no ground for this or that reproach to his version. True, he begins more quietly and proceeds at a slower pace than did Mr. Toscanini in New York; but the conductor had both these indications from Mme. Rubinstein for whom, as dancer, Monsieur Ravel wrote the piece. In Paris, moreover, it was played, under the eye and ear of the composer, with a like outbursting climax.

The juveniles were not too responsive to the light rhythms and light scoring of three dances, led by Mr. Burgin, from a ballet of Rameau. More to their liking was the incisive, full-throated, march—drums, trumpets 'n ev'ything — from Prokoffiev's opera of "Three Oranges." And are donkeys an extinct animal for American children and youth, altogether outside daily experience? An audience of European youngsters would have laughed loudly when the long-eared species crossed the screen to become audible in Saint-Saëns's "Animals' Carnival." The young Bostonians of all ranks at Symphony Hall gave them no more than a glance and a smile. In fact, they went sentimental over Saint-Saëns's aviary-menagerie; liked best the cuckoo calling out of the woods and the swan swimming through succulent 'cello-song. Nor, as the signs went, were they much interested in Tournier's thin-bodied, adroitly contrived harp-fantasia or the wonders of tone and skill accomplished upon it by the virtuoso-Zighera. Give them Ravel and his tavern-tune. Or give them the figures out of eighteenth-century ballet or opera shown on the screen apropos Rameau's dances. Then they laughed heartily. Little "hundred percenters" that they are, anything not American or up-to-date was intrinsically comic.

Tansmanic [illegible]

[illegible] piece, requiring [illegible] rehearsal, stood in the way of either Symphony or Divertimento; nor, had there been time and opportunity, were scores easily obtainable. . . . To end the program, Dr. Koussevitzky has put by the two Spanish pieces out of Albéniz for the usual dances from de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

The annual pair of choral concerts by the Symphony Orchestra assisted is set for Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14 and 15. Debussy's version for women's voices of Rosetti's "Blessed Damozel" and hrs incidental music to d'Annunzio's play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," will divide the program. The Choral Society of Radcliffe College, prepared by Mr. Woodworth, will be choir for the one: the chorus of The Cecilia, made ready by Arthur Fiedler, for the other. For the first times, the music to "Saint Sebastian," as some say the last work of Debussy's prime, will be heard in America in virtual entirety." Mme. Ritter-Ciampi, Parisian singer, will take the solo-parts.

For record beyond the longest memory, only two concerts are announced in Boston through next week—the first of the operatic fortnight—and both fall on Sunday afternoon. "The opera is coming to town," as they say in Tulsa and Wichita.

H T. P.

ebruary Third and Fourth
oston, Massachusetts

ottender, surveys show.

[illegible] choice from [illegible] symphonies. He selected the Dvorak composition because he felt that it would give the greatest pleasure to the largest number of people. Tickets for the concert are now being sold at Walter D. Moses and Company, where seats also may be obtained for the recital to be given the following Monday night, February 10, by Jascha Heifetz, violinist.

Players --- Music and Musicians --- The

Dr. Koussevitzky Announces a Spring Festival of Brahms

Schnabel for Distinguished Guest

Four Special, Two Regular, Concerts of Orchestral, Choral, Chamber-Pieces

Arthur Schnabel, Pianist

EXCEPT in summer, when no one should work, Dr. Koussevitzky is not willingly a man of leisure. Nominally, through the current fortnight, he is on holiday. Actually, he has been preparing the programs and assembling the forces for the Brahms Festival, foreshadowed last autumn in the calendar of the Symphony Orchestra. As now and finally arranged, it will consist of four special concerts in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 23; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 24, 25, 26. To them will be joined the preceding Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21 and Saturday evening, March 22. For the special concerts, with the whole hall open to all comers, seats will go on sale, at the automatic subscription board, on Saturday morning next. For the two regular Symphony Concerts, no seats, except chance "returns," are available.

The Brahms Festival marks no anniversary from his career; but like the Beethoven Centenary Festival of 1927—one of the largest and best-remembered events in Dr. Koussevitzky's Bostonian progress—it is planned to range widely through his music. Two of the special concerts will be orchestral; one choral; one for chamber-pieces. At the regular Symphony Concerts, the Second Symphony, the Third Symphony and the Academic Overture will be played.

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The forces concerned: As conductor through the whole festival, Dr. Koussevitzky; for orchestra, the Symphony Orchestra; for chorus, the Harvard Glee Club of Dr. Davison, the Radcliffe Choral Society of Mr. Woodworth; for the chamber concert, the Burgin String Quartet of members of the orchestra; for assisting singers at need, Mme. Matzenauer (of the Metropolitan Opera House), Miss Jeannette Vreeland, Mr. Fraser Gange. Finally, for illustrious guest, bidden to Boston especially for this festiv Schnabel, the pianist. Thoug seldom visited the United State been heard here rarely, his spreads over the length and b Europe. As musician, he exc classic repertory; while in Bra symphonic concertos, both in the festival, none transcends will share also in the chamb In four words, as the social w has it, "the guest of honor."

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Respighi By and Large

And now to his "Fountains of Ro (1917) and his "Pines of Rome" (19 Signor Respighi has added the new "F tivals of Rome"—by report the last of series. In 1928 the symphonic poem written. First performance came in N York almost a year ago under Mr. T canini, Feb. 28, 1929. At that time Gilman wrote in the program-book the Philharmonic Society that the wo was still in manuscript. The prin score is now at hand, under date of 19 It assembles an orchestra the like which has not been assembled befo Behold the list of known and unkno instruments: three flutes and picco wo oboes and English horn; two cla nets, bass-clarinet, small clarinet in two bassoons and double bassoon; fo horns; four trumpets; two trombon bass trombone, bass tuba; tympa Basque drum (or tambourine); clapp rattle; small and large tambourine; t ingle; cymbals; bass drum with cymbal tached; tam-tam; little bells; two chur bells; xylolphone; two tavolette; ha piano two and four hands; organ; thr Roman trumpets (buccine), mandolin; t usual quintet of strings. Mr. Gilm quoted Respighi as having said that th instrumentation "represents the ma mum of orchestral sonority and color!"

Though there are four divisions "Feste Romane," it proceeds from begi

Continued on Following Page

Goossens Brings Two Novel Pieces

Continued from Preceding Page

ning to end without pause. Respighi has written a "program" herewith quoted:

I. Circenses (Circuses).—"A threatening sky hangs over the Massino Circus, but it is the people's holiday: 'Ave Nero.' The iron doors are unlocked, the strains of a religious song and the howling of wild beasts float on the air. The crowd rises in agitation; unperturbed, the song of the martyrs develops, conquers and then is lost in the tumult."

A feature of this division is the martial solo-like theme given to the three Roman trumpets and dominating a considerable portion of the movement. Of the buccina Grove has this to say: "An instrument of the bugle type of bore. It was curved to nearly a circle, and the bell rested on the shoulder of the player. A specimen found at Pompeii and now preserved at the National Museum at Naples is pitched in G, its proper tones therefore correspond with those of the French horn when pitched in G." The theme enters after three measures of vigorous introduction, and is heard first over a roll on the tam-tam. It is interrupted several times by this introduction, which then in a mighty crescendo takes on the value of a theme. A middle section is introduced by heavily rhythmed staccato chords in all the low-pitched instruments. The main portion of this section is a lyric Andante in the higher pitched instruments. The original Allegro returns, re-introduces the buccina and the opening introductory figure; grows more and more vivid until it reaches an Allegro vivo of frenzed brilliance, including, at the high point a huge chord on the organ. There is a pause of effective silence, and a few heavily marked chords, Largo, lead into the second main division.

II. Giubileo (The Jubilee).—"The pilgrims trail along the highway, praying. Finally appears from the summit of Monte Mario, to ardent eyes and groping souls, the holy city: 'Rome! Rome! A hymn of praise bursts forth, the churches ring out their reply."

This division begins Doloroso e Stanco (Sadly and Wearily). There is a string figure by way of introduction. A clarinet and a bassoon sing their somber theme, based on the harmonies of the old church-modes which are favorite matter with Respighi. There is climax and much repetition of the theme. An Allegro moderato follows, gay and joyous, for full orchestra, with bright use of high-pitched instruments. Against it eventually horns, trumpets and trombones introduce canonically another plain-song-like motif. The whole grows to an Allegro festoso, which is a tumultuous orchestral ensemble with brass and organ on the plain-song theme. There are persistent bell-effects. The Jubilee subsides to a quiet close, continuing, however, to

III. The October Festival—"The October festival in the Roman 'Castelli' covered with vines: hunting echoes, tinkling of bells, songs of love. Then in the tender even-fall arises a romantic serenade." The movement is Allegro giocoso. There are light chords; a horn begins a jovial theme. The mood continues through many instruments and motifs and combinations. When a contrast appears, it remains broadly within the original mood. Then a very gradual, long continued slowing down, punctuated by rhapsodic cadenza-like passages for various instruments, under some of which might be written, "By courtesy of Nicolai Andreievitch Rimsky-Korsakov." "October Festivals" is linked to

IV. The Epiphany—"The night before Epiphany in the Piazza Navona: a characteristic rhythm of trumpets dominates the frantic clamor; above the swelling noise float, from time to time, rustic motives, saltarello-cadenzas, the strains of a barrel-organ at a booth and the ballyhoo at the door; the harsh song of the drunken and the lively stornello in which is expressed the popular feeling. 'Lasstece passà, semo Romani!' (We are Romans, let us pass!")

Vivo. The carnival-spirit prevails. The movement is one of energies and vigors of brilliances and tours de force, of sonorities piled on sonorities, mostly at driving speeds. Thus to describe the music is sufficient characterization. The Italian dance "Saltarello" interrupts with the hard-voiced small clarinet taking the tune. This makes way for a "Tempo pesante di Valse," flute, harp, piano, bells, with the organ giving the waltz-rhythm. The saltarello is resumed. Then there is return to the Vivo of the beginning. From this point onward there seems no end to the successive climaxes—high point after high point. Is Signor Respighi deliberately trying to surpass the tremendous close that he piled up in "Pini di Roma"? A final Prestissimo with massed brass and whirling percussion at last brings conclusion.

A. H. M.

Macy Company A

Players --- Music and Musicians --- The Sc

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Goossens Brings Two Novel Pieces

Respighi's "Feste Romane," His Own Concertino, at Symphony Hall

TO the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, Mr. Eugene Goossens, of stimulating memory, returns as guest-conductor. Following established custom courteously and, probably, with relish, to them he will bring two novel numbers: his own Concertino for Double String-Orchestra, as yet heard from few stages; "Feste Romane," or "Roman Festivals," the third of Ottorino Respighi's symphonic poems about the Eternal City. He will also begin both concerts with a revival of Wagner's "Faust Overture," so long unheard at Symphony Hall as to be virtually strange piece.

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Continued on Following Page

Symphony

Early Wagner, Late Respighi, Another Guest

Eugene Goossens as Conductor Through A Variegated Symphony Concert

Transcript Feb Jan 24

NOT until Monday does the master of the house return. Consequently on Friday the weekly shifting of the symphonic scene. To the stage across which the elderly Glazunov had lumbered, now loped the relatively youthful Eugene Goossens. His slight, trim figure, from top to toe stamped Sackville Street, replaced, on the director's stand, the bulky presence of the loose-clad Russian. The conductor-composer from London, via Rochester which is in New York, swung a long stick through longer arcs, or pointing it now to floor, again to ceiling, beat the measure; whereas the professor from Leningrad plied a short baton in narrow radius. Inviting the orchestra to his will, Mr. Glazunov stood as firm as a rock; urging it to his purpose, Mr. Goossens whipped and tossed about pictorially. The all-father of musical Russia only incidentally a conductor, trusted his symphony, his concerto, his tone-poem to the band as one trusts a friend to the conveying ship or airplane. The busy Briton, who composes in the intervals of conducting, had an explicit notion of what he wished for Schumann, Wagner and Respighi, no less than for his own Concertino.

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L. A. S.

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Post Jan 28

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THIS CLIPPING FROM

POST

Brahms Festival by Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conductor, announces a Brahms festival on a large scale to be given in the orchestra's own city on March 21-26. In this week of special concerts Dr. Koussevitzky will present the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of the German master. The orchestra will be assisted by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges; Artur Schnabel, the German pianist, who is crossing from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

The purely orchestral works to be played include the four symphonies, the "Academic Festival" overture and the "Variations on a Theme by Haydn." Choral works announced are "A German Requiem," "A Song of Destiny," the "Liebeslieder" waltzes and the "Rhapsody for Alto With Male Chorus." Schnabel will appear with the orchestra in the two piano concertos and likewise on the chamber music program, which is to include works for piano solo, a violin sonata and the Quintet in F minor.

Symphony

Early Wagner, Late Respighi, Another Guest

Eugene Goossens as Conductor Through A Variegated Symphony Concert

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POST

Festival by Boston Symphony Orchestra

ton Symphony Orchestra, Dr. oussevitzky conductor, an- Brahms festival on a large e given in the orchestra's own larch 21-26. In this week of ncerts Dr. Koussevitzky will le principal orchestral, choral er works of the German mas- orchestra will be assisted by ses of Harvard and Radcliffe Artur Schnabel, the German o is crossing from Europe asion; the singers, Margaret Jeannette Vreeland and ge, and the Burgin String

y orchestral works to be de the four symphonies, ic Festival" overture and s on a Theme by Haydn." announced are "A Ger- ," "A Song of Destiny," der" waltzes and the Alto With Male Chorus." appear with the orches- o piano concertos and e chamber music pro- to include works for violin sonata and the inor.

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Symphony

Early Wagner, Late Respighi, Another Guest

Eugene Goossens as Conductor Through A Variegated Symphony Concert

NOT until Monday does the master of the house return. Consequently on Friday the weekly shifting of the symphonic scene. To the stage across which the elderly Glazunov had lumbered, now loped the relatively youthful Eugene Goossens. His slight, trim figure, from top to toe stamped Sackville Street, replaced, on the director's stand, the bulky presence of the loose-clad Russian. The conductor-composer from London, via Rochester which is in New York, swung a long stick through longer arcs, or pointing it now to floor, again to ceiling, beat the measure; whereas the professor from Leningrad plied a short baton in narrow radius. Inviting the orchestra to his will, Mr. Glazunov stood as firm as a rock; urging it to his purpose. Mr. Goossens whipped and tossed about pictorially. The all-father of musical Russia only incidentally a conductor, trusted his symphony, his concerto, his tone-poem to the band as one trusts a friend to the conveying ship or airplane. The busy Briton, who composes in the intervals of conducting, had an explicit notion of what he wished for Schumann, Wagner and Respighi, no less than for his own Concertino.

Mr. Glazunov's program, a week ago, was the choice of a composer setting thrice over, before a friendly audience, his characteristic work. Mr. Goossens assembled a list that ranged out of the middle nineteenth century into the early twentieth; gave diversified room for his prowess as conductor; accorded with the custom of these concerts. Only incidentally, as it seemed, was one of the chosen pieces—and the briefest—his own. With Wagner's "Faust Overture" he restored a long-neglected music to Symphony Hall. With Respighi's "Roman Festivals" he proffered to the audience the newest specimen of a composer whom it had often applauded. If with Schumann's "Spring Symphony," he poached upon one of Dr. Koussevitzky's happiest hunting-grounds, he wished plainly to follow the "Faust Overture" with another example of mid-nineteenth century romanticism. In turn, the tone-picturing of Signor Respighi descends in direct line from Berlioz and Liszt. Indeed, through three-fourths and more of the concert, Mr. Goossens might have been a conductor whose specialty was the romantics. Only in the Concertino for Strings did he disclose himself as the temperate modernist he is. In form, the piece harks back to the ancients; in substance, it is self-contained music of line rather than suggestive music of color. In performance, the composer-conductor measured "expression." For what child of the Stravinskian age does not feel his lip curl at sight or sound of that benighted word?

"Roman Festivals" is orchestral sound and fury, interjected tunes and pasted labels, signifying musically next to nothing. For a season or two back Schumann's Symphony in B-flat has become a bedtime story at Symphony Hall that, if we are to smile contentedly from our cribs, Dr. Koussevitzky must tell in his inimitable way. Mr. Goossens's Concertino proved interesting and pleasurable in slender, modest fashion. Of no concert could it be high point. Consequently the matinée began at the peak with Wagner's "Faust Overture"; thereafter descended gradually toward the lush Italian bombast. Wagner's Overture dates from 1855, though it had been in his head, his letters and on his work-table through the forties. When it was last heard at the Symphony Concerts escaped even the all-remembering editor of the program-book. Some said in Mr. Monteux's time; others as far back as Dr. Muck's. However many the years, it was fresh and interesting to hear; while Mr. Goossens set it forth as painstakingly, warmly, sympathetically, as though he were reading a masterpiece.

There are many Wagners in the Overture—the Wagner who about this time had written "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman"; the Wagner who was to write "Tristan" and "The Twilight of The Gods"; the Wagner who in those days could put to paper as mechanical and form-filling measures as any routineer; the Wagner who could invent themes and melodies that still arrest the hearer; who already had the instinct and was finding the means to tonal color, atmosphere, suggestion. Dismiss the pages that to the nineteenn-thirties exhibit only the padding conventions of the eighteen-fifties; put aside clear resemblances to the earliest operas and vague anticipations of the later music- dramas. Even so, a considerable residue remains. The motiv of the brooding, despairing Faust, the motiv of the longing that comforts and haunts him, are salient, defining, well imagined materia musica. Within the form Wagner treats them graphically, intensively, for themselves, in contrast, in conflict, in final ebb to weary silence.

Here unmistakably is music that evokes a figure, infuses it with emotion. Outside the padded or the mechanized pages, development and delineation go mated. Already Wagner feels his orchestra; uses it imaginatively; more than once, individually. The "Faust Overture" is romantic music according to the prescriptions of the time, yet uneasy and straining within them. If the hearer likes, it is as conventional of the eighteen-forties as many a page of "The Flying Dutchman" or "Tannhäuser"; yet quite as often and more compactly and insistently, it is foreshadowing of the mature Wagner. To many a listener, it was no curiosity that Mr. Goossens was upturning.

"I am a Roman citizen" said the loyal Respighi to himself, and first the fountains, then the pines, now the festivals of his city, stirred him to musical composition. The earliest impact was the most spontaneous. "Roman Fountains," expands in well-devised, well-conducted tonal and pictorial design; the music speaks agreeably for itself; enforced by program-clews, works pleasurable illusion. A kindling Italian warmth, an honest Italian liveliness, suffuse the tone-poem. "Roman Pines" would do it all again, self-consciously, calculatingly, laboriously. The children on the Pincian must play like little modernists; a phonograph-nightingale sing from the Janiculum; the legions stamp and clatter along the Appian Way. Swell your sensations, Citizen Respighi seems to believe, and therewith are they intensified. Sound and fury delight him but he still skirts the edge of bombast. With "Roman Festivals" into that pit he lurches and wallows.

At the Circus Maximus of the Emperors the tone-poem begins, but the song of the Christian martyrs is barely audible through the brazen clamors of the amphitheater—a truly circus-music. . . . The pilgrims climb the hill road; for the while reiterated accent and dun color suggest their weary, monotonous tread. (Il Signore fancies marching rhythms.) Afar they see the church that is goal and vision. A second brazen tumult of rejoicing, a-boom with bells, forthwith engulfs them. . . . Out into the hills to make merry in the October festivals. Hunting horns sound; night-wanderers near and far oblige with a pretty serenade. The toiling Respighi gains his breath but fails to take away the listener's. . . . Back to the Piazza Navona for the people's fête at Epiphany. Before it is done Respighi has rhythmed a saltarello; imitated a hand-organ—the prize is divided between him and Stravinsky of a scene in "Petrushka"—sung a lewd ditty; blown up his orchestra nigh to bursting.

At a guess "Roman Festivals" contains adroit, avorsome, eclectic details according to the Signore's habit, but out of the din they pierce only to be blunted in bombast. Not sonority but sound is Respighi's goal: like the toper who so loved the wine that he drowned himself in the cask, the composer perishes in his own din. The fountains have run dry; the echoes from the pines gone mute; but the brasses may yet roar and the drums bang. With sonorities as with much else, there may be delusions of grandeur. Mr. Goossens and the orchestra were dutiful to the composer.

Listen to such rambunctious and empty stuff. Then hark back to Mr. Goossens's own Concertino. Good to hear and to feel was a music that ran in long lean lines; that out of flowing, fanciful, skillful counterpoint wove them through the divided or the mated voices of the string choir; clothed them piquantly or pungently in its timbres; spiced in not too many or too obtrusive modernisms; passed from the discreet animation of the beginning to the discreet sentiment of the songful section; thence to the tempered gayety, once darkened, of the end. Mr. Goossens's Concertino is no masterpiece; but it is the poised and practised music of a fertile mind and an alert hand. There is science in it, which was more to be desired at the moment than Respighi's fistful of bombast.

Science is likely to deny the possessor the expansive and rapturous, the dreamful and the blissful, temperament. Mr. Goossens's Schumann of the "Spring Symphony" was as dry as November when he should have blossomed like May. In him were no songful ardors. Not once did he stride the hillsides or muse in the shade. The conductor rushed him whenever he quickened the pace; cooled and checked him, whenever he would sing. Even Mr. Boettcher's soulful horn and Mr. Laurent's trilling flute—in the Scherzo—could gain him no more than brief release. Hereabouts Dr. Koussevitzky, and no other, is Schumann's prophet.

H. T. P.

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 19 193.

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Directs Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky, noted conductor, will direct the Boston Symphony when it is presented here at the Mosque on the night of February 3.

Critic Praises Orchestra That Plays On Feb. 3

Boston Symphony With Serge Koussevitzky Directing at the Mosque

"Without giving way to the natural impulse to use superlatives, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, must be conceded to be a great orchestra, a supremely great orchestra," declared the critic of the Minneapolis Star following a recent concert in that city by the Boston organization, which will appear at the Mosque the night of Monday, January 3. The 112 musicians, with their famous conductor, will be presented by T. Michaux Moody as the second attraction in the artists' course of five concerts, and tickets are now on sale at Walter D. Moses & Co. both for the series and for this single concert. Tickets for Jascha Heifetz, appearing in the same course, also are available.

"The Boston orchestra's gift to Minneapolis last evening was a revelation of what symphonic music can be,' continued the Star's critic, "and this is said with no disrespect to our own orchestra. The enjoyment it aroused was of the kind that leaves the concertgoer in an exhausted, inarticulate state, drained dry of emotion and ecstasy. First and foremost the Boston orchestra is a marvelous unit, trained to the finest edge of technical perfection—a single musical instrument that plays as one man might play. No music is so intricate or dazzling that it cannot be elucidated, with overpowering conviction by the 112 men who make up the personnel. Its choirs are flawless in tone production and each is welded to the other with uncanny precision.

"Second, Serge Koussevitzky is a controlling genius whose strength and sensitiveness and intelligence are everywhere apparent. He is a great clarifer, and one feels also a great lover of music's sensuous beauty. His interpretations live and breathe; their appeal is so magnetic that the hearer's attention is riveted into an almost painful absorption. How many times he was recalled during the evening it is impossible to say. After one number I counted up to seven and then wearied." This is the orchestra that Richmond music lovers and others from all near-by towns are soon to hear, and indications are that a tremendous audience will greet the great Dr. Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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which is interesting chiefly for its forecasting of the great music-dramas, conspicuously "Tristan"; and to set down in the place of honor the "Spring" Symphony, which is one of Dr. Koussevitzky's favorite repertory pieces. His readings were meticulous, but they did not throw upon this music the dazzling light of revelation.

It is true that Mr. Goossens is not the only conductor to hesitate about venturing outside the safe symphonic enclosure of Beethoven, Brahms and Schumann. But here was an opportunity. The Boston Orchestra has never played, for example, Vaughan Williams's "Pastoral" Symphony nor has it been heard for some years in the "London" Symphony. There is music of Bax and of Delius which would have been welcome, all without going outside the conductor's homeland; and symphonic music has been written in France, Russia, even Finland. Why Schumann?

For novelties, first, Mr. Goossens's Concertino, remade from a string octet and first performed in its present form at a concert of the League of Composers in New York last December. It is a well-formed, rhythmically lively piece, based as to its first and last movements on a not particularly salient figure. The slow movement, with a theme in folk song style, is the most appealing of the three. In it some charming effects are achieved with the divided strings.

Finally, what is said to be the concluding volume of Respighi's sesquipedalian Roman directory. This reporter heard the first performance of this work under Toscanini in New York a year ago, and so perhaps was too well prepared for it. With its cries of wild beasts, resounding church bells, barrel organs, guitar, and battery requiring 10 artillerymen, it caused on the present occasion some excited applause and a few shouts; but its essential meretriciousness cannot be concealed.

L. A. S.

THIRD MONDAY NIGHT CONCERT

Dr. Koussevitzky Returns to Conduct Symphony

Last evening, as conductor of the third of the Monday evening series of Symphony Concerts, Dr. Koussevitzky returned to the post from which he has been temporarily absent on mid-season holiday. To his hearers last evening, who received him and the following programme with enthusiasm, Dr. Koussevitzky presented Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor, as edited by Siloti, the Prelude to Moussorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina"; Ravel's Bolero, the orchestral sensation of the year, and the Second Symphony of Sibelius.

There are not a few among the admirers of the great Finnish composer who hold this Symphony in D major to be his masterpiece, remarkable in their several ways, as are most of his essays in that form. An epic of his native land, depicting, so it is said by those acquainted with Sibelius, Finland groaning under Russian oppression, but finally rejoicing in the hope of a deliverer, this Symphony is the fervid utterance of an ardent patriot that at the same time voices the struggle and aspirations of all humanity. When Dr. Koussevitzky conducted it early in the present season he showed himself to be in deep sympathy with the work. Indeed, the performance then, and again last evening, fell in eloquence no whit below the performance of the work given here several years ago by the Finnish conductor, Georg Schneevoigt.

When Ravel's Bolero was played for a second time at a Friday afternoon concert, it failed to create the furore that had followed its first hearing here a few weeks before. Nor did last evening's audience give vent to any unusual manifestation of excitement when the piece was concluded. There was, of course, sufficient applause to prompt Dr. Koussevitzky to call the players to their feet, but a like tribute had already rewarded the Prelude of Moussorgsky, which so vividly portrays the coming of dawn over the Kremlin in Moscow.

IS CLIPPING FROM
POST

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GOOSSENS CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Bost. Jan. 25

Concertino for Strings From His Pen Proves Agreeable

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The annual mid-season vacation of Dr. Koussevitzky is an excellent institution. The conductor needs and deserves his holiday. It was a pleasure last week both to hear and to see so distinguished a musician as Mr. Glazounov. Eugene Goossens, who conducted yesterday afternoon and who leads the band again this evening, has his points as director. And when Dr. Koussevitzky returns to his post next week he will be more than ever appreciated.

LACKS DRAMATIC FORCE

An admirable interpreter of contemporary music, Mr. Goossens appears to have little feeling for the music of the romantic composers. Yet he delights to place it upon his programmes. Presumably, like many another artist, he does not recognize his limitations. Yesterday, for example, Mr. Goossens began with Wagner's "A Faust Overture," and followed that piece with Schumann's First Symphony. Of the passages in Wagner's early score in which the composer anticipates his later methods and proceedures, such as the sombre and brooding introduction, Mr. Goossens made much. But he could not reanimate those pages that have become relatively old-fashioned. Here and there is need of a transfiguring imagination, of a strong lyric and dramatic feeling. And Mr. Goossens lacks these things. Where Wagner most required help, he received it least.

And so with Schumann's symphony. Gone from yesterday's performance were the rapture, the ardor, the songful warmth that Dr. Koussevitzky brings to this often inept yet essentially rhapsodic and exuberant score. Mr. Goossens would revitalize the music by means of rhythmic energy and a general quickening of the pace, but his efforts were in vain. Lifeless the music hung on his hands. Indeed, to hear the symphony yesterday was to realize even more keenly the almost miraculous transformation wrought by Dr. Koussevitzky when he conducts it. The notes were played yesterday, but of themselves they will no longer serve.

Own Concertino Admirable

Of the second part of the programme there is a different tale to tell. Not only was Mr. Goossen's own Concertino for double string orchestra, heard for the first time here, excellently played, the music itself proved altogether agreeable. As composer Mr. Goossens has no very individual voice, but he can write effectively and with charm.

In the matter of performance the final number, Respighi's new "Feste Romana," also received, so far as might be gathered, its due. As to the value of the work itself, that is another matter. Respighi's music, in fact, seems to be undergoing a process of spiritual degeneration. Despite its obvious effectiveness, the "Pines of Rome" was a distinct fall-off from its predecessor, the "Fountains of Rome," and now this latest addition to Respighi's tonal guide-book or Musical Baedeker of the Eternal City, "Roman Festivals," is considerably lower in the aesthetic scale.

Of the four sections—"Circus Maximus," "The Jubilee," "The October Excursions" and "Epiphany"—the two middle ones have the most of musical quality. The first of all is mere movie-music; the last is best described as a "filthy din." Of course the audience liked it, and applauded it, and applauded piece, band and conductor to the echo. And had the music been even noisier and more blatantly vulgar the audience would have liked it even better.

It was long ago demonstrated that the worth of music is not to be gauged by the fervor with which the general public receives it. Even the subscribers to the Symphony Concerts are, after all, only human.

NEW YORK
SUN

FEB

On its third visit to New York this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will change the date of its Thursday evening concert to next Friday evening, February 7, in Carnegie Hall.

At this and also at the Saturday matinee concert, Serge Prokofieff will be the guest soloist, appearing with the orchestra in his piano concerto No. 2. At the Friday night concert, Koussevitzky will conduct Prokofieff's Scythian suite. He will open the program with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and close it with three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three Cornered Hat."

At the matinee concert, in addition to Prokofieff's concerto, the Second Symphony of Bax in E minor and C, which was previously played at the evening concert, will be repeated in this series. It will be preceded by Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point." De Falla's dances will likewise close this program.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

FEB 2 - 1930

Bostonians at Academy

Serge Prokofieff will be the assisting soloist at the Academy of Music on Thursday night, when Mr. Koussevitsky brings his Boston Symphony Orchestra here for its third visit of the season. The Russian composer will participate in his own second concerto for piano and orchestra. Three dances from the De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat," and Tschaikofsky's Sixth Symphony are the other program numbers.

CONDUCTOR RETURNS TO SYMPHONY

Bost. Feb 1

Prokofieff Plays Own Piano Concerto With Virtuosity

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The annual interregnum at Symphony Hall is over. Dr. Koussevitzky has returned as conductor to the regular series of concerts. Yesterday's audience welcomed him with fervor that allowed of but one interpretation, and the orchestra played as it has not played on a Friday afternoon since Dr. Koussevitzky began his holiday.

PROKOFIEFF AT PIANO

Audiences the world over respond to personalities, and there were two yesterday in Symphony Hall, the returning conductor and the composer-soloist, Serge Prokofieff. The latter played his Second Pianoforte Concerto, hitherto unheard in the United States, and, together with orchestra and conductor, acknowledged the long-protracted applause bestowed upon his Scythian Suite.

This, it may be remarked in passing, was not Mr. Prokofieff's initial appearance at these concerts. Four years ago he played at a pair of them his Third Concerto and since 1922 his name had appeared no less than 14 times on the symphony programmes, a substantial total for a modernist composer.

Similar to Suite

The Concerto of yesterday, played by Mr. Prokofieff with unassuming virtuosity, by no means compares in interest with its immediate successor. This earlier music, composed in 1913, when Mr. Prokofieff was but 23, is so similar in genenal character to the Scythian Suite, a product of the ensuing year, that it suffered by following the latter piece on yesterday's programme. There was a disturbing suggestion that the savage rites of the Scythian barbarians were over-long continued. To speak technically, there was too much of the principal musical ingredients of the young Prokofieff's style: His insistent quadruple rhythms; his persistent diatonic dissonance; his love of shrill, highly percussive orchestration.

Not before had the Scythian Suite been so brilliantly played here. And had the Concerto not come after it, there would have been no need for complaining. This Suite is a remarkable achievement, especially for so young a man, and it owes little to any other composer, even to Stravinsky.

All Too Brilliant

All in all, yesterday's was a brilliant, even a too brilliant concert, with the dances from De Falla's "The Three-Cornered Hat," more sharp rhythms and highly spiced if somewhat more sensuous orchestration, succeeding to Prokofieff's pieces.

Only Mozart's unpretending "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" which, in a performance of rare grace and deftness by a portion of the string choir, began the concert, offered a note of genuine contrast.

MUSIC

Herald Jan 31 Feb 1

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 14th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik. Prokofieff, Scythian Suite. Prokofieff, Piano Concerto No. 2, G minor (Mr. Prokofieff, pianist. First performance in the United States). De Falla, Three Dances from the "Three Cornered Hat."

No doubt some in the audience yesterday were disconcerted by the splendid savagery of the "Scythian Suite." What would they have had? The Scythians were not a genteel folk, nor did they discuss philosophy in sacred groves. The men had bloody hands; they drank the blood of the first men they killed in battle; they cut off heads; they scalped and made themselves cloaks of scalps; sometimes they flayed the entire body of an enemy; they valued drinking cups made from skulls; they were cunning in the art of impalement. They strangled native men, to accompany a dead king, stuffed their bodies and mounted them on beautiful horses in a circle to guard the tomb.

If a composer chooses to take a Scythian legend for his subject—it would be interesting to know where Mr. Prokofieff found this legend—would the disgruntled have had him write suave music, mellifluous melodies, interwoven with academic precision, with familiar progressions and cadences, discreetly orchestrated, possibly with the introduction of a mandolin and a celesta for pretty tinkling and gum-drop effects, all in orthodox form?

How some amiable souls are frightened by music that departs in any way from a long-established order! How they delight in condemning individuality, originality; in finding the unfamiliar, or the unexpected disagreeable! "Let us dream again," they say at a concert; "waking would be pain." Mr. Prokofieff, selecting a barbaric legend, writing in superbly barbaric vein, awakens the sleepers and all those who demand sweet music as an aid to digestion, with occasional loud pages to permit conversation with those seated near them.

Is it possible that there were any in the audience yesterday who failed to appreciate the wild imagination of the composer, the originality of his thought and the musical expression of his thought; who were not thrilled and excited by the long and magnificent crescendo and climax depicting the rising of the sun; or by the demoniacal fury of the Evil-God and the pagan monsters dancing their delirious dance? Mr. Prokofieff's second concerto written and performed in 1913 was remade from sketches in 1923. The score left in his apartment when he first came to this country was lost when the Soviet Government took possession of his rooms. The concerto, as played by him yesterday, is an engrossing work, unusual in its construction, unusual in the musical ideas and the handling of them. There is the incredible cadenza in the first movement; the Scherzo with its perpetual movement, music for frenzied whirling dervishes. The one obviously melodic line is in the finale, a haunting theme suggestive of melancholy folk song, which is treated in a masterly manner. In this finale there is abundant evidence of technical skill, especially when two themes are united, but by no means in the perfunctory school-prize-composition manner for class-room admiration.

The piano is used chiefly as a percussion instrument; and there is great dependence, as in so many contemporaneous compositions for piano and orchestra, on percussion effects and rhythm. Farewell to the long cantilena, to the worship of sensuous sounds. Is this to be deplored? Music is for the most part an expression of the life and thought of its period. Long before the war Thomas Hardy wrote: "Gay prospects wed happily with gay times, but also, if times be not gay! . . . Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming. Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule."

Mr. Prokofieff played in the already well-known Prokofieff manner, brilliantly; yet as if he were playing for his own enjoyment, with little or no regard for what the audience might think; sure of himself but never in the flaming yet restless manner of a virtuoso speeding his way in the full expectation of thunderous applause and opera glasses glued to the eyes of palpitating dames. He played as a man and a musician considering his technical dexterity as taken for granted; busied in the revelation through sound of that which stirred him to composition. Not only was he loudly applauded by the audience; at the end the orchestra, standing, joined the conductor in doing him homage.

What is it that makes the music of Mozart a lasting joy? The perfect expression of pure beauty. Here is this little serenade, which simple as it seems demands the utmost sympathy and the keenest sense of loveliness for conveying its enchantment to men and women of the present generation. The performance yesterday was beyond all praise. And if Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra shone gloriously in the playing of Mozart's music, their interpretation of the far different speech of Prokofieff and De Falla was equally resplendent.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of Feb. 14 and 15 will comprise Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" and "The Martyrdom of Saint-Sebastian." The former has been performed at these concerts and at other concerts in Boston. "Saint-Sebastian" was performed in full at a concert by the Boston opera company, Andre Caplet, conductor, and orchestral excerpts from it have been played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At the concerts of the 14th and 15th Mme. Ritter-Ciampi, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and the Cecilia Chorus will assist.

PROKOFIEFF PLAYS NEW CONCERTO

America Feb 1

By MOSES SMITH

SERGE PROKOFIEFF, brilliant Russian composer and pianist, makes his second appearance at this week's Symphony Concerts, almost four years to a day after his first appearance. He is present as guest-composer as well as soloist, for the program includes the "Scythian Suite" as well as the Second Piano Concerto. To begin and end the program, Mr. Koussevitsky, returning after a fortnight's vacation, has Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and three dances from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat."

Prokofieff's gigantic stature as a composer has been driven home to Bostonians by Mr. Koussevitsky's repeated featuring of his works on the Boston Symphony programs. His playing of the solo part of the concerto reminded us what an extraordinary pianist he is. Revised in 1923 from an early manuscript, it is full of terribly difficult passage-work, requiring consummate virtuosity.

Prokofieff plays it not only brilliantly, but with astonishing ease. His performance has superb clarity, which is enhanced by his percussive treatment of the instrument, both in writing for it and playing at it. The composition itself, which is being heard here for the first time, is good to hear. The form is almost strictly classical, and even themes suggest Liszt and Berlioz. But the harmonic treatment is modern. The development of the various movements is the work of an outstanding musician.

The composer received, at the matinee, a greeting of marked enthusiasm which stretched itself out for many minutes.

SYMPHONY HAS GUEST SOLOIST

Prokofieff Recalled Many Times After Playing Concerto

Tues Feb 1

Another representative modernist, Serge Prokofieff, was guest and soloist at yesterday's concert of the Symphony orchestra. It was as a pianist that Prokofieff first won the attention of American audiences, but of recent years his compositions have found their place on the programs of all of our major orchestras.

Boston went wild with delight at his striking "Sept, Ils Sont Sept," heard here a short season or two ago, and all of his compositions have a vital quality that makes each one an exciting and emotionol experience.

Yesterday's program, after the opening Mozart "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," tenderly beautiful and played with that perfection and delicacy that the orchestra brings to it, concerned itself with the guest composer's "Scythian Suite." The suite is rich in pictorial suggestion, opening with the invocation to Veles, proceeding to the dance of the black spirits and ending triumphantly with the procession of the sun. There is wild discordance throughout the four movements, and yet in "Night" there is a tenderness and a softening of tone that catches the soothing silence its title implies.

For the first time in the United States, the same composer's Second Piano Concerto, with M. Prokofieff at the piano, was performed. The original manuscript was lost for many years, and only recently has the composer rearranged it from early notes. In contrast to the Scythian Suite, this later work, resembling its early form only in theme, shows clearly the influence of later years and broadening experience. The Scherzo and Intermezzo, surrounded by their noisy first and last movements, found the audience eager and responsive.

The composer and artist was recalled half a dozen times at the completion of the concerto. His technique at the keyboard is astounding. He plays his music simply and in straightforward manner, with no striving for effective tonal values, and its rapidly moving phrases melt under his finger tips.

The remainder of the program was taken up with three dances by another modernist, the Spanisher composer, De Falla. They were delightful bits of rhythm and melody, and although far less exciting, there will be those who think that they far exceed in importance the much praised Ravel "Bolero." There is form and substance under their apparent lightness.

The audience was decidedly enthusiastic throughout the afternoon.

SCIENCE MONITOR, B

Music in

Feb 1

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Prokofieff was honored at the fourteenth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra by the placing of his "Scythian" Suite and his Second Piano Concerto, in G minor, on the program. The concerto had its first American performance on the afternoon of Jan. 31 in Symphony Hall, Boston, with the composer as soloist.

Mr. Prokofieff is of course well known to Boston audiences. He played his Third Piano Concerto in the same hall four years ago. His Violin Concerto had its first American performance by Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston orchestra. Besides the "Scythian" Suite, Bostonians had also heard previously the "Classical" Symphony, the choral piece, "Sept, Ils sont Sept," and the suites from the opera, "The Love for Three Oranges," and from the ballets, "Chout" and "Le Pas d'Acier."

The Second Piano Concerto, Mr. Prokofieff says, is "really the fourth." By that he means that although it was composed in 1913, it was remade completely in 1923. This was because the orchestral parts were lost when his Leningrad apartment was confiscated by order of the Soviet Government. Sketches of the piano part were saved, and from these the composer reconstructed the present version, which differs greatly from the original.

The performance of the work was received with far more than ordinary enthusiasm, and the composer was recalled repeatedly, until he brought back Dr. Koussevitzky, who made the orchestra share in the ovation. The response of the audience was due in part no doubt to the virtuosity of Mr. Prokofieff as pianist—he tosses off astonishing technical feats without apparent effort; but it was no less a tribute to his talent as composer. The concerto speaks in an idiom at once Russian and individual. The four movements, built on classic models, utilize contemporary resources. The themes are salient, and their treatment is musicianly. Rhythmic vigor marks the work throughout. There is liberal opportunity for display of pianistic abilities. Besides two cadenzas, there is a scherzo in the nature of a moto perpetuo, in sixteenth notes by the two hands in the interval of an octave. This was accomplished by the player with nonchalance and brilliance.

The "Scythian" Suite, written in 1914, when the composer was only 23, has a vitality that makes it seem extraordinarily fresh today. It received a scintillant publication at the hands of Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. Another compelling utterance was that of Three Dances from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat," which closed the program.

Yet none of these contemporary items can dull the memory of the exquisite performance of the opening number, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," by a reduced string orchestra. The only difficulty is that Dr. Koussevitzky, possessed of so sensitive and obedient an instrument, tends at times to show off its paces at a speed somewhat detrimental to Mozart's aristocratic art.

L. A. S.

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POST

ON ITS third visit to New York of the season next week the Boston Symphony Orchestra will change the date of its Thursday evening concert to Friday evening in Carnegie Hall. At this and also at the Saturday matinee concert Serge Prokofieff will be the guest soloist, appearing with the orchestra in his Piano Concerto No. 2. At the Friday night concert Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct Prokofieff's Scythian Suite. He will open the program with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and close it with three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

At the matinee concert, in addition to Prokofieff's concerto, the Second Symphony of Bax in E minor and C, which was previously played at the evening concert, will be repeated in this series. It will be preceded by Walton's Overture, "Portsmouth Point." De Falla's dances will likewise close this program.

38

GOOSSENS CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Post Jan. 25

Concertino for Strings From His Pen Proves Agreeable

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The annual mid-season vacation of Dr. Koussevitzky is an excellent institution. The conductor needs and deserves his holiday. It was a pleasure last week both to hear and to see so distinguished a musician as Mr. Glazounov. Eugene Goossens, who conducted yesterday afternoon and who leads the band again this evening, has his points as director. And when Dr. Koussevitzky returns to his post next week he will be more than ever appreciated.

LACKS DRAMATIC FORCE

An admirable interpreter of contemporary music, Mr. Goossens appears to have little feeling for the music of the romantic composers. Yet he delights to place it upon his programmes. Presumably, like many another artist, he does not recognize his limitations. Yesterday, for example, Mr. Goossens began with Wagner's "A Faust Overture," and followed that piece with Schumann's First Symphony. Of the passages in Wagner's early score in which the composer anticipates his later methods and proceedures, such as the sombre and brooding introduction, Mr. Goossens made much. But he could not reanimate those pages that have become relatively old-fashioned. Here and there is need of a transfiguring imagination, of a strong lyric and dramatic feeling. And Mr. Goossens lacks these things. Where Wagner most required help, he received it least.

And so with Schumann's symphony. Gone from yesterday's performance were the rapture, the ardor, the songful warmth that Dr. Koussevitzky brings to this often inept yet essentially rhapsodic and exuberant score. Mr. Goossens would revitalize the music by means of rhythmic energy and a general quickening of the pace, but his efforts were in vain. Lifeless the music hung on his hands. Indeed, to hear the symphony yesterday was to realize even more keenly the almost miraculous transformation wrought by Dr. Koussevitzky when he conducts it. The notes were played yesterday, but of themselves they will no longer serve.

Own Concertino Admirable

Of the second part of the programme there is a different tale to tell. Not only was Mr. Goossen's own Concertino for double string orchestra, heard for the first time here, excellently played, the music itself proved altogether agreeable. As composer Mr. Goossens has no very individual voice, but he can write effectively and with charm.

In the matter of performance the final number, Respighi's new "Feste Romana," also received, so far as might be gathered, its due. As to the value of the work itself, that is another matter. Respighi's music, in fact, seems to be undergoing a process of spiritual degeneration. Despite its obvious effectiveness, the "Pines of Rome" was a distinct fall-off from its predecessor, the "Fountains of Rome," and now this latest addition to Respighi's tonal guide-book or Musical Baedeker of the Eternal City, "Roman Festivals," is considerably lower in the aesthetic scale.

Of the four sections—"Circus Maximus," "The Jubilee," "The October Excursions" and "Epiphany"—the two middle ones have the most of musical quality. The first of all is mere movie-music; the last is best described as a "filthy din." Of course the audience liked it, and applauded it, and applauded piece, band and conductor to the echo. And had the music been even noisier and more blatantly vulgar the audience would have liked it even better.

It was long ago demonstrated that the worth of music is not to be gauged by the fervor with which the general public receives it. Even the subscribers to the Symphony Concerts are, after all, only human.

CONDUCTOR RETURNS TO SYMPHONY

Post Feb 1

Prokofieff Plays Own Piano Concerto With Virtuosity

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The annual interregnum at Symphony Hall is over. Dr. Koussevitzky has returned as conductor to the regular series of concerts. Yesterday's audience welcomed him with a fervor that allowed of but one interpretation, and the orchestra played as it has not played on a Friday afternoon since Dr. Koussevitzky began his holiday.

PROKOFIEFF AT PIANO

Audiences the world over respond to personalities, and there were two yesterday in Symphony Hall, the returning conductor and the composer-soloist, Serge Prokofieff. The latter played his Second Pianoforte Concerto, hitherto unheard in the United States, and, together with orchestra and conductor, acknowledged the long-protracted applause bestowed upon his Scythian Suite.

This, it may be remarked in passing, was not Mr. Prokofieff's initial appearance at these concerts. Four years ago he played at a pair of them his Third Concerto and since 1922 his name had appeared no less than 14 times on the symphony programmes, a substantial total for a modernist composer.

Similar to Suite

The Concerto of yesterday, played by Mr. Prokofieff with unassuming virtuosity, by no means compares in interest with its immediate successor. This earlier music, composed in 1913, whe[n] Mr. Prokofieff was but 23, is so simil[ar] in genenal character to the Scythi[an] Suite, a product of the ensuing ye[ar] that it suffered by following the la[tter] piece on yesterday's programme. T[here] was a disturbing suggestion that savage rites of the Scythian barba[rians] were over-long continued. To technically, there was too much principal musical ingredients young Prokofieff's style: His quadruple rhythms; his p diatonic dissonance; his love highly percussive orchestratio[n].

Not before had the Scyth[ian Suite] been so brilliantly played had the Concerto not co[me] there would have been no plaining. This Suite is achievement, especially fo[r a young] man, and it owes little composer, even to Strav[insky].

All Too Bri[lliant]

All in all, yesterday's even a too brilliant dances from De F[alla's "Three] Cornered Hat," m[...] and highly spiced

sensuous orche[...] Prokofieff's pie[ce] Only Moza[rt's "Eine] Kleine Nach[tmusik"] formance of by a portio[n] the concer[t] contrast.

NEW YORK
SUN
FEB

On its third visit to New York this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will change the date of its Thursday evening concert to next Friday evening, February 7, in Carnegie Hall.

At this and also at the Saturday matinee concert, Serge Prokofieff will be the guest soloist, appearing with the orchestra in his piano concerto No. 2. At the Friday night concert, Koussevitzky will conduct Prokofieff's Scythian suite. He will open the program with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and close it with three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three Cornered Hat."

At the matinee concert, in addition to Prokofieff's concerto, the Second Symphony of Bax in E minor and C, which was previously played at the evening concert, will be repeated in this series. It will be preceded by Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point." De Falla's dances will likewise close this program.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES
FEB 2 - 1930

Bostonians at Academy

Serge Prokofieff will be the assisting soloist at the Academy of Music on Thursday night, when Mr. Koussevitsky brings his Boston Symphony Orchestra here for its third visit of the season. The Russian composer will participate in his own second concerto for piano and orchestra. Three dances from the De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat," and Tschaikofsky's Sixth Symphony are the other program numbers.

MUSIC

Herald Feb 1

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 14th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik. Prokofieff, Scythian Suite. Prokofieff, Piano Concerto No. 2, G minor (Mr. Prokofieff, pianist. First performance in the United States). De Falla, Three Dances from the "Three Cornered Hat."

No doubt some in the audience yesterday were disconcerted by the splendid savagery of the "Scythian Suite." What would they have had? The Scythians were not a genteel folk, nor did they discuss philosophy in sacred groves. The men had bloody hands; they drank the blood of the first men they killed in battle; they cut off heads; they scalped and made themselves cloaks of scalps; sometimes they flayed the entire body of an enemy; they valued drinking cups made from skulls; they were cunning in the art of impalement. They strangled native men, to accompany a dead king, stuffed their bodies and mounted them on beautiful horses in a circle to guard the tomb.

If a composer chooses to take a Scythian legend for his subject—it would be interesting to know where Mr. Prokofieff found this legend—would the disgruntled have had him write suave music, mellifluous melodies, interwoven with academic precision, with familiar progressions and cadences, discreetly orchestrated, possibly with the introduction of a mandolin and a celesta for pretty tinkling and gum-drop effects, all in orthodox form?

How some amiable souls are frightened by music that departs in any way from a long-established order! How they delight in condemning individuality, originality; in finding the unfamiliar, or the unexpected disagreeable! "Let us dream again," they say at a concert; "waking would be pain." Mr. Prokofieff, selecting a barbaric legend, writing in superbly barbaric vein, awakens the sleepers and all those who demand sweet music as an aid to digestion, with occasional loud pages to permit conversation with those seated near them.

Is it possible that there were any in the audience yesterday who failed to appreciate the wild imagination of the composer, the originality of his thought [...] musical expression of his [...] who were not thrilled and ex[...] the long and magnificent [...] and climax depicting the ris[ing] sun; or by the demoniacal [...] the Evil-God and the pagan dancing their delirious dance? [Pro]kofieff's second concerto writ[ten and] performed in 1913 was remade [from ske]tches in 1923. The score left [in his a]partment when he first came [to this c]ountry was lost when the Soviet [governm]ent took possession of his [...]. The concerto, as played by him [yesterda]y, is an engrossing work, un[...] its construction, unusual in [its mu]sical ideas and the handling of [...]. There is the incredible cadenza [of the] first movement; the Scherzo with [its per]petual movement, music for fren[zied w]hirling dervishes. The one ob[vious] melodic line is in the finale, a [...]ng theme suggestive of melan[choly] folk song, which is treated in a [...]ly manner. In this finale there [is abu]ndant evidence of technical skill, [especi]ally when two themes are united, [b]y no means in the perfunctory school-prize-composition manner for class-room admiration.

The piano is used chiefly as a percussion instrument; and there is great dependence, as in so many contemporaneous compositions for piano and orchestra, on percussion effects and rhythm. Farewell to the long cantilena, to the worship of sensuous sounds. Is this to be deplored? Music is for the most part an expression of the life and thought of its period. Long before the war Thomas Hardy wrote: "Gay prospects wed happily with gay times, but also, if times be not gay! . . . Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming. Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule."

Mr. Prokofieff played in the already well-known Prokofieff manner, brilliantly; yet as if he were playing for his own enjoyment, with little or no regard for what the audience might think; sure of himself but never in the flaming yet restless manner of a virtuoso speeding his way in the full expectation of thunderous applause and opera glasses glued to the eyes of palpitating dames. He played as a man and a musician considering his technical dexterity as taken for granted; busied in the revelation through sound of that which stirred him to composition. Not only was he loudly applauded by the audience; at the end the orchestra, standing, joined the conductor in doing him homage.

What is it that makes the music of Mozart a lasting joy? The perfect expression of pure beauty. Here is this little serenade, which simple as it seems demands the utmost sympathy and the keenest sense of loveliness for conveying its enchantment to men and women of the present generation. The performance yesterday was beyond all praise. And if Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra shone gloriously in the playing of Mozart's music, their interpretation of the far different speech of Prokofieff and De Falla was equally resplendent.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of Feb. 14 and 15 will comprise Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" and "The Martyrdom of Saint-Sebastian." The former has been performed at these concerts and at other concerts in Boston. "Saint-Sebastian" was performed in full at a concert by the Boston opera company, Andre Caplet, conductor, and orchestral excerpts from it have been played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At the concerts of the 14th and 15th Mme. Ritter-Ciampi, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and the Cecilia Chorus will assist.

America Feb 1

PROKOFIEFF PLAYS NEW CONCERTO

By MOSES SMITH

SERGE PROKOFIEFF, brilliant Russian composer and pianist, makes his second appearance at this week's Symphony Concerts, almost four years to a day after his first appearance. He is present as guest-composer as well as soloist, for the program includes the "Scythian Suite" as well as the Second Piano Concerto. To begin and end the program, Mr. Koussevitsky, returning after a fortnight's vacation, has Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and three dances from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat."

Prokofieff's gigantic stature as a composer has been driven home to Bostonians by Mr. Koussevitsky's repeated featuring of his works on the Boston Symphony programs. His playing of the solo part of the concerto reminded us what an extraordinary pianist he is. Revised in 1923 from an early manuscript, it is full of terribly difficult passage-work, requiring consummate virtuosity.

Prokofieff plays it not only brilliantly, but with astonishing ease. His performance has superb clarity, which is enhanced by his percussive treatment of the instrument, both in writing for it and playing at it. The composition itself, which is being heard here for the first time, is good to hear. The form is almost strictly classical, and even themes suggest Liszt and Berlioz. But the harmonic treatment is modern. The development of the various movements is the work of an outstanding musician.

The composer received, at the matinee, a greeting of marked enthusiasm which stretched itself out for many minutes.

SYMPHONY HAS GUEST SOLOIST

Prokofieff Recalled Many Times After Playing Concerto

Trav Feb 1

Another representative modernist, Serge Prokofieff, was guest and soloist at yesterday's concert of the Symphony orchestra. It was as a pianist that Prokofieff first won the attention of American audiences, but of recent years his compositions have found their place on the programs of all of our major orchestras.

Boston went wild with delight at his striking "Sept, Ils Sont Sept," heard here a short season or two ago, and all of his compositions have a vital quality that makes each one an exciting and emotionol experience.

Yesterday's program, after the opening Mozart "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," tenderly beautiful and played with that perfection and delicacy that the orchestra brings to it, concerned itself with the guest composer's "Scythian Suite." The suite is rich in pictorial suggestion, opening with the invocation to Veles, proceeding to the dance of the black spirits and ending triumphantly with the procession of the sun. There is wild discordance throughout the four movements, and yet in "Night" there is a tenderness and a softening of tone that catches the soothing silence its title implies.

For the first time in the United States, the same composer's Second Piano Concerto, with M. Prokofieff at the piano, was performed. The original manuscript was lost for many years, and only recently has the composer rearranged it from early notes. In contrast to the Scythian Suite, this later work, resembling its early form only in theme, shows clearly the influence of later years and broadening experience. The Scherzo and Intermezzo, surrounded by their noisy first and last movements, found the audience eager and responsive.

The composer and artist was recalled half a dozen times at the completion of the concerto. His technique at the keyboard is astounding. He plays his music simply and in straightforward manner, with no striving for effective tonal values, and its rapidly moving phrases melt under his finger tips.

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SCIENCE MONITOR, B

Music in

Feb 1

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Prokofieff was honored at the fourteenth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra by the placing of his "Scythian" Suite and his Second Piano Concerto, in G minor, on the program. The concerto had its first American performance on the afternoon of Jan. 31 in Symphony Hall, Boston, with the composer as soloist.

Mr. Prokofieff is of course well known to Boston audiences. He played his Third Piano Concerto in the same hall four years ago. His Violin Concerto had its first American performance by Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston orchestra. Besides the "Scythian" Suite, Bostonians had also heard previously the "Classical" Symphony, the choral piece, "Sept, Ils sont Sept," and the suites from the opera, "The Love for Three Oranges," and from the ballets, "Chout" and "Le Pas d'Acier."

The Second Piano Concerto, Mr. Prokofieff says, is "really the fourth." By that he means that although it was composed in 1913, it was remade completely in 1923. This was because the orchestral parts were lost when his Leningrad apartment was confiscated by order of the Soviet Government. Sketches of the piano part were saved, and from these the composer reconstructed the present version, which differs greatly from the original.

The performance of the work was received with far more than ordinary enthusiasm, and the composer was recalled repeatedly, until he brought back Dr. Koussevitzky, who made the orchestra share in the ovation. The response of the audience was due in part no doubt to the virtuosity of Mr. Prokofieff as pianist—he tosses off astonishing technical feats without apparent effort; but it was no less a tribute to his talent as composer. The concerto speaks in an idiom at once Russian and individual. The four movements, built on classic models, utilize contemporary resources. The themes are salient, and their treatment is musicianly. Rhythmic vigor marks the work throughout. There is liberal opportunity for display of pianistic abilities. Besides two cadenzas, there is a scherzo in the nature of a moto perpetuo, in sixteenth notes by the two hands in the interval of an octave. This was accomplished by the player with nonchalance and brilliance.

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COMPOSER PLAYS PIANO CONCERTO

Prokofieff Is Soloist at Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky Conducts "Scythian Suite, Mozart and De Falla

Serge Prokofieff, the noted Russian modernist composer, appeared as soloist in his own G minor concerto for piano at yesterday's Symphony concert. Dr Koussevitzky, returning after two weeks' absence, was warmly applauded. He conducted Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik," Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite," and three dances from de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat" with his usual fervor.

Prokofieff played his third piano concerto at these concerts Jan 29, 1926. Dr Koussevitzky, a firm believer in Prokofieff's genius, has conducted a number of his works here in the past five seasons, notably the little "Classical Symphony," the "Sept, ils sont Sept," for tenor, chorus, and orchestra, and the "Scythian Suite," each of which has been much talked of.

The second piano concerto, played yesterday, is a rewritten version of an early work, using the same themes, but treating them in a more modernistic style. The themes date from 1913, the revision from 1923. This concerto has not previously been heard in the United States. It gives the soloist ample opportunity to display technique, but is not as interesting musically as Prokofieff's violin concerto.

The orchestral accompaniment, like the solo part, is intricate in texture, full of the acrid harmonies and strident rhythms characteristic of Prokofieff, yet one felt that the music had been first conceived in a far simpler and more conventional idiom and form. Its elaboration seemed a tour de force.

Prokofieff, like other modernist composers, thinks of the piano as primarily an instrument of percussion. This concerto makes no attempts at lyricism. There are no slow, sweet melodies, no grand, sonorous climaxes. Nothing, in short, at all after the style of Liszt or Rubinstein.

The piece makes great demands on the skill of the soloist. Nobody can crack at Prokofieff's expense the old joke that "he plays like a composer." On the contrary, he plays like a pianist of very unusual ability. Were it not for his other works, one would think from this concerto that he was only interested in writing show pieces for piano to astonish audiences by his muscular energy and agility.

The "Scythian Suite," repeated yesterday in honor of the composer, sounded less startling and more intelligible than it did five years ago. One noted in the instrumentation details that have become common property in the past 15 years, so that such assimilative and eclectic writers as Respighi now use these once astonishing procedures in routine fashion. One discovered how much of the dissonance in Prokofieff's score is produced by carrying the use of the orthodox harmonic device of organ points to a perfectly logical extreme.

One's general impression of Prokofieff's music is that he is the Saint-Saens of our day, extremely able, with genuine originality in small works, but incapable of working on a big scale without borrowing from the inspiration of greater men.

Dr Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra for Mozart's serenade, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," one of the most ingratiating of the lesser works of the composer of "Don Juan" and the G minor Symphony. This restored the original balance of tonal values in the orchestra, but made one regret the necessity of playing Mozart in so large a hall.

The chief defect of the performance was a failure to follow the graceful curves of Mozart's melodies. Dr Koussevitzky made them all rather stiff and angular, so that they sounded a bit too much like the tinkling tune Liadov entitled "The Musical Snuff Box."

The three familiar dances from Manuel de Falla's ballet, "The Three Cornered Hat," were substituted for the announced arrangements by Arbos from Albeniz' piano music. This change was probably owing to the amount of rehearsal time demanded by Prokofieff's exacting concerto. De Falla's music, played with zest and rhythmic intensity, was again delightful.

Brahms Festival Programs

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, as previously announced, is to give a Brahms festival next month. The program for the subscription concerts in the regular Friday and Saturday series, for March 21 and 22, is planned to be a part of the festival. It will include the "Academic Festival" overture, and the Second and Third Symphonies of Brahms. Except for the "rush" seats Fridays, these concerts are completely sold out. The only tickets available for non-subscribers to the series of 24 Fridays and 24 Saturdays will be the few turned in to be sold for the endowment fund by owners unable to use them.

The rest of the festival includes four extra concerts, for which season tickets went on sale 10 days ago at Symphony Hall. The demand is already so great that sold-out houses seem certain. These extra concerts are planned as follows:

Sunday, March 23, at 3:30, Boston Symphony Orchestra. Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Second Piano Concerto; and Fourth Symphony. Soloist, Arthur Schnabel.

Monday, March 24, at 8:15. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. "Song of Destiny" (Schicksalslied") and "German Requiem." Soloists, Jeannette Vreeland, Margaret Matzenauer, Fraser Gange.

Tuesday, March 25. Chamber concert by Burgin Quartet, Arthur Schnabel and others. The program will include one of the violin sonatas, a group of piano pieces, the "Liebeslieder" for mixed chorus, the Quintet in F minor, and songs for Mme Matzenauer.

Wednesday, March 25, at 8:15, Boston Symphony Orchestra. Rhapsody for alto, chorus and orchestra. First piano concerto, and First Symphony. Soloists, Margaret Matzenauer and Arthur Schnabel.

This is a very attractive set of programs, and should suffice to sell out the hall for the series. In order to make the festival completely representative of Brahms' best work it would only be necessary to secure such a violinist as Kreisler to play the violin concerto and one of the violin sonatas. But even without them this series will be a notable event, something to be remembered and talked of long after. Boston concert goers are once more indebted to Dr Koussevitzky's zeal and ambition for what promises to be a remarkable series of concerts.

No doubt, as for the Beethoven festival, many music lovers will come from outside Boston, not merely from the rest of New England, but from farther afield. If the custom of giving festivals devoted to the work of a single composer, so prevalent in Germany and Austria, can be established here it will add a valuable element to the musical life of the Nation.

The only such festival in America is now the one given at Bethlehem, Penn, every May, and devoted to the works of Bach. Other American festivals have hitherto featured not composers, but performers.

TIMES

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second and brilliantly successful New York concert of the week-end yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

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The score of Walton did not suffer from repetition, and the scores of Bax and Prokofieff gained by the process. The symphony more clearly than ever established its inherent melodic and imaginative life. Its Celticism is not mere local idiom or epigram; this essence is not a matter of effects which are exterior. On the contrary, Bax seems to have found his way back to an ancient source of power. A part of that power, also, lies in the impress of northern nature and mystery that characterizes much of the heroic music.

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BROOKLYN
EAGLE

FEB 7 - 1926

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For example, Mr. Prokofiew subscribes to neither of two prevalent and fallacious theories relative to musical form: he regards form neither as unimportant and impeding to the free expression of musical ideas nor as all-essential; it is, to him, no more than a necessary and flexible mould in which to shape his materials. His attitude toward harmony is equally that of a progressive conservative. He does not reject the principle of polytonality, neither is he scornful of simple diatonic and chromatic harmonization, though he rarely uses the latter for the sake of anachronistic, neo-classical effect. Moreover, Mr. Prokofiew is capable of writing melody. Eight-measure and longer melodic phrases are common in his works, in which the effect of linear continuity is further enhanced by the symphonic development—not merely the reiteration—of thematic fragments and motifs. That, in spite of this conservative attitude toward methods and technique of composition Mr. Prokofiew's music should bear the stamp of a striking originality, is a testimony to the authenticity of his imaginative and creative gifts.

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NEW YORK
WORLD

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THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD

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This is a very attractive set of programs, and should suffice to sell out the hall for the series. In order to make the festival completely representative of Brahms' best work it would only be necessary to secure such a violinist as Kreisler to play the violin concerto and one of the violin sonatas. But even without them this series will be a notable event, something to be remembered and talked of long after. Boston concert goers are once more indebted to Dr Koussevitzky's zeal and ambition for what promises to be a remarkable series of concerts.

No doubt, as for the Beethoven festival, many music lovers will come from outside Boston, not merely from the rest of New England, but from farther afield. If the custom of giving festivals devoted to the work of a single composer, so prevalent in Germany and Austria, can be established here it will add a valuable element to the musical life of the Nation.

The only such festival in America is now the one given at Bethlehem, Penn, every May, and devoted to the works of Bach. Other American festivals have hitherto featured not composers, but performers.

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Monday, March 24, at 8:15. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. "Song of Destiny" (Schicksalslied") and "German Requiem." Soloists, Jeannette Vreeland, Margaret Matzenauer, Fraser Gange.

Tuesday, March 25. Chamber concert by Burgin Quartet, Arthur Schnabel and others. The program will include one of the violin sonatas, a group of piano pieces, the "Liebeslieder" for mixed chorus, the Quintet in F minor, and songs for Mme Matzenauer.

Wednesday, March 25, at 8:15, Boston Symphony Orchestra. Rhapsody for alto, chorus and orchestra. First piano concerto, and First Symphony. Soloists, Margaret Matzenauer and Arthur Schnabel.

This is a very attractive set of programs, and should suffice to sell out the hall for the series. In order to make the festival completely representative of Brahms' best work it would only be necessary to secure such a violinist as Kreisler to play the violin concerto and one of the violin sonatas. But even without them this series will be a notable event, something to be remembered and talked of long after. Boston concert goers are once more indebted to Dr Koussevitzky's zeal and ambition for what promises to be a remarkable series of concerts.

No doubt, as for the Beethoven festival, many music lovers will come from outside Boston, not merely from the rest of New England, but from farther afield. If the custom of giving festivals devoted to the work of a single composer, so prevalent in Germany and Austria, can be established here it will add a valuable element to the musical life of the Nation.

The only such festival in America is now the one given at Bethlehem, Penn, every May, and devoted to the works of Bach. Other American festivals have hitherto featured not composers, but performers.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second and brilliantly successful New York concert of the week-end yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

It may be said, for it is true that Boston has now an orchestra which is without a superior, if it has an equal in this country, a band that Mr. Koussevitzky has brought to a unique flexibility, sensitiveness and virtuosity, which surpassed itself yesterday in the quality and spirit of its performance.

The reason for the special lustre of these performances lay probably in the fact that the men of the Boston Orchestra, at the end of one of their crowded periodic tours, had had a period of comparative rest and relaxation between two concerts given on Friday and Saturday in one city. In any event, the orchestra excelled itself, and its leader seemed in equal spirits. Even the rather trite excerpts from de Falla's ballet, repeated from the Friday program, were played with such color and elan that they thrilled the most indifferent or critical.

The concert had, furthermore, the value of repeating three important modern works. Mr. Prokofieff was present to take again the soloist's part in the performance of his Second piano concerto, introduced on Friday night. The first half of the program consisted of Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point" and Arnold Bax's Second symphony in E minor and C. These works had special interest for the Boston Symphony's public when they were presented here by Mr. Koussevitzky earlier in the season.

The score of Walton did not suffer from repetition, and the scores of Bax and Prokofieff gained by the process. The symphony more clearly than ever established its inherent melodic and imaginative life. Its Celticism is not mere local idiom or epigram; this essence is not a matter of effects which are exterior. On the contrary, Bax seems to have found his way back to an ancient source of power. A part of that power, also, lies in the impress of northern nature and mystery that characterizes much of the heroic music.

Stravinsky is obviously present in the joyous, zestful, ridiculous music of Walton. But this is British humor, and British music, fresh minted, and, for all its derivations, as genuine as a pound sterling! Parts of Mr. Prokofieff's concerto gain with repeated hearing, as, for example, the third movement, which, with the first, appears to have more originality and actual creative impulse than other pages. Nevertheless, the opinion will not down that Mr. Prokofieff has written better music and better concertos.

It is an excellent proceeding for a conductor to repeat works of proved importance and interest as Mr. Koussevitzky did on this occasion. In this way he increased rather than diminished the interest of the concert, although it is also true that he has accustomed us to look to him, more than to any conductor on this side of the water, for interesting new music.

BROOKLYN
EAGLE

FEB 7 - 1930

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

Serge Prokofiew Plays His Second Concerto at the Academy of Music—'Pelleas et Melisande'

SERGE PROKOFIEW was the soloist at a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which Mr. Koussevitzky conducted at the Academy of Music last evening. One of the most talented of the younger contemporary composers, and as well an excellent pianist, he scarcely required an introduction to his audience, though this was, we believe, his first Brooklyn appearance. Much of his music had been heard in the past at the Academy. Two years ago, we recall; the Classical Symphony was performed at one of Mr. Koussewitsky's concerts, and somewhat earlier a suite from the opera "The Love of Three Oranges" and the Violin Concerto had been introduced to Brooklyn.

* * *

Once heard, Mr. Prokofiew's music is not easily or quickly forgotten. Its individuality of style, which sets it apart from the bulk of modern music, makes it memorable, whatever we may think of the intrinsic value of its content. Whether or not what Mr. Prokofiew has to say is important, or for any other reason worth saying, he says it in a manner that is his own, and in a manner, moreover, whose originality represents the extension and development, rather than the arbitrary denial, of the principles in which Mr. Prokofiew was schooled.

For example, Mr. Prokofiew subscribes to neither of two prevalent and fallacious theories relative to musical form: he regards form neither as unimportant and impeding to the free expression of musical ideas nor as all-essential; it is, to him, no more than a necessary and flexible mould in which to shape his materials. His attitude toward harmony is equally that of a progressive conservative. He does not reject the principle of polytonality, neither is he scornful of simple diatonic and chromatic harmonization, though he rarely uses the latter for the sake of anachronistic, neo-classical effect. Moreover, Mr. Prokofiew is capable of writing melody. Eight-measure and longer melodic phrases are common in his works, in which the effect of linear continuity is further enhanced by the symphonic development—not merely the reiteration—of thematic fragments and motifs. That, in spite of this conservative attitude toward methods and technique of composition Mr. Prokofiew's music should bear the stamp of a striking originality, is a testimony to the authenticity of his imaginative and creative gifts.

* * *

The dominant characteristics of Mr. Prokofiew's music are its fantastic humor and its rude, brutish vigor: the former, exemplified in the ballet "Chout" and in "The Love of Three Oranges," stems from Rimsky-Korsakow and Strawinsky; the latter, whose great expression may be found in the Scythian Suite, is a more individual trait. Both appear in the Second Piano Concerto, which received its first New York performance last evening, with Mr. Prokofiew at the solo instrument. Written in 1913, played in Russia during the same year and in Italy two years later, the publication of the Concerto was delayed, and when in 1918 the manuscript score was confiscated by the Soviet Government (Mr. Prokofiew had unwisely left it, among other effects, in his Leningrad apartments), the composer retained only his original sketches. From these the Concerto was rewritten and rescored in 1923, and in its present form represents the felicitous combination of old matter and a new manner.

It is not great music; in the first and fourth movements it does not quite come off, since in these the material does not justify the serious and elaborate treatment that Mr. Prokofiew has given it. The Scherzo and the Intermezzo, the first a grotesque, the second a tragic humoresque, aim less high and achieve their goal. Mr. Prokofiew is at his best (a statement to which the Scythian Suite alone among his works supplies an exception) when he writes in a spirit of fantasy or of farce. It need scarcely be added that the Second Concerto is resourcefully scored, and that the piano part is brilliant and difficult—the effect of glissando scales in the Intermezzo is a particularly happy one. Mr. Prokofiew is a much better pianist than the majority of composers, and if his touch is hammerlike and his tone cold and stony, this is advantageous rather than otherwise in the performance of his own music.

Mr. Koussewitsky's contributions to last evening's program were Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony and three dances from De Falla's "Three Cornered Hat."

NEW YORK
WORLD

FEB 8 - 1930

39

Other Music

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Carnegie Hall, 8.30. Soloist, Serge Prokofieff, pianist.

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.....Mozart
Scythian Suite, op. 20; second piano concerto in G minor, op. 16.....Prokofieff
Three dances from "El Sombrero de Tres Picos".....De Falla

The gorgeous and barbaric dissonance, occasionally relieved by a bitter discord or a choleric humor in quieter vein, so apparent in that music of Serge Prokofieff which American audiences have been permitted to hear, swelled to a climax of unfettered sound in Carnegie Hall last night. Mr. Prokofieff himself, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky to support his every move, was giving a first New York performance of his second piano concerto (G minor, opus 16).

It is elaborately orchestrated, in the manner of Stravinsky, with weird intervals, atonal contrasts and gymnastics for the piano of inhuman complexity. It was difficult, as we had not heard the work before, to understand just what Mr. Prokofieff intended to convey, or whether he intended to convey anything in particular. In the second movement, apparently a scherzo from the suggested rhythmic pattern, Mr. Prokofieff and the orchestra were at odds for a fleeting instant.

Mr. Koussevitzky also conducted the visitor's Scythian Suite (opus 20) and three dances from de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat." The Mozart Ein Kleine Nachmusik (Kochel 525) was uneven, some of it almost expressionless. The menuetto, for instance, was stodgy; the rondo traveled at a which approached a mild hysteria.

BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS

Serge Koussevitzky Gives Boston Symphony Recital

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to the Lyric last night for their one brief visit of the season, and played in a way that made us shiver to think of losing them. Their concert was vigorous and superbly musical.

Opening with a deftly respectable expression of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, they ran right into a tornado of applause with the new "Bolero" of Ravel, an ingeniously monotonous but infinitely disturbing Spanish dance.

The simplicity of this work is almost impudent; a single wail repeated over and over again by one instrument after another against a drumbeat reminiscent of the African bush, never quickened but always strengthened. And yet Baltimore couldn't help liking it more than any new work it had heard for years. It took a Koussevitzky to handle the very subtle crecendo of the "Bolero."

The closing half of the concert was all Wagner, and not according to schedule. The "Valkyrie's Ride," the Vorspiel and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger" overture followed one another breathlessly and beautifully. The content was drained its utmost from each work in the playing, and the result was magnificent.

Surely we have had no more luscious symphony concert this season than Mr. Koussevitzky's. A. S. K.

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Symphony Concert --- Films --- Scho

The Afternoon Of Prokofiev, Double Guest

Dr. Koussevitzky Also Returns, The "Scythian Suite" and A Masterly Concerto

SIDE by side, yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Prokofiev shared the Symphony Concert. The conductor returned from his winter holiday; for three weeks his faithful audience had not looked upon him. Renewing annual custom, it clapped him, as he walked to his place, with general, hearty warmth. By exception the orchestra joined in this greeting, or so much of it as was on the stage—the string choir assembled for Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik." It rose, applauded, received the conductor's collective handclasp laid between Mr. Burgin's fingers. . . . The first turn of the guest came at the end of his "Scythian Suite." Dr. Koussevitzky had not only loosed its force, vividness and sweeps of savage power. He had also given just quality to its finer-strung, less overt pages. Applause mounted, quickly summoning Mr. Prokofiev from balcony to stage.

At the end of his second Concerto, with the composer as pianist, the house prolonged its plaudits. His upstanding figure had caught its eye; the likable mannerism of little jerky bows pleased its fancy. Whether it liked or disliked the surface and the substance of the piece, its ears told it that it had listened to a remarkable music in as remarkable performance. Mr. Prokofiev claimed no lion's share, to conductor and orchestra turning applause indeed intended for all three. Upon this triple or quadruple exercise in good feeling silence finally descended and the concert came to a close with the three familiar dances from de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

The "Scythian Suite" dates from 1914 and from the composer's twenty-third year. It is "early Prokofiev," as the chroniclers now reckon his work. The more minute even assign it to his "Stravinskian period." It was played in 1924 at the Symphony Concerts and carried all before it. Repeated in 1928, it seemed less impressive. Recently, in the maturity of the later thirties, Mr. Prokofiev has written a Third Symphony, produced last spring by the Paris Symphony Orchestra; a Divertimento in four divisions, heard last December at the Lamoureux Concerts. Some would have had one or both at Symphony Hall, though practical difficulties stood in the way; were prepared to demur to the repetition of the "Scythian Suite." The event silenced them. For in Dr. Koussevitzky's performance of Friday, maybe with the composer sitting by at rehearsals, the music gained new quality, different from that remembered and more impressive.

Most of us recalled the "Scythian Suite" as a graphic, quasi-barbaric music. We remembered the frenzied invocation, at the beginning, "Allegro feroce," of the tribal sun-god; the malignent, distorted dance of the evil-god and his monsters; the race and clash of the finale into the sonorities and intensities of an orchestral sunrise. In our waiting ears was the rough, tense, reiterated beat of Prokofiev's rhythms; his harsh, dissonant, quasi-primitive harmony, now piercing, again pungent; his hard, sharp, astringent use of the orchestra; his liking for quasi-metallic timbres; his writing of a colorless music, in the romantic sense of the words, that yet generated both pictorial and emotional effect. The performance of yesterday transmuted most of these memories into renewed and immediate sensations; took also another course.

Recollection is untrustworthy when it stretches over six years. Yet as it seemed yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky was less vehement with the invocation, the dance, the combat and the sunrise, whereby all four gained in effect of stripped, savage, primeval power. The listener may have heard Prokofiev from a "Stravinskian period"; but was more inclined to hear him as one who had taken the same road under the same promptings—reaction from the romanticism and mysticism, the elaborating, refining and impressionizing of the last preceding musical time. For Prokofiev, the road led into the "Scythian Suite" and "They Are Seven"; for Stravinsky into "Le Sacre" and, ultimately, "Noces." Such work of the two composers marches side by side, rather than with Prokofiev in imitation of Stravinsky and competition with him.

The complement to these sensations was the new effect of other pages in the "Scythian Suite." To the invocation of the sun-god succeeds programatically the sacrifice to Ala, his daughter. Therein Prokofiev sounds a music of simple melodic outline, softened rhythms, thin harmonies, sparse color. Yet from it proceeds an illusion of mysterious rites in a primitive world, when dreading tribes would pierce through the veils upon the kindlier gods, and propitiate them. The dance of the monsters ended, the musical scene shifts to Ala in the moon-crossed darkness and the evil-god stealing upon her to do her "great harm."

[Continued on col. 2, below]

[Continued from col. one]

Again Prokofiev writes his simplified, thin-coated, dissonant, astringent music, but with an illusion at odds with the means. For this tonal scene of Ala and the evil-god is woven into ominous atmosphere; while through it goes bare, melancholy, bitter suggestion, sensuous but far removed from romantic cast. Both are of no "Stravinskian period," but of Prokofiev's own imagination. In a word, less a repetition of the "Scythian Suite" than fresh revelation of the music and the composer.

Mr. Prokofiev does not write piano-concertos as a composer who fears that, did he fail to set hand to them, he would neglect his duty to his God, to man and to the art of music. By clear evidence of the Second heard yesterday, of the Third, heard four years ago, he writes them out of musical fecundity and inclination, not to say prepossession, for the form and the instrument. In these latter days, with many a composer, a piano-concerto seems a determined task at last accomplished. With Mr. Prokofiev, it is spontaneous self-expression. Moreover, he can design and fill a piano-concerto in the grand style—not the style of Liszt and the romantics; but rather of the lesser, half-forgotten virtuoso-composers at the middle of the last century who derived their piano-style from Beethoven and mixed it with Hummel. For musical paradox over the supper table, it is quite possible to argue that—virtuoso-display aside—this Second Concerto of Prokofiev is more akin to the symphonic concertos of Brahms than to either by Liszt.

Be that as it may (as they wave aside troublesome matters in the musical plays), Mr. Prokofiev stretches a wide canvas in this Concerto in G minor and fills it full. There are four movements; none lengthy, but each abounding in appropriate matter. The piano and the pianist are displayed in a curious, intricate, teeming scherzo; again in the variations of the finale. The orchestra is not merely accompaniment, but intrinsic and distinctive part of a symphonic design. Neither it, the conductor nor the pianist may escape the incessant exactions. Mr. Prokofiev's seeming simplicities are sometimes more difficult than another composer's elaboration. (No wonder Dr. Koussevitzky judged the preparation of this Concerto, with a revival of the "Scythian Suite," quite enough for four days' rehearsal).

The familiar, anticipated Prokofiev sounds from the insistent duple rhythms, the short-breathed motivs, the simplified melody, the contrasts of diatonic and chromatic measures, with a recurring preference for the diatonic; the thin, rude harmonies, the sparing timbres; the swift fluency or the driving force of every sequence; even the wit of the final G fortissimo flourished out at the end, like a gamin taking leave around the corner and (probably) making the long nose with both hands. Throughout also, the "classical" Prokofiev. Under the rush and glitter of the scherzo, toccata-form; in the finale, canons. An Intermezzo—the nearest approach to a slow movement—of formal pattern impeccable. In the first movement, first subject, second subject, passage-work, cadenza—all on the classic model descending from Beethoven rather than in the romantic procedure incarnate in Liszt; yet with room to spare for range and caprice. And throughout a complex technique oftener stripped than luxuriant.

Of course, there are those who care not at all for such a piano-concerto, or for the sort of piano-playing that makes it sound. They will not have the piano an instrument of percussion, of hammers and wires all compact with relatively incidental pedals. It must be made to sing, if not to smear. They resent a music vitalized by rhythm; that returns again and again to the capricious play of figures; that contents itself with a melody that some label crude and others naive. They prefer sentiment to sonorities; emotion to austerities. They would have a anguishing luxuriance caress them; not a propulsive force to whip them forward. They thrill to the technique that dazzles out bravura; sit stony before another that conquers complexities. A colorless pianoforte-tone, sublimating hammers and wires, is vexation to their ears. They pine for the old richness and glamour: will have none of the new bareness and directness. There is no altering our pianistic prepossessions; to everyone his own, though they be changeless. But there is a new-old way in which to compose piano-concertos and in this Second Concerto of Prokofiev it is exemplified and fulfilled. There is also a new-old way in which to play and disclose them, of which, yesterday, Mr. Prokofiev and Dr. Koussevitzky were imparting and prevailing masters. So runs the world away.

The afternoon began with the little serenade of Mozart, on next week's tour to disclose the virtuoso graces of the string choir; its bright, transparent, fine-textured tone; its happy felicities, supplementing the conductor's, with a music in which adept artifice ripples suave flow, the one as spontaneous as the other. The afternoon ended with the dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat." Richmond and Washington and Baltimore shall also know the valiance and range of the orchestra with rhythm and color. And New York, hearing both serenade and ballet-music, shall again be made aware.

H. T. P.

NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Eight Concerts For Orchestras On Week's List

Boston Symphony to Play on Thursday in Brooklyn, Friday in Carnegie Hall

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, paying its third New York visit of the season this week under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, has reversed the usual dates of its evening programs at Carnegie Hall and the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and will play in Brooklyn Thursday night and at Carnegie Hall Friday evening. The second Carnegie Hall concert will be, as usual, on Saturday afternoon.

In all three concerts Serge Prokofieff, Russian composer-pianist, will be the soloist in his second piano concerto (op. 16, in G minor). Friday's program also includes his 'Scythian Suite." On Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky will repeat William Walton's "Portsmouth Point," and Arnold Bax's second symphony, which were heard by his Thursday evening Carnegie Hall subscribers last month. The Prokofieff concerto will be preceded on the Brooklyn program by another Russian number, Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony.

For The Symphony Orchestra

Additional Subscribers Raise the Guarantee Fund to $75,000

SINCE the Trustees of the Symphony Orchestra made first report, two weeks ago, seventy-two additional subscribers have contributed to the Guarantee Fund that meets the annual deficit. The pledges now amount to $75,402.67, material and desirable increase. The Trustees, however, still need $25,000 more if they are to clear away the deficit carried over from the season of 1928-1929 and meet also that of 1929-30. The concerts continue in undiminished range and quality. There are as many as possible at the highest advisable prices. At home and abroad audiences fill the house. Orchestra, conductor, management, can do no more. The interest and good-will of the public must provide the rest. It is easiest to pay for something in which we take pride and pleasure. The additional subscribers are:

Adams, Miss Clara A.
Alford, Miss Martha A.
Ames, Mrs. Hobart
Ames, Mrs. William H.

Bartol, Miss Dorothy
Bartol, Mrs. John W.
Beal, Miss Ida G.
Best, Mrs. Edward H.
Blake, Miss M. L.
Brown, Miss Edith B.
Bruzza, Leo, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buckingham, Miss Mary H.
Buff, Miss A. E.
Burgess, Mrs. George Sargent

Coale, Mrs. George O. G.
Coffin, Winthrop
Crosby, Mrs. S. V. R.
Curtis, Miss Mary
Curtiss, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H.
Cutter, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ammi

Dane, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B.
Davis, Mrs. Charles H.
Day, Mrs. Henry B.
Duncan, Mrs.

Forbes, Allyn B.
Forbes, Mrs. Ralph E.

Gage, Mrs. Homer
Garritt, Mrs. Walter G.
Gardner, Roy R.
Gibson, Mrs. Kirkland H.
Gilbert, Miss Helen C.
Goodwin, Miss Frances
Greene, Mrs. E. Farnham
Greenough, Mrs. Henry V.
Griffith, Miss Josephine

Hamlin, Miss Jenny L.
Harris, Miss Frances K.
Haughton, Miss Alison
Heilman, William C.
Holbrook, Miss Mary S.

Jones, Miss Margaret H.

Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham
Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse

Lasell, Miss Elizabeth
Littell, Miss Lucy
Lucas, Mrs. William Henry

Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Earl G.
Moseley, Mrs. Frederick S.
McMichael, Mrs. L. G.

Neilson, Mrs. W. LaCoste
Nutter, George R.

Peabody, Mrs. Endicott
Pfaelzer, Mrs. Franklin T.
Potter, Mrs. Murray A.

Richards, Mrs. J. L.
Roberts, Mrs. Coolidge S.
Rosenau, Dr. M. J.
Rubenstein, Philip

Schneider, Miss Elizabeth
Smith, Louis C.
Sortwell, Mrs. Alvin F.
Spaulding, Miss Emma F.
Sprague, Mrs. Charles
Stackpole, Miss Alice
Stone, Miss Katharine H.
Sturgis, John H.

Tappan, Miss Mary A.
Thomas, Mrs. W. B.
Thurber, Miss Elizabeth

Vaillant, Mrs. George W.

Wadsworth, Mrs. Alexander F.
Ware, Miss Mary Lee
Waring, Mrs. Guy
Wheelwright, A. W.

Program For Concert Has Variety

Boston Symphony Orchestra Will Make Only Appearance Of Season February 5

RECOGNIZED as a symphonic program maker par excellence, Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gives further evidence of his right to that distinction by the announcement of the works to be played when the Boston makes its single appearance of the season here at the Lyric February 5 under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

Where an orchestra makes a number of appearances during a season the making of a satisfying program presents no such difficult problem as that for one concert a year. Mr. Koussevitzky has arranged to give Baltimore several tried numbers and several new to this city. Among the latter is Ravel's Bolero, which created a veritable furore when presented by Toscanini in New York this winter. The Bostonians have presented it in those places, where it gives regular series of concerts.

The Schubert Unfinished will be the symphony, and its shortness permits of more numbers, with the result that the followers of Wagner have had several of their favorites included.

The complete program is as follows:

Prelude and Fugue.....Bach-Schonberg
Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert
Bolero .....Ravel
Prelude and Love Death from Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Introduction to third act and prelude to The Meistersingers.....Wagner

BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN

AT SYMPHONY

While Boston has been enjoyin
of the visiting Chicagoans, its ow
cal organization, the Symphony
been playing in New York. In e
the brief series of spectacular prod
Opera House we are likely to und
value of Mr. Koussevitzky and hi
it is our privilege to hear for six
year. As a reminder, part of the
Olin Downes, the music critic of
Times, on the orchestra's concer
in Carnegie hall is worth reproduc

It may be said, for it is true
ton has now an orchestra whic
a superior, if it has an equal in
try, a band that Mr. Kouss
brought to a unique flexibilit
ness and virtuosity.

Chicago, of course, has a very
orchestra of its own. But it seems
we let it hear the best in return
tunity of hearing its opera com
might well try to engage the Bo
as one feature of the 1933 celebra

Richmond Times-Dispatch
FEB. 4 1930

Music

By George Harris

Boston Symphony Orchest

The third symphony concert
season and the second in T. M
Moody's artists' series of concert
place last night at the Mosque. Th
have crowded in on us lately, two
orchestral concerts and seven per-
formances of opera, all within two
weeks, but, although this fact some-
what lessened the size of the audi-
ence, enthusiasm showed no signs of
fatigue. There was a brilliance in
the performance last night that
would have roused the most jaded.
This performance was given by the
Boston Symphony Orchestra, under
the conducting of Dr. Serge Kousse-
vitzky. We have heard this renowned
and perfect organizatioin several
times in recent years, its last ap
pearance being a memorable oc
during last season. Its programs
not always been as satisfying a
might have been, considering th
have so little orchestral musi
the program last night was
the finest I have ever heard
by an orchestral conductor,—ad
fitted to the taste of any a
and particularly fitted to o
sical tastes and musical need
in Richmond.

This program was original
nounced to begin with a Bac
lude and Fugue arranged for
tra by Schoenberg, but this
be given up because the orc
score did not arrive from Eur
time. In its place was pu
Concerto for orchestra by V
which may have made a happie
fect than an extreme modernist's ar-
rangement of Bach might have done.
At any rate the Vivaldi is a mag-
nificent composition, with its eight-
eenth century severity, but yet wit
some extraordinary prophesies of
musical developments. At this perio
of orchestral writing wind-instruments
and the brasses were used only as
re-enforcement of the strings, so that
the impression is of a composition
played by strings alone. It was a
marvelous opportunity to hear the
well-nigh perfect string section of this
orchestra, whose beauty of tone was
enhanced y a new arrangement of
the orchestra on the stage. The stage
was wider, and the players all sat
further forward, so that there was
a brilliance that we have not hither-
to heard in an orchestral concert in
the Mosque.

The Prelude to "Lohengrin" is again
a composition played almost entirely
by strings, but is a work of a
totally different type of imagination
and of effect. Its spiritual beauty
could not have failed to impress a
single listener. So much music for
this section of the organization built
up the program in a remarkable
manner. Having so much string so-
nority, when the wood-winds and brass
did come, they brought a marvelous
effect of contrast and of color.

Thus we were transported into a
new world when the "Bolero," by
Ravel began. It is a startling work
through its very simplicity. It never
modulates, but it is the reiteration
of one little melody over and over
again, each time there being color
and intensification added to it through
orchestration. It has a strange psy-
chological force in it, for this reit-
eratation puts one into a sort of
hypnotic state of excitement, show-
ing that monotony has more effect
on the nerves than variety. The piece
is a scathing comment on the list-
lessness of Moorish Spain, as it re-
veals to us a primitive state of emo-
tion that exists nowhere else in
Europe. This piece is exciting, but
it is horribly tragic.

After an intermission, during which
the habit formed during last week's
opera made more people than ever
before during a concert go out for a
smoke, we had the great joy of lis-
tening to the Dvorak "New World
Symphony." It is ever fresh, and its
beauties were revealed almost in a
new light at last night's performance.
To come back to the building up of
the program, each composition so far
had kept very rigidly to one tonality, and
now the Symphony unfolded into a
moving mass of harmonic color, whose
effect on us was much more telling
than if we had more harmonic color
before it. And even so, this work
is simple, so that its one great dis-
cordant clash at the end of it all
was more thrilling than I have ever
known it. Delicacy and beauty of
tone alternate with great force in
the playing of the orchestra, and Dr.
Koussevitzky's reading of it brought
out every possible detail of the work's
great imagination. In spite of the
fact that the Cesar Franck Symphony
is more profound than anything we
heard last night, last night's pro-
gram and the performance of it made
possible the most enjoyable orchestral
concert I have ever heard in Rich-
mond.

Symphony Concert --- Films --- Scho

The Afternoon Of Prokofiev, Double Guest

Dr. Koussevitzky Also Returns, The "Scythian Suite" and A Masterly Concerto

SIDE by side, yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Prokofiev shared the Symphony Concert. The conductor returned from his winter holiday; for three weeks his faithful audience had not looked upon him. Renewing annual custom, it clapped him, as he walked to his place, with general, hearty warmth. By exception the orchestra joined in this greeting, or so much of it as was on the stage—the string choir assembled for Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik." It rose, applauded, received the conductor's collective handclasp laid between Mr. Burgin's fingers. . . . The first turn of the guest came at the end of his "Scythian Suite." Dr. Koussevitzky had not only loosed its force, vividness and sweeps of savage power. He had also given just quality to its finer-strung, less overt pages. Applause mounted, quickly summoning Mr. Prokofiev from balcony to stage.

At the end of his second Concerto, with the composer as pianist, the house prolonged its plaudits. His upstanding figure had caught its eye; the likable mannerism of little jerky bows pleased its fancy. Whether it liked or disliked the surface and the substance of the piece, its ears told it that it had listened to a remarkable music in as remarkable performance. Mr. Prokofiev claimed no lion's share, to conductor and orchestra turning applause indeed intended for all three. Upon this triple or quadruple exercise in good feeling silence finally descended and the concert came to a close with the three familiar dances from de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

The "Scythian Suite" dates from 1914 and from the composer's twenty-third year. It is "early Prokofiev," as the chroniclers now reckon his work. The more minute even assign it to his "Stravinskian period." It was prayed in 1924 at the Symphony Concerts and carried all before it. Repeated in 1928, it seemed less impressive. Recently, in the maturity of the later thirties, Mr. Prokofiev has written a Third Symphony, produced last spring by the Paris Symphony Orchestra; a Divertimento in four divisions, heard last December at the Lamoureux Concerts. Some would have had one or both at Symphony Hall, though practical difficulties stood in the way; were prepared to demur to the repetition of the "Scythian Suite." The event silenced them. For in Dr. Koussevitzky's performance of Friday, maybe with the composer sitting by at rehearsals, the music gained new quality, different from that remembered and more impressive.

Most of us recalled the "Scythian Suite" as a graphic, quasi-barbaric music. We remembered the frenzied invocation, at the beginning, "Allegro feroce," of the tribal sun-god; the malignent, distorted dance of the evil-god and his monsters; the race and clash of the finale into the sonorities and intensities of an orchestral sunrise. In our waiting ears was the rough, tense, reiterated beat of Prokofiev's rhythms; his harsh, dissonant, quasi-primitive harmony, now piercing, again pungent; his hard, sharp, astringent use of the orchestra; his liking for quasi-metallic timbres; his writing of a colorless music, in the romantic sense of the words, that yet generated both pictorial and emotional effect. The performance of yesterday transmuted most of these memories into renewed and immediate sensations; took also another course.

Recollection is untrustworthy when it stretches over six years. Yet as it seemed yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky was less vehement with the invocation, the dance, the combat and the sunrise, whereby all four gained in effect of stripped, savage, primeval power. The listener may have heard Prokofiev from a "Stravinskian period"; but was more inclined to hear him as one who had taken the same road under the same promptings—reaction from the romanticism and mysticism, the elaborating, refining and impressionizing of the last preceding musical time. For Prokofiev, the road led into the "Scythian Suite" and "They Are Seven"; for Stravinsky into "Le Sacre" and, ultimately, "Noces." Such work of the two composers marches side by side, rather than with Prokofiev in imitation of Stravinsky and competition with him.

The complement to these sensations was the new effect of other pages in the "Scythian Suite." To the invocation of the sun-god succeeds programatically the sacrifice to Ala, his daughter. Therein Prokofiev sounds a music of simple melodic outline, softened rhythms, thin harmonies, sparse color. Yet from it proceeds an illusion of mysterious rites in a primitive world, when dreading tribes would pierce through the veils upon the kindlier gods, and propitiate them. The dance of the monsters ended, the musical scene shifts to Ala in the moon-crossed darkness and the evil-god stealing upon her to do her "great harm."

[Continued on col. 2, below]

[Continued from col. one]

Again Prokofiev writes his simplified, thin-coated, dissonant, astringent music, but with an illusion at odds with the means. For this tonal scene of Ala and the evil-god is woven into ominous atmosphere; while through it goes bare, melancholy, bitter suggestion, sensuous but far removed from romantic cast. Both are of no "Stravinskian period," but of Prokofiev's own imagination. In a word, less a repetition of the "Scythian Suite" than fresh revelation of the music and the composer.

Mr. Prokofiev does not write piano-concertos as a composer who fears that, did he fail to set hand to them, he would neglect his duty to his God, to man and to the art of music. By clear evidence of the Second heard yesterday, of the Third, heard four years ago, he writes them out of musical fecundity and inclination, not to say prepossession, for the form and the instrument. In these latter days, with many a composer, a piano-concerto seems a determined task at last accomplished. With Mr. Prokofiev, it is spontaneous self-expression. Moreover, he can design and fill a piano-concerto in the grand style—not the style of Liszt and the romantics; but rather of the lesser, half-forgotten virtuoso-composers at the middle of the last century who derived their piano-style from Beethoven and mixed it with Hummel. For musical paradox over the supper table, it is quite possible to argue that—virtuoso-display aside—this Second Concerto of Prokofiev is more akin to the symphonic concertos of Brahms than to either by Liszt.

Be that as it may (as they wave aside troublesome matters in the musical plays), Mr. Prokofiev stretches a wide canvas in this Concerto in G minor and fills it full. There are four movements; none lengthy, but each abounding in appropriate matter. The piano and the pianist are displayed in a curious, intricate, teeming scherzo; again in the variations of the finale. The orchestra is not merely accompaniment, but intrinsic and distinctive part of a symphonic design. Neither it, the conductor nor the pianist may escape the incessant exactions. Mr. Prokofiev's seeming simplicities are sometimes more difficult than another composer's elaboration. (No wonder Dr. Koussevitzky judged the preparation of this Concerto, with a revival of the "Scythian Suite," quite enough for four days' rehearsal).

The familiar, anticipated Prokofiev sounds from the insistent duple rhythms, the short-breathed motivs, the simplified melody, the contrasts of diatonic and chromatic measures, with a recurring preference for the diatonic; the thin, rude harmonies, the sparing timbres; the swift fluency or the driving force of every sequence; even the wit of the final G fortissimo flourished out at the end, like a gamin taking leave around the corner and (probably) making the long nose with both hands. Throughout also, the "classical" Prokofiev. Under the rush and glitter of the scherzo, toccata-form; in the finale, canons. An Intermezzo—the nearest approach to a slow movement—of formal pattern impeccable. In the first movement, first subject, second subject, passage-work, cadenza—all on the classic model descending from Beethoven rather than in the romantic procedure incarnate in Liszt; yet with room to spare for range and caprice. And throughout a complex technique oftener stripped than luxuriant.

Of course, there are those who care not at all for such a piano-concerto, or for the sort of piano-playing that makes it sound. They will not have the piano an instrument of percussion, of hammers and wires all compact with relatively incidental pedals. It must be made to sing, if not to smear. They resent a music vitalized by rhythm; that returns again and again to the capricious play of figures; that contents itself with a melody that some label crude and others naive. They prefer sentiment to sonorities; emotion to austerities. They would have a anguishing luxuriance caress them; not a propulsive force to whip them forward. They thrill to the technique that dazzles out bravura; sit stony before another that conquers complexities. A colorless pianoforte-tone, sublimating hammers and wires, is vexation to their ears. They pine for the old richness and glamour; will have none of the new bareness and directness. There is no altering our pianistic prepossessions; to everyone his own, though they be changeless. But there is a new-old way in which to compose piano-concertos and in this Second Concerto of Prokofiev it is exemplified and fulfilled. There is also a new-old way in which to play and disclose them, of which, yesterday, Mr. Prokofiev and Dr. Koussevitzky were imparting and prevailing masters. So runs the world away.

The afternoon began with the little serenade of Mozart, on next week's tour to disclose the virtuoso graces of the string choir; its bright, transparent, fine-textured tone; its happy felicities, supplementing the conductor's, with a music in which adept artifice ripples suave flow, the one as spontaneous as the other. The afternoon ended with the dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat." Richmond and Washington and Baltimore shall also know the valiance and range of the orchestra with rhythm and color. And New York, hearing both serenade and ballet-music, shall again be made aware. H. T. P.

Feb. 2 NEW YORK
1930 HERALD TRIBUNE

Eight Concerts For Orchestras On Week's List

Boston Symphony to Play on Thursday in Brooklyn, Friday in Carnegie Hall

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, paying its third New York visit of the season this week under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, has reversed the usual dates of its evening programs at Carnegie Hall and the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and will play in Brooklyn Thursday night and at Carnegie Hall Friday evening. The second Carnegie Hall concert will be, as usual, on Saturday afternoon.

In all three concerts Serge Prokofieff, Russian composer-pianist, will be the soloist in his second piano concerto (op. 16, in G minor). Friday's program also includes his 'Scythian Suite." On Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky will repeat William Walton's "Portsmouth Point," and Arnold Bax's second symphony, which were heard by his Thursday evening Carnegie Hall subscribers last month. The Prokofieff concerto will be preceded on the Brooklyn program by another Russian number, Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony.

For The Symphony Orchestra

Additional Subscribers Raise the Guarantee Fund to $75,000

SINCE the Trustees of the Symphony Orchestra made first report, two weeks ago, seventy-two additional subscribers have contributed to the Guarantee Fund that meets the annual deficit. The pledges now amount to $75,402.67, material and desirable increase. The Trustees, however, still need $25,000 more if they are to clear away the deficit carried over from the season of 1928-1929 and meet also that of 1929-30. The concerts continue in undiminished range and quality. There are as many as possible at the highest advisable prices. At home and abroad audiences fill the house. Orchestra, conductor, management, can do no more. The interest and good-will of the public must provide the rest. It is easiest to pay for something in which we take pride and pleasure. The additional subscribers are:

Adams, Miss Clara A.
Alford, Miss Martha A.
Ames, Mrs. Hobart
Ames, Mrs. William H.

Bartol, Miss Dorothy
Bartol, Mrs. John W.
Beal, Miss Ida G.
Best, Mrs. Edward H.
Blake, Miss M. L.
Brown, Miss Edith B.
Bruzza, Leo, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buckingham, Miss Mary H.
Buff, Miss A. E.
Burgess, Mrs. George Sargent

Coale, Mrs. George O. G.
Coffin, Winthrop
Crosby, Mrs. S. V. R.
Curtis, Miss Mary
Curtiss, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H.
Cutter, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ammi

Dane, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B.
Davis, Mrs. Charles H.
Day, Mrs. Henry B.
Duncan, Mrs.

Forbes, Allyn B.
Forbes, Mrs. Ralph E.

Gage, Mrs. Homer
Garritt, Mrs. Walter G.
Gardner, Roy R.
Gibson, Mrs. Kirkland H.
Gilbert, Miss Helen C.
Goodwin, Miss Frances
Greene, Mrs. E. Farnham
Greenough, Mrs. Henry V.
Griffith, Miss Josephine

Hamlin, Miss Jenny L.
Harris, Miss Frances K.
Haughton, Miss Alison
Heilman, William C.
Holbrook, Miss Mary S.

Jones, Miss Margaret H.

Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham
Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse

Lasell, Miss Elizabeth
Littell, Miss Lucy
Lucas, Mrs. William Henry

Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Earl G.
Moseley, Mrs. Frederick S.
McMichael, Mrs. L. G.

Neilson, Mrs. W. LaCoste
Nutter, George R.

Peabody, Mrs. Endicott
Pfaelzer, Mrs. Franklin T.
Potter, Mrs. Murray A.

Richards, Mrs. J. L.
Roberts, Mrs. Coolidge S.
Rosenau, Dr. M. J.
Rubenstein, Philip

Schneider, Miss Elizabeth
Smith, Louis C.
Sortwell, Mrs. Alvin F.
Spaulding, Miss Emma F.
Sprague, Mrs. Charles
Stackpole, Miss Alice
Stone, Miss Katharine H.
Sturgis, John H.

Tappan, Miss Mary A.
Thomas, Mrs. W. B.
Thurber, Miss Elizabeth

Vaillant, Mrs. George W.

Wadsworth, Mrs. Alexander F.
Ware, Miss Mary Lee
Waring, Mrs. Guy
Wheelwright, A. W.

Program For Concert Has Variety

Boston Symphony Orchestra Will Make Only Appearance Of Season February 5

RECOGNIZED as a symphonic program maker par excellence, Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gives further evidence of his right to that distinction by the announcement of the works to be played when the Boston makes its single appearance of the season here at the Lyric February 5 under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

Where an orchestra makes a number of appearances during a season the making of a satisfying program presents no such difficult problem as that for one concert a year. Mr. Koussevitzky has arranged to give Baltimore several tried numbers and several new to this city. Among the latter is Ravel's Bolero, which created a veritable furore when presented by Toscanini in New York this winter. The Bostonians have presented it in those places, where it gives regular series of concerts.

The Schubert Unfinished will be the symphony, and its shortness permits of more numbers, with the result that the followers of Wagner have had several of their favorites included.

The complete program is as follows:

Prelude and Fugue.....Bach-Schonberg
Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert
Bolero .....Ravel
Prelude and Love Death from Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Introduction to third act and prelude to The Meistersingers.....Wagner

BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN

AT SYMPHONY HALL

While Boston has been enjoying the singing of the visiting Chicagoans, its own great musical organization, the Symphony Orchestra, has been playing in New York. In enthusiasm for the brief series of spectacular productions at the Opera House we are likely to underestimate the value of Mr. Koussevitzky and his band, whom it is our privilege to hear for six months every year. As a reminder, part of the comment of Olin Downes, the music critic of the New York Times, on the orchestra's concert Saturday is in Carnegie hall is worth reproducing.

It may be said, for it is true, that Boston has now an orchestra which is without a superior, if it has an equal in this country, a band that Mr. Koussevitzky has brought to a unique flexibility, sensitiveness and virtuosity.

Chicago, of course, has a very fine symphony orchestra of its own. But it seems only fair that we let it hear the best in return for our opportunity of hearing its opera company. Chicago might well try to engage the Boston orchestra as one feature of the 1933 celebration.

[Concluded on col. 2, top]

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Plays and Players --- Music and Musicians

Side-Glances At Prokofiev Now Returned

A Trait Here, A Page There, Of The Manifold and Puissant Composer

SOME years ago an intelligent, far-seeing Russian critic made a startling prediction: that the time would come when Serge Prokofiev, in the halo of European fame, would be welcomed as master in his native country. He was mistaken only in that he allowed fifteen years for the event to happen. In the year 1927, not a decade after Prokofiev went a-wandering around the globe, he visited Russia as a recognized and even loved master-musician. Who could think of such good fortune for the poor, ugly duckling, Prokofiev might have said, recalling his music and text to Andersen's fairy-tale.

Prokofiev is now an accepted composer. Amateur pianists everywhere struggle with the Gavotte from his Classical Symphony with the same fervor that they formerly applied to Rakhmaninov's C-sharp minor Prelude. According to Mr. Casella, boys in the streets of Moscow whistle the tune of Prokofiev's March from "Love for Three Oranges." Prokofiev is on the operatic stage from Leningrad to Chicago; Diaghilev's ballet has been miming and dancing to his music for half a generation. His scores are on the library shelves of every respectable orchestra—conductorless or leader-bound. Out of the air, the radio-audience hears him. He is a celebrated figure, on his way to eminence.

At first Prokofiev's career was centered on his pianistic powers. In his student-years—at the Leningrad Conservatory, under Glazunov's directorship—he was known chiefly as a pianist of stupendous ability. He did not even graduate in composition. Thus, his First Concerto which he played at the final exercises, and which must have annoyed some of his professors, was only an auxiliary for a display of his technical brilliance on the chosen instrument. He received the first prize as pianist. His compositions were merely tolerated, or ranked with such pastimes as playing chess, in which game Prokofiev was more than proficient. He won against every competitor in the all-Russian chess tournament for amateurs. Alekhine, the chess world-champion, thinks highly of Prokofiev's talents in this direction. But not the chessboard, nor even the keyboard of the piano has elevated Prokofiev to his present position. His fame is the composer's fame—to the virtual exclusion of his achievements in other fields.

Prokofiev's evolution was singularly sane. He showed signs of musical genius at a very early age. At eight or nine he contrived an "opera" with all the paraphernalia of dramatic happenings essential to the form. His libretto abounded in conspiracies, duels, narrow escapes from death. The first and the last performance took place at his uncle's mansion. The metaphorical curtain dropped prematurely when the composer was ordered to bed. Children's compositions ought to be studied with at least as much interest as infantile drawings. There may be more spontaneity in the mind of a musical child than in compositions of a worldly gentleman making music his means to success.

Prokofiev's Opus One is a Piano-Sonata, now discoverable only in such treasuries of published and manuscript music as the Library of Congress. It is a pleasing perambulation over the keyboard, strangely Brahmsian in design, but musically unpromising. Prokofiev's genius is disclosed for the first time in his Piano-Concerto—the graduation piece. There is magnificent daring in that music. The opening passages for the solo-instrument recall the finger-exercises of the celebrated Hanon, but Prokofiev strikes fire. It was new departure in the toccata style—a continuous flow of percussive tones dispensed with magnificent dash and effectiveness. There is suggestion of phenomenally long-winded breath; the usual abrupt cutting-off only enhances the impression. Prokofiev's music is angular, or, more specifically, quadrangular He sees no need of capricious digressions which only diminish the effect. He is not searching for new rhythms. He prefers not to break the old. One, two; left, right; up, down—Prokofiev's music marches along, leaps upwards and snaps like an exhilarating muscular exercise. The secret of increasing tension by the hammering-out of a persistent rhythm was discovered by Prokofiev long before Ravel invented "Bolero." Prokofiev faces the charges of crudeness and even monotony with a stone-face. He is champion of direct action in music. And direct action demands fearless determination and perseverance—at all costs.

Primitive music and primitive rhythms hold fascination for every one who abhors decadent moods. Fairy tales are product of a primitive mind. Prokofiev is attracted to such sources. His first opera, "The Gambler," is based on a story of fantastic realism. Such texts are peculiarly suitable to Prokofiev's genius. He may introduce a few measures of photographic verity like the swiveling figure for the roulette-ball. One nearly feels it as it winds up in the fatal zero. "The Flaming Angel" and "Love for Three Oranges" are other texts that fed Prokofiev's inspiration. There is no need to recall the magnificent nonsense of the ballet, "Chout." But how strikingly sensible the music!

Prokofiev wrote "The Scythian Suite," when he was twenty. The score reflects the men and the gods of the half-legendary tribe of Scythians that roved over the plains of Russia before the Slavs came to inhabit the land. They were nomads and were last heard from some two thousand years ago. Their mysterious disappearance enhanced the fascination of their name. As the languid mid-Victorians yearned to be "early English ere it is too late," so the Russians, suffering from a fashionable ennui, recalled their possible ancestors. Prokofiev's music was revolutionary. When the first performance of the work was announced in Moscow, a not uncommon incident occurred: the orchestral parts were not ready in time, and another piece was substituted at the last moment. This did not prevent the headlong critic, Sabaneiev, from showering on Prokofiev all sorts of invective for his music. Prokofiev gave out the facts of cancellation in an open letter; the critic was forthwith asked to resign. At that time such dishonesty could not be tolerated. We all know that nowadays critics get away with worse things. From the Scythian Suite a straight line leads to "They Are Seven" on a cryptic text of age-old antiquity, for tenor solo, chorus and full orchestra. It is a sort of lingering explosion, releasing all the energies that matter may contain. Prokofiev breaks up the musical tone as scientists would split the atom. The score is a stunning revelation of power.

The lyrical Prokofiev is in striking contrast to the Prokofiev of savage force. His lyricism is often reflective. It may take on a sardonic aspect when the composer looks soberly at his subjective indulgence. But the stirring quality of his lyrical pages is undeniable. Again, his uncanny efficiency works miracles: With a few notes stripped of all elaboration he produces an irresistible effect. His songs to the gentle words of Russia's poignant poetess, Akhmatova, are such revelations of a moving emotion translated into the simplest musical signs. There is often sadness or self-pity; but a cheerful tone somehow breaks through. Prokofiev is pre-eminently an optimistic composer. Like all fairy tales, his music promises a happy ending. Even when he touches stark realism, the measures still flow free. His grotesque stage-figures, like The-Sailor-with-A-Bracelet or The Bread-Smugglers in the ballet, "Pas d' Acier," do not repel.

Beside Stravinsky, Prokofiev stands out as healthy and virile composer. There is a heartening tendency nowadays towards sanity in music, and in this movement Prokofiev is one of the chief figures. Not in vain does he mention Vladimir Dukelsky as his favorite composer among the young; for Dukelsky's music is straight as an arrow, and it hits as unfailingly. The more meandering Auric and Poulenc lack the stamina that Dukelsky possesses, as birthright. After all, the business of music is to produce a tonic, effect. Prokofiev's rhythms and energies are eminently musical.

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

Mme. Povla Frijsh, the singer, now in high Bostonian vogue, will return to Jordan Hall for a concert on Saturday afternoon, March 15, in final appearance for the season. Mail orders for tickets may now be sent to her manager, Mr. Aaron Richmond, in the Pierce Building.

The Eaglet of Russian Music Grows Into a Big Eagle

Serge Prokofiev

Composer and Pianist, Guest at The Symphony Concerts Tomorrow and Saturday

Concert-Chronicle

Concerto Grandioso

AS already noted on these pages, Mr. Prokofiev will be guest of the Symphony Orchestra at its concerts of Friday and Saturday. Redoubtable pianist as well as composer, he will play his Second Concerto, in C minor, Opus 16, 1913—(1923). The date in parenthesis indicates a revision. For after an interval Prokofiev has revised more than one of his pieces. Rarely, however, has he made radical changes of form, substance, or orchestral dress. He has polished surfaces rather than altered essentials.

The second Concerto is built in four

into committees co-operating with t

Miss Le Gallienne In Spanish Frame

TO her repertory in New York, Miss Le Gallienne has added a new comedy, "The Women Have Their Way." Such trifling interludes [begins Mr. Atkinson in The Times] are not worth doing unless they are done well. It is the virtue of this one that Miss Le Gallienne and her company play it capitally—con brio. Textually it is the wor of the Quintero Brothers of Spain, whos "Sunny Morning" and "The Lady fro Alfaqueque" have already appeared Fourteenth Street, and whose "A Hu dred Years Old" is now Otis Skinner touring vehicle. They are not treme dous fellows, but they can set dow trifles with dexterity; and when the Civ Repertory company is not flagellatir souls it can set trifles spinning in the a with uncommon merriment. Miss L

Continued on Following Page

Feather from The Plun

Autographed Measures from The Full Score of Pr Concerto

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

Intermezzo 4-4; Finale 4-4. Note the absolute preponderance of the duple time, which is Prokofiev's most characteristic rhythm. The solo instrument enters in the original key of G minor, after a short introduction of strings pizzicati. The first subject is stated on the background of an expansive accompanying figure, in triplets. It consists of a thrice repeated rhythmic figure of a dotted eighth note, a sixteenth note, and a quarter note—the figure that underlies the entire movement and reappears in the Intermezzo. The longer notes form a harmonic scale on which multiple sudden modulations are made. The orchestra picks up the principal subject after a brief pianistic interlude. The triplet figure continues with the principal subject exploring the heights of the pianistic range. The second subject is of capricious design seasoned with dissonant intervals in open superposition. The rhythm is now supported by figures in four sixteenth notes ending with an explosive forte on the first beat of each measure. There is an interplay of rhythms with some passage-work leading to a long and elaborate cadenza. The chief subject is restated "narrante" with the simplest accompaniment in familiar triplets. The movement ends in a unison on the key-note in pianissimo.

The second movement, Scherzo (Vivace), is an uninterrupted avalanche of trills and figurations in the manner of a toccata. While the solo instrument is thus occupied, the orchestra sets in a rhythmic background in ingratiating fashion.

The third movement, Intermezzo (Allegro Moderato), is of a graver nature. The rhythmic element is very strong. A scale-like theme is stated in the orchestra. A meditative interlude of short duration follows for the piano alone. The orchestra picks up the lead with several subjects, or bits of melody, passing in quick succession. A broad theme, accompanied by pianoforte passages in brilliant display, forms a bridge to the rhythmic figure of the introduction, thus imparting a cyclic aspect to the movement. It ends where it began: on the key-note in unison, in deep bass register. The Finale is a Rondo in the Dorian mode. The first period is diatonic; the second, chromatic. The piano has several ingenious variations in the best "Grand Concerto" style. There are short episodes. The original Allegro Tempestoso returns, strengthening the feeling of a cyclic design through the entire work. After all sorts of dazzling artifice, the Concerto lands on the same naked, defiant G, this time in crashing fortissimo.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR

FEB

MUSIC

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY CONDUCTS.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played the only program it has scheduled for Washington this season at Poli's Theater yesterday afternoon. A packed house greeted every number enthusiastically. Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who had friends with her in the presidential box, led the applause.

There are other old and firmly established orchestras that come to the National Capital. However, each time that the Boston Orchestra appears here with its Russian conductor leading it the impression of supreme co-ordination and beautiful, finished interpretation is deepened. This orchestra demonstrates the essence of polish and culture in the art of music.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN

FEB 6

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The organlike quality of unison of tone noticeable in the work of the orchestra was especially effective in the mysterious beauty that dominates Wagner's prelude music for [illegible]grin." It was exquisitely interpreted.

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4-H Boy Wins Scholarship.

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BALTIMORE
EVE. SUN

FEB 6 1930

MUSIC

By F. W. Strehlau

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FOLLOWING immediately the announcement that the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society would discontinue its concerts in this city next season, the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its only appearance here this season seemed almost providential, for it served to draw attention to the possibility of this organization being restored to its former position of prominence in the local musical field. This was probably in the minds of many persons in the audience at the Lyric last night and possibly gave an added touch to the enthusiasm manifested as the program progressed.

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The real feature of the evening, how[illegible]er, was Ravel's "Bolero," a work [illegible]hich had its premiere here and which [illegible]as written expressly for Ida Rubin[illegible]tein, the exotic Paris dancer. It is [illegible]aring in conception and brilliant in [illegible]xecution, affording the fullest scope [illegible]r the exercise of that peculiarly subtle [illegible]d remarkable craftsmanship which [illegible] come to be associated with this [illegible]mposer. That anyone should have [illegible]ertained the idea of producing a [illegible]g score built up on numerous repeti[illegible]ns of a single dance theme would be [illegible]linarily considered fantastic in the [illegible]treme. But the Frenchman's fertility [illegible] invention, his accurate and compre[illegible]sive knowledge of the scope of in[illegible]ments; his art in weaving a fabric [illegible]rich tonal effects enabled him to [illegible]mplish the seemingly impossible [illegible] turn out a work relieved from all sense of monotony and transformed into an arresting creation. The theme, sung first by the flute, then by the clarinet and then successively by almost every class of instruments in the orchestra, including one that sounded suspiciously like a saxophone, if it was something else, gains progressively in sonority and in colorfulness until it reaches a shattering climax. At first mildly appealing, it steadily grows in its hold upon the attention until it fairly grips the auditor and leaves him at the end in a mood to become highly demonstrative. The work was played in a manner to give it full flavor and expression, and it evoked tumultuous applause.

The printed program also listed two parts of the Albeniz "Iberia" in an arrangement for orchestra by F. Arbos, but for some reason a change was made and the last part of the concert was devoted to Wagner, with the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkuere" substituted for the Spanish numbers and with the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde" and the Vorspiel from "Die Meistersinger" retained. All three of these Wagner excerpts were played with a due regard for their majestic, ecstatic character, the intensity of the "Tristan" score, with its poignant love theme, being admirably projected, while the emergence of the lovely prize song from amid the confusion and the clamor of the Vorspiel was impressively achieved. Moreover, the tonal picture of the tempestuous ride of the Valkyries again ass[illegible] its power.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
NEWS

FEB

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Serge Koussevitzky Conducts Orchestra In Rendering The Bolero Of Ravel And Schubert's Unfinished Work

A curtain from the past seemed to have been lifted a little in the concert last night at the Lyric of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the listener was permitted to look back some years, when the conductor's platform was occupied successively by Gehricke, Nikisch, Fiedler, Muck and now last, but by no means least, Serge Koussevitzky. The old spirit was rekindled by Dr. Koussevitzky. The Phœnix rose from the ashes and last night's concert was especially fine.

Whether the audience came to hear the Boston Orchestra, or to hear it play under the Russian's able direction, or to hear the amazing Bolero of Ravel made no difference. It heard them all, and in addition some Wagner excerpts played with uncommon enthusiasm. The Schubert Unfinished Symphony in B Minor was the first offering. It has been some time since the lovely fragment has been heard here and its beauty has not diminished.

Dr. Koussevitzky read the Schubert in a chaste and gentle spirit, with a brooding sadness giving way to the brightness never long absent in Schubert's music. It was wholly dignified and rich in tone color.

Considerable expectancy awaited the performance of the Ravel Bolero, the latest work from the pen of the French tone painter, dedicated to the bizaare dancer, Ida Rubinstein. Amazing and extraordinary are rightly used to describe this creation of the versatile French savant of notes and staffs, who can take a musical text from a Spanish dance form, couch it in modern harmonies and expound upon it musically better than any Spaniard. Such a master of orchestration is this man that he can take a theme, bend it into the rhythm of a Spanish Bolero and, never changing either the theme or the tempo, repeat it many, many times, always for a different instrument, and make the very monotony increase the intensity of the thing until it reaches a stupendous, cumulative climax, involving the full resources of the modern orchestra. If it is, as one able critic called it, "an aristocratic disguise of a music-hall dance," it is also a piece de resistance of complicated orchestration that is fascinating, a tribute to the subtle craftmanship of the French master orchestrator, and the Bostonians presented it with such superb artistry that it was electrifying.

Whether it might appear as an anticlimax, or whether the versatile conductor chose to preserve the unities in the second half of the concert, Albeniz's Iberia was shelved and three Wagner excerpts comprised the latter part of the program. The Ride of the Valkyries took the place of the Spanish suite, and having been lashed into excitement by the Ravel, the organization presented an equally noteworthy [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
TIMES

FEB 5 [illegible]

OVATION GIVEN TO BOSTON SYMPHONY

Rain pouring outside had nothing to do with the showers of applause that stormed Poli's Theatre yesterday afternoon, at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert.

Before one of the largest and most distinguished audiences, that assembled at an afternoon musicale this season, headed by the gracious Mrs. Hoover who with guests occupied the President's box, Serge Koussevitzky, whose triumphs in Washington are nothing new, directed a most refreshing and impressive program.

The gorgeous Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 6 in B Minor, better known as the "Pathetique" was a stupendous introduction to the pretentious numbers that were presented.

Dr. Koussevitsky imbues all his readings with the forcefulness of his dynamic self. It is something of a mystery why he still keeps to the fashion of leaving the score open before him. He does not need it. He refers to it so seldom that it is easy to see he is absolutely familiar with every measure. To watch the keenly cut, smart, direct and inconspicuous gestures he gives to carry his men through the most complex struggles of a master composer's mind, is a study in itself.

"The Pathetique," with its great Russian somberness, passing into a more care-free mood and returning in the finale to the most profound preplexities of human nature resigned, aroused exclamations of ecstacy when the echo of the last note died in the auditorium.

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Not monotonous this constant repetition, but fascinating beyond all conceptions. The regular beat works its way into the being of the listener and soon he is carrying on with the orchestra, slowly, never varying, but always increasing in volume until the whole world is filled with the enchanting song of the "Bolero."

The "Prelude to Lohengrin" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," both works of Wagner, brought the concert to a glowing conclusion, with deliberate applause for the conductor and his men, indicating that excellent music is appreciated in Washington even if the hour is late.

MADELINE ENSIGN.

TIMES

ORCHESTRA CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra to Celebrate Fiftieth Anniversary.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, second oldest in the United States, will celebrate next season (1930-1931) its fiftieth anniversary. This will be the seventh season of the orchestra under Serge Koussevitsky, its eminent Russian conductor.

Plans are already afoot for special concerts of importance, suitable to the occasion. Igor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofieff, the two foremost living Russian composers, have promised Koussevitsky to write special pieces for the Boston Symphony orchestra's fiftieth year. There will be special concerts, such as a Bach Festival in the spring of 1931, which is to include a performance of the Mass in B minor.

It is hoped that Sir George Henschel, the first conductor of the orchestra, will be able to make a special visit to America and appear as guest conductor.

George Henschel, although of advanced age, is in excellent health and is living in retirement at his home in England. He has not been in this country since the three years, 1881-1884, when he guided this orchesta through its first three seasons.

Since 1924 the conductor has been Serge Koussevitsky. According to the general opinion, this illustrious line of leaders has had a worthy successor in Koussevitzky. New and glorious chapters have been added to the history of this greatest of orchestras.

Koussevitzky plans to make his coming, sixth, season perhaps the most eventful which the Boston Symphony orchestra has known. There is a large demand for tickets for the Hartford concert at Bushnell Hall. Many taking advantage of reserving tickets now which will be held until March 1, at [illegible]cCoy's, 89 Asylum street.

MUSIC

Koussevitzky leads his orchestra with style and distinction, and pure music, unadorned by orchestral tricks, is the result

By RUTH HOWELL

THERE'S no conductor with more style and yet more reserve and elegance than the Russian leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky. And his orchestra, which played at Poli's yesterday, follows his lead in the matters of style as well as music, with the inevitable result of a well nigh perfect orchestra.

The concert yesterday was a beautiful one. There was the music, such things as Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" Symphony and Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin." Koussevitzky made them full of flowing music, not needful of orchestral or interpretative tricks to make them interesting.

There is something to this business of an orchestra having the same permanent conductor. The players take on a consistent style and their playing is always sure, confident and evidently satisfying to themselves as well as to the audience. Koussevitzky's men are perfectly drilled—so perfectly that the drilling is forgotten and they throw themselves into their playing with a happy ease.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR

MUSIC.

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The new "Bolero" of Maurice Ravel was well worth hearing. This work has a simple and attractive melody with Spanish color and rhythm. The interest in its development lies entirely with the handling of the different instruments' reading of this same melody in varying orchestral effects. Beginning with a mere whisper of the first mention of the tune, Mr. Koussevitzky built skillfully to what was certainly a stupendous climax of towering sound from the entire orchestra. One suspects, however, that in the hands of a less gifted conductor, with an orchestra of lesser musicians, this work would sound deadly dull, for even with yesterday's reading there were moments of arid monotony.

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BALTIMORE
EVE. SUN
FEB 6 193

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IPHONY

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
NEWS

MUSIC

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TIMES

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MADELINE ENSIGN.

REDUCTION RATIO 14x

PM-MGP 13″x18″
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

200 mm

150 mm

100 mm

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

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1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIMES

KOUSSEVITZKY GIVES PROKOFIEFF'S WORK

Composer, the Pianist, in a Brilliant Performance of This Concerto.

WAGNER CYCLE IS OPENED

"Meistersinger" Is Sung With Rare Harmony, With Miss Mueller as Eva and Schorr as Sachs.

By OLIN DOWNES.

It was the turn of Serge Prokofieff at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Prokofieff, who is scant of hair, but tall, blonde, with an appearance of boyishness, figured on the program as composer and also as pianist in the performance of his second concerto, heard for the first time in this city. Mr. Koussevitzky gave an amazingly brilliant performance of the Prokofieff "Scythian" Suite. Suite and Concerto evoked storms of applause. The composer, after both performances, was repeatedly called out, bowing from the platform. Mr. Koussevitzky, who greatly admires Mr. Prokofieff's talent, signaled the orchestra to rise in his honor, while the conductor himself applauded. All this bordered on unconditional triumph. Those who had reservations were silent and outnumbered.

It has not always been thus. Mr. Prokofieff, who will be 39 years of age next April 24, has already been for a considerable period a storm centre of modern music. Fifteen years ago, with the "Scythian" Suite already to his credit, he was the terrible infant of contemporaneous composition. When he came to America for the first time he took much castigation from the press, but he always had a lesser or greater number of fanatical admirers, and there were not lacking those willing to take up cudgels for him. What more does a composer need for fame? Mr. Prokofieff may or may not be a great composer of tomorrow. We don't know about tomorrow, and shall not try to. At present he occupies a position before the public for which less sincere composers would be willing to resort to any trick or make any sacrifice. He is a figure, and conspicuous in the musical talk of the day.

There is no question that his music is of contemporaneous inspiration, in spite of the intentional, if not deliberate, barbarisms of the "Scythian" Suite. Tribal ceremonies, and sacrifices, dances, lamentations, fighting and salute to the rising of the sun—these things may emanate from atavistic sources in the subconsciousness of the composer, but they are as modern as Flaubert. The battle with the Evil God, as portrayed by Prokofieff, is as impersonal and as metallic as the battle with the armed elephants in "Salammbo." And just as the characters in "Salammbo" are figures and not characters, men as yet only a few centuries removed from beasts, therefore only capable of action and unaware of the conscious reasonings and emotions of men, so is this music hieratic and unemotional, done in hard surfaces, savage without hate or fear, since its existence has nothing to do with these feelings. But here is force, severity and hugeness of line, and a feeling of terror in the presence of unknown things. And the spirit of this unemotional music paves pages already old-fashioned in workmanship, in rhythmical periods and formal character, and music not wholly sufficient unto itself, since there are purely reiterative and repetitive measures which are actually dance, and would be in their real place as accompaniment of the dance.

But the final pages—those depicting the sunrise, with the harmonies that shatter like the points of a thousand spears against the sustained tones of the trumpets, are—if not among the greates—among the most brilliant pages of recent musical literature. These things were impressed upon the listener in the most exceptional way by the masterly performance of Mr. Koussevitsky and his men. It is hard to believe that Mr. Prokofieff has ever had a more brilliant interpretation.

The piano concerto is more advanced and more absolutely musical in its intention than the early suite. It is pure musical form. The first movement has lyrical ideas which are clear, melodic and of a flowing beauty, and they are subjected to delightful and astonishing treatment. In later movements are stretches intentionally symmetrical and conventional in form. They are worked out largely on the basis of rhythm, though contrapuntal devices are also employed. There is little of a lyrical nature after the first movement. The second, as the program book tells us, is a kind of "moto perpetuo," for the two hands playing in octaves against the orchestral part, the whole having the effect of a rapid technical etude.

There is the insistence upon so-called "pure" form, rhythm, design. As a matter of fact, for a record of a first hearing, this writer finds many of these purely formal ideas purely monotonous and undistinguished. He finds commonplace figures overworked; variation, frequently ingenious, but in the end monotonous, rather than development of germinal motives; a good deal of banality and not very much musical fertility or intensity. Mr. Prokofieff, for his part, played the piano with ample technic and tonal power, and with the rhythmical pulse so essential to this music.

Prokofieff was introduced with an air of innocence with Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik," which Mr. Koussevitzky's men have played more than once, and, in the past, very well in this city. The concerto was followed by three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat." They are lively but commonplace by the side of the same composer's score of "Amor Brujo" and there is obvious indebtedness to one Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff. A fascinating concert, whatever its pros and cons, with the novelty of material that so many orchestral concerts in New York lack, and a standard of orchestral virtuosity which has not been surpassed, if it has been equalled, this Winter in New York City.

"Meistersinger" at Metropolitan.

DIE MEISTERSINGER, music drama, in three acts. German book and music by Richard Wagner. First of special matinee cycle. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Eva	Maria Mueller
Magdalene	Marion Telva
Walther von Stolzing	Rudolf Laubenthal
Hans Sachs	Friedrich Schorr
Beckmesser	Gustav Schuetzendorf
Pogner	Leon Rothier
Kothner	Arnold Gabor
Vogelgesang	Max Bloch
Zorn	Marek Windheim
Moser	Max Altglass
Eisslinger	Giordano Paltrinieri
Nachtigall	Louis D'Angelo
Ortel	Paolo Ananian
Poltz	James Wolfe
Schwartz	William Gustafson
David	George Meader
A Night Watchman	Arnold Gabor

Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

The performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger" given yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House as part of the special matinee cycle of operas of that composer, had as one of its finest characteristics the Sachs of Mr. Schorr, happily returned to the Metropolitan fold for the last part of the season. Maria Mueller also appeared for the first time this Winter as Eva. Most of the other parts were taken as on recent occasions, although Mr. Rothier's Pogner was matter for observation. Mr. Bodanzky, risen from a bad attack of sciatica, conducted, under considerable physical discomfort, one of the most spirited performances of that opera that we have heard from his baton.

The cast was an interesting one, and with a few minor exceptions it was well balanced. Fortunate the company which can offer its most important rôle of the opera such a singer and interpreter as Mr. Schorr. The performance would have been worth while if for nothing else than his noble and tender impersonation, for the great art with which he sang such passages as the monologue in Sachs's study, and his beautiful shadings of each phrase and detail of interpretation. Miss Mueller gave pleasure when she did not force or edge her tones—and this was infrequent—by her comeliness and grace, and the freshness and youth of her tones. She was not a disillusion to the beholder but credibly the fraulein whom Walther desired to court by song. This Walther, in turn, sang with better quality of tone and a finer legato than Mr. Laubenthal has customarily vouchsafed this season. The grouping for the quintet, the stage picture as the joyous and modest song welled from the heart of Wagner's maiden, supplied a spectacle as well as sound which visualized the plot and the period of its inspiration.

In sum, then, this was a rarely harmonious, balanced and effective performance. Nor must there be forgotten the magnificent effect of the choral passages in the last scene—a scene which is perhaps the greatest in musical form and inspiration in the whole literature of opera. Honor to the chorus, and to the incomparable glory of Wagner's music!

The performance was received with deserved enthusiasm by a large and demonstrative audience.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
POST

BOSTON SYMPHONY FINDS FAVOR HERE

Koussevitzky's Leadership Marks Performance at Poli's Theater.

MRS. HOOVER ATTENDS

The magic of a Russian composer united with the wizardry of a Slavic conductor made the presentation of Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 6 in B Minor, but the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, at Poli's Theater yesterday afternoon, noteworthy in every sense of the word.

So subtle was the blending of the various orchestral voices under the well-nigh inspired baton of Dr. Koussevitzky that at times the orchestra appeared to have but one beautiful voice, so marvelous was the ensemble tone in its perfect unison of sound.

His reading was quietly done, but with dynamic force that grew upon one more and more as one watched the conductor lead his musicians from movement to movement, winning a perfect response and the utmost of their musical powers from them.

After the first movement, "The Adagio," the audience broke into such prolonged applause that it would not be quieted until Dr. Koussevitzky had acknowledged it individually several times and again and again sharing the ovation generously with his musicians.

The other movements of the symphony possessed individual beauties of their own, well exhibited by yesterday's orchestra.

A novelty was presented in "Bolero" by Ravel, in which the orchestra was put to a severe test by the solo voices read into the constant but never monotonous repetition of a single theme of the characteristic Spanish rhythm. Out of this demand upon his orchestra resources the conductor managed to produce a number so entrancing that again the audience broke out in an applause most unusual in volume for Washington, led with vigorous hand clapping by Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who occupied a stage box with a party of friends.

The concert, which was presented under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene, was concluded with two fine Wagner preludes in which Dr. Koussevitzky displayed familiarity and understanding of this master.

E. E. P.

BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
FEB 7 - 1930

Music

By FELIX DEYO

PROKOFIEFF IN BROOKLYN WITH BOSTON ORCHESTRA

WHILST LEAVING the Academy of Music last night, oozing our way through the thronged promenade-foyer, we could not avoid overhearing some verbal reactions on the part of Brooklyn's most conservative of audiences, namely, that which attends the annual series of Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts here, held under the usually safe and sane auspices of the Institute devoted to arts and sciences. For the major part of the departing audience were ruffling their feathers in disapprobation; had they not been obliged to hear Serge Sergievich Prokofieff, an "enfant terrible" (to them at least) of modern Russian music, play his own Second Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra? They had. Serge Koussevitzky, who conducts the Boston band, and who is courageous enough to now and then give a dose of contemporary music to his Brooklyn listeners, despite their obvious resentment, is pro-Prokofieff, and such an enthusiasm is, to a lot of folks, as pernicious as psitticosis. But back to the overheard comments—they were nothing if not uncomplimentary to the Russian composer - pianist. We miss our sürmise if the week-end mail of Messrs. Woodman and Atkins, who more or less father the musical enterprises of the Brooklyn Institute, is not glutted with letters of indignation (of the so-called righteous variety), from their local customers. It was only a few seasons past, we recall, when a protest meeting was held on the spur of the moment, during the entracte of a Boston Symphony concert, against Aaron Copland's "Music for The Theatre," which Mr. Koussevitzky had just played. Although Mr. Copland is perhaps Brooklyn's finest young creative musician, and although his compositions represent the forward trend of the twentieth century musical thought, his own townsmen would have none of it.

Prokofieff has been soloist here on two previous occasions under Mr. Koussevitzky, but in a less radical sample of his art than the Second Concerto. This latter, which reached Brooklyn ears at last night's concert, is not a new product, however, having been composed in 1913 and revised in 1923. There are four movements, of moderate length, and the music has much, very much, in common with this composer's larger style, a style peculiarly stark and primitive, recreative of ancient epic Asiatic Russia. It is savage, mostly, with a few alleviative moments. But we consider this opus a sincere one, in which century-past ancestors seem to address themselves musically to their present-day posterity in the person of Prokofieff. He, in turn, has transmitted these inheritances to us in a forthright manner; the music is intensely rhythmic, bristlingly staccato, and has a barbarian eloquence all its own. Such a work conveys valuable interest. It is not necessary that all music one hears should satisfy merely the sentimental complex; there are other moods to be taken care of as well, also certain historical phases of musical evolution must be acknowledged. It is in this sense that we felt Mr. Prokofieff's concerto a significant contribution to last night's programme. And he played the solo instrument part as it should be played.

* * *

THE OTHER matters engaging the audience's attention, and more to its liking, were Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" and Three Dances from Manuel De Falla's "El Sombero de Tres Picos." Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the former was vapid and unstirring. The thematic framework proved intact, but the interior substances failed to make themselves audible. We have heard gramaphone recordings of this symphony that were more impressive. It is a score that needs other than just neat, meticulous and super calm interpretation, such as Mr. Koussevitzky gave last night.

The "Three Cornered Hat" dances revealed the orchestra's virtuosic mettle. The dances themselves are likable. De Falla can write anything, one feels. One remains not fully convinced, however, that he can write something. He superimposes brilliant dissonances on the classical foundations of secure consonances. Unfortunately, in accord with old Spanish customs, his musical ideas all run to the dance forms, which preclude the more intimate expressions of tonal language

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
FEB 2 -

Music

By George Harris

Boston Symphony Tonight.

The name, Arturo Vivaldi, brings before my mind a red-headed man in priest's vestments walking about a little room in one of those labyrinthine sections of Venice and practicing strenuously on the violin. This was early in the eighteenth century and the period of the great development of technical skill on stringed instruments. Vivaldi developed his own technique, and, probably finding no pieces that could sufficiently display his powers, he made up new pieces that could. But he played in St. Mark's, and the strange atmosphere of that cathedral fired his imagination in such a way as to fill these technical compositions with great beauty. Very little seems to be known about Vivaldi, but we do know that Sebastian Bach admired his compositions, and arranged many of them for clavier or for organ. Vivaldi was a great virtuoso, but his interest broadened into writing for orchestra as well as for solo violin, and it is one of these orchestral compositions that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to open its program with tonight.

The Prelude to Wagner's romantic opera, "Lohengrin," follows. This work was first produced at Weimar in 1850 under the direction of Liszt, and was enough of an advance in musical treatment of operatic material over Wagner's earlier operas to create something of a stir. In this his power of interpreting definite ideas by music was more marked than hitherto, and this opera was a big step forward in that realm of unified music and drama that has its influence on every opera since. The story of "Lohengrin" is that of the mystic knight who comes to save a maiden from disgrace. The condition of his saving her is that she shall not ask his name nor whence he comes, but evil forces about her impel her to do so, with the resultant tragedy of his departure. Lohengrin is a Knight of the Holy Grail, an order that Wagner dealt with more fully in his last opera, "Parsifal," and the Prelude to "Lohengrin" is descriptive of the mystic religious character of the knight and of the order to which he belongs.

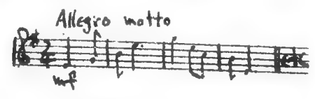
Next comes the "Bolero" by Ravel, a modern French composer, born in the Basses-Pyrenees in 1875, and now living in Paris. This Bolero, dedicated to Ida Rubenstein, was brought out by her and danced by her in Paris in November, 1928. The settings and the costumes were designed to represent a scene that Goya might have painted: A Spanish inn, with the dancer on a trestle table, men surrounding it. At first calm, the actors on the Parisian stage were little by little excited to frenzy as the dancer became more and more animated. Knives were drawn—the woman was tossed from arms to arms, until her partner intervened, they danced until quiet was restored. So was the scene described by French and English reporters.

The first performance in the United States as a concert piece was by the Philharmonic Society of New York in November, 1929.

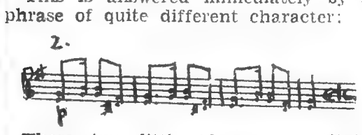
The Bolero is not a very ancient dance of Spain. It is said that Don Sebastian Terezo, an accomplished and celebrated dancer of his time, invented it about 1780. It is a modest, noble dance, much more decent than the fandango, but, like that dance, it is performed by two persons. In tempo and in its measures it resembles the minuet, but it impresses by rhythmic accentuation rather than by melodic variety. The name, "Bolero" or "Volero," is supposed by some to come from "volar," to fly, "because a Manchega expert had danced the Seguidillas so wonderfully and lightly that he seemed to fly." I am indebted to the notes in the Boston Symphony Orchestra program, on the occasion of the first performance of this piece in Boston recently for the above information.

It is extraordinary that a foreigner should come to us and depict certain phases of American spirit as marvelously as Dvorak has done in the "New World Symphony," which is to close tonight's program. Dvorak, a Czech, was born near Prague in 1841, and in later life came to New York for three years as director of a musical conservatory. Although he imbibed much that was American and expressed for us something that is national, he yet kept in this work his own individuality. In this symphony there are Negro and Indian themes, but more important than those is the freshness of the younger nation and a sense of vast stretches of prairie. In the second movement one feels a serious aspect in nature, but in the other movements all is an easy-going confidence in life, anything like tragedy being touched on only in rare moments of climax.

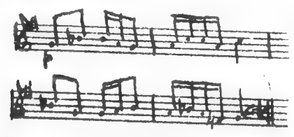
The structure of this symphony is fairly classical, it being divided into the four usual movements, but it is given a unification such as we heard in the Cesar Franck Symphony two weeks ago by the return in the last movement of all the important musical ideas that have occurred during the work. There is a slow introduction, which is atmospheric rather than [illegible] main part of the movement dicated. This quickly leads into the efinite rhythm of the main part and with it into the definite form of the first theme, which begins as follows:



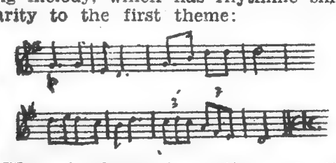
This is answered immediately by a phrase of quite different character:



These two little phrases constitute this theme in its first statement, but as the symphony continues they are dealt with separately. This mood is intensified, and then quickly leads to the second melody:

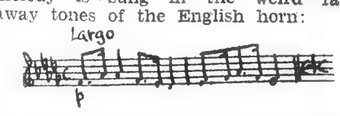


This is also intensified, and the first part of the movement is then in a way summed up by the following melody, which has rhythmic similarity to the first theme:

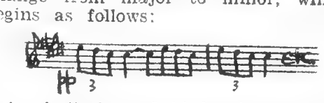


The development section of the movement is taken up with a sort of conversation between this last melody and the first, which leads, hardly perceptibly, into a return of the first theme in its original state. The other melodies come again in their original form, and the first theme is further intensified to bring the movement to a close.

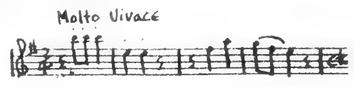
The second movement is descriptive of broad stretches of prairie, with the peace of night upon them. The first melody is sung in the weird far-away tones of the English horn:



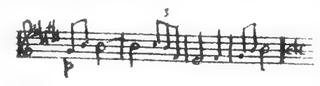
This is followed by a minor melody in the same key, except for this change from major to minor, which begins as follows:



An imitation of bird-notes suggests the coming of dawn, and then, after a strange echo of the first theme of the first movement, there is a return to the peaceful mood of the beginning of this movement. The third movement is the Scherzo, and is in the conventional form of a first section, a second section, with a repetition of the first section after it. The main idea that begins this movement is summed up in the following little phrase:

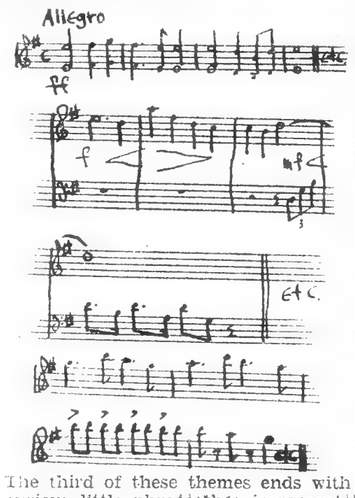


Then a second idea— still in the first section—begins as follows, in a slower tempo:



The second section is ushered in by another echo of the first theme of the first movement, and consists of a calmer musical idea, followed by something rather whimsical, neither of which is possible in abbreviated quotation. At the end there is an added bit, in which another repetition of the first theme of the first movement brings the Scherzo to an interesting climax.

The last movement is, like the first, in sonata form, with its statement of three themes, the development of them, and a final repetition of them, after which the climax of the whole work is held back for a moment while one hears suggestions of ideas from earlier movements. These three themes are as follows:



The third of these themes ends with a curious little phrase that is presently developed into something very much like "Three Blind Mice."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN

Symphony Concert

The only concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give here this winter will take place at the Lyric at 8:30 tonight. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct. The program will include Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor and two Wagner excerpts, the prelude and liebestod from Tristan und Isolde and the prelude from Die Meistersinger.

There will be an opportunity to hear several novelties, first of which will be two dances from Albeniz's Iberia-La-Fete-Dieu, and the other Ravel's Bolero. The latter created a furor when

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RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

44

Music

By George Harris

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The third symphony concert of this season and the second in T. Michaux Moody's artists' series of concerts took place last night at the Mosque. Things have crowded in on us lately, two orchestral concerts and seven performances of opera, all within two weeks, but, although this fact somewhat lessened the size of the audience, enthusiasm showed no signs of fatigue.' There was a brilliance in the performance last night that would have roused the most jaded. This performance was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the conducting of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. We have heard this renowned and perfect organizatioin several times in recent years, its last appearance being a memorable occasion during last season. Its programs have not always been as satisfying as they might have been, considering that we have so little orchestral music, but the program last night was one of the finest I have ever heard chosen by an orchestral conductor,—admirably fitted to the taste of any audience, and particularly fitted to our musical tastes and musical needs here in Richmond.

This program was originally announced to begin with a Bach Prelude and Fugue arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg, but this had to be given up because the orchestral score did not arrive from Europe in time. In its place was put the Concerto for orchestra by Vivaldi, which may have made a happier effect than an extreme modernist's arrangement of Bach might have done. At any rate the Vivaldi is a magnificent composition, with its eighteenth century severity, but yet with some extraordinary prophesies of later musical developments. At this period of orchestral writing wind-instruments and the brasses were used only as re-enforcement of the strings, so that the impression is of a composition played by strings alone. It was a marvelous opportunity to hear the well-nigh perfect string section of this orchestra, whose beauty of tone was enhanced y a new arrangement of the orchestra on the stage. The stage was wider, and the players all sat farther forward, so that there was a brilliance that we have not hitherto heard in an orchestral concert in the Mosque.

The Prelude to "Lohengrin" is again a composition played almost entirely by strings, but is a work of a totally different type of imagination and of effect. Its spiritual beauty could not have failed to impress a single listener. So much music for this section of the organization built up the program in a remarkable manner. Having so much string sonority, when the wood-winds and brass did come, they brought a marvelous effect of contrast and of color.

Thus we were transported into a new world when the "Bolero," by Ravel began. It is a startling work through its very simplicity. It never modulates, but it is the reiteration of one little melody over and over again, each time there being color and intensification added to it through orchestration. It has a strange psychological force in it, for this reiteration puts one into a sort of hypnotic state of excitement, showing that monotony has more effect on the nerves than variety. The piece is a scathing comment on the listlessness of Moorish Spain, as it reveals to us a primitive state of emotion that exists nowhere else in Europe. This piece is exciting, but yet is horribly tragic.

After an intermission, during which the habit formed during last week's opera made more people than ever before during a concert go out for a smoke, we had the great joy of listening to the Dvorak "New World Symphony." It is ever fresh, and its beauties were revealed almost in a new light at last night's performance. To come back to the building up of the program, each composition so far had kept very rigidly to one tonality, and now the Symphony unfolded into a moving mass of harmonic color, whose effect on us was much more telling than if we had more harmonic color before it. And even so, this work is simple, so that its one great discordant clash at the end of it all was more thrilling than I have ever known it. Delicacy and beauty of tone alternate with great force in the playing of the orchestra, and Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of it brought out every possible detail of the work's great imagination. In spite of the fact that the Cesar Franck Symphony is more profound than anything we heard last night, last night's program and the performance of it made possible the most enjoyable orchestral concert I have ever heard in Richmond.

RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS LEADER

FEB 4 - 192[illegible]

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS FINE

Well-Chosen Numbers Have Enthusiastic Reception in Richmond.

By HELEN de MOTTE.

Last night brought the second great symphony orchestra to Richmond within a month, with the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Mosque. In spite of the preceding week of opera, there was a large audience present—or perhaps, we should say because of the preceding week of opera there was a large audience present, because, ideally, interest should increase in direct proportion to the attractiveness and quantity of artistic sustenance. This has not always been the case with Richmond, but occasionally our hope rises with such an unexpected manifestation. At any rate, there was a sizzable audience and an enthusiastically appreciative one.

It was an exceedingly well-balanced program Dr. Koussevitsky chose for Richmond this season, including the D minor Vivaldi Concerto in three movements, edited by Alexander Siloti. This served not only to bring forward a work that was originally written for a very small string orchestra, or simfonietta, which was in itself interesting, but to give opportunity to concentrate in hearing the fine string choir of this orchestra, which has given it so large a proportion of its fame. Particularly lovely were the first and last movements.

This was followed by the Prelude to "Lohengrin," opening with its ethereal, shimmering effect of light in the highest register of the divided violins with the motive very softly enunciated, then taken up by the deeper strings and gradually increasing in volume until it is intoned by the trombones—then quietly dying away again in a long diminuendo to the high tones of the strings again.

There seems not to be the brilliance of climax in this that we have heard before, the brasses being held down to a neffect of depth and sonority rather than the shining splendor that the content of the music suggests. It was, however, very soul-satisfying.

Novelty Presented.

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TWO STRAUSSES BY SYMPHONY

Unusual List for Tuesday Afternoon Concert

Seemingly Dr. Koussevitzky credits the subscribers to the Tuesday afternoon Symphony Concerts with voracious musical appetites and vigorous musical digestions. In the past he has been known to offer these Tuesday audiences two symphonies to a concert, and yesterday, in the third concert of the current series, he conducted two symphonic poems of Richard Strauss. Not since the distinguished composer himself a quarter of a century ago conducted at a Symphony Pension Fund concert a programme of his own music had two of the Strauss poems appeared on a single programme in this city.

The tone-poems in question, and they came in the second half of yesterday's programme, were "Death and Transfiguration" and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." In the course of many performances of "Tod und Verklaerung" Dr. Koussevitzky has at length brought his version of that symphonic poem to a veritable pinnacle of eloquence. With his reading of "Till Eulenspiegel" some are inclined to take trifling exceptions; others look upon it as an unsurpassed revelation of the piece's musical content. In any event, it was a brilliant and inspiriting performance that the work received yesterday.

As a preface to the Strauss poems, Dr. Koussevitzky placed on his list of yesterday the Overture and first ballet from Schubert's incidental music to the play, "Rosamunde," and that composer's "Unfinished" Symphony. Generally relegated to the Pop concerts, the pleasing Overture received yesterday, a virtuoso performance, and the charming ballet music was played with appropriate lightness and grace. The conductor's highly individual yet unquestionably effective version of the "Unfinished" Symphony particularly pleased yesterday's large audience.

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The simplicity of this work is almost impudent; a single wail repeated over and over again by one instrument after another against a drumbeat reminiscent of the African bush, never quickened but always strengthened. And yet Baltimore couldn't help liking it more than any new work it had heard for years. It took a Koussevitzky to handle the very subtle crecendo of the "Bolero."

The closing half of the concert was all Wagner, and not according to schedule. The "Valkyrie's Ride," the Vorspiel and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger" overture followed one another breathlessly and beautifully. The content was drained its utmost from each work in the playing, and the result was magnificent.

Surely we have had no more luscious symphony concert this season than Mr. Koussevitzky's. A. S. K.

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

44

Music

By George Harris

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The third symphony concert of this season and the second in T. Michaux Moody's artists' series of concerts took place last night at the Mosque. Things have crowded in on us lately, two orchestral concerts and seven performances of opera, all within two weeks, but, although this fact somewhat lessened the size of the audience, enthusiasm showed no signs of fatigue. There was a brilliance in the performance last night that would have roused the most jaded. This performance was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the conducting of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. We have heard this renowned and perfect organizatioin several times in recent years, its last appearance being a memorable occasion during last season. Its programs have not always been as satisfying as they might have been, considering that we have so little orchestral music, but the program last night was one of the finest I have ever heard chosen by an orchestral conductor,—admirably fitted to the taste of any audience, and particularly fitted to our musical tastes and musical needs here in Richmond.

This program was originally announced to begin with a Bach Prelude and Fugue arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg, but this had to be given up because the orchestral score did not arrive from Europe in time. In its place was put the Concerto for orchestra by Vivaldi, which may have made a happier effect than an extreme modernist's arrangement of Bach might have done. At any rate the Vivaldi is a magnificent composition, with its eighteenth century severity, but yet with some extraordinary prophesies of later musical developments. At this period of orchestral writing wind-instruments and the brasses were used only as re-enforcement of the strings, so that the impression is of a composition played by strings alone. It was a marvelous opportunity to hear the well-nigh perfect string section of this orchestra, whose beauty of tone was enhanced y a new arrangement of the orchestra on the stage. The stage was wider, and the players all sat farther forward, so that there was a brilliance that we have not hitherto heard in an orchestral concert in the Mosque.

The Prelude to "Lohengrin" is again a composition played almost entirely by strings, but is a work of a totally different type of imagination and of effect. Its spiritual beauty could not have failed to impress a single listener. So much music for his section of the organization built up the program in a remarkable manner. Having so much string sonority, when the wood-winds and brass did come, they brought a marvelous effect of contrast and of color.

Thus we were transported into a new world when the "Bolero," by Ravel began. It is a startling work through its very simplicity. It never modulates, but it is the reiteration of one little melody over and over again, each time there being color and intensification added to it through orchestration. It has a strange psychological force in it, for this reiteration puts one into a sort of hypnotic state of excitement, showing that monotony has more effect on the nerves than variety. The piece is a scathing comment on the listlessness of Moorish Spain, as it reveals to us a primitive state of emotion that exists nowhere else in Europe. This piece is exciting, but it is horribly tragic.

After an intermission, during which the habit formed during last week's opera made more people than ever before during a concert go out for a smoke, we had the great joy of listening to the Dvorak "New World Symphony." It is ever fresh, and its beauties were revealed almost in a new light at last night's performance. To come back to the building up of the program, each composition so far had kept very rigidly to one tonality, and now the Symphony unfolded into a moving mass of harmonic color, whose effect on us was much more telling than if we had more harmonic color before it. And even so, this work is simple, so that its one great discordant clash at the end of it all was more thrilling than I have ever known it. Delicacy and beauty of tone alternate with great force in the playing of the orchestra, and Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of it brought out every possible detail of the work's great imagination. In spite of the fact that the Cesar Franck Symphony is more profound than anything we heard last night, last night's program and the performance of it made possible the most enjoyable orchestral concert I have ever heard in Richmond.

RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS LEADER

FEB 4 - 1926

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS FINE

Well-Chosen Numbers Have Enthusiastic Reception in Richmond.

By HELEN de MOTTE.

Last night brought the second great symphony orchestra to Richmond within a month, with the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Mosque. In spite of the preceding week of opera, there was a large audience present—or perhaps, we should say because of the preceding week of opera there was a large audience present, because, ideally, interest should increase in direct proportion to the attractiveness and quantity of artistic sustenance. This has not always been the case with Richmond, but occasionally our hope rises with such an unexpected manifestation. At any rate, there was a sizzable audience and an enthusiastically appreciative one.

It was an exceedingly well-balanced program Dr. Koussevitsky chose for Richmond this season, including the D minor Vivaldi Concerto in three movements, edited by Alexander Siloti. This served not only to bring forward a work that was originally written for a very small string orchestra, or simfonietta, which was in itself interesting, but to give opportunity to concentrate in hearing the fine string choir of this orchestra, which has given it so large a proportion of its fame. Particularly lovely were the first and last movements.

This was followed by the Prelude to "Lohengrin," opening with its ethereal, shimmering effect of light in the highest register of the divided violins with the motive very softly enunciated, then taken up by the deeper strings and gradually increasing in volume until it is intoned by the trombones—then quietly dying away again in a long diminuendo to the high tones of the strings again.

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45

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
FEB 5 - 1930

Russian Works Given by Boston Symphony Here

Prokofieff Compositions, With Author as Soloist, Heard in Carnegie Hall

ScythianSuite onProgram

Score of Concerto, Lost in Russia, Was Rewritten

Two Russian Serges, Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Prokofieff, played the leading roles in last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, where Serge Koussevitzky devoted the major part of his program to two works of Serge Prokofieff. In his second piano concerto the composer appeared as soloist, and also mounted the stage to acknowledge applause after his Scythian Suite.

The Scythian Suite, which Dr. Koussevitzky introduced to us in 1924, ten years after its composition, has become almost a standard work of the modern department of our repertoire; this was its eighth performance in this borough The concerto, which Dr. Koussevitzky and the composer introduced to Brooklyn Thursday night and Manhattan yesterday evening, is older than the suite in one sense and newer in another. The work was composed, it is recorded in Philip Hale's admirable program notes, in 1913, and played several times before Prokofieff came here in 1918. During his absence his Leningrad apartment was confiscated by the Soviet government and the score and orchestral parts were lost. Sketches of the piano part, however, were saved, and from these Prokofieff reconstructed the work.

The new version, which retains the themes and form of the original work but is in the composer's instrumental style of ten years later, makes, nevertheless, a fairly homogeneous impression. It uses, much of the time, mildly subacid rather than radically dissonant harmonies, along with occasional reversions to tuneful Russian romanticism; it contains much effective instrumental writing and well wrought combinations or contrasts of the solo and the orchestral parts. It gives the pianist no lack of opportunity to display ability, but in the manner of other works of contemporary composers avoids at least readily apparent emotion, its effectiveness depending mainly upon external characteristics.

Mr. Prokofieff, impassive in mien, gave a vigorous, fluent and brilliant performance, and also won unusually fervent applause after the Scythian suite, which has its most impressive moments early and late in its course, and also includes a few measures of less interest. The pungent, inspiriting musical depiction of the sunrise at the close received a notably proclamative performance from Dr. Koussevitzky's excellent orchestra.

The Prokofieff numbers were preceded by Mozart's serenade "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and followed by the concert excerpts from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

F. D. P.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
AMERICAN
FEB 8 - 1930

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE; TWO OPERAS AT 'MET'

By GRENA BENNETT.

AFTER one had listened to the "Scythian" Suite played last evening in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, one felt that composer Prokofieff was the real heir to Strauss' crown as "The Despot of Din." Only rarely does the concert patron hear such a tumultuous work, such ear-splitting episodes based on acid bitter disonance. And yet the work had moments of muted comfort, but these were all but obliterated in the savage, barbaric noises which Mr. Prokofieff invented to illustrate an ancient people's invocations to good and evil dieties.

So far as the orchestration is concerned, it is an excellent work, but other than that its bid for an auditor's approval deserves little response.

Composer Plays

Mr. Prokofieff appeared in person to play the piano part in his G minor concerto, presented here for the first time last night. The work was composed seventeen years ago. The manuscript was lost or destroyed when the Soviet Government confiscated the composer's property in 1918. Fragments of the piano part were salvaged, however, and the concerto was reconstructed from these.

The Bostonians began their programme with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachatuck," a charming, joyous work, whose melodious, glamorous passages were played with faultless musicianship. Three dainty dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," brought the concert to a close.

* * *

Music Notes and Comment

Alfredo Casella is unfortunately not to return to Boston this year to conduct the Pops, which he has in the past three seasons raised to an artistic level never before attained at these concerts. His successor, according to the official announcement, will be Arthur Fiedler, whose popular success last Summer with the Esplanade concerts will be remembered by all. Mr Fiedler is the son of Emmanuel Fiedler, who was for 25 years a member of the Boston Symphony. He is the first resident Boston musician to become conductor of the Pops. Arthur Fiedler is this season conducting the Cecilia Society chorus, and has for several seasons conducted the Boston Sinfonietta, a small group specializing in modern music. As a member of the Boston Symphony he plays viola, and on occasion celesta and piano. The wide range of his musical experience is obvious. His many Boston friends will wish Mr Fiedler success in his new position. It is a great opportunity for a musician still in his 30's.

Dr Koussevitzky has arranged an unusual program for this week's Boston Symphony concerts in the regular series. It includes Debussy's early setting for orchestra and women's voices of a French translation of D. G. Rossetti's, "The Blessed Damozel," in which the assisting chorus will be the Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth; and his incidental music for d'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," which to some is the masterpiece of his last years. In this number the assisting chorus will be the Cecilia Society, trained by its new conductor, Arthur Fiedler.

Mme Ritter-Ciampi, a French soprano of considerable reputation, is coming to America for the first time to appear at the Symphony concerts next Friday and Saturday.

Her mother was Cecile Ritter, the operatic singer, and her father was the baritone, Ezio Ciampi. Her uncle was the pianist, Theodore Ritter. She toured France with Raoul Pugno and made her operatic debut in 1918 as Virginia in "Paul and Virginia"—a part which her mother had notably sung in 1876. She became a principal singer of the Opera Comique for three seasons and subsequently joined the Grand Opera of Paris, where she has appeared in many principal roles. Mme Ritter-Ciampi has meanwhile appeared with the principal orchestras of Paris and given numerous recitals in France, Belgium and Spain. She was the leading soprano in the Mozart Cycle at the Champs Elysees in 1928 under Bruno Walter. Her appearance in "Don Juan" in Berlin last Winter,

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second and brilliantly successful New York concert of the week-end yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

It may be said, for it is true that Boston has now an orchestra which is without a superior, if it has an equal in this country, a band that Mr. Koussevitzky has brought to a unique flexibility, sensitiveness and virtuosity, which surpassed itself yesterday in the quality and spirit of its performance.

The reason for the special lustre of these performances lay probably in the fact that the men of the Boston Orchestra, at the end of one of their crowded periodic tours, had had a period of comparative rest and relaxation between two concerts given on Friday and Saturday in one city. In any event, the orchestra excelled itself, and its leader seemed in equal spirits. Even the rather trite music from de Falla's ballet, repeated from the Friday program, were played with such color and elan that they thrilled the most indifferent or critical.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

The Washington Post.

THE WASHINGTON POST CO
Washington, D. C.
EDWARD B. McLEAN,
President and Publisher.

Wednesday, February 5, 1930.

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E. E. P.

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Globe-Jrl. 2/6

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Sale Of Seats For Symphony Here Is Brisk

Musical Richmond is looking forward with extreme eagerness to hearing Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the 112 musicians comprising the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, give Dvorak's great "New World Symphony" when that half-century old organization appears at the Mosque the night of February 3. It will be presented by T. Michaux Moody as the second attraction in his artists' course of five concerts, and seats are now on sale at Walter D. Moses and Company where the demand for tickets is steady and brisk. The symphony chosen after careful consideration is thought to be entirely satisfying to all types of concert-goers, for it is essentially American and in certain of its themes there is a flavor of the Negro spirituals of the Old South. It is regarded by critics and the public as one of the very greatest of modern symphonic compositions.

The program also will include a prelude and fugue by Bach, arranged by Arnold Schonberg, "Bolero," a composition by Ravel which has been joyously acclaimed in all sections of this country and Europe, and the prelude to Wagner's mighty opera, "Lohengrin." This entire program is regarded as altogether satisfying and it is thought that the performance probably will be as near perfect as it is possible to make anything perfection. Dr. Koussevitzky as been conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since 1924, and in that time it has developed and expanded tremendously. He always conducts his players himself and the schedule is now so full that there is very little time for touring. More than sixty concerts will be given by the orchestra this season in Boston alone, and nearly every seat was sold before the season opened.

Dr. Koussevitzky is, of course, a Russian, as are most great conductors, and each summer he conducts a set of concerts in Paris, while his wonderful performances are known and appreciated in every European capital. As his own orchestra approaches its fiftieth year, its precision, ensemble and tonal beauty remain unexcelled

"Bolero" Written for Dancer— Ravel's "Bolero," which will be one of the presentations by the Boston Symphony Orchestra when it appears at the Mosque next month, was written for and dedicated to Mme. Ida Rubenstein, below, known the world over as one of the greatest of actresses and tragediennes. —Kadel and Herbert Photo.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Russian Works Given by Boston Symphony Here

Prokofieff Compositions, With Author as Soloist, Heard in Carnegie Hall

ScythianSuite onProgram

Score of Concerto, Lost in Russia, Was Rewritten

Two Russian Serges, Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Prokofieff, played the leading roles in last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, where Serge Koussevitzky devoted the major part of his program to two works of Serge Prokofieff. In his second piano concerto the composer appeared as soloist, and also mounted the stage to acknowledge applause after his Scythian Suite.

The Scythian Suite, which Dr. Koussevitzky introduced to us in 1924, ten years after its composition, has become almost a standard work of the modern department of our repertoire; this was its eighth performance in this borough The concerto, which Dr. Koussevitzky and the composer introduced to Brooklyn Thursday night and Manhattan yesterday evening, is older than the suite in one sense and newer in another. The work was composed, it is recorded in Philip Hale's admirable program notes, in 1913, and played several times before Prokofieff came here in 1918. During his absence his Leningrad apartment was confiscated by the Soviet government and the score and orchestral parts were lost. Sketches of the piano part, however, were saved, and from these Prokofieff reconstructed the work.

The new version, which retains the themes and form of the original work but is in the composer's instrumental style of ten years later, makes, nevertheless, a fairly homogeneous impression. It uses, much of the time, mildly subacid rather than radically dissonant harmonies, along with occasional reversions to tuneful Russian romanticism; it contains much effective instrumental writing and well wrought combinations or contrasts of the solo and the orchestral parts. It gives the pianist no lack of opportunity to display ability, but in the manner of other works of contemporary composers avoids at least readily apparent emotion, its effectiveness depending mainly upon external characteristics.

Mr. Prokofieff, impassive in mien, gave a vigorous, fluent and brilliant performance, and also won unusually fervent applause after the Scythian suite, which has its most impressive moments early and late in its course, and also includes a few measures of less interest. The pungent, inspiriting musical depiction of the sunrise at the close received a notably proclamative performance from Dr. Koussevitzky's excellent orchestra.

The Prokofieff numbers were preceded by Mozart's serenade "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and followed by the concert excerpts from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat."

F. D. P.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
AMERICAN

FEB 3 - 1930

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE; TWO OPERAS AT 'MET'

By GRENA BENNETT.

AFTER one had listened to the "Scythian" Suite played last evening in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, one felt that composer Prokofieff was the real heir to Strauss' crown as "The Despot of Din." Only rarely does the concert patron hear such a tumultuous work, such ear-splitting episodes based on acid bitter disonance. And yet the work had moments of muted comfort, but these were all but obliterated in the savage, barbaric noises which Mr. Prokofieff invented to illustrate an ancient people's invocations to good and evil dieties.

So far as the orchestration is concerned, it is an excellent work, but other than that its bid for an auditor's approval deserves little response.

Composer Plays

Mr. Prokofieff appeared in person to play the piano part in his G minor concerto, presented here for the first time last night. The work was composed seventeen years ago. The manuscript was lost or destroyed when the Soviet Government confiscated the composer's property in 1918. Fragments of the piano part were salvaged, however, and the concerto was reconstructed from these.

The Bostonians began their programme with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachatuck," a charming, joyous work, whose melodious, glamorous passages were played with faultless musicianship. Three dainty dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," brought the concert to a close.

* * *

Music Notes and Comment

Alfredo Casella is unfortunately not to return to Boston this year to conduct the Pops, which he has in the past three seasons raised to an artistic level never before attained at these concerts. His successor, according to the official announcement, will be Arthur Fiedler, whose popular success last Summer with the Esplanade concerts will be remembered by all. Mr Fiedler is the son of Emmanuel Fiedler, who was for 25 years a member of the Boston Symphony. He is the first resident Boston musician to become conductor of the Pops. Arthur Fiedler is this season conducting the Cecilia Society chorus, and has for several seasons conducted the Boston Sinfonietta, a small group specializing in modern music. As a member of the Boston Symphony he plays viola, and on occasion celesta and piano. The wide range of his musical experience is obvious. His many Boston friends will wish Mr Fiedler success in his new position. It is a great opportunity for a musician still in his 30's.

Dr Koussevitzky has arranged an unusual program for this week's Boston Symphony concerts in the regular series. It includes Debussy's early setting for orchestra and women's voices of a French translation of D. G. Rossetti's, "The Blessed Damozel," in which the assisting chorus will be the Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth; and his incidental music for d'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," which to some is the masterpiece of his last years. In this number the assisting chorus will be the Cecilia Society, trained by its new conductor, Arthur Fiedler.

Mme Ritter-Ciampi, a French soprano of considerable reputation, is coming to America for the first time to appear at the Symphony concerts next Friday and Saturday.

Her mother was Cecile Ritter, the operatic singer, and her father was the baritone, Ezio Ciampi. Her uncle was the pianist, Theodore Ritter. She toured France with Raoul Pugno and made her operatic debut in 1918 as Virginia in "Paul and Virginia"—a part which her mother had notably sung in 1876. She became a principal singer of the Opera Comique for three seasons and subsequently joined the Grand Opera of Paris, where she has appeared in many principal roles. Mme Ritter-Ciampi has meanwhile appeared with the principal orchestras of Paris and given numerous recitals in France, Belgium and Spain. She was the leading soprano in the Mozart Cycle at the Champs Elysees in 1928 under Bruno Walter. Her appearance in "Don Juan" in Berlin last Winter,

MUSIC

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It is an excellent proceeding for a conductor to repeat works of proved importance and interest as Mr. Koussevitzky did on this occasion. In this way he increased rather than diminished the interest of the concert, although it is also true that he has accustomed us to look to him, more than to any conductor on this side of the water, for interesting new music.

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45

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46

From Late Editions of Yesterday's Times.

KOUSSEVITZKY GIVES PROKOFIEFF'S WORK

46

Composer, the Pianist, in a Brilliant Performance of This Concerto.

WAGNER CYCLE IS OPENED

"Meistersinger" Is Sung With Rare Harmony, With Miss Mueller as Eva and Schorr as Sachs.

By OLIN DOWNES.

It was the turn of Serge Prokofieff at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Prokofieff, who is scant of hair, but tall, blonde, with an appearance of boyishness, figured on the program as composer and also as pianist in the performance of his second concerto, heard for the first time in this city. Mr. Koussevitzky gave an amazingly brilliant performance of the Prokofieff "Scythian" Suite. Suite and Concerto evoked storms of applause. The composer, after both performances, was repeatedly called out, bowing from the platform. Mr. Koussevitzky, who greatly admires Mr. Prokofieff's talent, signaled the orchestra to rise in his honor, while the conductor himself applauded. All this bordered on unconditional triumph. Those who had reservations were silent and outnumbered.

It has not always been thus. Mr. Prokofieff, who will be 39 years of age next April 24, has already been for a considerable period a storm centre of modern music. Fifteen years ago, with the "Scythian" Suite already to his credit, he was the terrible infant of contemporaneous composition. When he came to America for the first time he took much castigation from the press, but he always had a lesser or greater number of fanatical admirers, and there were not lacking those willing to take up cudgels for him. What more does a composer need for fame? Mr. Prokofieff may or may not be a great composer of tomorrow. We don't know about tomorrow, and shall not try to. At present he occupies a position before the public for which less sincere composers would be willing to resort to any trick or make any sacrifice. He is a figure, and conspicuous in the musical talk of the day.

There is no question that his music is of contemporaneous inspiration, in spite of the intentional, if not deliberate, barbarisms of the "Scythian" Suite. Tribal ceremonies, and sacrifices, dances, lamentations, fighting and salute to the rising of the sun—these things may emanate from atavistic sources in the subconsciousness of the composer, but they are as modern as Flaubert. The battle with the Evil God, as portrayed by Prokofieff, is as impersonal and as metallic as the battle with the armed elephants in "Salammbo." And just as the characters of "Salammbo" are figures and not characters, men as yet only a few centuries removed from beasts, therefore only capable of action and unaware of the conscious reasonings and emotions of men, so is this music hieratic and unemotional, done in hard surfaces, savage without pity or fear, since its existence has nothing to do with these feelings. There is force, severity and hugeness of line, and a feeling of terror of the presence of unknown things. ... the spirit of this unemotional music saves pages already old-fashioned in workmanship, in rhythmical ...ods and formal character, and ...ic not wholly sufficient unto itself, since there are purely reiterative and repetitive measures which actually dance, and would be in their real place as accompaniment of dance.

...t the final pages—those depicting the sunrise, with the harmonies that shatter like the points of a thousand spears against the sustained ... of the trumpets, are—if not among the greatest—among the most ...ant pages of recent musical literature. These things were impressed upon the listener in the most ...tional way by the masterly performance of Mr. Koussevitsky and ...en. It is hard to believe that Prokofieff has ever had a more ...nt interpretation.

... piano concerto is more ad...d and more absolutely musical ... intention than the early suite. ... pure musical form. The first ...ment has lyrical ideas which ...lear, melodic and of a flowing ...y, and they are subjected to ...htful and astonishing treatment. ...ter movements are stretches in...nally symmetrical and conven... in form. They are worked out ...y on the basis of rhythm, ... contrapuntal devices are also ...yed. There is little of a lyrical ... after the first movement. ...econd, as the program book ..., is a kind of "moto per... for the two hands playing ...aves against the orchestral part, the whole having the effect of a rapid technical etude.

There is the insistence upon so-called "pure" form, rhythm, design. As a matter of fact, for a record of a first hearing, this writer finds many of these purely formal ideas purely monotonous and undistinguished. He finds commonplace figures overworked; variation, frequently ingenious, but in the end monotonous, rather than development of germinal motives; a good deal of banality and not very much musical fertility or intensity. Mr. Prokofieff, for his part, played the piano with ample technic and tonal power, and with the rhythmical pulse so essential to this music.

Prokofieff was introduced with an air of innocence with Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik," which Mr. Koussevitzky's men have played more than once, and, in the past, very well in this city. The concerto was followed by three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat." They are lively but commonplace by the side of the same composer's score of "Amor Brujo" and there is obvious indebtedness to one Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff. A fascinating concert, whatever its pros and cons, with the novelty of material that so many orchestral concerts in New York lack, and a standard of orchestral virtuosity which has not been surpassed, if it has been equalled, this Winter in New York City.

Schubert, Strauss And Koussevitzky

Trans Feb 12

YESTERDAY afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra played the third of the concerts of the Tuesday afternoon series. Two composers stood upon the program. Two numbers each contributed. From Schubert we heard music from "Rosamunde," the overture and first ballet (the first ballet is the popular movement that the public best knows). From Schubert we heard also the two movements which go by the title, "Unfinished Symphony." From Schubert to Richard Strauss, and the two tone poems, "Death and Transfiguration," and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Listening to the overture to "Rosamunde" it is easy to believe the remark attributed to Schubert when questioned as to what his method of composition might be. Schubert is said to have replied, "When I have finished one piece I start another." For "piece" substitute "theme" and the applicability of the remark to the overture becomes apparent. For with inventive profusion Schubert allows theme after theme to follow each other. Some are songful after the glorious manner in which Schubert writes melodies. Others are rhythmical after the enticing manner in which Schubert pens intriguing rhythms. The ballet is of course all rhythm—charming rhythm. And Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of the almost hackneyed music was no less than revelation.

Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Schubert's symphony in B minor is long familiar to all. In the symphony Schubert is all melody, and Dr. Koussevitzky makes Schubertian melody sing, soulfully, expressively, or brightly and gayly —but always it sings. And this song one must agree is the essence of the work.

After an intermission Strauss. Once again—possibly many in this Tuesday audience for the first time—we followed the trials of the soul through the pangs of dissolution, on the way to transfiguration. We follow the doomed invalid through the beginnings of the death struggle. At once we hear the death rattle in his throat. Plainly as a picture the music suggests the pallor of the sick one's ghastly smile. Then there are tumultous measures of struggle. But there is too much resistance. Not yet will the flow of life-blood in veins and arteries cease. Death must yet wait a moment. But the struggle exhausts the victim. He seems to dream. His life passes before him in review. He thinks of childhood, he recalls the awakening of youth, he is stirred again to the idealism of his strong manhood. He would

Continued on Following Page

Schubert, Strauss And Koussevitzky

Continued from Preceding Page

transform the evil of the world. But such thoughts are too exhausting. They bring the struggle of the death-bed with renewed fury. And the gong strikes. The soul is on its way. Death has won another victory. But wait. What life would not bring, death at once offers: the transfiguration theme in all its glory is the subject of this last section. That the story is magnificently treated by Strauss ha long been matter of common knowledge. But one may also begin to ask, "How would the music sound to one did he not know the program?" Dr. Koussevitzky is excellent interpreter for Strauss. He is graphic with the many details. He warmly and triumphantly outlines the Transfiguration theme. The whole stands forth with great vividness.

Vividness. At once one repeats the word, for it is in itself perfect characterization of the playing of Strauss's other tone-poem, "Till Eulenspiegel." Here a program is an accessory. One would as soon hear the tone-poem had one nothing more than the title—in fact one has for program precious little more. It is a piece of "merry pranks;" that is sufficient. And pranks, roguish pranks, the orchestra is playing from beginning to end. Perhaps it is even playing one more prank than Eulenspiegel himself, perhaps it is playing a prank on him in the way it pictures his death on the gallows. Who knows?—Two Straussian deaths here, and what a world of difference!

A. H. M.

Days of the Symphony Rush Said to Be Numbered

Trans. Feb. 7 (?)

THERE'S a peculiar fascination about going "rush" to the Friday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At first blush, the necessity of dawdling for an hour or more on the cold steps, sprinting up the two flights to the second balcony, and whiling away the interlude until the concert begins, would not appear to hold especial allure—yet there are old-timers who tell you with sparkling eyes that they have been coming for over forty years; they remember the early laurels of Melba and Paderewski, they rushed when Geraldine Farrar came back from Europe, and the champing Symphony line reached to the children's hospital!

I'm inclined to think the initial intoxication of rushing belongs to the fresh air, and particularly to those challenging winter winds that swirl up Huntington avenue. Old hands come fortified with sweaters and steamer rugs, composing themselves on the steps with book or knitting as informally as if on the deck of a transatlantic liner. Others, less wise and less well acclimated, stamp newspapers into a pulp, and blow stertorously into their gloves in a vain endeavor to keep blood circulating in outlying members. The casual initiates warm themselves in near-by drug stores until the moment when a sapient eye warns them that a longer deferment would mean disaster.

Wedged between his fellow-men, the student of faces is in clover. His eye roves excitedly up and down the lines, he listens to intimate conversations, better than anything in the theater, piped obligingly into his very ear-drum. He sees hatless students with long noses and short jackets, armed with bulging music cases, foreign-looking youths with black hair flung back with studied carelessness, a sprinkling of natty young blades in coon overcoats—Davidson fans from Harvard probably—who smoke incessantly, exchanging reminiscences of Europe in accents notably Oxfordian.

He meets the vague blue orbs of numerous frustrate females, wearing harmless expressions and woolen stockings. Their hats are always a little crushed, there is a purplish tensity about the gills, and they are always maneuvering to catch the eye of some "really nice" man, with whom they may scrape a romantic acquaintance.

There will be a smattering of girl students of Russo-Jewish persuasion, a few sleek, slightly pompous music professors, with high voices and curly hair, and, of course, the old guard, without whom the Symphony steps would be a waste land—Brownie, blue-hatted church organist from Hanson, and her two cronies, perched in a nook of the chilly facade. (Brownie can be heard in monologue with ominous head shakings, "And I sez to him, if you'd a kep her warm, she'd a been alive today.") There is the witchlike dame wrinkled as a walnut, with rose-chenille turban and red schoolbag embroidered in gold leaf; the large lady in the mustard trench-coat, and hat a la Dickens, said creation resting on her nose "en avant" and borne heavenward in the rear by a bun big as a football. The dark student with slanting forehead and no hat, with a little knob of oily hair out of which protrudes a strand like a rooster's tail! She is studying with Slonimsky. There is the girl in black plush and silver laurel, the old lady with countenance meek, round and waxy as a plaster-of-Paris moon, the pale youth with hooked nose and Fasciti hat, and the pretty bareheaded girl with pink cheeks and blue tweed suit, who spells him on his cigarette.

Almost everyone brings a book or magazine and the literary level is astonishingly high. Snitzler, Spengler, Strachey, Gide—these are the merest commonplaces—one remarks within the range of an eye Willa Cather's Archbishop, Dusty Answer, Why Be a Mudturtle?, It's a Great War, Swan's Way, and A Hoosier Schoolmaster. French masterpieces of fiction and philosophy are the particular stock-in-trade of the students.

When Ravel Conducted

The vanguard of the rushers arrives at noon—or even earlier if there is to be a famous soloist. When Ravel conducted last year, the line at twelve-thirty had already turned the corner of Massachusetts avenue. On such gala days suspense makes the crowd more than ordinarily sociable. Neighbors exchange conjectures as to the prospects of getting in; old timers nod complacently, indicating that one is "all right." The linesman with a sharp eye out for "crashers" grudgingly admits that you have a fighting chance. You stand first on one foot and then another, nervously but hopefully, as the long minutes to one-thirty run their course.

Once inside, the tedious waiting is instantly forgotten. You clap your half dollar on the table, snatch a program and streak up the two flights of stairs to the balcony as fast as your somewhat numbed limbs will allow. You slip your hat and coat into a vacant seat in the most advantageous position yet unclaimed, and downward again you speed to the second floor lunchroom and the luncheon line.

Here all is chatter and relaxation after the chilly hours in the wind. Obliging little music students assist you in your choice of coffee, tea in glass cups, egg, ham or salmon sandwiches, doughnuts or brownies. Hugging your tray, you hurry out to the stairs—the little tables are always crowded—and with your lunch set on the landing, you crouch, munching, reading, exchanging comments with friends and neighbors. The air streams with sun motes and dust, programs rustle, there is a constant obbligato of talk and laughter, clouds of cigarette smoke and no little flirting among the vivacious young students. Everyone is happy, easy, friendly, pleasantly expectant. In a surprisingly short time the bell rings, you scuttle up to your seat, the doors close, the conductor enters and the concert begins.

But what a fillip to the solid nourishment of the orchestra this approach has given you—in what a genial "let-down" mood you find yourself, the perfect mood in which to soak up music. The people about you are as eager for the treat as yourself—to see their illumined faces as they lean forward is to share their own enveloping ardor.

In the last few years the two front rows of second balcony seats have been given over to subscribers, and the ranks of the rushers thereby appreciably thinned. It is rumored that next season the entire second balcony will be sold. Then the glow, the friendliness, the fun of that crusade to the concerts will end, as it has ended in other cities. With it will go something elusive and picturesque—a zest, a joyousness, an anxiety which now make the spurt to the second balcony well worth the trouble.

[Transcript, Feb. 7(?)'30]

DEBUSSY WORKS BY SYMPHONY

Radcliffe and Cecilia Societies Assist Hub Orchestra

Trav Feb 15

Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra have given Boston audiences distinctive and interesting musical fare during the current season. Each ensuing concert holds its surprise. Each succeeding week the performance reaches greater heights, and we again rejoice that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has reached and surpassed its former excellence.

Yesterday afternoon, in conjunction with the Radcliffe Choral Society, the Cecilia Society, Mme. Ritter-Ciampi and Jean MacDonald, the orchestra turned its attention to an entire Debussy program.

For the first time at the Boston concerts the mystery play of Gabriele d'Annunzio, "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien" was given in its entirety. A program note sets forth that when the great Italian poet asked Debussy to compose music for his tragic and beautiful play, the composer was thrown "into a fever, so happy and proud was I to illustrate in music M. D'Annunzio's work."

Surely nothing more exquisitely moving has come from his pen. Symbolic of the greatest of Christian martyrs, rich in pictorial suggestion, delicately etched or broadly and boldly outlined, this great music reveals throughout the deep significance of its subject matter.

The score holds technical complexities for conductor, soloists, and chorus. Yet so thoroughly skilled Dr. Koussevitzky, so superbly trained the Cecilia Society under Arthur Fiedler, and such a complete and sympathetic understanding for the work in hand, that yesterday's performance was sheer perfection from the opening "Court of Lilies," to the exuberant halleluias of the closing "Paradise."

Mme. Ritter-Ciampi, soloist for both numbers on the program, displayed a voice of unusually beautiful quality. It is not a powerful soprano, and yet its sweetness and fullness were at all times equal to the demands of the exacting score.

"The Blessed Damozel," after the lyric poem of Rossetti, with the Radcliffe Choral society, conducted by G. Wallace Woodworth, carrying the choral parts, made up the first half of the program. Here again the music was the lovelier because of the masterly manner in which Dr. Koussevitzky presented it to us. Mme. Ritter-Ciampi and Jean Macdonald shared the solo parts with Miss Macdonald's deeply rich and resonant alto in effective contrast.

There was no detail lacking, as there never is with the orchestra at its present degree of perfection, to make yesterday's concert one of the most memorable of the season.

Special Concert Series At Symphony Hall, Boston

Brahms Festival Next Month Will Feature Many of German Master's Greatest Works—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Several Choral Societies, and Soloists, Will Take Part

A SPECIAL series of concerts, in which the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of Johannes Brahms will be played, is announced for Symphony hall, Boston, in March, according to Musical America, in March. The Brahms festival will be given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, with the assistance of the Harvard Glee club, and the Radcliffe Choral society. Assisting artists will be Arthur Schnabel, noted pianist, who is to come from Europe especially for the occasion; Margaret Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, as singers to take solo parts; and the Burgin String quartet.

There will be four special concerts, on Sunday afternoon, March 23, and the evenings of March 24, 25 and 26. On Sunday, Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the Second Pianoforte concerto, and the Fourth Symphony will be played. Works to be heard are: On Monday, "A Song of Destiny," and "A German Requiem"; on Tuesday, a chamber program including a violin sonata, the "Liebeslieder" for mixed chorus, a group of pianoforte numbers, and the quintet; and on Wednesday, the Rhapsody for alto, chorus and orchestra; the First Piano concerto, and the First Symphony. At the concerts of the previous Friday and Saturday, March 21 and 22, the "Academic Festival" Overture, and the Second and Third Symphonies will be played.

The series of four concerts is now being subscribed for by means of the automatic subscription board at Symphony hall.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS
REPUBLICAN

The Pipes of Pan?

Agnes C. at the Symphony,
So soaked with smoke she cannot see
That smoke is surely bound to be
Now girls are bobbed and girls are free
To smoke their fill at Symphony.

To stop all this why can't they chew
The rag or gum, or serge would do?
They surely would if they but knew
How many smelt the smoking few,
How clothes just reeked all thru and thru—
It's true, they'd chew, if they but knew
How Agnes felt.

Herald Feb 12

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

Butting in the Bathtub

Herald Feb 12

Top o' the Morning:

I have noticed at least two letters, both from ladies, complaining of smokers at the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra. May I add a word from the man's side. Each Saturday when I take my bath, after the Symphony, I find numerous cigarette stubs in my whiskers and hair. Once I found a cigar butt. However, this might have gotten in the day before when I was in a smoking car on the New Haven. If smoke clings to the gossamer gowns of ladies, just think of whiskers, and when one considers the fire hazard it seems time something was done. HAIRSUTIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR

Minister of Finland in Boston for Concert Today.

The Minister of Finland, Mr. Astrom, left Washington last evening for Boston, where this afternoon he will attend the Boston Symphony concert of Finnish music, with Mr. Serge Koussevitsky as conductor. In returning to Washington he will stop for a brief visit in New York and will be in the Capital the first of the week.

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MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Tuesday afternoon series given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Overture to "Rosamunde" and the first Ballet, also the "Unfinished" Symphony; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" and "The Eulenspiegel."

The music from Schubert's music for the half-crazed Wilhelmine von Chezy's drama reminds one of his little success when he attempted to write operas and of his lack of taste in choosing librettos and poems for many of his songs. His musical nature was pre-eminently lyrical. In some of his songs he showed uncommon dramatic force, but not in his operas, and though there have been attempts in recent years to revive one or two of them—even with a new libretto—they have obtained only a respectful hearing. He was as indifferent in transferring the overture for one opera to another as the great Rossini. Take this overture to "Rosamunde": it first prefaced a melodrama; later "Rosamunde," also his operetta, "Der Vierjaehrige Posten," while the overture that really belonged to "Rosamunde" afterward served "Alfonso and Estrella."

When Liszt revived this opera at Weimar the overture then performed was one by Rubinstein—Liszt wrote in a hifalutin manner of Schubert's failures on the operatic stage. "His sublime Muse with gaze fixed ever in the clouds, preferred to cast her azure mantle over asphodel fields, woods and mountains, and was unversed in the artificial raiment in which the dramatic muse moves cautiously between curtain and footlights. His winged strophes took alarm at the rattle of machinery and revolving wheels," and so on, and so on.

The overture to "Rosamunde" was written hurriedly and in the prevailing Italian form of that day. The music is melodious, but it is in the charming ballet music that the true Schubert is revealed. This and the symphony were finely performed.

It was good to hear the two tone-poems of Strauss in close intraposition and so brilliantly played. When "Death and Transfiguration" was first heard in New York, a prominent critic in New York spoke of it as a charnel-house piece. When "Till Eulenspiegel" was produced in Boston, a scholarly critic wrote that it was the work of a madman, while a musician of high standing and fame said Strauss's tone-poems, they are not music; they belong to another and new art. Brethren, we should watch our steps in 1930, lest we stumble and fall, to the amusement of men in 1960.

Of the two-tone poems played yesterday, "Till" is indisputably the greater work. It is more personally Strauss himself. "Death and Transfiguration," however masterly the performance, has not the amazing vitality of "Till Eulenspiegel," in which the genius of the composer shines triumphantly. The fever of the dying man in the other tone poem no longer excites the anxiety of those in the sick room; his sentimental recollections when he is not delirious, no longer affect those standing by his bed; only in the transfiguration section does the structural proficiency of the composer, his building with material that in itself is not remarkable, compel admiration. The performance of the Rondo—for such in effect "Till" is, was amazingly brilliant, showing as it did the incomparable elasticity and euphony that this orchestra has attained under Dr. Koussevitzky.

The next concert of the series will be on Feb. 25.

MUSIC BODY NAMED FOR TERCENTENARY

State Committee Includes Koussevitsky—Headed by Leo R. Lewis

Appointment of a state tercentenary music committee headed by Leo Rich Lewis and including Serge Koussevitsky and others prominently identified with music was announced yesterday by the Massachusetts Bay Colony tercentenary commission.

The committee comprises: Chairman, Leo Rich Lewis, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, George W. Chadwick, Bainbridge Crist, Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge, Archibald T. Davison, Mrs. Anita Davis-Chase, William Arms Fisher, Arthur Foote, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Wallace Goodrich, Courtenay Guild, Herbert J. Gurney, Edward B. Hill, N. Penrose Hallowell, James R. Houghton, Serge Koussevitsky, Malcolm Lang, John P. Marshall, Mrs. William Lowell Putnam, John A. O'Shea, Walter R. Spalding, Mrs. Alexander Steinert, Thompson Stone, Frederick W. Benker, secretary.

Members of the executive committee are: Leo Rich Lewis, Archibald T. Davison, Wallace Goodrich, N. Penrose Hallowell, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Mrs. Anita Davis-Chase.

The committee was appointed to take charge of the musical features of two celebrations, one historical and the other literary in character, which are projected by the commission. It is probable also that the committee will seek the approval of the commission for two

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

Music Event

By HAROLD A.

KOUSSEVITSKY HERE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra paid its third visit of the season to Brooklyn last night thereby effecting the lone break in the Friday evening schedule which seems to be their allotment.

Serge Koussevitsky prepared a Russian-Spanish program and once more gave Brooklynites an opportunity to hear an exponent of the young Slavic school for, as the assisting soloist, he presented Serge Prokofieff. The latter responded by offering for what is probably the first time in New York his second piano concerto in G Minor.

The symphony of the evening was the Tschaikovsky No. 6 while three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat" rounded out a brief program.

Since the "new" work was the Prokofieff, attention should be centered primarily upon that. This reviewer, however, cannot pass over the Koussevitsky reading of the Tschaikovsky which was last heard here some weeks back when the recently-departed Willem Mengelberg offered it with the Philharmonic at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The reading last night was solely Russian. And as one regards the Koussevitsky interpretation, one can readily see why the world premiere of the No. 6 in the then St. Petersberg "fell flat," according to the composer's brother Modeste. Granting it is a tragic work in itself, and especially so when one regards the events immediately following its premiere, the fact nevertheless remains that it is not the gloomy, foreboding score that the Boston conductor gave us last night. Mr. Koussevitsky evidently was attempting to stress the poignancy of his final contribution of the gigantic Russian who feared what has been called 'the iniquity of oblivion," who rewrote and rewrote this symphony, and who strove to achieve the greatness which was already his, though he believed it not.

The symphony is too familiar to orchestral followers to need any extended discussion of its "program" here, yet last night it appeared as though Mr. Koussevitsky knew but one aspect of it, the gloomy and despairing side, as Peter set himself down to describe the futility of life and the finality of the death that must come.

Tempi, coloration, melodic line, all of these were treated by the conductor with this one end in view. And he succeeded in making the evening naught but one of gloom and despair.

In the midst of such atmosphere, the Prokofieff work was offered, although the intermission intervened. The composer was at the piano for this work, which presented the Russian school in the new light of superficialities, though spirited ones at that. The concerto is in four movements, the first a mere listless grouping of cadenzas strictly in the modern vein.

It is followed by a scherzo which is but a moto perpetuo, as Mr. Hale points out in his informative program notes, wherein both hands of the soloist flit about to an orchestral accompaniment.

In the intermezzo, Mr. Prokofieff remembers that another Russian pianist wrote a certain prelude which has been battered from pillar to post by all sorts of players. Its principal theme haunts his mind as he tries to conceive this new movement in quasi-classical style.

And in the finale, Mr. Prokofieff recollects also a Polish pianist who is regarded as the originator of pianoforte technique. But the Russian is a member of the modernistic school and needs must not desert this classification.

After the forbidding Russian opening, the Prokofieff presented the other extreme — shallowness. Mr. Koussevitsky considerately abided by the ideas of the composer whose presence necessitated this.

The de Falla dances added a touch of lightness yet the air of the Tschaikovsky remained.

fternoon of Debussy and St. Sebastian

Signs and Miracles, a Visitor, Radcliffe and a Cecilia Revitalized

Trans Feb 15

MIRACLE! Miracle!—Thus the d'Annunzian crowd cries at this or that occurrence connected with their saint. A "sign" they repeatedly demand. With such words in mind, one began unconsciously to connect them with what took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Then and there, through the greater part of two hours, was played and sung music of the late Claude Achilles Debussy; music, further, in which there could be no opportunity for humor or levity; music on the one hand to deepen and to amplify and to enhance the peculiar type of beauty to be found in a poem of one of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood of painters and poets, Dante Gabriel Rossetti; music on the other hand to set an atmosphere for the passion, the ecstasy, the mystic translation of a great martyr. Those there were who had whispered that a whole afternoon of music so circumscribed in emotional range would turn to monotony. Boredom would result. Debussy is excellent, one could hear, but an entire afternoon of him, with scant variety of subject, will be too much. And yet, in the actual even, faces remained rapt, attitudes attentive. The number of those who departed early—to suburbia—was not large; and more noiselessly than sometimes, they whisked themselves out of the room.——More. There were five divisions in the music after the intermission. But not a soul offered to clap hands. Too deeply did the spell hold, that spell wrought by music just heard; too eager was this audience for what was to come. No wonder that one who knew that he must make words about the things going on about him, began to find emerging from his sub-consciousness the scenes in which the cry "Miracle" is heard. For, that this amount of music of this narrow emotional range should work with this high degree of effectiveness, bordered indeed on the miraculous. —The doubters had their sign.

There is a host of new things to relate. A masterpiece, Debussy's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," was receiving its first complete hearing in these parts; a notable singer, Madame Ritter Ciampi, was making her American début; a revitalized choral society with an honorable past, the Cecilia, was being put to the test for the first time under a new regime; a group of singers usually heard in conjunction with others was being heard freshly "on its own," the Radcliffe Choral Society, singing Debussy's setting of Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"; a soloist in a minor part, Miss MacDonald, almost submerged in the wealth of matters demanding attention, who might have fared better had it been possible for a little more of this attention to come her way.

The afternoon was divided, then, between a Debussy just out of his student years and a Debussy just about to round out a lifetime of as original creative work as the world has yet seen. "The Blessed Damozel" was written while he was in Italy as a "prix de Rome"; "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" is considered by some his last really great work. Rossetti, reading with a thrill Edgar Allan Poe's supreme treatment of the grief of a love here on earth, determined (as might have been expected of him) to voice "the yearning of the loved one in heaven." Thus the damozel in her heaven, adorned only as Mary the Virgin would have her adorned, pours out chastely but warmly her soul in anticipation of the lover who will follow her to this heaven. But her speech must end in the mild sadness of "All this is when he comes"—and vague smiles—and tears. The very words are chosen for the music of their sound. And the young Debussy, meditating in his sunny Italy upon the evils in the world of music (as young people are wont to do) decided upon an ideal not too far removed from that of the pre-Raphaelites. He seized upon Rossetti's poem. Its deliciousness was his, became clothed with a like quality of tone. Yesterday afternoon it lived again as it is not often given a work to receive living tone. It could not have been more fortunate in its chorus. The freshness of tone of the young ladies from Radcliffe, the virginal purity of that tone seemed as if made for this music. And other qualities were by no means lacking—flexibility of voice, beauty of shading and nuance, perfection of intonation and of enunciation; not possibly could Mr. Woodworth's youngsters have scored higher than they did yesterday.

Add to them Madame Ritter-Ciampi with the words of the damozel. Here is a voice the crystalline purity it would be worth going miles to hear. (Indeed, one may invert and say that this voice came many miles so that we could hear it. And with the voice is a simplicity, an artless directness and sincerity that makes it the voice par excellence for the unrhetoric Debussy. If one must (or may) mention a lack it would be lack of volume. Of beauty, of oneness with the music, there can be no question. Nor must Miss Jean MacDonald, singing the alto solo parts of the "narrator" in Rossetti's poem, go without words of praise. No mere damning "adequate" need be her lot. Beauty of voice, understanding of the spirit of text and music, she brought to her measures.

The story of "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" of d'Annunzio and of Debussy, of Ida Rubinstein and of Leon Bakst, has been told too fully in these pages to require or justify repetition. In "the Court of Lilies" Sebastian fortifies the faith of two brothers condemned to columns to await their fate; by his sincerity converts their father and mother and sisters; performs the miracle of dancing upon a bed of live coals, exclaiming the while that he is dancing upon lilies. In the "Magic Chamber," surrounded by all the soothsayers and sorcerors of Paganism, he hears the story of a woman of the world who carried from the tomb of Christ the shroud in which he lay; witnesses her translation. In the court of the emperor before the whole "Council of False Gods" he makes his own confession of Christ, defies the emperor, and dances his "Dance of the High Drama of the Son of Man." Before "the Wounded Laurel" he is shot through and through with arrows at the command of the emperor, but lives and enters "Paradise" singing there with Apostles and Martyrs, with Virgins and with Angels, with the company of All the Saints.

It is mystery as well as miracle that this music does not bring monotony. Within a single group of closely related moods it holds itself with but few exceptions. Those exceptions are the short and curiously dissonant dance on the bed of coals, the martial prelude to "the Council of False Gods" (played almost entirely by brass), one or two short choruses of praise in this same act, the final choruses of glorification. All the remainder is music that relates to suffering. It may be of the beauty of the fortitude of Christian martyrs, as in the prelude to the first act and much of the rest of that act—yet it relates to suffering. It may be the music of sympathy of choruses of women as Sebastian (Act III) tells of the passion and death and resurrection of Christ; or as, in the same act, he mimes the dance of ecstatic anguish of that passion—it relates similarly. It may be the music of his own passion, as arrows strike him, as he supposedly passes from this earth; or again, through the same act, music of lamenting women, bewailing the fate of their beautiful "Adonis"—the relation is still the same: suffering. Probably no composer has ever thus consistently, in a long work, maintained a single mood or group of related moods, without causing that work to suffer the supreme penalty, unless it be Debussy himself in his "Pelleas and Melisande." And more, the somber, poignant mood is one of the most dangerous that a composer could possibly have chosen thus to sustain. Easier to fall into boredom with it than with almost any mood that could be actively rhythmed. But a Friday audience kept waiting for more!

As fortunte was this masterpiece of Debussy in its performance as was his earlier work. If Madame Ritter-Ciampi seemed ide l for the youthful Debussy toying with the smooth felicities of a Rossetti, she was revelation for the Debussy putting the best of his mature self into the mystery play of d'Annunzio. The lightness of her voice seemed of the essence of the character of Sebastian. For Sebastian is no hero of flesh and blood, of bulk and brawn; Sebastian's heroisms are all of the spirit, heroisms of another world.

The chorus of the Cecilia Society was no less than revelation in itself. Report had it that Mr. Fiedler had weeded out mercilessly where that process was needed, that he had been able to fill the vacancies thus caused, with useful singers. Performance in a difficult music would seem to prove the report correct. The ethereal tones of the Radcliffians, his sopranos did not, could not, have. But for all this lamentation the fuller bodied tone of his ladies was more serviceable in any case. The male contingent also furnished its chorus of laudable sonority and respectable timbre. Ample rehearsal had schooled these singers in the necessary perfections, so that they were able to give to Dr. Koussevitzky what he desired in the way of expressive effect. Slight hesitancy at the beginning of the first chorus was quickly overcome and must be considered entirely negligible.

But what would all this machinery have come to without the proper hand guiding and controlling it? Even as a single mind created it with pen on paper, so a single mind, working upon and through other minds, gave it living voice. Dr. Koussevitzky is master of the long expressive line of subtly blended sonority, of rhythm fluid and flexible. His, after all, is the chief honor in saving this sombre music from boredom, of securing from it and for it, the rapt, eager attention which it received. Next to Debussy, for us here in Boston, he is the creator of this music.

A. H. H.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS

Who Will Help?

While the echoes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's lone concert of the season still linger about the Lyric, it seems an opportune time to start a movement for a regular season of concerts by this organization.

It has been announced that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra will not return to this city next season.

This leaves Baltimore with only the Baltimore and Philadelphia Orchestras to gratify our taste for symphonic music.

There is every reason why the Boston Orchestra should give a series of concerts here.

There was a time, not many years ago, when that organization was both a social and a cultural magnet in this city.

Then came the World War, disrupting etsablished customs, and the Boston lost favor here.

Baltimore music lovers were threatened with an orchestra famine, but a little group of intelligent, public-spirited men and women took the situation in hand, gave strong support to the Philadelphia Orchestra and made it first in the hearts of our music patrons.

Now is the time to do the same thing on behalf of the Boston Orchestra.

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Tuesday afternoon series given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Overture to "Rosamunde" and the first Ballet, also the "Unfinished" Symphony; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration" and "The Eulenspiegel."

The music from Schubert's music for the half-crazed Wilhelmine von Chezy's drama reminds one of his little success when he attempted to write operas and of his lack of taste in choosing librettos and poems for many of his songs. His musical nature was pre-eminently lyrical. In some of his songs he showed uncommon dramatic force, but not in his operas, and though there have been attempts in recent years to revive one or two of them—even with a new libretto—they have obtained only a respectful hearing. He was as indifferent in transferring the overture for one opera to another as the great Rossini. Take this overture to "Rosamunde": it first prefaced a melodrama; later "Rosamunde," also his operetta, "Der Vierjaehrige Posten," while the overture that really belonged to "Rosamunde" afterward served "Alfonso and Estrella."

When Liszt revived this opera at Weimar the overture then performed was one by Rubinstein—Liszt wrote in a hifalutin manner of Schubert's failures on the operatic stage. "His sublime Muse with gaze fixed ever in the clouds, preferred to cast her azure mantle over asphodel fields, woods and mountains, and was unversed in the artificial raiment in which the dramatic muse moves cautiously between curtain and footlights. His winged strophes took alarm at the rattle of machinery and revolving wheels," and so on, and so on.

The overture to "Rosamunde" was written hurriedly and in the prevailing Italian form of that day. The music is melodious, but it is in the charming ballet music that the true Schubert is revealed. This and the symphony were finely performed.

It was good to hear the two tone-poems of Strauss in close intraposition and so brilliantly played. When "Death and Transfiguration" was first heard in New York, a prominent critic in New York spoke of it as a charnel-house piece. When "Till Eulenspiegel" was produced in Boston, a scholarly critic wrote that it was the work of a madman, while a musician of high standing and fame said Strauss's tone-poems, they are not music; they belong to another and new art. Brethren, we should watch our steps in 1930, lest we stumble and fall, to the amusement of men in 1960.

Of the two-tone poems played yesterday, "Till" is indisputably the greater work. It is more personally Strauss himself. "Death and Transfiguration," however masterly the performance, has not the amazing vitality of "Till Eulenspiegel," in which the genius of the composer shines triumphantly. The fever of the dying man in the other tone poem no longer excites the anxiety of those in the sick room; his sentimental recollections when he is not delirious, no longer affect those standing by his bed; only in the transfiguration section does the structural proficiency of the composer, his building with material that in itself is not remarkable, compel admiration. The performance of the Rondo—for such in effect "Till" is, was amazingly brilliant, showing as it did the incomparable elasticity and euphony that this orchestra has attained under Dr. Koussevitzky.

The next concert of the series will be on Feb. 25.

MUSIC BODY NAMED FOR TERCENTENARY

State Committee Includes Koussevitsky—Headed by Leo R. Lewis

Appointment of a state tercentenary music committee headed by Leo Rich Lewis and including Serge Koussevitsky and others prominently identified with music was announced yesterday by the Massachusetts Bay Colony tercentenary commission.

The committee comprises: Chairman, Leo Rich Lewis, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, George W. Chadwick, Bainbridge Crist, Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge, Archibald T. Davison, Mrs. Anita Davis-Chase, William Arms Fisher, Arthur Foote, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Wallace Goodrich, Courtenay Guild, Herbert J. Gurney, Edward B. Hill, N. Penrose Hallowell, James R. Houghton, Serge Koussevitsky, Malcolm Lang, John P. Marshall, Mrs. William Lowell Putnam, John A. O'Shea, Walter R. Spalding, Mrs. Alexander Steinert, Thompson Stone, Frederick W. Benker, secretary.

Members of the executive committee are: Leo Rich Lewis, Archibald T. Davison, Wallace Goodrich, N. Penrose Hallowell, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Mrs. Anita Davis-Chase.

The committee was appointed to take charge of the musical features of two celebrations, one historical and the other literary in character, which are projected by the commission. It is probable also that the committee will seek the approval of the commission for two

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

Music Event

By HAROLD A.

KOUSSEVITSKY HERE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra paid its third visit of the season to Brooklyn last night thereby effecting the lone break in the Friday evening schedule which seems to be their allotment.

Serge Koussevitsky prepared a Russian-Spanish program and once more gave Brooklynites an opportunity to hear an exponent of the young Slavic school for, as the assisting soloist, he presented Serge Prokofieff. The latter responded by offering for what is probably the first time in New York his second piano concerto in G Minor.

The symphony of the evening was the Tschaikovsky No. 6 while three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat" rounded out a brief program.

Since the "new" work was the Prokofieff, attention should be centered primarily upon that. This reviewer, however, cannot pass over the Koussevitsky reading of the Tschaikovsky which was last heard here some weeks back when the recently-departed Willem Mengelberg offered it with the Philharmonic at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The reading last night was solely Russian. And as one regards the Koussevitsky interpretation, one can readily see why the world premiere of the No. 6 in the then St. Petersberg "fell flat," according to the composer's brother Modeste. Granting it is a tragic work in itself, and especially so when one regards the events immediately following its premiere, the fact nevertheless remains that it is not the gloomy, foreboding score that the Boston conductor gave us last night. Mr. Koussevitsky evidently was attempting to stress the poignancy of his final contribution of the gigantic Russian who feared what has been called 'the iniquity of oblivion," who rewrote and rewrote this symphony, and who strove to achieve the greatness which was already his, though he believed it not.

The symphony is too familiar to orchestral followers to need any extended discussion of its "program" here, yet last night it appeared as though Mr. Koussevitsky knew but one aspect of it, the gloomy and despairing side, as Peter set himself down to describe the futility of life and the finality of the death that must come.

Tempi, coloration, melodic line, all of these were treated by the conductor with this one end in view. And he succeeded in making the evening naught but one of gloom and despair.

In the midst of such atmosphere, the Prokofieff work was offered, although the intermission intervened. The composer was at the piano for this work, which presented the Russian school in the new light of superficialities, though spirited ones at that. The concerto is in four movements, the first a mere listless grouping of cadenzas strictly in the modern vein.

It is followed by a scherzo which is but a moto perpetuo, as Mr. Hale points out in his informative program notes, wherein both hands of the soloist flit about to an orchestral accompaniment.

In the intermezzo, Mr. Prokofieff remembers that another Russian pianist wrote a certain prelude which has been battered from pillar to post by all sorts of players. Its principal theme haunts his mind as he tries to conceive this new movement in quasi-classical style.

And in the finale, Mr. Prokofieff recollects also a Polish pianist who is regarded as the originator of pianoforte technique. But the Russian is a member of the modernistic school and needs must not desert this classification.

After the forbidding Russian opening, the Prokofieff presented the other extreme — shallowness. Mr. Koussevitsky considerately abided by the ideas of the composer whose presence necessitated this.

The de Falla dances added a touch of lightness yet the air of the Tschaikovsky remained.

fternoon of Debussy and St. Sebastian

Signs and Miracles, a Visitor, Radcliffe and a Cecilia Revitalized

MIRACLE! Miracle!—Thus the d'Annunzian crowd cries at this or that occurrence connected with their saint. A "sign" they repeatedly demand. With such words in mind, one began unconsciously to connect them with what took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Then and there, through the greater part of two hours, was played and sung music of the late Claude Achilles Debussy; music, further, in which there could be no opportunity for humor or levity; music on the one hand to deepen and to amplify and to enhance the peculiar type of beauty to be found in a poem of one of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood of painters and poets, Dante Gabriel Rossetti; music on the other hand to set an atmosphere for the passion, the ecstasy, the mystic translation of a great martyr. Those there were who had whispered that a whole afternoon of music so circumscribed in emotional range would turn to monotony. Boredom would result. Debussy is excellent, one could hear, but an entire afternoon of him, with scant variety of subject, will be too much. And yet, in the actual even, faces remained rapt, attitudes attentive. The number of those who departed early—to suburbia—was not large; and more noiselessly than sometimes, they whisked themselves out of the room.——More. There were five divisions in the music after the intermission. But not a soul offered to clap hands. Too deeply did the spell hold, that spell wrought by music just heard; too eager was this audience for what was to come. No wonder that one who knew that he must make words about the things going on about him, began to find emerging from his sub-consciousness the scenes in which the cry "Miracle" is heard. For, that this amount of music of this narrow emotional range should work with this high degree of effectiveness, bordered indeed on the miraculous. —The doubters had their sign.

There is a host of new things to relate. A masterpiece, Debussy's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," was receiving its first complete hearing in these parts; a notable singer, Madame Ritter Ciampi, was making her American début; a revitalized choral society with an honorable past, the Cecilia, was being put to the test for the first time under a new regime; a group of singers usually heard in conjunction with others was being heard freshly "on its own," the Radcliffe Choral Society, singing Debussy's setting of Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"; a soloist in a minor part, Miss MacDonald, almost submerged in the wealth of matters demanding attention, who might have fared better had it been possible for a little more of this attention to come her way.

The afternoon was divided, then, between a Debussy just out of his student years and a Debussy just about to round out a lifetime of as original creative work as the world has yet seen. "The Blessed Damozel" was written while he was in Italy as a "prix de Rome"; "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" is considered by some his last really great work. Rossetti, reading with a thrill Edgar Allan Poe's supreme treatment of the grief of a love here on earth, determined (as might have been expected of him) to voice "the yearning of the loved one in heaven." Thus the damozel in her heaven, adorned only as Mary the Virgin would have her adorned, pours out chastely but warmly her soul in anticipation of the lover who will follow her to this heaven. But her speech must end in the mild sadness of "All this is when he comes"—and vague smiles—and tears. The very words are chosen for the music of their sound. And the young Debussy, meditating in his sunny Italy upon the evils in the world of music (as young people are wont to do) decided upon an ideal not too far removed from that of the pre-Raphaelites. He seized upon Rossetti's poem. Its deliciousness was his, became clothed with a like quality of tone. Yesterday afternoon it lived again as it is not often given a work to receive living tone. It could not have been more fortunate in its chorus. The freshness of tone of the young ladies from Radcliffe, the virginal purity of that tone seemed as if made for this music. And other qualities were by no means lacking—flexibility of voice, beauty of shading and nuance, perfection of intonation and of enunciation; not possibly could Mr. Woodworth's youngsters have scored higher than they did yesterday.

Add to them Madame Ritter-Ciampi with the words of the damozel. Here is a voice the crystalline purity it would be worth going miles to hear. (Indeed, one may invert and say that this voice came many miles so that we could hear it. And with the voice is a simplicity, an artless directness and sincerity that makes it the voice par excellence for the unrhetoric Debussy. If one must (or may) mention a lack it would be lack of volume. Of beauty, of oneness with the music, there can be no question. Nor must Miss Jean MacDonald, singing the alto solo parts of the "narrator" in Rossetti's poem, go without words of praise. No mere damning "adequate" need be her lot. Beauty of voice, understanding of the spirit of text and music, she brought to her measures.

The story of "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" of d'Annunzio and of Debussy, of Ida Rubinstein and of Leon Bakst, has been told too fully in these pages to require or justify repetition. In "the Court of Lilies" Sebastian fortifies the faith of two brothers tried to martyrdoms to await their fate; by his sincerity converts their father and mother and sisters; performs the miracle of dancing upon a bed of live coals, exclaiming the while that he is dancing upon lilies. In the "Magic Chamber," surrounded by all the soothsayers and sorcerors of Paganism, he hears the story of a woman of the world who carried from the tomb of Christ the shroud in which he lay; witnesses her translation. In the court of the emperor before the whole "Council of False Gods" he makes his own confession of Christ, defies the emperor, and dances his "Dance of the High Drama of the Son of Man." Before "the Wounded Laurel" he is shot through and through with arrows at the command of the emperor, but lives and enters "Paradise" singing there with Apostles and Martyrs, with Virgins and with Angels, with the company of All the Saints.

It is mystery as well as miracle that this music does not bring monotony. Within a single group of closely related moods it holds itself with but few exceptions. Those exceptions are the short and curiously dissonant dance on the bed of coals, the martial prelude to "the Council of False Gods" (played almost entirely by brass), one or two short choruses of praise in this same act, the final choruses of glorification. All the remainder is music that relates to suffering. It may be of the beauty of the fortitude of Christian martyrs, as in the prelude to the first act and much of the rest of that act—yet it relates to suffering. It may be the music of sympathy of choruses of women as Sebastian (Act III) tells of the passion and death and resurrection of Christ; or as, in the same act, he mimes the dance of ecstatic anguish of that passion—it relates similarly. It may be the music of his own passion, as arrows strike him, as he supposedly passes from this earth; or again, through the same act, music of lamenting women, bewailing the fate of their beautiful "Adonis"—the relation is still the same: suffering. Probably no composer has ever thus consistently, in a long work, maintained a single mood or group of related moods, without causing that work to suffer the supreme penalty, unless it be Debussy himself in his "Pelleas and Melisande." And more, the somber, poignant mood is one of the most dangerous that a composer could possibly have chosen thus to sustain. Easier to fall into boredom with it than with almost any mood that could be actively rhythmed. But a Friday audience kept waiting for more!

As fortunte was this masterpiece of Debussy in its performance as was his earlier work. If Madame Ritter-Ciampi seemed ideal for the youthful Debussy toying with the smooth felicities of a Rossetti, she was revelation for the Debussy putting the best of his mature self into the mystery play of d'Annunzio. The lightness of her voice seemed of the essence of the character of Sebastian. For Sebastian is no hero of flesh and blood, of bulk and brawn; Sebastian's heroisms are all of the spirit, heroisms of another world.

The chorus of the Cecilia Society was no less than revelation in itself. Report had it that Mr. Fiedler had weeded out mercilessly where that process was needed, that he had been able to fill the vacancies thus caused, with useful singers. Performance in a difficult music would seem to prove the report correct. The ethereal tones of the Radcliffians, his sopranos did not, could not, have. But for all this lamentation the fuller bodied tone of his ladies was more serviceable in any case. The male contingent also furnished its chorus of laudable sonority and respectable timbre. Ample rehearsal had schooled these singers in the necessary perfections, so that they were able to give to Dr. Koussevitzky what he desired in the way of expressive effect. Slight hesitancy at the beginning of the first chorus was quickly overcome and must be considered entirely negligible.

But what would all this machinery have come to without the proper hand guiding and controlling it? Even as a single mind created it with pen on paper, so a single mind, working upon and through other minds, gave it living voice. Dr. Koussevitzky is master of the long expressive line of subtly blended sonority, of rhythm fluid and flexible. His, after all, is the chief honor in saving this sombre music from boredom, of securing from it and for it, the rapt, eager attention which it received. Next to Debussy, for us here in Boston, he is the creator of this music.

A. H. H.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS

Who Will Help?

While the echoes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's lone concert of the season still linger about the Lyric, it seems an opportune time to start a movement for a regular season of concerts by this organization.

It has been announced that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra will not return to this city next season.

This leaves Baltimore with only the Baltimore and Philadelphia Orchestras to gratify our taste for symphonic music.

There is every reason why the Boston Orchestra should give a series of concerts here.

There was a time, not many years ago, when that organization was both a social and a cultural magnet in this city.

Then came the World War, disrupting etsablished customs, and the Boston lost favor here.

Baltimore music lovers were threatened with an orchestra famine, but a little group of intelligent, public-spirited men and women took the situation in hand, gave strong support to the Philadelphia Orchestra and made it first in the hearts of our music patrons.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

FEB

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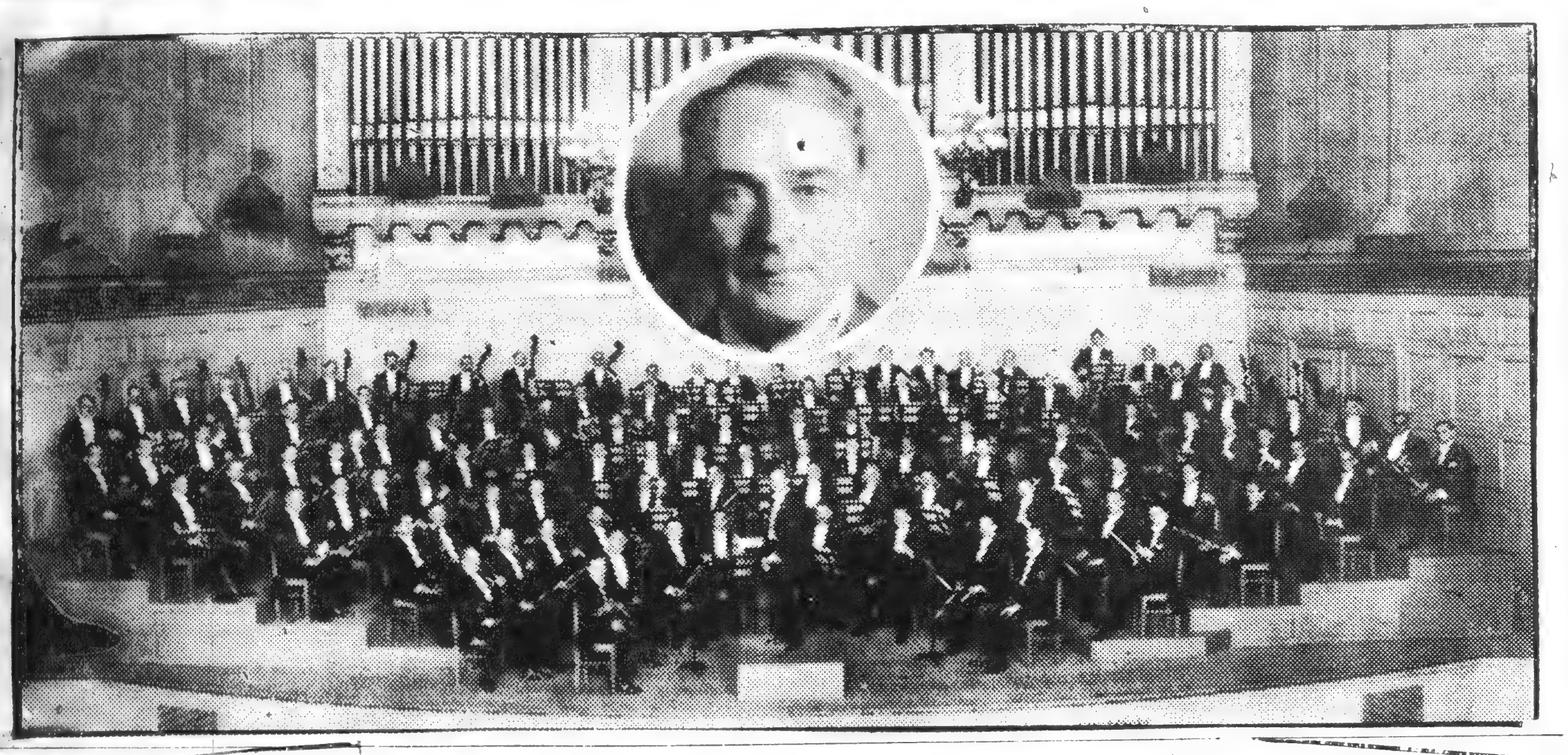


THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TELEGRAM

S. Prokofieff Appears Again

Composer-Pianist Plays with Bostonians.

A sort of Prokofieff festival was the offering of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening. The Russian composer provided the program with both his "Scythian" suite and his second piano concerto, in G minor. The latter work, a novelty to New York, enlisted his co-operation a soloist.

Votaries of the "Scythian" suite were enabled to enjoy an enormously spirited performance of the work, which Mr. Koussevitzky led with great apparent enthusiasm and the orchestra played magnificently. Those who feel that this once terrifying composition is already dated could at least approve the way in which it was set forth.

The second piano concerto has a history. Composed in the spring of 1913 and performed both in Russia and at Rome, it was lost, save for some sketches of the piano part, when the Soviet government confiscated Mr. Prokofieff's Leningrad apartment. From the sketches he rewrote the concerto in 1923, profiting, naturally, by his more mature technic.

The result is an elaborate work of what now seems a discreetly tempered modernity, some pages of which would be appreciated in any night club. Mr. Prokofieff played the very percussive piano part with quite stunning effect, and the orchestra did its share in admirable fashion. At the conclusion of this work, as well as of the concerto, the great audience gave the composer an ovation.

The concert began with Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" and ended with three dances from Manuel de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat." Mozart's exquisite "serenade" exhibited the brilliance and precision of the Bostonian strings.

P. S.

Boston Symphony Orchestra At Mosque Tomorrow Night

Special Train Will Bring Famous Band and Noted Director to City From Boston; Thousands Expected to Hear Concert at the Mosque

A special train of three Pullman cars and a baggage coach is leaving Boston for Richmond this afternoon and will arrive here tomorrow morning, bearing the 112 musicians comprising the distinguished Boston Symphony Orchestra, their famous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, and the tour manager. The orchestra will give its annual concert tomorrow night at the Mosque at 8:30 o'clock, presented by T. Michaux Moody as the second offering in his artists' course, tickets for which will be on sale at Walter D. Moses & Co., until 5:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, after which the box office will open at the theatre at 7:30 o'clock.

The half-century-old orchestra will draw thousands of music lovers from all sections of Eastern Virginia as well as from this city, for an orchestral concert is different from any other musical attraction and has a large and distinct following. Whenever the Boston orchestra has appeared here it has brought together a large audience of eager listeners, all confident that they are hearing one of the world's really great orchestras that is offering them the best in that type of music.

Serge Koussevitzky has brought his players to Richmond three times before in the five years in which he has held the baton of the Boston, and the performances they have given under his leadership have been phenominal. Ever since the orchestra was founded its players have given all their time to it, and the leaders of each group have been selected from the very best the world has had to offer. The program for the concert tomorrow is thought to have been most happily chosen, for it opens with "Bolero," by Ravel, a composition dedicated to Ida Rubenstein, the famous actress and dancer, and is played in this country only by the Boston orchestra. Then comes Dvorak's beautiful "New World Symphony," which he wrote following a visit to America and which contains many themes based on the Negro spirituals of the old South. Parts of this work are familiar to all music lovers. It will be followed by the prelude to "Lohengrin," and the program will close with the Concerto in D Minor, by Vavaldi.

NEW YORK
JOURNAL

Prokofieff Soloist With Boston Orchestra

Serge Prokofieff arrived in town last night with a bang. It might be said that he also arrived with a boom or two and a whole series of biffs. All of which has to do with his "Scythian" Suite, which was part of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert at Carnegie Hall.

For sheer ear-splitting sound and bicep development in the percussion section, Prokofieff's suite is just about in a class by itself. But, for all of that, the music is not without merit, although merit might be more readily recognized if presented in not quite such voluminous doses.

Mr. Prokofieff appeared as soloist, playing his Concerto in G Minor. The work, written seventeen years ago and restored after it had been lost in the Bolshevik upheaval in Russia, was given its first American presentation.

Serge Koussevitzky, who was at the conductor's stand, opened the concert with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," concluded the programme.

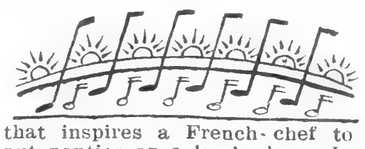
THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS

MUSIC WITH A KICK

THOSE fortunate enough to hear the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Lyric Wednesday night saw a strange sight. They saw dainty gloved and bejeweled hands waved in the air as a sign of approval to Mr. Koussevitzky and his gifted gang. And what evoked this unusual demonstration, accompanied by thunderous applause, was a work new to Baltimore—Ravel's "Bolero."

Maurice Ravel, pianist-composer, and probably the greatest musical genius of present-day France, has done big things before. His "Spanish Rhapsody" is a shadowy, fantastic, almost Goyesque work which attracted much attention when it was first presented in this country some six or eight years ago.

Ravel has an almost diabolical faculty for taking a simple theme and embellishing and decorating it with that deft, Gallic humor



that inspires a French chef to put panties on a lamb chop. In "Bolero" he has taken a barbaric Spanish dance form and, without changing the time or theme, built up an overpowering piece of orchestration.

Starting as a murmur, scarcely heard, it increases in volume as first one and then another instrument takes up the weird strain until it becomes a mighty roar and ends with a crash that lifts you from your seat. It grips you like the pounding of the tom-toms in "Emperor Jones." It gets into your bones and marrow. You find yourself wondering what is coming next. You know the theme and rhythm—it rings in your ears for hours after the concert—but you are puzzled to know in what form it is coming to you next.

No wonder sedate dowagers waved their hands and dour-visaged baldheads pounded their chubby palms together. I wanted to stand on my seat and yell. The Communists are missing a good bet. They ought to adopt "Bolero" for their international anthem. As has been said of certain brands of bootleg liquor, that "tune" would make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LEWISTON, ME.
JOURNAL

Brahms Festival in March

A week of special concerts in which the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of Brahms will be played, is to be given March 21-26, according to an announcement from Symphony Hall, Boston.

The Brahms Festiyal will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; the Hargard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society; Artur Schnabel, the famous German pianist who holds a particular fame in the music of particular fame in the music of Brahms and who will come from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeanette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

On Sunday afternoon, March 23, and the evenings of March 24, 25 and 26, there will be given the First and Fourth Symphonies, the two pianoforte concertos, the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the "Song of Destiny" and "German Requiem," the "Liebeslieder," Rhapsody (alto and male chorus), Violin Sonata and Quintet in F minor.

At the concerts of the previous Friday and Saturday, March 21 and 22, the "Academic Festival" Overture, and the Second and Third Symphonies will be played. This pair of concerts, however, is not included in the subscription series, since they are already fully subscribed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
POST

Music

By OSCAR THOMPSON

AS SOLOIST and composer of half the program, Serge Prokofieff had the lion's share of attention in Carnegie Hall last night when the Boston Symphony returned for the third of its evening concerts. The tall Russian was first summoned from the wings to accept the plaudits bestowed upon his "Sythian" Suite and later was even more generously applauded for his performance with the orchestra of his Second Piano Concerto in C minor. Both works are products of the younger Prokofieff, though the Concerto, originally composed in 1913, when he was twenty-two, was rewritten six years ago in the light of the composer's increased technical resources. It possesses Prokofieff's characteristic dexterity and was as dexterously played, making its effect not by virtue of its material but chiefly through its propulsive momentum.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted a brilliant performance of the "Scythian" Suite and made hugely and boisterously colorful the three dances excerpted from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat" ballet.

48

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TIMES DISPATCH

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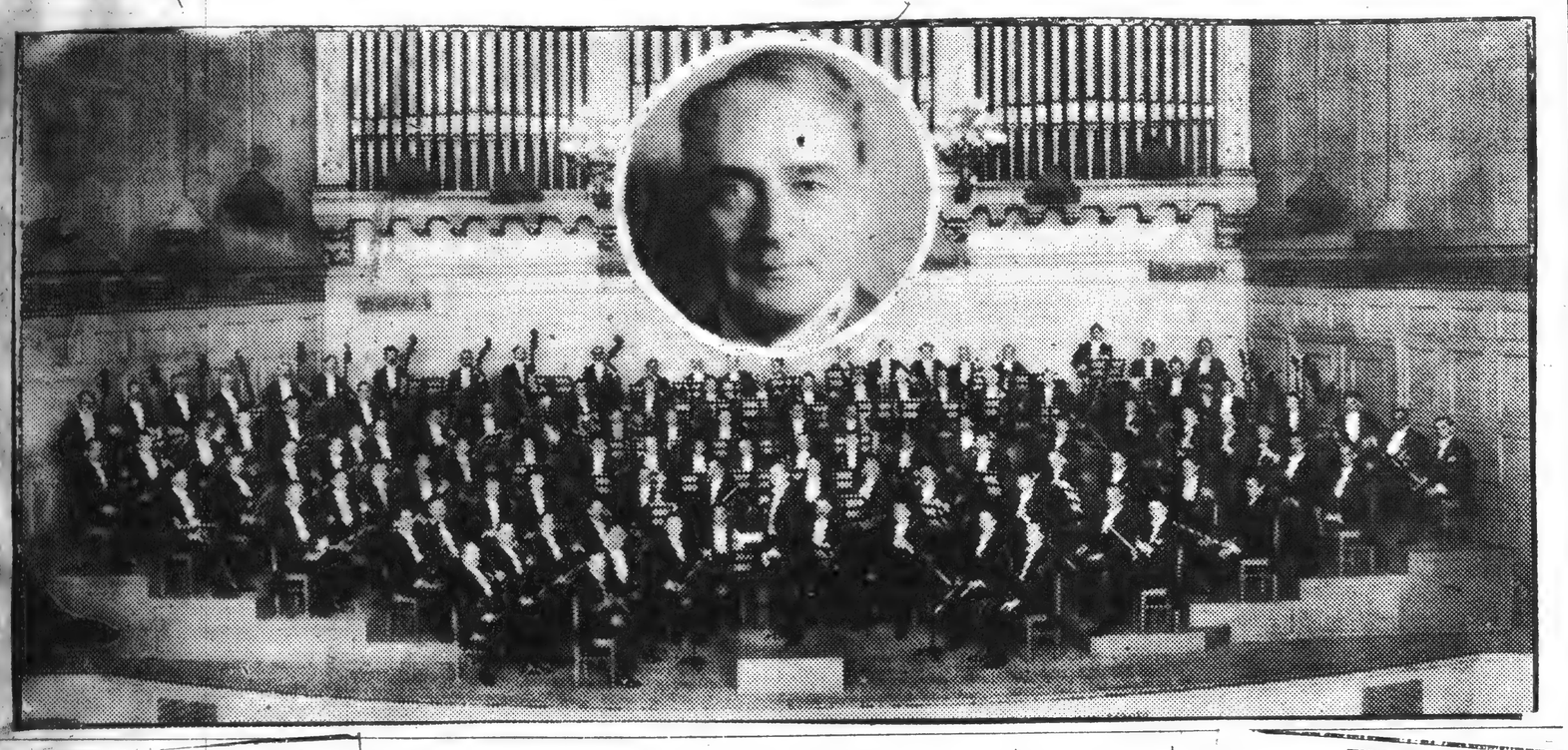

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Votaries of the "Scythian" suite were enabled to enjoy an enormously spirited performance of the work, which Mr. Koussevitzky led with great apparent enthusiasm and the orchestra played magnificently. Those who feel that this once terrifying composition is already dated could at least approve the way in which it was set forth.

The second piano concerto has a history. Composed in the spring of 1913 and performed both in Russia and at Rome, it was lost, save for some sketches of the piano part, when the Soviet government confiscated Mr. Prokofieff's Leningrad apartment. From the sketches he rewrote the concerto in 1923, profiting, naturally, by his more mature technic.

The result is an elaborate work of what now seems a discreetly tempered modernity, some pages of which would be appreciated in any night club. Mr. Prokofieff played the very percussive piano part with quite stunning effect, and the orchestra did its share in admirable fashion. At the conclusion of this work, as well as of the concerto, the great audience gave the composer an ovation.

The concert began with Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" and ended with three dances from Manuel de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat." Mozart's exquisite "serenade" exhibited the brilliance and precision of the Bostonian strings.

P. S.

Boston Symphony Orchestra At Mosque Tomorrow Night

Special Train Will Bring Famous Band and Noted Director to City From Boston; Thousands Expected to Hear Concert at the Mosque

A special train of three Pullman cars and a baggage coach is leaving Boston for Richmond this afternoon and will arrive here tomorrow morning, bearing the 112 musicians comprising the distinguished Boston Symphony Orchestra, their famous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, and the tour manager. The orchestra will give its annual concert tomorrow night at the Mosque at 8:30 o'clock, presented by T. Michaux Moody as the second offering in his artists' course, tickets for which will be on sale at Walter D. Moses & Co., until 5:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, after which the box office will open at the theatre at 7:30 o'clock.

The half-century-old orchestra will draw thousands of music lovers from all sections of Eastern Virginia as well as from this city, for an orchestral concert is different from any other musical attraction and has a large and distinct following. Whenever the Boston orchestra has appeared here it has brought together a large audience of eager listeners, all confident that they are hearing one of the world's really great orchestras that is offering them the best in that type of music.

Serge Koussevitzky has brought his players to Richmond three times before in the five years in which he has held the baton of the Boston, and the performances they have given under his leadership have been phenominal. Ever since the orchestra was founded its players have given all their time to it, and the leaders of each group have been selected from the very best the world has had to offer. The program for the concert tomorrow is thought to have been most happily chosen, for it opens with "Polero," by Ravel, a composition dedicated to Ida Rubenstein, the famous actress and dancer, and is played in this country only by the Boston orchestra. Then comes Dvorak's beautiful "New World Symphony," which he wrote following a visit to America and which contains many themes based on the Negro spirituals of the old South. Parts of this work are familiar to all music lovers. It will be followed by the prelude to "Lohengrin," and the program will close with the Concerto in D Minor, by Vavaldi.

NEW YORK
JOURNAL

Prokofieff Soloist With Boston Orchestra

Serge Prokofieff arrived in town last night with a bang. It might be said that he also arrived with a boom or two and a whole series of biffs. All of which has to do with his "Scythian" Suite, which was part of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert at Carnegie Hall.

For sheer ear-splitting sound and bicep development in the percussion section, Prokofieff's suite is just about in a class by itself. But, for all of that, the music is not without merit, although merit might be more readily recognized if presented in not quite such voluminous doses.

Mr. Prokofieff appeared as soloist, playing his Concerto in G Minor. The work, written seventeen years ago and restored after it had been lost in the Bolshevik upheaval in Russia, was given its first American presentation.

Serge Koussevitzky, who was at the conductor's stand, opened the concert with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Three dances from De Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," concluded the programme.

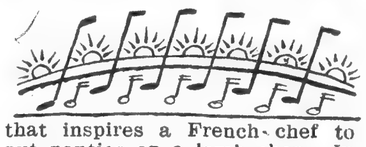
THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS

MUSIC WITH A KICK

THOSE fortunate enough to hear the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Lyric Wednesday night saw a strange sight. They saw dainty gloved and bejeweled hands waved in the air as a sign of approval to Mr. Koussevitzky and his gifted gang. And what evoked this unusual demonstration, accompanied by thunderous applause, was a work new to Baltimore—Ravel's "Bolero."

Maurice Ravel, pianist-composer, and probably the greatest musical genius of present-day France, has done big things before. His "Spanish Rhapsody" is a shadowy, fantastic, almost Goyesque work which attracted much attention when it was first presented in this country some six or eight years ago.

Ravel has an almost diabolical faculty for taking a simple theme and embellishing and decorating it with that deft, Gallic humor



that inspires a French chef to put panties on a lamb chop. In "Bolero" he has taken a barbaric Spanish dance form and, without changing the time or theme, built up an overpowering piece of orchestration.

Starting as a murmur, scarcely heard, it increases in volume as first one and then another instrument takes up the weird strain until it becomes a mighty roar and ends with a crash that lifts you from your seat. It grips you like the pounding of the tom-toms in "Emperor Jones." It gets into your bones and marrow. You find yourself wondering what is coming next. You know the theme and rhythm—it rings in your ears for hours after the concert—but you are puzzled to know in what form it is coming to you next.

No wonder sedate dowagers waved their hands and dour-visaged baldheads pounded their chubby palms together. I wanted to stand on my seat and yell. The Communists are missing a good bet. They ought to adopt "Bolero" for their international anthem. As has been said of certain brands of bootleg liquor, that "tune" would make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LEWISTON, ME.
JOURNAL

FEB

Brahms Festival in March

A week of special concerts in which the principal orchestral, choral and chamber works of Brahms will be played, is to be given March 21-26, according to an announcement from Symphony Hall, Boston.

The Brahms Festival will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; the Hargard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society; Artur Schnabel, the famous German pianist who holds a particular fame in the music of Brahms and who will come from Europe for the occasion; the singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Jeanette Vreeland and Fraser Gange, and the Burgin String Quartet.

On Sunday afternoon, March 23, and the evenings of March 24, 25 and 26, there will be given the First and Fourth Symphonies, the two pianoforte concertos, the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the "Song of Destiny" and "German Requiem," the "Liebeslieder," Rhapsody (alto and male chorus), Violin Sonata and Quintet in F minor.

At the concerts of the previous Friday and Saturday, March 21 and 22, the "Academic Festival" Overture, and the Second and Third Symphonies will be played. This pair of concerts, however, is not included in the subscription series, since they are already fully subscribed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
POST

Music

By OSCAR THOMPSON

AS SOLOIST and composer of half the program, Serge Prokofieff had the lion's share of attention in Carnegie Hall last night when the Boston Symphony returned for the third of its evening concerts. The tall Russian was first summoned from the wings to accept the plaudits bestowed upon his "Sythian" Suite and later was even more generously applauded for his performance with the orchestra of his Second Piano Concerto in G minor. Both works are products of the younger Prokofieff, though the Concerto, originally composed in 1913, when he was twenty-two, was rewritten six years ago in the light of the composer's increased technical resources. It possesses Prokofieff's characteristic dexterity and was as dexterously played, making its effect not by virtue of its material but chiefly through its propulsive momentum.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted a brilliant performance of the "Scythian" Suite and made hugely and boisterously colorful the three dances excerpted from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat" ballet.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

FEB [illegible]

CONCERT and OPERA

By Noel Straus

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Although the Concerto in its present form dates from 1923, a full decade after the penning of the orchestral Suite, the two works showed exactly the same dominant characteristics. If the later opus proved more radical in its harmonic devices, it possessed the powerful rhythmic impetus, the violent splashes of color and the primitive, elemental vitality to be found in the earlier one. Both attain incontrovertibly the objectivity and soullessness for which the modernists strive, and in so doing they naturally fail to arouse enthusiastic response from those who consider expressiveness a necessary factor in the higher arts.

There is a classic sense of form and proportion in these compositions as well as a clarity and biting precision of line that raise them above the majority of effusions of their type. The Concerto was as easy to follow in its structural pattern as the simplest of old-fashioned works in the form. In fact the "Kleine Nachtmusik" of Mozart, which opened the program, was far more complicated architecturally. Of the four movements of Mr. Prokofieff's display piece, the first and second surpassed the others in interest. Whatever merits the Concerto boasts, it contains a plethora of ugly noise. But the first section has a terrifically difficult cadenza, in which a melody thundered in the bass is surrounded by a network of ornamentation covering the entire compass of the instrument. This was electrical in its effect, as set off by the delicate close that followed. More admirable still was the ensuing Scherzo, a perpetual motion of flying sixteenth notes in unison at the octave, punctuated with sharp accents. As Mr. Prokofieff played these two movements they were exciting experiences, but one trembles to think what they would become under less skilful fingers. Alone among pianists he seems able to use the percussion touch without making an atrocity of it.

Mr. Koussevitzky appeared to accomplish all that was possible with the barbaric coloring and wild rhythms of the Suite, and gave splendid support to the soloist in the Concerto, which found less favor with the audience than the orchestral number. The Mozart [illegible] brisk, poetic, strings an as- [illegible]mbrero [illegible]ed the

Herald Feb 7

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MARY M. BROOKS.

Boston, Feb. 5.

February 5, 1930

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301 MARLBOROUGH STREET
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS

My dear Mr. Brennan:

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I have felt for many years that the time had arrived when it should be necessary to exclude that class from the Symphony Concerts, as they do from the hotels. You can fill the Hall to overflowing with decent & civilized people, who now are excluded from lack of seats. It is the old, old story of the Jew ruining the situation.

Yours very truly

Francis [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
SUN

FEB 8 [illegible]

Boston Symphony Third Concert

Prokofieff Is Soloist in His Concerto on Program Including 'Scythian Suite.'

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, having yielded its customary Thursday to the Philharmonic, gave its third concert of the series in Carnegie Hall last night. The program was various, indefinite and nevertheless prevailingly Muscovitish expatriate. There were two compositions by Serge Prokofieff, whose abode is Paris, and there also Mr. Koussevitzky lingers in the lap of approbation when he is not enrapturing Boston or amazing New York. Before the intermission last night Mr. Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite" was performed; after it the composer appeared in person as the solo executant in his own second concerto for piano and orchestra.

Mr. Prokofieff's Scythians have descended upon our coasts from time to time since 1924 and have persuaded us that barbarians knew how to make noises in several keys at once and to disturb the atmosphere violently to no special end. It does not impress itself upon this chronicler as imperative that he should write another essay on the "Scythian Suite." Let it speak for itself. It does so very loudly and in several keys at once. The piano concerto being new to these avenues of culture calls for pause and pondering.

The composition has almost a political history. It was made in 1913 and played not only in Russia but also in Rome under Mr. Molinari. When Mr. Prokofieff came to this country in 1918 he confidingly left his concerto in his chambers in Leningrad. The apartment was confiscated under a decree of the Soviet Government and the concerto, except some sketches of the piano part rescued by the composer's mother, was destroyed. In 1923 Mr. Prokofieff accomplished what must have been the painful task of recreating the concerto from the piano outline. The new version differs greatly from the original; the composer had been learning things in the years between 1918 and 1923 and there were fruits of his learning in the new score.

There are four movements—the first in three sections, andantino, allegretto and andantino, second a scherzo, third an intermezzo, and a finale in which there are two principal subjects and several canons for piano and orchestra.

The composition displays all the characteristics of Prokofieff, insistent elemental rhythms, a predominance of music ejaculatory rather than lyrical—though there is one songlike passage of pure Russian quality in the last movement—powerful massing of tones, polytonal harmonization, prodigious climaxes and elaborate cadenzas. These appear in the first and last movements and are not introduced by the conventional suspension on the dominant, but are begun nevertheless effectively and contain brilliant outpourings of the latest devices in piano figuration.

As a whole, however, the concerto seems at a first hearing to be energetic rather than strong and to offer little that might tempt pianists generally to take it up. But possibly a second hearing may place the work in a more favorable light. When it ended last evening this particular hearer did not think he would make any heroic struggle to hear it again. The concert began with Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik," which has rarely been played less smoothly in this town. The "Scythian Suite" was on the contrary superbly done. The final delight was three dances from De Falla's "Three Cornered Hat."

W. J. H.

OUR MAIL BAG

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Herald Feb 16

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ARTHUR M. BROWN.

Wellesley Hills, Feb. 11.

ICE-FREE PORTS

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The management of Symphony hall should corral the smokers in one spot and keep them there. The men are pretty decent and do not take the liberties the women and their callow "boy friends" do. Many people who pay for subscription seats are forced to remain in them during intermission and choke and cough from the smoke drifting in and filling the hall. Their comfort and pleasure is ruined, and their clothes soaked with smells they do not like. Too polite and well bred to protest, they suffer in silence.

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Herald Feb 7

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As a whole, however, the concerto seems at a first hearing to be energetic rather than strong and to offer little that might tempt pianists generally to take it up. But possibly a second hearing may place the work in a more favorable light. When it ended last evening this particular hearer did not think he would make any heroic struggle to hear it again. The concert began with Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik," which has rarely been played less smoothly in this town. The "Scythian Suite" was on the contrary superbly done. The final delight was three dances from De Falla's "Three Cornered Hat."

W. J. H.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

MUSIC

by Charles D. Isaacson

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There was no possible question as to the findings of the audience. The Prokofieff, who heard musicians declaring at rehearsals in Russia, but a few years ago, "If it were not for my hungry babies and wife, I wouldn't lower myself to play such truck", this Prokofieff found the most critical of gatherings and one of the foremost orchestras, on its feet, to do him honor.

Preferring to remain in the background, and smiling with unmistakable joy, the conductor, Koussevitzky saw the realization of a long dream, the satisfaction of a vivid faith in the composer. For it has been Koussevitzky, in Russia, Germany, France and in America, who has been most steadfast to Prokofieff's creative genius.

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THE composer, who has found his medium in his own peculiar and fascinating idiom, which is popular-modernistic, or modernism of a popular order, and who has demonstrated he can write as classically as the musicians of two centuries ago, was exhibited in two works, completed ten years apart. The "Scythian Suite" was of the 1914 variety, not far removed from the days when he revolted, under his teacher's rebuke. At school, Serge brought his youthful compositions to his master, who cried: "You write without originality." Then later, "You write so far different to anybody else, it would seem you have gone mad, write something people can understand." Somewhere between the two came the suite.

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There are the invocations to the god and goddess, the dance of the pagan monsters, the attack upon the goddess Ala by the Evil-God, the battle of Lolli, the hero, with the Evil-God, and his victory through the intervention of the Sun-God. The rising of the blazing sun, piercing the heavens with a million flaming lights, putting night to flight, heating the sea, the mountains, the valleys, is the climax of the Suite. It is as descriptive and overpowering an example of inevitable writing as may be found in all the pages of musical literature. One listens, blinks his eyes, feels bathed in blood-red sunshine, and realizes the religious awe of the ancients, in the presence of these inexplicable phenomenons of nature, to them, the daily emanations of the gods, in personal procession.

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Prokofieff Heard Again With Boston Symphony

Koussevitzky Gives Program of Repetitions at Matinee

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Mr. Prokofieff again made a striking impression by the brilliant virtuosity which he exhibited in the different solo parts of his high-spirited and engaging concerto—music which applies the piquant devices of modernism to a constructive scheme fundamentally conservative.

The fine orchestra played with spirit and finish, and both soloist and conductor were heartily applauded.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
TIMES

BOSTON'S PLAYERS ABROAD.

Fortunately we in Rhode Island are sufficiently near to Boston to enjoy a share of the privileges accorded to hearers of the great symphony orchestra of that city. Through the energy and public spirit of energetic and generous citizens courses of symphony concerts in Providence are guaranteed. There have been three such concerts this year and the next will be the last of the season. It is earnestly to be hoped that the concerts will be repeated next year and for many seasons in the future.

We know the value of that great organization; all New England knows it, and cultured Boston is entitled to the highest credit for fostering it during its uncertain early years, and maintaining it in the present period of its splendid maturity. But how about other communities? Do they also know and appreciate the Boston Symphony?

One answer is furnished by a review in the New York Times of a New York concert given by the Boston players last week-end. Says the Times reviewer, Olin Downes: "It may be said, for it is true, that Boston has now an orchestra which is without a superior, if it has an equal in this country, a band that Mr. Koussevitzky has brought to a unique flexibility, sensitiveness and virtuosity."

We are not unaware of the splendid orchestras they have in New York nor the men who have and are still leading them. The names of Mengelburg and Stransky and the inimitable Damrosch spring to mind at once when symphonies and tone poems are mentioned; New York is doing its big part in the promotion of musical culture, and consequently the tribute paid to the Boston orchestra by Mr. Downes is doubly generous. Every admirer of Mr. Koussevitzky's great group of artists appreciate the honor paid by the Times writer.

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TIME

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Applause such as is rarely heard burst out in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall last week. The occasion was a Boston Symphony concert. The heroes: Russian Conductor Sergei Koussevitzky and Russian Composer Sergei Prokofiev who appeared also as pianist. No stranger in U. S. music halls is Composer Prokofiev. He used to be railed at as the *enfant terrible* among moderns, a name belied by his pleasant, Pucklike presence. But since others have outdone him in the making of queer, dissonant patterns, the public has found him less disturbing, more to be accepted. Prokofiev too has changed in the past ten years. Now 38, leading an unheckled life in Manhattan, he writes more simply and with greater deference to melody. Yet it was music done in his first, scorned manner which caused the furor last week—his *Scythia Suite*, fearfully exhilarating with its barbaric dances, its wailings, its concluding salute to the sun; then his Second Piano Concerto, originally composed in 1913 but lost when the Soviet Government confiscated all Prokofiev property in Leningrad and only recently rewritten from sketches.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JOURNAL COURIER

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Many a conductor has started his career as a virtuoso of some particular instrument. Stokowski, the conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra, for example, and Stock, the Chicago conductor, both worked up from the orchestral ranks: while Pierre Monteux's instrument, as a student, was the viola.

Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which comes to Woolsey hall on March 5, has the sole distinction of having been a virtuoso of the doublebass. Circumstances of his early choice are these. When as a boy of 14 he entered the Moscow Conservatory, he was required by the rules of the institution to study, for the orchestral class, either a brass instrument or the doublebass. Koussevitzky chose the latter and later became a pupil of the celebrated Rambaussec. He developed an extraordinary proficiency and for the first ten years of his professional career toured Europe, East and West, giving recitals upon this unusual instrument. He even composed a Concerto for it which he played with the leading orchestras of the time.

It must not be supposed that Koussevitzky used the unwieldy doublebass of the modern orchestra which, of course, is built for volume and depth of "ground tone". He acquired an instrument made by Amati, the illustrious Italian and contemporary of Stradivarius, in the 17th century.

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TIMES
Pawtucket, R.I.
FEB 11 1930
(2)

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JOURNAL COURIER
FEB 15 1930

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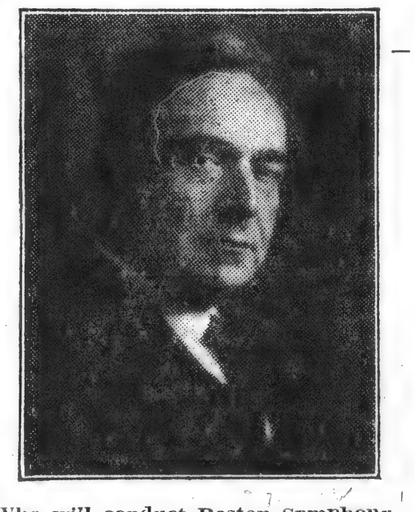

Who will conduct Boston Symphony Orchestra at Woolsey Hall March 5.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JOURNAL COURIER

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
FEB 16

TUESDAY CONCERT IN NATURE OF TEST

Public Response to Appearance of Cleveland Orchestra to Be Norm for Next Year.

POSSIBILITIES POINTED OUT

Mrs. Sharpe Hopes City Will Have Symphonic Galaxy Equalled Only By New York

Referring to next Tuesday's concert here by the Cleveland Orchestra as, in some respects, a test case, Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, president of the Providence Music Association, last night declared that public response to the concert would indicate to the association how far it might go in planning for next year and continuing or extending its activities.

The association, which sponsors the Boston Symphony Orchestra series in this city, this season will have also brought the Detroit Symphony and the Cleveland Orchestra here. The return of the latter organization after its successful Providence debut less than 10 months ago was described by Mrs. Sharpe as "inevitable."

"Providence is rich in possibilities for hearing all our best American symphony orchestras," said Mrs. Sharpe, "because it is between New York and Boston, where they are sure to come on tour. This rich vein in which chance has put us we must develop, as we have tried to do these two years past.

"I hope to see the time, not far off when—added to our gorgeous four Boston Symphony concerts—we may have four visiting orchestras (for after all Boston is almost 'ours') and have a symphonic galaxy equalled only by New York.

"When one contemplates what the costs of a first water symphony orchestra is ($100,000 a year, at least, in Boston, Rochester, Cleveland and Detroit), I wonder if Providence people are fully awake to our rare opportunity. For we may have these visiting orchestras for an underwriting of ten or twelve thousand dollars a year and sell our seats at less than they are sold for in Boston and New York.

"The Music Association hopes to implant these facts in the consciousness of our supporters:

"Financially—for so comparatively little do we enjoy the fruits of others' effort and expense, and

"Musically—it enriches our enjoyment and educates our taste far beyond what any one symphony, however perfect, can do.

"The response to the concert by the Cleveland Orchestra will enable us to see whether we have properly brought to our music lovers the idea of our very wonderful possibilities.

"Last year when we brought Mr. Sokoloff and his orchestra to Providence it was an interesting experiment. The concert had such an enthusiastic audience that a return engagement was inevitable. Those who heard last year will not miss one of Mr. Sokoloff's well chosen and interestingly played programs:

"Personally I have seldom heard greater enthusiasm than that expressed following the Cleveland Orchestra concert last year. We simply had to have them back again and are indeed fortunate it could be arranged."

The demand for tickets thus far at M. Steinert & Sons is said to be very satisfactory.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

Sir George Henschel is said to have been invited by the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchstra to conduct some time during its fiftieth anniversary. "It would be indeed a fitting climax to a very long and honorable musical career," says The London Daily Telegraph of recent date, "if Sir George Henschel, now on the point of celebrating his eightieth birthday, were to accept the invitation of the directors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to conduct at their jubilee concerts. For be it remembered that Sir George was actually their first conductor."

The first concert occurred on Oct. 22, 1881.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

Conductor Has Led Strange Life

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Nothing, save his eleoquent performances, reveals more clearly the artistic sincerity and devotion of Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which comes to Woolsey Hall March 5, than the circumstances of his career.

He first conducted as a boy of 12, when he led the local theater orchestra at his birthplace in the province of Tver, in northern Russia. Attending the Conservatory at Moscow, he was required to study an instrument. He chose the doublebass, and the noted master, Ramboussee, was his teacher. His proficiency upon this unusual instrument became so extraordinary that he toured all of Europe and became famous before he was even known as a conductor.

Koussevitzky's abilities, indeed, were not of the sort to be so confined to a limited field, and from 1909 he devoted all his energies to conducting. He organized his own symphony orchestra in Moscow, which soon came to be consedered the finest in Russia. In Moscow and Petrograd he conducted the classics, gave Beethoven, Bach, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and other festivals each season, and championed works by young composers then unknown but since accepted.

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It was in 1920 that Koussevitzky was first heard as a conductor in western Europe. He assembled an orchestra in Paris, and has since conducted annually his series of "Concert Koussevitzky" at the Opera House. He is also invited annually to conduct a series as guest of Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra in London. Principally through these concerts, but also by virtue of operatic performances in Paris and elsewhere, Koussevitzky has come to be regarded as the most brilliant, inspired, and inspiring conductor in that part of the world.

Each Spring, since Koussevitzky became the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1924, he has returned at the conclusion of his American season to conduct his Paris and London series, which the European public evidently hold to be an indispensable part of their musical life.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
GAZETTE
FEB 18 1930

Brahms Festival in Boston March 23-26

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Mr. Honegger's Concerto for Violoncello is not so short as his Concertino for Piano played by Mme. Andrée in Boston and Cambridge thirteen months ago; but it is brief in its kind—the part of obvious wisdom when a limited and satiating instrument is concerned. With Honegger, moreover, terseness is always the word. It is written, as well, for relatively small orchestra—string choir diminished; woodwinds, horns, trumpets in pairs; no harps, no decorative percussion. It also proceeds continuously, though plainly in the three orthodox divisions, with the usual interplay of motivs in the first and the final section, the usual slow song between.

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The Indian Chant, which sounds more of Honegger than of the American aborigines, is bare, grave, deep-voiced, written in broad measures for the darker tones of the violoncello. The orchestra recedes into accompaniment. The sonorous Honegger—and last evening the answering Maréchal—pervade the musical scene. The finale, light-paced and bright-rhythmed without over-driving the solo instrument, sets it and the orchestra in lively interplay; multiplies the modernisms, especially in the impatient wind-choir; gives a sentimental motiv no more than half a chance; persists in its gayety; again suggests a Honegger freeing and animating the withered, stiffening concerto-form. A good job, done without effort, timely, precisely.

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DEBUSSY'S DAY WITH SYMPHONY

Radcliffe Choral and Cecilia Society Assist

POST FEB 15 '30

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Although there is no evidence of conspiracy, the Chicago Opera Company and the Boston Symphony Orchestra between them contrived, for the last days of this week, a sort of Debussy festival. At the Opera House, Thursday evening, the bill was "Pelleas and Melisande," while the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, as will that of this evening, fell wholly to the French composer's music.

BUT TWO PIECES ON LIST

Two pieces only make this current symphony program; the one, the setting for women's chorus, soprano and contralto soloists and orchestra of Rosetti's "The Blessed Damozel," as rendered into French by Gabriel Sarrazin; the other, the incidental vocal and orchestral music to d'Annunzio's mystery play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." In the first-named, the orchestra was assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society and Mme. Ritter-Ciampi and Miss Jean Macdonald, and in the second by the Cecilia Society and Mme. Ritter-Ciampi.

In concert hall as in opera house, Debussy was fortunate in his interpreters. As did Mr. Polacco and the Chicagoan orchestra on Thursday, so did Dr. Koussevitzky and his band yesterday afternoon cause Debussy's endlessly beautiful instrumental sonorities to fall carressingly or stimulatingly upon the ear. The conductors vied with each other in their sensitiveness to Debussy's melodic line, in their ability to keep his music, as it should be kept, ceaselessly plastic, undulant and flowing; phrase melting into phrase.

Superb Choruses

And, to speak of the symphony concert, both the Radcliffe chorus and the Cecilia surpassed themselves in the production of a sonorous or luminous tone, for which Mr. Woodworth and Mr. Fiedler, who respectively trained them, deserve their share of the credit. Regarded objectively, Mme. Ritter-Ciampi's voice might be found lacking in warmth and fullness, but it proved yesterday, nevertheless, a most suitable medium for the music of Debussy, and it was to be noted that while by no means a powerful voice it seemed always to hold its own, without apparent strain, against the orchestra. Less edgeless, less inclined to blend with the orchestra were Miss Macdonald's tones.

The former, dating from 1887, the latter from 1911, "The Blessed Damozel" and the "Saint Sebastian" music represent almost the two extremes of Debussy's career as composer; nor would it be extravagant to speak of the one as his first significant work and of the other as his last. The pieces before "The Blessed Damozel" were relatively tentative and immature; those that followed "Saint Sebastian" more or less artificial, mannered and sterile, as though the creative vein was drying up, leaving only the faultless technique, the fastidious workmanship.

Of Ecstatic Beauty

Yet to the extent that it did not break completely with existing harmonic and melodic idioms, "The Blessed Damozel" is still to be reckoned as "early" Debussy, but not for that reason to be despised. There is in this score a grace and charm, an ecstatic beauty, not to mention the perfect musical transliteration of the poem, that make it one of the most to be prized of modern choral pieces. Yesterday's performance was not the first that "The Blessed Damozel" had received in Boston, or at the Symphony concerts, yet it is hardly too much to speak of it as the most eloquent and revealing.

It has been said of the music to "Saint Sebastian" that it falls short of full effectiveness both in the theatre and in the concert hall; due in one instance to the distracting limitations of paint and canvas and of actors who must materialize spiritual states, and in the other to the clear need, at times, of visual aid to give point to the tonal commentary. Studied, furthermore, in the version for voices and piano Debussy's music seems here and there to be but dryly invented, lacking in impulse, though in actual performance the composer's necromantic skill in the manipulation of timbres makes many of these measures engrossing to hear.

But leaving out not a little that in the last analysis must be set down as deficient in the quality commonly known as inspiration, there remains in the "Saint Sebastian" music much that is of a searching and elevated beauty, an expression of the mystical, of spiritual ecstacy, to be matched but seldom in the entire course of the tonal art.

Yesterday's performance by the way, was the first in Boston to make use of the very important parts for chorus and soloist, Mr. Monteux having previously made known to us only the orchestral numbers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
FEB 16

TUESDAY CONCERT IN NATURE OF TEST

Public Response to Appearance of Cleveland Orchestra to Be Norm for Next Year.

POSSIBILITIES POINTED OUT

Mrs. Sharpe Hopes City Will Have Symphonic Galaxy Equalled Only By New York

Referring to next Tuesday's concert here by the Cleveland Orchestra as, in some respects, a test case, Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, president of the Providence Music Association, last night declared that public response to the concert would indicate to the association how far it might go in planning for next year and continuing or extending its activities.

The association, which sponsors the Boston Symphony Orchestra series in this city, this season will have also brought the Detroit Symphony and the Cleveland Orchestra here. The return of the latter organization after its successful Providence debut less than 10 months ago was described by Mrs. Sharpe as "inevitable."

"Providence is rich in possibilities for hearing all our best American symphony orchestras," said Mrs. Sharpe, "because it is between New York and Boston, where they are sure to come on tour. This rich vein in which chance has put us we must develop, as we have tried to do these two years past.

"I hope to see the time not far off when—added to our gorgeous four Boston Symphony concerts—we may have four visiting orchestras (for after all Boston is almost 'ours') and have a symphonic galaxy equalled only by New York.

"When one contemplates what the costs of a first water symphony orchestra is ($100,000 a year, at least, in Boston, Rochester, Cleveland and Detroit), I wonder if Providence people are fully awake to our rare opportunity. For we may have these visiting orchestras for an underwriting of ten or twelve thousand dollars a year and sell our seats at less than they are sold for in Boston and New York.

"The Music Association hopes to implant these facts in the consciousness of our supporters:

"Financially—for so comparatively little do we enjoy the fruits of others' effort and expense, and

"Musically—it enriches our enjoyment and educates our taste far beyond what any one symphony, however perfect, can do.

"The response to the concert by the Cleveland Orchestra will enable us to see whether we have properly brought to our music lovers the idea of our very wonderful possibilities.

"Last year when we brought Mr. Sokoloff and his orchestra to Providence it was an interesting experiment. The concert had such an enthusiastic audience that a return engagement was inevitable. Those who heard last year will not miss one of Mr. Sokoloff's well chosen and interestingly played programs:

"Personally I have seldom heard greater enthusiasm than that expressed following the Cleveland Orchestra concert last year. We simply had to have them back again and are indeed fortunate it could be arranged."

The demand for tickets thus far at M. Steinert & Sons is said to be very satisfactory.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

Sir George Henschel is said to have been invited by the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to conduct some time during its fiftieth anniversary. "It would be indeed a fitting climax to a very long and honorable musical career," says The London Daily Telegraph of recent date, "if Sir George Henschel, now on the point of celebrating his eightieth birthday, were to accept the invitation of the directors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to conduct at their jubilee concerts. For be it remembered that Sir George was actually their first conductor."

The first concert occurred on Oct. 22, 1881.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

Sons of the To Hold

Selecting for the occasion the birthday of the man on whose principles their organization is founded, the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution will hold its 40th annual banquet on Saturday, Washing-

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By Honegger and From Manuscript

A New Concerto and A New 'Cellist Introduced at Symphony Hall

SINCE he visited Boston a year ago last month, Mr. Honegger holds the Symphony Orchestra in high regard. To it also he owes the first performances in America of his locomotive-piece, "Pacific 2-3-1" and his football-piece, "Rugby." Recently, when he had finished a Concerto for Violoncello and entrusted it to Mr. Maurice Maréchal, about to revisit the United States, he suggested to his 'cellist-friend that he reserve production for Symphony Hall. Mr. Maréchal's engagements denied him place in the Friday-Saturday series; but Dr. Koussevitzky readily made room for him on a supplementary Monday. Last evening, accordingly, the new Concerto was played for the first time anywhere to an interested, applausive audience, thrice recalling the violoncellist.

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MUSIC

Review of Opera
On Page 14

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 15th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, comprised Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" and "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," both sung in French. The Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth, was the chorus for the "Blessed Damozel"; the Cecilia Society, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, sang in the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." Mme. Ritter-Ciampi was entrusted with the solo soprano music in both works. The music of the Reciter in the "Blessed Damozel" was sung by Jean Macdonald.

Here we had music by the Debussy of 1887 and the Debussy of 1911. As the works were performed yesterday the younger Debussy was preferred by the great majority of the audience. The reason for this is not far to seek. First of all there was the familiar poem, and although it is the fashion in some quarters to underrate Rossetti, "the Blessed Damozel" is still a poem of exquisite beauty. The music is as exquisite as the verses. The charge of preciosity cannot justly be brought against either. Again, there is a continuous emotional, appealing story. The music, furthermore, has apparent simplicity. It is at once appreciated, enjoyed, gratefully remembered. Nor are the choral measures beyond the ability of a well-trained chorus of women. Last of all, the choral measures were sung with delightful purity of tone; with an expressiveness that was not forced nor incompatible with the sentiment of the poem; and Miss Macdonald, as the reciter, delivered her lines with refreshing clearness and significance of diction, not forcing her fine voice, though her position on the stage might have tempted her to do it. It might be pertinently asked why she was not seated by the solo soprano.

The chorus in the "Martyrdom of Saint-Sebastian" had a more difficult task. That it was so well accomplished reflects credit on Mr. Fiedler, who was recently appointed the conductor of the Cecilia. It might be said of the two choruses, with regard to the women's voices, par nobile sororum. Nor did the men of the Cecilia fall behind their sisters in art, when the great technical difficulties in the Mystery are considered. It is needless to say that Dr. Koussevitzky had rehearsed the orchestra with sympathetic care; that the orchestral performance was, after all, the one that was most enjoyed.

Admirers of the work, who speak of it as Debussy's crowning achievement, insist that it should not be performed on the stage of a theatre. What is the result when it is heard in a concert hall? The work then appears to be a series of episodes, loosely strung together. Unless the hearer has thoroughly acquainted himself with d'Annunzio's drama for which the music was composed, he wonders what is happening; what Sebastian is doing or suffering; what is going on in the "Magic Chamber"; why in a Mystery with a Christian Saint, the chorus should now hurrah for Apollo, now mourn the beautiful Adonis. Is the death of the latter symbolical of Sebastian's tortured passing? And who, pray, the hearer might ask, is the Virgin Erigone and what has she to do with it all? Nor is the hearer, unable to read any printed synopsis of the drama on account of the dimly lighted hall, a Philistine, because he rubs his eyes, wonders, and questions.

He is unable, under those conditions, to find dramatic, pictorial, or strikingly impressive music in these choral episodes thrown together as if at random. Here and there are passages of genuine beauty, especially for the female voices; but these passages are to him merely agreeable sounds; he is unable, hearing them, "to dilate with the proper emotion." Having read of the "majestic," also "exultant" final chorus when Sebastian takes the seat of St. John and drinks out of his cup, with the combined chorus of Martyrs, Virgins, Apostles, Angels,—the whole company of the heavenly host praising the Lord Omnipotent, he is grievously disappointed and is not to be blamed if he remembers choruses by Handel. Nor, again, does he find emotion of any sort in the music written for the solo soprano voice.

Mme. Ritter-Ciampi sang in Boston for the first time. Her voice is light and flexible, pleasing in the lower register. In many measures where the tones should have been well sustained, they lacked body and were not firmly held.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony D major, "The Horn Call" (B. & H. No. 31, first time at those concerts). Lazar, Concerto Grosso No. 1 for orchestra (first performance). De Falla, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" (Mr. Sanroma, pianist). Gruenberg, Jazz Suite, op. 28.

DEBUSSY PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Two Local Choruses Assist Orchestra

"Martyrdom of St Sebastian" and "Blessed Damozel" Performed

Globe Feb 15

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Those who heard the Chicago Civic Opera's performance of Debussy's "Pelleas" Thursday night as well as yesterday's Symphony concert enjoyed an unusual opportunity to survey his whole musical career. "The Blessed Damozel," written in 1887, is a work of his youth, already familiar to Boston audiences. "Pelleas," first performed in 1902, is the masterpiece of his middle years. The music for d'Annunzio's mystery play, first performed in 1911, seemed yesterday the crowning glory of his last years.

When Debussy's music was new, reviewers spoke as with one voice of its "impressionism." What struck them was the then novel harmonic scheme, based on a scale of whole tones. They denied that Debussy wrote melody. They denied that his music had any strictly formal or architectural qualities. Performers even today frequently interpret Debussy's works from this angle, as though they were vague, evanescent improvisations, full of strange harmonies, but otherwise meaningless. With a confused feeling for the delicacy and restraint of Debussy, who never wrote a superfluous note or a measure of mere padding repetition, performers subdued his music to a dreamy chaos of bitter-sweet sound.

When, as was inevitable, makers of newer and stranger music arrived, those who had accepted this view of Debussy as the only true one allowed their newborn fervor for Stravinsky and Honegger and the rest of the present generation to cool their once ardently expressed admiration for Debussy. Marcel Proust, sensitive to music as to the life around him, noted just before the war the decline of Debussy's reputation with the musical intelligentsia of Paris, and recorded it with so much else of the history of that era in "Remembrance of Things Past."

Had these restless thinkers in the Paris salons so dear to Proust been correct in their estimate, Debussy's music would now be as certainly doomed to ultimate oblivion as is that of Charpentier. But they were wrong. Debussy is already a classic. His work will endure, though by other qualities than those they heard in it.

Debussy is a great melodist, though his melodies are often brief, and almost never diatonic. Debussy's music has a form o. its own always, though not one to be found in such text books as the once celebrated works of Ebenezer Prout. Debussy had an intense dramatic sense. Consider the crucial scenes in "Pelleas." Have they not, when rightly conducted, as Mr Polacco has shown us at the Opera House, a thrill in them almost as powerful if rather less crude than the thrills in Verdi and Wagner?

Turn to the music for d'Annunzio's ecstatic play, a piece full of the "voluptuous religiosity" some have found in Wagner's "Parsifal," a quality repugnant to others as well to as the Archbishop who tried to ban the original performance at Paris. Note that Debussy can use stern, jagged rhythms, sonorous outbursts from the brass, a soaring final chorus of apotheosis, culminating in "Alleluias" that echo long afterwards in the listening ear. The music has a purity, a serenity absent from the play. There is a frenzy of the senses in the laments for Adonis, but in the choruses of mourning a solemn sadness soon overpowers the merely sensuous excitement.

This music is a strangely neglected masterpiece, which should be more often heard in years to come. Remember that it is to one woman, Mary Garden, that America owes its relative familiarity with "Pelleas." "The Martyrdom" may yet find a celebrity to insist that audiences hear it until they cease to be baffled by it, as has happened in Boston with "Pelleas."

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P. R.

BOS

SOLOIST AT MONDAY SYMPHONY

Maurice Marechal, the Cellist, Plays Honegger's Concerto

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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Had the listener been unaware of the authorship of this concerto he might easily have attributed it to one of the abler of the younger Americans. Not only is the theme of the second movement avowedly in imitation of an American Indian chant, there are suggestions elsewhere of what we are pleased to consider our own brand of "popular" music. There were hints of the "romantic fox-trot," to borrow a phrase from Mr. Leo Reisman. There were thoughts, too, of the sentimental ditties to be found in the musical comedies of Kern, Gershwin and others, with high notes falling on succulent chords of the "barber shop" variety, expressively sustained. And then, as though by way of comic relief, would come passages consistently dissonant in the ultra-modern fashion that would cause those in the audience unaccustomed to this idiom to wear a look of consternation that speedily disappeared when the music returned to its prevailingly amiable course.

An amusing and entertaining piece, this concerto, ingratiating, even, at times. But it was a bit disquieting to find the author of "King David" and "Horace Victorious" descending to such fooleries. It was, indeed, but one more indication of the melancholy fact that few composers now-a-days seem to take their art seriously.

While the piece lay no very heavy tax upon the performer, Mr. Marechal succeeded in demonstrating that he is an accomplished player with a pretty knack for singing a melody and one who commands a singularly agreeable tone. It would be a pleasure to hear him in a work more worthy of his undoubted gifts. He was warmly applauded last evening.

For the rest, the programme listed three pieces from the season's repertory, namely, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" and Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World."

DEBUSSY PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Two Local Choruses Assist Orchestra

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FEB. 18 BOST

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FEB. 18 '30

SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON, TUESDAY, F

Music in Boston

Symphony Concert

The fourth program of the Monday series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at Symphony Hall last evening. The list of music comprised Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Honegger's Concerto for violoncello and orchestra and Dvořák's Symphony in E minor, "From the New World." Maurice Marechal was the soloist.

With the exception of the Honegger concerto, which had its first Boston performance, all the items on the program had been heard previously this season.

In Honegger's piece there was a new venture, and consequently considerable interest. Written in 1928 and 1929, this concerto gives us Honegger's present, or at least very recent, stylistic tendency. Gone are the impacts, the smashing, reeling curves of the musical locomotive of M. Honegger's earlier fashioning, "Pacific 231." Nor does one hear the dissonances of the "Rugby," which owned a tremendous rhythmic facility and power. Instead, there is a rhythmic suavity, a pulse of more subdued yet none the less effective regularity, and a marshaling of orchestral forces which etch in a comprehensive and well-arrayed background for the solo instrument. And the soloist of this concerto is permitted to deploy some melodies. This is startling indeed. Can it be that we are reverting to melodic material which shall again be comprehensible not to musical specialists alone but also to the people who make up the bulk of our audiences? But melody or dissonance or any other single item aside, one must confess that this new work of Honegger's does not seem—at a first hearing at least—to be an outstanding or particularly significant product of his abilities.

C. S. B.

Angna Enters

ESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1930

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fourth concert of the Monday night series last evening in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik. Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Honegger, concerto for violoncello and orchestra. Dvorak, symphony No. 5, E minor, "From the New World."

The soloist was Maurice Marechal, for whom Honegger wrote the concerto played last night for the first time anywhere. Mr. Marechal, born at Dijon, was awarded a first prize for playing the violoncello at the Paris Conservatory in 1911. For some years he was the first 'cellist of several Parisian orchestras, but of late years he has led the life of a virtuoso.

Honegger composed this concerto in 1928-9. The performance was delayed until it could take place in Boston under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, with Mr. Marschal, violoncellist. Honegger wrote a little note about the work; a short but sufficient argument to the effect that the three movements, enchained without a pause, are in the traditional form. The first movement has two contrasting elements: one a suave melodic line; the other a rhythmic pattern. The former is a more sustained and emotional song than one is accustomed to associate with the composer's instrumental compositions; the latter has little distinction except for its unusual contents, which are for the display of technical proficiency, but the orchestral portion of this movement is interesting even when some combinations and effects excite surprise rather than whole-hearted admiration. Mr. Honegger says that the second movement is a song in imitation of a North American Indian chant. This is not the first time he has looked kindly on this racial music. One of his earliest orchestral pieces with North American themes was performed here when he visited Boston. The present song is charming in its melancholy and it was simply presented. In the finale we preferred the second sentimental theme to the "gay and rhythmical" main body of the movement. Again there was singular instrumentation as when the wind instruments apparently mocked the sentimental song, impatient to have their say. Mr. Marechal is an accomplished artist, having a beautiful, rich, but not cloying tone in song passages; a violoncellist of fine taste, possessing a fluent and accurate technic. He was recalled several times.

The remaining numbers on the program were of a popular nature, nor is the word "popular" here used in the obnoxious sense. The delightful music by Mozart; the dazzling brilliance shown by the orchestra in Strauss's admirable tone-poem, and the symphony, with its direct appeal, justly aroused the enthusiasm of the very large audience.

The next concert of the series will be on Monday, March 17. Renee Longy-Miquella, pianist, will be the soloist.

EDWARD

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

JOURNAL COURIER

NEW CONCERTO AT MONDAY SYMPHONY

Maurice Marechal, as soloist at the fourth of the Boston Symphony's Monday concerts, played Honegger's new concerto for violincello, written for him and still unpublished. The other numbers on Dr Koussevitzky's program were Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Richard Strauss' "Till," and Dvorak's "New World' Symphony.

As a rule the Monday subscribers hear only repetitions of works recently given in the regular Friday and Saturday series, but Honegger's concerto is an exception. Last night's was the first performance of it in Boston, nor has one heard of other performances in the United States.

Honegger supplied a brief note for the program books, explaining that this concerto was written for Mr Marechal in 1923 and '29, that it has three movements, to be played without pause; and is, like his concerto for pianoforte, in the classic form. The slow movement is "a song in imitation of a North American Indian chant."

Although the composer does not say so in his brief and modest account of his work, this concerto betrays other American influences than those of the vanished redmen so dear to the French romantic writers. Much of it shows the influence upon Honegger of American popular music of the "jazz" type. It is apparently a "Concerto from the New World," full of echoes of Honegger's American visit, during which he conducted a pair of Boston Symphony concerts and listened to all the leading jazz bands.

Those who believe that much American jazz is worth taking seriously as music, despite the deplorable vulgarity of many jazz pieces, and the atrocious technique of the average jazz player, will find support for this side of what it still a rather heated debate in the fact that not merely Honegger but also Ravel have in recent seasons paid our jazz the proverbially flattering tribute of imitating it. Ravel's violin sonata, written three or four years ago, betrays, like Honegger's new concerto, the influence of American popular music.

French musicians of modernist leanings are all more or less attracted by our jazz. The leading left wing musical journal in France, "La Revue Musicale," has in each issue a section devoted to important new phonograph records in which, along with "musical masterpiece" recordings from all over the world, a certain number of American jazz records are discussed.

Dr Koussevitzky, if his conducting of the orchestral accompaniment last night is any test, does not like syncopated rhythms of the jazz type. They annoy and confuse him, as they do so many professional musicians of the older generation. Mr Marechal, hampered by a wooden and wavering accompaniment, did his not inconsiderable best to make Honegger's concerto appealing. One wished Paul Whiteman or Leo Reisman could have been there to conduct, just for this one number.

Honegger's intricate rhythms and occasionally audacious instrumentation were the most interesting parts of this score. The themes lack distinction of style. One could not help thinking that George Gershwin could write better tunes.

The other numbers, played as they have been in recent symphony concerts, were very warmly applauded last night. There was hearty applause for Mr Marechal, and, one hopes, for Honegger, after the concerto.

P. R.

Incidents and Prospects

At the Symphony Concerts of next week, on Feb. 28 and March 1, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra will play for the first times in Boston the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius, hitherto known only to Philadelphia and New York from Mr. Stokowski. It is brief, as symphonies go; proceeds without pause; contains no slow movement.

At the end of the Symphony Concert last Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky called upon the stage, to share the applause, the conductors of the two contributing choirs. As usual, Mr. Woodworth of the Radcliffe Choral Society was cordially received. Then came the turn of Mr. Arthur Fiedler, as conductor of The Cecilia. At sight of him the audience "perked up" (as New Englanders say) and clapped him with uncommon warmth—all of which was good omen for his approaching days as conductor of The Pops. Gossip has hinted that some of the older members of the Symphony Orchestra might not care to play under a leader so much their junior. To the contrary: Mr. Fiedler is generally liked among his fellow-players.

As noted yesterday in a review, Dr. Koussevitzky has substituted Honegger's new Concerto for Violoncello, with Mr. Maréchal to play the solo-part, for the Prelude to Musorgsky's "Khovantchina" on the program of the Symphony Concert in Cambridge tomorrow. . . . Mr. Spalding, the violinist, is announced for a concert in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 16.

LEWISTON, ME.

SUN

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CONCERNING BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The Sixth Symphony of Sibelius will be played for the first time in Boston by Dr. Koussevitsky and the orchestra at the Symphony concert Feb. 28 and again on March 1st. Of last Saturday's concert the Boston Evening Transcript says:

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"RUSH SEATS" A TRADITION OF BOSTON SYMPHONY

The so-called "rush line" which stands on the front steps of Symphony Hall, Boston, each Friday afternoon before the symphony concert dates back to a custom of student seats, which is as old as the orchestra itself.

Back on the 80s when the Boston Symphony orchestra had just started, concerts were given only on Saturday nights, and students could gain admission to the final "dress" rehearsal each Friday afternoon by paying a few cents at the door. These Friday afternoon rehearsals became so popular, they were ultimately made regular concerts, although for many years they were referred to as "rehearsals." However, seats in the second balcony were still open to the first comer for the payment of 25 cents at the door. Since seats for the Symphony concerts were at a premium the system of a rush line and cash payment had to be used to prevent ticket speculation. The students are counted as they enter, and when the admissions exactly correspond with the number of seats available, the doors are closed, since no standing is allowed.

The "rush line" on days when music of special interest is to be performed reaches far around the block. The custom has been preserved, although for years the demand for subscription seats is such that any seats released each spring are allotted to the waiting lists for both the Friday and Saturday series, and there is therefore no open subscription sale.

The Boston Symphony orchestra pays its annual New Haven visit at Woolsey hall Wednesday night, March 5, tickets for which important musical event are now on sale at Steinert's and Loomis.'

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1930 Herald Feb 22

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D major (with the Horn Call—B. & H. No. 31). Lazar, Concerto Grosso No. 1 for orchestra, in the Old Style. De Falla, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" for piano (Mr. Sanroma) and orchestra. Gruenberg, Jazz Suite op. 38. The symphony was played for the first time at a concert of this orchestra. Lazar's Concerto was performed for the first time anywhere. The Jazz Suite, having been played at Cincinnati and Los Angeles, was heard in Boston for the first time.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be heartily praised for acquainting the audience with Haydn's delightful symphony. When a symphony by this composer is chosen, it is usually one with which we are all thrice familiar. Arthur Nikisch had the courage to put the "Bear" symphony on a program, but in spite of the fact that the list is a long one, few conductors here have felt it their duty to let the audience know that Haydn wrote more than a half-dozen. These, by constant repetition, have become stale, so it is not surprising that the younger generation in the audience is inclined to regard Haydn's music as hopelessly out of date and boresome. This "Hunting Call" symphony is interesting not only because written in 1765 when Haydn was in the service of an Esterhazy prince, the score calls for four horns; not only because the finale, instead of a rollicking movement, is in the form of a theme with variations, but because the music itself is surprisingly fresh and charming. Solo instruments have so much to do—the first violin in the adagio; first violin, violoncello, flute, horns in the set of variations that the symphony may well be described as Concertante. There is no attempt at program music although the horns suggest the chase; and there is another title bestowed by some unknown commentator—"On the stand, or hiding place" from which the hunted may be slain as they pass by or approach. The richly ornamented adagio has nothing to do with the chase. In the lusty minuet one hears the stamping of the country folk—music that is far removed from the grace and elegance of the French dance. But in the finale, after the variations, the horn call brings the end. The whole symphony was admirably performed. The variations, melodious, not painfully complex, yet calling for tonal beauty and technical proficiency, served for the display of virtuoso qualities.

Filip Lazar, the Roumanian composer, living in Paris, is not an unfamiliar name. His "Gypsies" and a Scherzo have been performed under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction. They left only a fleeting, if not pleasing impression. This concerto has solid substance without dryness. "In the Old Style"—in that of Handel rather than of Bach or Vivaldi. The first movement full of life and showing a technical authority that one missed in the preceding works is followed by a singularly impressive slow movement—and here was a not unwelcome touch of modernity through an emotional quality, somewhat sombre in its gravity; yet the modernity was in the musical thought, not in the harmonies, not in the instrumentation. The two following movements, interesting enough, even when there was purely scholastic treatment, have less individuality, and the theme of the final allegro is of a trivial lightness. The concerto well deserves a repetition.

De Falla's "Nights in Spanish Gardens," was performed here in 1924 when Mr. Monteux conducted and Mr. Gebhard was the pianist. The composer says that this music is not descriptive; it is merely expressive. Some no doubt found it full of "local color." A good many years ago Johannes Weber, the Alsatian, who was the first music critic of Le Temps in Paris, and held that position for a long time to the distress of musicians and those only "fond of music," wrote an article to prove that local color is chimera. For example, a Westerner, not knowing native Oriental music, but told by a program that a certain piece has eastern character, at once finds in that piece peculiar melodic characteristics, rhythms, gorgeous coloring that he fondly believes are Oriental, though a Hindu, a Persian, an Arabian, a Chinaman would hear only unmeaning, perhaps disagreeable noises, and wonder what it was all about. There is some truth in this article of the crotchety Johannes. But De Falla is a Spaniard, who sojourning in Paris for some years, was not unduly influenced so that he wished to be more French than the French composers. There are charming pages in the work played yesterday; there are also pages that are simply music without especial suggestiveness of Spain or any other country; pages indeed that suggest labor rather than racial spontaneity. Though the performance by the orchestra and the pianist was brilliant, a mere foreigner prefers to gain his impressions of Spain from Chabrier's "Espana," Debussy's "Evening in Grenada" and "Iberia"; Ravel's orchestral suite, and the compositions by Albainez and Granados.

There is no denying the fact that jazz has mightily influenced contemporary composers. There is no reason why works that show this influence should not be performed at symphony concerts. Whether jazz gains by symphonic and sophisticated treatment is a subject for those who write learnedly or chatter jauntily about music. We prefer our jazz to be naked and unashamed. Mr. Gruenberg is an accomplished musician. That is recognized by those who heard the symphonic poem played earlier in the season and know other works by him. In the "Jazz Suite" one misses the frank melodic lines that should be on the brink of vulgarity; one misses delirious rhythms; the crooning or compelling sensuality that should permeate and give a vitality that is not gained merely by daring instrumentation; the spirit of Harlem, or of the Congo as it appeared to Andre Gide and Paul Morand.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Florent Schmitt's Symphonic Study for Poe's "Haunted Palace"; the violin concerto and the symphony No. 6 by Sibelius. Mr. Burgin will be the soloist.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

The Elm C

Ravel's "Bolero", the piece which has aroused more excitement than any music to be composed within the last decade, is to form a part of the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when it plays in Woolsey Hall on March 5. The new music, these days, is not apt to arouse very much enthusiasm, but wherever the "Bolero" has been played it has been greeted with frenzied cheers, many thanks to Daggett Lee.

...dy sugge... interest-

ATURDAY MORNING

VARIOUS PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Post Feb 22

De Fallas "Noches," With Sanroma at the Piano, Outstanding

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

If the all-Debussy program of last week's pair of Symphony concerts taxed to an unusual degree the listeners' attention and was open to the charge of monotony, that of this week, which had its initial hearing yesterday, is both untaxing and varied. It might, indeed, but for the presence of some fine and some chic music, be described as a bag of orchestral tricks.

TICKLISH PART FOR HORN

To take things in the order in which they come there was by way of beginning a Symphony of Haydn in D major composed in 1765, in other words, when Haydn was 33 and had his most significant years still far ahead of him, and previously unheard at these concerts, if ever in Boston. The score bears the sub-title "With the horn call."

Haydn has written parts for four horns, a thing which many well informed musicians believe to have been first done in symphonic writing in Beethoven's Ninth, and the part for the first horn is not only prominent, it is at times decidedly ticklish. Of this player Haydn in the last movement expects the high F-sharp, and Mr. Boettcher, who distinguished himself as musician and virtuoso throughout the symphony, delivered it with fine quality of tone.

Audience Likes It

Moreover, Haydn writes in the second and fourth movements for solo violin and solo violoncello, so Mr. Burgin and Mr. Bedetti had also their innings. Curiously, the symphony sounds more Mozartean than Haydnish, proving perhaps, that the younger composer was after all truer to the 19th century norm. The homely sentiment and peasant-gaiety that we associate with the Haydn symphonies are in this rather formal yet on the whole decidedly pleasing music not in evidence. The performance bespoke much care in rehearsal and the audience obviously took pleasure in a work that Dr. Koussevitzky has done well to add to the repertory.

Of the next piece, a Concerto Grosso "in the old style," by the Roumanian Felip Lazar, a composer with whom Dr. Koussevitzky has already twice acquainted us, there is less to say.

If Lazar had, as the expression goes, put new wine into old bottles there might have been at least a stimulating result. But he has chosen rather to imitate the old win, and while his music has agreeable moments it left the auditor convinced that the "old style" was handled much better by those to whom it was the "new style" and hence a natural medium of expression. Yesterday's performance was, by the way, the first that the work has received.

Sanroma at Piano

Followed the musical climax of the concert in the shape of De Folla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for piano and orchestra, with Jesus Sanroma, the best possible choice among available pianists, to play the solo part. This was the second performance of the "Noches" at the Symphony concerts and it far out-classed its predecessor, thanks partly to Dr. Koussevitzky's ardor, his clear sympathy with this warmly-colored, romantic, pulsing music. For all concerned there were again deserved plaudits.

Once upon a time the presence on a Symphony programme of a piece bearing the title, "Jazz Suite" would have been a "front-page" sensation. But symphonic jazz has become an old and rather trite story, and the "Jazz Suite" of Eugene Gruenberg that brought yesterday's generally entertaining concert to a close in no way disturbed the peace of Symphony Hall. The audience clearly liked much of this music, and much of it is likeable. But it suffers from the limitations that must ever beset the attempt to endow jazz with company manners. When Mr. Gruenberg would make his jazz sophisticated, it lacked the proper "punch," and when he permitted himself to write the genuine article, or something closely approaching it, he achieved that which, while wholly appropriate to the "Egyptian Room," counted at a Symphony concert for nothing more or less than musical vulgarity.

22

NEW "JAZZ SUITE" SYMPHONY CONCERT

Louis Gruenberg's Music Wins Applause

Unfamiliar Haydn Symphony and Lazar Concerto Grosso Played

Globe Feb 22

Dr Koussevitzky chose for yesterday's symphony concert a program of unfamiliar music. Although only one of its four numbers, de Falla's "Noches" had previously been played at these concerts, and that but once, the audience applauded everything and everybody concerned with unusual cordiality. Even a "Jazz Suite" by Louis Gruenberg, containing a "fox trot," "Blues" and a "one-step," failed to mar the pleasure of the supposedly conservative Friday subscribers.

Mr Gruenberg, last represented on a Boston Symphony program by a conventional tone poem, "The Enchanted Isle," has also experimented with the timbers and rhythms of present day American popular music in his "Daniel Jazz," heard here two years ago at a concert of the Chamber Music Club. The "Jazz Suite" heard yesterday is one of the few successful attempts to write "symphonic jazz," in which a serious composer has succeeded in the difficult task of elaborating the dances of our day into relatively intricate musical patterns without becoming dull or pedantic.

Dr Koussevitzky, whose interpretations of all music, old and new, seldom stick very closely to the printed text, gave a curiously personal and original version of Mr Gruenberg's music. He does not, it would appear, ... the obstreperous insistant fundamental rhythms of jazz. So in Mr Gruenberg's fox trot and one-step he employed a "tempo rubato" which quite obscured the popular dance rhythms.

Young Americans hearing his version could not feel that this "Koussevitzkyized" music was jazz at all.

Lazar's Concerto Grosso No 1, "in the old style," was played yesterday for the first time anywhere. The composer, a young Rumanian living in Paris, has had two previous works introduced to the world here by Dr Koussevitzky. This concerto grosso is more appealing than the "Tziganes," and "Music for Orchestra" of Lazar.

He has written music almost devoid of polyphony, and with simple harmonies for the most part, into which he introduces, like so many plums in a pudding, the effects that please him in 18th century polyphonic music. This concerto is not to be compared with the works in which Stravinsky has been inspired by Bach and Handel, because Lazar's musical texture is so childishly simple, where Stravinsky is complex and profound.

The Haydn Symphony, "with the horn call" with which the concert began, was written almost 25 years earlier than the symphonies by which Haydn is commonly judged, those in the "Oxford" and "London" sets. It dates from 1765.

One hopes that the very hearty applause for this unknown Haydn work will encourage Dr Koussevitsky to dig up for us other unfamiliar works of Haydn and Mozart.

De Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" seemed less interesting than his other orchestral works, despite Mr Sanroma's brilliant and musicianly playing of the piano solo part.

The program announced for next week includes Sibelius' violin concerto to be played by Richard Burgin, Sibelius' Sixth Symphony, and a new piece by Florent Schmitt.

P. R.

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The superlative performance of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which comes to Woolsey Hall on Wednesday evening, March 5, are indeed a thing to wonder at. But just how and why this organization has come to be one of the very greatest in the world leaves little room for speculation or debate. The simple facts of its history are self-explanatory.

In 1881 the late Major Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra, a rare phenomenon in those days. This noted musician, soldier, financier, and public-spirited citizen believed that there was a musical public for such an undertaking. Sparing no expense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill its ranks and brought to this country one after another of the worlds greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the cumulative improvement of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony orchestra in its original form had only sixty players, and its conductor was George Henschel, a celebrated musician of the day. The initial aims (always since adhered to) were that the musicians should play under one engagements; that artistic consideration should always be paramount, and that the conductor should be given absolute control. Controversy waxed hot in those days. The policies, the programmes, even the venture itself were violently attacked and staunchly defended. But the wisdom of the founder was justified as each succeeding year of the orchestra added growth and success to the last. In 1900 Symphony Hall was built, to become the orchestra' special and permanent home.

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conductor in one orchestra and not debase their talents by routine from 1906 to 1918, with the exception of the years 1908-12, which were held by Max Fiedler. To Mr. Muck's exacting hand the great orchestra responded like a single, marvelously perfect instrument.

The Boston Symphony orchestra next had two French conductors—Henri Rabaud in the season of 1918-19, a distinguished musician and composer now head of the Paris Conservatoire—and Pierre Monteux (1919-24), who ably carried on the then established tradition of a finely blended ensemble.

In the autumn of 1924, Serge Koussevitzky first crossed the Atlantic to become the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. From Europe had come many reports of his remarkable qualities as a leader and as an artist. Expectations were more than fulfilled. America, having heard perhaps all the "great" conductors living, has found in Koussevitzky's leadership qualities which are said to be without equal.

With such a combination of a great orchestra and a great leader, it is not surprising that a Boston Symphony concert is regarded as one of the finest achievements in the musical performances of our day. There are waiting lines for every subscription series, and seats for any concert are at a premium.

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Music in Boston

monday feb 24

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We are becoming a little concerned over Dr. Koussevitzky's lapse into the soloist habit. One of the most attractive features of his prefecture has been the rarity of "assisting artists." Of late we have been having such assistance most of the time. Nor has this assistance been of unquestionable value in every instance. Fewer soloists, and those only of the first rank, would enhance enjoyment of the concerts. The Boston Symphony Orchestra does not need extraneous "attractions."

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To open the program, Dr. Koussevitzky had disinterred Haydn's Symphony in D major, B. & H., No. 31 ("with the Horn Call"). This proved refreshing, if only by way of contrast to the handful of Haydn symphonies which are endlessly repeated. Four horns are employed, probably for the first time in a symphony. There are solo passages for violin, violoncello, oboes and flute. The Finale is in the form of a theme and variations. There are pages in this work which are less than thrilling, but it was easily worth revival.

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Concert-Chronicle

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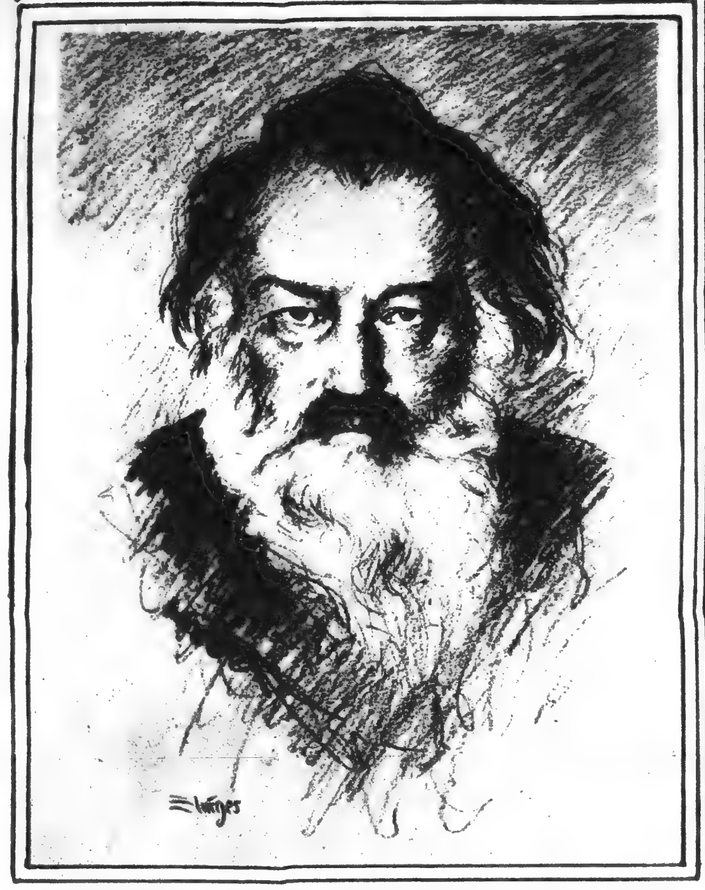
Possibly the listener looks forward more or less complacently to the "Pathetic" Symphony of Chaikovsky. "Popular Chaikovsky . . . almost old hat." The phrases slip out all too easily. During the concert, they take flight and vanish completely. The bright irresistible onward rush of the third movement sweeps the listener along in a state of ever mounting excitement. Dr. Koussevitzky once more lowers his stick and lets the music move of its own momentum. Despite the tradition of Symphony Hall, the audience breaks into applause at the pause between movements. The sincerety of emotion in the concluding Adagio combined with Dr. Koussevitzky's sympathetic approach creates a deep and lasting impression.

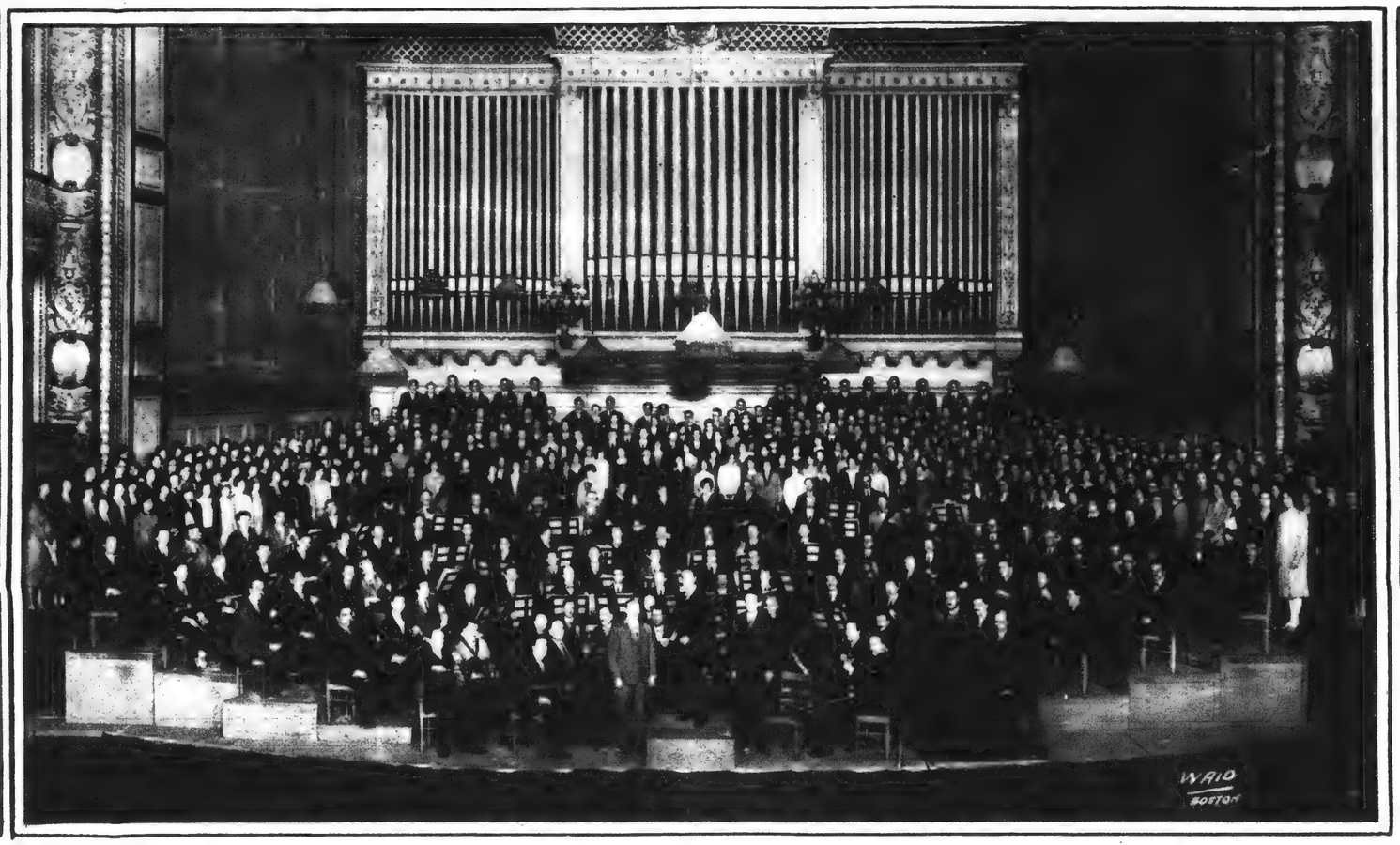
N. M. J.

BRAHMS FESTIVAL TO BE GIVEN BY BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA UNDER DR. KOUSSEVITZKY

A landmark in the history of music in Boston will be the Brahms Festival, to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, in Symphony Hall, on the successive days of March 21-26. The principal orchestral, choral and smaller works of the German master will be presented by the orchestra in collaboration with the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe, and the soloists here pictured.



JOHANNES BRAHMS, noted composer, who will be honored March 21 to 26, when many of the works of the German master will be presented at Symphony hall.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA with choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe, who will be heard under Dr. Serge Koussevitzky during the Brahms festival.

DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, who will lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra as they present, in collaboration with the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe and the soloists shown below, the principal orchestral, choral and smaller works of Johannes Brahms. (Garo)

(At right) FRASER GANGE, baritone.

(At left) JEANNETTE VREELAND, soprano.

(At left) MARGARET MATZENAUER, contralto.

(At right) ARTUR SCHNABEL, pianist.

FILMED AS BOUND

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JOURNAL COURIER

57

Rounding Out Sibelius Upon Boston Ears

Dr. Koussevitzky Presents the Sixth Symphony of the Finnish Master

FOR the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday Dr. Koussevitzky turns to Sibelius, with the familiar Violin-Concerto and the unfamiliar Sixth Symphony (in D minor) filling half of the program. To the conductor the habitués of Symphony Hall owed the first performances in America of Sibelius's Seventh Symphony—as some have it "without equal in the whole range of works cast in the symphonic form." In turn, his revelation of the unexpected delights of Sibelius's Third Symphony surprised even those most "in the know." Now he would do as much for this Sixth Symphony, hitherto heard in America at two concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Mr. Stokowski, on April 23-24, 1926. By that time the "new" Symphony was at least three years old. One of the admirable "miniature essays," published by the English house of Chester gives the date of composition as 1921. Mr. Gilman, unwilling to commit himself in the programbook of the Philadelphia Orchestra, notes that the "Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians" prefers 1923. Grove's Dictionary also affirms that year. Then one discovers an illuminating article on "The Nationalism of Sibelius," by Mr. Watson Lyle in the Musical Quarterly, which gives plausible solution. The symphony "is dated 1921," but was published in 1923. The printed score itself no indication whatsoever, not even a date of copyright. The symphony was published in Stockholm by A. Hirsch, and is dedicated to Dr. Wilhelm Stenhammer. The scoring is relatively modest in these days of huge orchestras.

The little essay above cited speaks of the Sixth Symphony as one "which again seems to have sprung from the primeval soil of Finland." Says Mr. Lyle, whose principal purpose is to question many of the accepted notions concerning Sibelius: "The nationalism in it takes shape as an expression of the atmosphere of the countryside rather than of the humanity of the composer's native land. The form does not adhere strictly to classical tradition. Sibelius goes further in his enomomy of material [Mr. Lyle had just pointed out an increase in these matters in the Fifth Symphony], and there is again the closely knit constructive manner to which attention has been directed." We have to do then, with a terse symphony, which is also pleasant symphony in every sense.

There are four movements: I, Allegro molto moderato; II, Allegretto moderato; III, Poco vivace; IV, Allegro molto. Thus, it was pointed out straightway, a symphony without a slow movement. But a parallel comes quickly to mind. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is also without a slow division. His second movement is also an Allegretto; and this Allegretto is followed by a Presto even as Sibelius's is followed by a Vivace. But this very Allegretto of Beethoven is frequently taken as a dirge-like movement—whether rightly or wrongly, is not here in question. For even when it is taken thoroughly in the allegretto-mood, it still fills perfectly the place and the function of a slow movement. Similarly, this second movement of Sibelius has its theme marked carefully "espressivo," giving it a serenely lyrical character.

Scholars are apt to discuss learnedly the relation (oftener the lack of relation) between the movements of a symphony; to bewail the fact that often the last movement is not a cumulative climax to the whole; is, to the contrary, in many cases no more than a superficially exciting conclusion. They are wont also to point to Bruckner and to Mahler, fathered by Schubert, as most successful in plannnig a symphony on a gradually ascending scale in unfolding and expanding scheme. To the list of symphonies which step by step lead onward to larger and larger things, until final consumation is reached, may be added this Sixth Symphony of Sibelius.

The first movement is in many portions misty, which adjective does not mean gloomy. It is only with difficulty that one seizes upon measures which may be dignified by the term, "themes." Here and there certain phrases, more definitely formed than others, emerge from the general texture. There is for example a songful passage in thirds, heard first in flutes, which singles itself out, arrests for a moment the attention. There is, again, a lyric line for 'cellos and bass-clarinet, sufficiently definite. But it would be a rash analyst who would designate these as "first and second theme." The tonality is as vague as the "thematic" (?) writing. There is no key-signature. But one must look very closely to discover whether one is in C major, or A minor, or one of the old church-modes—and not always does one discover indisputably the answer. In fact the first eight measures and the last are definitely in the Dorian mode. There is much exceedingly close writing in the middle and moderately high registers. There are thus long stretches without double bass. As the 'cello often sings the song of the first violins an octave lower, the viola is in many portions the real bass of the orchestra. The orchestral texture may be found nowhere else than in Sibelius. Blocks of one compactly woven web of tonal strands in a single tonal color take turn about with similar blocks in another color. Here is, in truth a misty Finland. Here is also, one would like to hazard, the most original musician of the age, Jan Sibelius.

Out of this partially formed beginning one comes into the second movement. Cheerfulness here prevails. One can recognize the themes easily; sing them lightly along with the composer. Chords in drab colors from wood-winds make beginning. Then the gentle, ingratiating theme from violins. Through several developments it is carried, to several climaxes it mounts. Then another enigmatical portion, in steadily flowing sixteenth notes, brings the movement to an end. By no formal dogma may this closing section be justified. As a poetical reference back to the uncertainties of the first movement it has its place.

The scherzo, for such in reality is the Poco Vivace, brings further increase of life. A typical scherzo-ryhthm alternates with another theme in thirds, also in the flutes, but much more fully developed, more perfectly formed than that of the first movement. There is also a choral-like theme, gently played, in even notes, once more first heard in flutes. . . . The last movement is plainly the goal toward all which that has gone before is striving. No display of unnecessary brilliance here. Rather an unflagging increase of vitality. It is the longest and most highly organized movement of the four. A theme is at once heard energetic in the first part; songful ('cellos above violas in sixths) in the second portion. There is also an actively rhythmed theme first heard in the massed violins and violas, G-string for violins. These furnish the material of the movement. There are also, near the end, some references to the first movement. The close is one of spacious breadths and largeness, but never showy or brilliant. A. H. M.

"The Sixth Symphony is not so highly concentrated as the Seventh; there are four movements. But they contain so little waste-matter that the whole work is over and done with in thirty-five minutes. Sibelius seldom repeats an idea; if he recalls one it is to modify it somewhere, either by breaking up the sequence of the notation—it is hardly possible to speak of melodies in the later Sibelius—or by a rhythmical readjustment, or by some unexpected mingling of a phrase with another—a combination which, until it has been achieved, has never been suggested to the ordinary ear. Yet when these themes or short figures are brought together the effect is of a piece of inevitable counterpoint. Sibelius is fond of taking the last few notes of a phrase and using them as a fresh idea. Ideas indeed breed ideas throughout the work. It is all done by note-spinning of the utmost spontaneity and mastery. And with all this profusion there is no discursiveness. Sibelius gets his symphony along on the principle of continuous development.

"The mood of the music is unchanging; it is that of a nature-piece—bleak and without sunshine, yet vital and multitudinous. It is almost impossible to give even a broad hint of the 'meaning' of music such as this. Sibelius strips the orchestra of its customary emotional and picturesque suggestiveness; none of the 'reach-me-down' symbols of expression are wanted for his purpose. Though the symphony tells of Sibelius's country, of its fitful summer and its hard, stark winter, there is no obvious tone-painting. The music is subjective—it is Sibelius, his way of experiencing life, turned for the while into sound. And, like most big men, he is representative of his race. . . . It is his ideas, his intellectual and emotional energy, that are unique. So finely does he write for the orchestra, according to the greyness of his æsthetic plan, that it is difficult for us to think of any one of his themes or figures apart from the instruments that play them. To describe his music as essentially cerebral is not to imply that it is without blood. Stronger and more manly music has not been written since Beethoven."

To these paragraphs may be added others by the reviewer of concerts for the Manchester Guardian, who heard this Sixth Symphony from Sir Henry Wood in the winter of 1926-27. Says Mr. Cardus:

Bach via Schoenberg

Another New Piece for the Symphony Concerts This Week

ONCE more Schmitt's "Study" (in tones) for Poe's tale of "The Haunted Palace" has been dropped from a program at the Symphony Concerts. Instead, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra will play on Friday and Saturday for the first times in Boston, Schönberg's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for Organ. The piece was heard in Berlin last autumn and warmly received; likened even to his masterly transcriptions of two of Bach's Choral-Preludes, already known to the Symphony Concerts. Said the correspondent of The Musical Courier:

> A novelty in the form of Bach's Organ Prelude in E-flat, arranged for orchestra by Arnold Schönberg, opened Furtwängler's second symphony concert of the season. For once Schönberg had created something in which his masterly workmanship could be appreciated and admired by the general public. Even coupled with Bach's simple themes and clear construction, Schönberg's harmonies were entirely inoffensive and, probably for the first time within memory, there was not a single hiss from the audience, nothing but hearty applause.
>
> Consequent revision of the program adds to it the Prelude to Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde." The numbers from Sibelius are unchanged.

Bloch's Hebrew Rhapsody On Boston Symphony Program

Ernest Bloch's Hebrew Rhapsody, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"), a score for cello solo which has contributed to the fame of this composer perhaps as much as any single piece, will have an unprecedented performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New Haven when Dr. Koussevitzky gives the solo part to four violoncellists, to be played in unison. For the broad and sombre declamation of this solo part as conceived by Bloch, probably no cellist living could provide ample tone. Dr. Koussevitzky will first try this experiment at the concert of next week's tour.

Ernest Bloch, born in Geneva in 1880, has since 1916 made his home in this country. Until recent years, practically all of his compositions had a decided Hebraic strain. Ernest Bloch, who lives in San Francisco, has identified himself with this country and accordingly composed his prize Rhapsody, "America," for orchestra and chorus which was performed by every large orchestra in the country last season.

Bloch thus described the racial strain in his earlier scores: "It is not my purpose, not my desire, to attempt a 'reconstitution' of Jewish music, or to base my works on melodies more or less authentic. I am not an archaeologist. I hold it of first importance to write good, genuine music, my music. It is the Jewish soul that interest me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul, that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naivete of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books; the savage love of justice; the despair of the Preacher of Jerusalem; the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this is in us, all this is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is all this that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music; the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers day down in our soul."

Guido M. Gatti gave the following account of "Schelomo" in La Critica Musicale, April 1920:

"The violoncello, with its ample breadth of phasing, now melodic and with moments of superb lyricism, now declamatory and with robustly dramatic lights and shades, lends itself to a reincarnation of Solomon in all his glory, surrounded by his thousand wives and concubines, with his multitude of slaves and warriors behind him. His voice resounds in the devotional silence, and the sentences of his wisdom sing into the heart as the seed into a fertile soil:

At times the sonorous voice of the violoncello is heard predominate amid a breathless and fateful obscurity throbbing with persestent rhythms: The entire discourse of the soloist, vocal rather than instrumental, seems like musical expression intimately conjoined with the Talmudic prose. The pauses, the repttitions of entire passages, the leaps of a double octave, the chromatic progressions, all find their analogues in the Book of Ecclesiastes—in the fairly epigraphic reiteration of the admonitions ('and all is vanity and vexation of spirit'), in the unexpected shifts from one thought to another, in certain crescendi of emotion that end in explosions of anger or grief uncontrolled."

Programs in Prospect

At his concert tomorrow afternoon in Jordan Hall, Mr. Orlov will play a "Sonata of Beethoven in E-flat"—probably that of Opus 27; Schumann's "Papillons"; two of Skriabin's Studies; numbers from Chopin and Debussy.

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the supplementary matinée of the Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall on Tuesday, March 11:

Symphonic Sketches, "The Sea".....Debussy
Bolero .....Ravel
(Last Time at These Concerts)
Symphony in D minor.....Franck

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday, March 14 and 15:

Sonata in G major.....Galliard
(Transcribed for Small Orchestra by M. Steinberg)
Assyrian Bas-Reliefs .....Martelli
(First Times in America)
Alpine Symphony .....Strauss

From Mr. Spalding, the violinist, for his concert in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 16:

Sonata in G major.....Bach
(First Time in Boston)
Allegro .....Padre Martini
Fantasia in C major for Violin and Piano, Op. 159 .....Schumann
Spanish Symphony .....Lalo
Arethusa's Fountain .....Szymanovski
At the Spring—Evening Song.....Schumann
La Campanella .....Paganini

At the concert of chamber music, on Tuesday evening, March 25, in the approaching Brahms Festival at Symphony Hall, Mr. Schnabel, the pianist who comes oversea especially for it, will play the three Intermezzi and the Rhapsody of Opus 119. Brahms wrote no richer piano-pieces. At the same concert, Mme. Matzenauer, late of the Metropolitan Opera House, will sing four of his songs: "Sapphische Ode"; "von ewiger Liebe"; "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer"; "Meine Li be ist grün." With the Burgin Quartet, Mr. Schnabel will also play the piano-part of the Quintet in F minor.

Franz Kneisel

On Boston Boards

Shakspeare from Chicago

AT LAST the repertory comes to hand for the fortnight of Shakspeare that Fritz Leiber and his company will proffer to Boston under the auspices of the Chicago Shakspeare Society—a "civic" theater in the better sense of that threadbare word. They will begin their stay at the Wilbur on Monday, March 10; act ten plays through sixteen performances, distributed as follows:

"King Lear"—Monday, March 10; Friday, March 21.

"Hamlet"—Tuesday, March 11; Saturday afternoon, March 15; Mon-

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Amusements

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No Lesser Names Upon The Program

Sibelius, Wagner, Bach, Stock The Symphony Concert, Schoenberg Aiding

HALF the Symphony Concert of yesterday—the undisturbed half through the permutations of the week—fell to the music of Jan Sibelius. Again, after only a twelfth-month, Mr. Burgin played the solo-part in the Violin-Concerto of 1905. (Needless to say, a public that the longer it knows him, the more admires him, welcomed the concert-master warmly; applauded him heartily; renewed its mood when, for the Prelude to "Tristan," he returned to his customary seat.) For the first time in Boston, Dr. Koussevitzky also produced Sibelius's Sixth Symphony of 1921—the only one in the series of seven hitherto unheard at Symphony Hall. (Some, noting the opening and the closing measures assign it to the key of D minor. The program-book preferred to leave it keyless).

To both Concerto and Symphony the audience gave close attention and generous appreciation—so far as clapping may go. How much each one in it enjoyed the pieces may be left to his, or her, musical conscience and perception. Certainly Sibelius is established composer at Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke, in his second incarnation as conductor, introduced him. Dr. Muck fostered him. Mr. Monteux returned to him. Dr. Koussevitzky cultivates him. In Boston, in degree also in New York and Philadelphia, no living composer sits more securely in the standard repertory. Yet whenever a new, or an old piece, by Sibelius is played in London, in Paris, in the German capitals of music, there are apologies. He is not a popular composer (they run) but consider his unique quality and consequent deserts. In American concert-halls we may lack traditions. Where they prevail, they sometimes make for closed perceptions.

After all these years and schooling, the presumption is that most of us encounter Sibelius with prepared minds. With nearly one voice the authorities have told us that he is pre-eminently a racial composer. In his music, whether it is as banal as "Finlandia" or as exalted as the Seventh Symphony, we are to discover the Finnish temperament, react to the Finnish spirit. (The truth is that at first hand, most of us know nothing of either.) Into tones he translates Finnish legend; often, as in "The Swan of Tuonela" or "Tapiola," both the fable and the musical vesture illude us. We are told that he conjures his music out of Finnish landscape; over it play the lights and airs of lakes and forests; to the swift summer, to the long winter, it moves and tingles. (But how few of us have any acquaintance with the Finnish scene, except as the betraveled musical geographers conduct us thither.)

Similarly we are presumed to be instructed in many a musical idiosyncrasy of the matured Sibelius. We expect him to be terse. Though it marshals four movements, the Symphony of yesterday continued through only thirty-five minutes; while the Concerto, earlier by sixteen years, seemed long and expansive beside it. Orchestrally, we should know that Sibelius confides much to the string choir, though of late under modernist preachment and example it has gone out of the fashion; that he is wary of the percussion-corner; that he shuns decorative instrumentation and pomps of sound; that in and out of tonal mists his melodies or motivs pierce and vanish; that to his will he bends theory and practice—orthodox or innovating—and usually gains his end.

Other characteristic procedures are counted equally familiar to those that hear—the use of short motivs; the play of rhythmic figures and rhythmic dialogue; the birth of a new-found idea from an expiring phrase; shadowy thematic definition; the avoidance of symmetries and other formalisms; the preference in each piece for a single prevailing color; concision yet large spacing; spare frame, stripped harmonies, yet endless inventive resource as the musical thought or feeling passes from instrument to instrument or from group to group. So onward, were newspaper columns desirable avenues of technical exposition.

Yet is it not the truth that in the concert-hall, in the actual presence of two such pieces as the Concerto and the Symphony of yesterday, the listener sloughs away this foreknowledge; tests next to none of these expectations; hears engrossed by a musical narrative; cares not a jot for the Finnish temperament or the Finnish landscape? Which is only to say that Sibelius's riper music is self-contained and self-communicative; interesting, illuding and impressive by what it is and by the course it runs. Sibelius unfolds or suggests a musical idea; amplifies or diversifies it; out of it or its ramifications breeds others; ceases, often abruptly, before he has exhausted them; again recalls them; finally, as in this Sixth Symphony, magnifies them into mounting unity and significance. Or he insinuates an atmosphere; spins it out of figures; weaves it into measure after measure; thickens or thins it with harmonic or instrumental color. After twenty years, the Violin-Concerto still expands with mental, musical, emotional energy. Beginning hazily, the Sixth Symphony clears, brightens, gathers into the vital, ized but measured fullness of the close.

We listeners are caught into the tonal progress; listen to a musical tale that is told; hear not of Finland, think hardly at all of procedures; are absorbed in the thought, the speech, the revelation of a mind and spirit whose means of expression is symphonic music, written so close-knit that the idea and the instrument, the sound and the suggestion, are as one. The interest, the impression, of Sibelius's pages is not "literary" or pictorial. To little purpose do the musical geographers unroll their wordy panoramas. No more is that residue theoretical or formal. The dry-as-dusts may analyze Sibelius's "innovations" and technical "idiosyncrasies" until they choke. For us others enough that he writes a subjective music, therein and thereby disclosing a strange, solitary, self-immersed man. For such ears, Sibelius's tonal narrative tells the tale of his mental and spiritual experiences in a speech of his own and in the atmosphere in which he underwent or recalls them. By such quality is his music a wholly individual expression, akin to Blake's poems or Thoreau's prose. It is by no means certain that Sibelius's symphonies are a poetry of music as we use the word with Mozart or Schubert, Wagner or Debussy. But they are of its most penetrating and significant prose.

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Disappointed by Florent Schmitt's tonal "Study" for a tale of Poe—after all Schmitt is not modern-classic but only pre-war—Dr. Koussevitzky harked back to Bach's Brandenburg Concerto for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet, in which Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gilet and Mager might once more find virtuoso opportunity. Before he had quite decided, into his hands came a desired but delayed score—of Schönberg's version for orchestra of an Organ Prelude and Organ-Fugue of Bach by the transcriber joined. On the instant he substituted it, as was evident yesterday in a performance occasionally more eager than measured. The substitution cost the diligent program-editor a dozen learned pages; otherwise all concerned were gainers. Schönberg made his first transcriptions on commission — of two Choral-Preludes, heard impressively at the Symphony Concerts two or three seasons ago. Now seemingly his own impulse prompted him to as admirable work.

It is hardly necessary to renew the debate—too much like the controversies of Omar Khayyam's quatrain—over arrangements from Bach in other media than that for which he wrote a given piece. The demand for orchestral Bach exceeds the supply. Conductors and audiences both crave it; while the Brandenburg Concertos and the occasional Suites are not inexhaustible. Twentieth-century ears easily hear Bach's organ-pieces in terms of a modern orchestra. Conductors, like Mahler, Wood, Stokowski, have made transcriptions for personal use. Schönberg, arranging as composer, hands his, like Elgar, to the general concert-room. Once more the purists will demur loftily. The pleasured will far outnumber them.

From moment to moment this orchestral version of Prelude and Fugue in E-flat sounds uncannily organ-like. Out of the orchestra come the very strands, texture, movement, voices of an organ-piece. A master-organist rather than a transcribing composer and an imparting conductor might be playing upon a human keyboard, pedals, stops. Much else in Schönberg's version has a quasi-independent existence. He uses Bach's subject-matter, follows Bach's courses; yet gives to the material and development a new accent and quality. They become not only orchestral, but modernly orchestral. They sound not as Bach sounded to burghers, or musicians, in the Thomas-Church at Leipzig, but as he sounds, under other possessions, across a twentieth-century auditorium. The richness of the sonorities, the variety and interplay of tonal color, the intensive harmonies, warm the ear. Incisiveness of outline and energy of accent quicken the mind. Often the Fugue proceeds in a new vitality and urgency. Occasionally, Schönberg's ingrained fondness for minutiæ stays the large unfolding of the Prelude. Everywhere else a Bach come into a new age and tempered to it: a Schönberg not too often theorizing or pedantic; both, therefore, stirring to hear.

With the Prelude and the Closing Scene from Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde," Dr. Koussevitzky, courting large contrasts to Schönberg and Sibelius, ended the concert. There have been occasions to demur to his Wagner, even to his version of these excerpts, deeply as they stir him. Now he has clarified, ripened and enlarged performance. The veritable Wagner, at the acme of passion and splendor he now sets free. An orchestra, as sensuous as it was sonorous, gave both voice.

H. T. P.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK SUN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its fourth visit to New York to give a pair of concerts in Carnegie Hall next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon March 6 and 8. On the two programs, Dr. Koussevitzky will give the first New York performances of Louis Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite," which was first performed in Boston in February.

The Thursday program will open with a little known symphony in D major by Haydn entitled, "With the Horn Call." This is probably the first case in which four horns were used in a symphony. Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo" will also be played. The solo part which the composer intended as the voice of Solomon will be played not by one cello, but by four cellos in unison. Bach's prelude and fugue in E flat (Schenberg arrangement) will conclude the program.

At the Saturday afternoon concert, in addition to Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite," Sibelius's symphony No. 6 and his violin concerto played with Richard Burgin as soloist and the Lazar concerto No. 1 for orchestra.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Carnegie Hall on its fourth visit this season next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. He will give the first New York presentation of Louis Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite," performed in Boston Feb. 21. The Thursday program will open with a little known symphony in D major by Haydn entitled "With the Horn Call." Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," with Jean Bedetti as cello soloist, and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E Flat also will be played at Thursday's concert. On Saturday, Sibelius's Symphony No. 6 and his Violin Concerto and Filip Lazar's Concerto Grosso No. 1 will be introduced with the Gruenberg work.

MUSIC.

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

It was announced a week ago that the program of the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday would comprise Florent Schmitt's "Study of Poe's 'Haunted Palace'"; Sibelius's Violin Concerto and Symphony, No. 6.

Schmitt's "Study" was reserved for a later occasion. The program then read: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2; the Violin Concerto and symphony by Sibelius; Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

Late in the week the score and parts of Schoenberg's transcription for orchestra of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major were received. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto was thrown overboard, but the last change was made too late for the Program Book, which necessarily contained no note about the transcription and retained the pages about Bach's Concerto.

The program finally presented was as follows: Bach-Schoenberg, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major transcribed for orchestra. Sibelius, Violin Concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist). Sibelius, Symphony No. 6. Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde." Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

These moderns will not let Bach alone. What do they not do to him? The organ Prelude and Fugue transcribed by Schoenberg were originally separate compositions, that is not compositions of one jet. The fugue is the one known in England and this country as the "Saint Anne" fugue because there is a similarity between the first notes of the fugue's subject and those of the familiar, stately psalm or hymn tune. The authorship of this tune is ascribed to Dr. Croft, but it is said that the first strain of it is from a French chanson of the 16th century. There are some who will resent the transcription for full orchestra, seeing in it only Schoenberg's desire to show ingenuity in orchestration without regard to the characteristics of the original; to turn a noble prelude and a masterly fugue into a bedecked and bedizened showy, virtuoso piece. On the other hand transcribers may reply, if organists persist in playing the "Ride of the Valkyrie" and Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony on the organ, why should we not be allowed to make Bach's organ music more popular by employing strings, wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments? If Schoenberg had only written in a parenthesis following the title "Prelude and Fugue in E major (after Bach and longways after)!" Impressive and sonorous continuity in the prelude was thus turned into mosiac patterns and kaleidoscopic effects. It was all very clever in its irreverential modernism, and as it was brilliantly performed, great was the joy of the audience.

Two Sibeliuses entered into Symphony hall yesterday: The composer who wrote the violin concerto 25 years ago; the Sibelius who wrote the Symphony, hitherto not performed here, of 1923. Only here and there in the Symphony was the earlier Sibelius revealed.

The rhapsodic Concerto is the work of the man still obsessed by Finland's epic; the man on whose musical horizon a tempest was ever louring; the composer whose most characteristic music often suggested the "Spasms of the Sky and the Shatter of the Sea"; music of passionate emotion; wild, heaven-assailing defiance; the darkness of black melancholy. Music peculiarly individual, not recognizing influence or school. Music robust, dramatic, often tragic; yet at times tender without sensuousness; lighter moments turning to demoniacal fury.

The sixth Symphony might be considered by his many warm admirers as in the nature of an experiment. An experiment in structure, in harmonic schemes, even in orchestration. Or as a sketch in black and white to be afterwards enlarged as a painting. The work seemsto us in thematic invention, in expositions and developments, in emotional appeals, in the employment of instruments the weakest of his symphonies. Later works have shown that his creative powers have not failed; but here is thinness, a passion for the repetition of insignificant, almost childish figures, an absence even of sentiment—these seem inexplicable. In spite of Dr. Koussevitzky's care in preparation, and in performance the symphony to which one had looked forward disappointed those eager to praise.

Mr. Burgin's performance of the concerto was more than technically brilliant. There are other qualities necessary for an impressive, even an adequate rendering of the work. These qualities were fully displayed. An excellent musician-virtuoso might easily content himself with an exterior view; the inner, the emotional contents and the prevailing rhapsodic, bardic spirit might as easily escape him. They did not escape Mr. Burgin.

The familiar Wagnerian excerpt was strongly in contrast with what had preceded. Here sensuousness in highly dramatic guise made its customary appeal to nerves and to other organs than the ears. The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on March 14-15. The program, as announced, will be: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G major. Martelli, Assyrian Bas Reliefs (first performance). Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
AMERICAN

MOST broadcasters must have noticed that among the works performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its New York recital the other night was an original jazz composition. One by one they're falling. And when they fall, they are frank about it. They come right out in the programme and call it jazz.

* * *

Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Presumably to make Boston Sibelius-conscious, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky placed two of the Finnish master's works on the seventeenth program of the symphony orchestra, for the concert pair scheduled for Feb. 28 and March 1, in Symphony Hall, Boston. These works were the Violin Concerto, with Richard Burgin, concermaster, as soloist ,and the Sixth Symphony, which, at the Friday afternoon concert, had its first Boston hearing.

Not that Sibelius was unheard of in Boston, apart from "Finlandia," the "Valse Triste" and "The Swan of Tuonela." The First, Third, Fifth and Seventh Symphonies were familiar, and the Violin Concerto was played twice with the orchestra by Maud Powell, and had been revived only a year ago by Mr. Burgin. Why was it chosen again so soon? Dr. Koussevitzky, it is said, likes to compel audiences to accept music that he admires. Thus it is reported that he purposes to repeat Debussy's "St. Sebastien" annually until it becomes popular. But this concerto was well received last year, and not only because Mr. Burgin was the player. On the present occasion, ne was recalled several times after negotiating in masterly fashion the enormous difficulties of his part.

The symphony, which followed, appeared to us to be a worthy companion-piece to the composer's other works in this form. Like its fellows, it is characterized by a controlled turbulence, an austerity under which violent emotions are ever surging. Distinctly outdoor music, music of many moods, built by sternly restrained means. Now it is swept by icy winds, now made rhythmic by dance-like song, now near to exploding with repressed passion, now peaceful with ecclesiastical calm. This, we believe is music that will be listened to with respect and affection when much of the more resounding music of our day rests in the warehouse.

Perhaps because he found his program a little ascetic, Dr. Koussevitzky closed it with the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan." But, what was more important, he had opened it with Arnold Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat, another novelty to Boston. Here was a masterpiece of a different order; a coat of many colors made by a master craftsman to dress out a piece that already had claim to greatness in its more modest churchly garb. Yet if we are to allow transcriptions, there is reason to demand that they be made by Schoenberg. He does not attempt here to atonalize Bach. Rather, with his mastery of orchestral resources, he installs a modern lighting system in Bach's magnificent edifice.

L. A. S.

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PM-MGP 13"x18"
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
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59

SYMPHONY FEATURES A BACH FUGUE

Sibelius' Sixth Given for First Time in Boston

Post (Mar)

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Granting a certain prolixity in this music a diffuseness that the later Sibelius, of intense concentration, would not have permitted himself, it still must be set down as of genuine importance, and the finest violin concerto since that of Brahms.

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BOSTON, MASS.
GLOBE

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Concert Master Heard in Sibelius Concerto

Sibelius' Sixth Symphony and Bach Prelude and Fugue Played

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was heartily applauded at yesterday's Symphony concert for his musicianly playing of the exacting solo part in Sibelius' concerto for violin. The orchestral novelties on the program, which had been twice changed, were Bach's organ prelude and fugue in E flat, orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg; and Sibelius' Sixth Symphony. The concert concluded with the "Prelude and Death" from Wagner's "Tristan."

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The sixth of Sibelius' seven symphonies, and the only one not previously played at these concerts, was published in 1923, and played for the first time in America by the Philadelphia Orchestra, April 23, 1926. Writers about music, remembering that Sibelius has more than once expressed a devotion to nature, have generally tried to describe his works in terms of the landscape of his native Finland. But one might as well describe the work of Beethoven, whose devotion to nature is even better known, in terms of the rural landscapes near Vienna, among which he found inspiration not merely for the "Pastoral Symphony," but for many another masterpiece.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES ~~UNION~~

Boston Symphony Next Wednesday at Woolsey

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Ernest Bloch, born in Geneva in 1880, has since 1916 made his home in this country. Until recent years, practically all of his compositions had a decided Hebraic strain. Ernest Bloch, who lives in San Francisco, has identified himself with this country and accordingly composed his prize Rhapsody, "America," for orchestra and chorus which was performed by every large orchestra in the country last season.

Bloch thus described the racial strain in his earlier scores: "It is not my purpose, not my desire, to attempt a 'reconstitution' of Jewish music, or to base my works on melodies more or less authentic. I am not an archaeologist. I hold it of first importance to write good, genuine music, my music. It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul, that I fell vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naivete of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books: the Jew's savage love of justice; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem; the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this is in us; all this is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is all this that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music: the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers way down in our soul."

Guido M. Gatti gave the following account of "Schelomo" in La Critica Musicale, April, 1920:

"The Violincello, with its ample breadth of phrasing, now melodic and with moments of superb lyricism, now declamatory and with robustly dramatic lights and shades, lends itself to a reincarnation of Solomon in all his glory, surrounded by his thousand wives and concubines, with his multitude of slaves and warriors behind him. His voice resounds in the devotional silence, and the sentences of his wisdom sink into the heart as the seed into a fertile soil.

"At times the sonorous voice of the violincello is heard predominant amid a breathless and fateful obscurity throbbing with persistent rhythms; the entire discourses of the soloist, vocal rather than instrumental, seems like musical expression intimately conjoined with the Talmudic prose. The pauses, the repetitions of entire passages, the leaps of a double octave, the chromatic progressions, all find their analogues in the Book of Ecclesiastes—in the versicles, in the fairly epigraphic reiteration of the admonitions ('and all is vanity and vexation of spirit'), in the unexpected shifts from one thought to another, in certain crescendi of emotion that end in explosions of anger or grief uncontrolled."

The entire program for the New Haven concert by the Boston Symphony is as follows:

Schubert ....
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I. Allegro moderato
II. Andante con moto
Ravel .... Bolero
Gruenberg ..... Jazz Suite, Op. 28
Boston Waltz Tempo
Fox-trot Tempo.
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Hebrew Rhapsody for Violincello and Orchestra.
(The solo part will be played in unison by
Jean Bedetti, Alfred Zighera, Jacobus Langendoen, Hippolyte Droeghmans)
Bach ....
Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (for organ). Arranged for Orchestra by Schonberg.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE

Record
Meriden Conn

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The coming of the great body of one hundred and ten selected musicians to New Haven is always the signal for lovers of the finest music hereabouts to wend their way towards the massive Yale auditorium, and this year, more than ever, probably, is the urge more insistent, for an unusually popular program is to be rendered. Although the listed numbers are of such great musical importance that hardly one stands out more than another, Ravel's "Bolereo," by reason of it having achieved such nation-wide attention this season, might be called the featured musical tid-bit. However, the works of Schubert, Gruenberg, Bloch and Bach likewise must command important notice, hence the program might well be called an "all-star" one in its entirety.

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Bloch—"Schelomo" (Solomon)
Bach—Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (for organ), arranged for orchestra by Schonberg

There are approximately 460 oil refineries in the United States with an annual production having a wholesale value of more than $2,500,000,000.

Dr. Serge Koussevitsky, who will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra in concert at Woolsey hall, New Haven, Wednesday evening March 5.

SYMPHONY FEATURES A BACH FUGUE

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Post Mar)

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HE BOSTON

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Schoenberg, despite the baffling modernism of his own compositions, is an unusually discreet and skilful transcriber of Bach. Without trying to make the orchestra sound just like an organ, he succeeds in making one believe that if Bach had written this prelude and fugue for a modern orchestra he would have scored it exactly as Schoenberg has.

The performance yesterday betrayed the effect of scanty rehearsal in a number of badly smeared passages. Nor did one agree with Dr Koussevitzky's conception of the subject and working out of the fugue. Yet the music made its emotional effect, so great was Bach's genius.

The reading of the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" was the finest Dr Koussevitzky has given in Boston, because it brought out the magnificient lines of the musical pattern as well as the intensity of feeling Wagner imparted to what many regard as his masterpiece.

The orchestra will be away on tour next week. The program now announced (subject, one assumes, to change) for the next Boston concerts, March 14 and 15, includes a sonata by Galliard, transcribed by Steinberg; Martellis "Assyrian Bas Reliefs"; and Richard Strauss' "Alpine Symphony."

P. R.

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TIMES ~~UNION~~

59

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Koussevitsky With Boston Symphony At New Haven

The crowning event of the musical season in New Haven, as well as the concluding offering of the Woolsey Hall Concert Series under the auspices of the Yale School of Music, takes place next Wednesday evening, March 5, at which time the Boston Symphony orchestra under the leadership of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky makes its annual visit to the Elm City.

The coming of the great body of one hundred and ten selected musicians to New Haven is always the signal for lovers of the finest music hereabouts to wend their way towards the massive Yale auditorium, and this year, more than ever, probably, is the urge more insistent, for an unusually popular program is to be rendered. Although the listed numbers are of such great musical importance that hardly one stands out more than another, Ravel's "Bolereo," by reason of it having achieved such nation-wide attention this season, might be called the featured musical tid-bit. However, the works of Schubert, Gruenberg, Bloch and Bach likewise must command important notice, hence the program might well be called an "all-star" one in its entirety.

The numbers to be played, and their order ,are as follows:

Schubert—Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"
Ravel—"Bolero"
Gruenberg—Jazz Suite, Op. 28
Bloch—"Schelomo" (Solomon)
Bach—Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (for organ), arranged for orchestra by Schonberg

There are approximately 460 oil refineries in the United States with an annual production having a wholesale value of more than $2,500,000,000.

with life, co
romance and

ymphony orchestra
evening March 5.

60

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JOURNAL COURIER

BOSTON SYMPHONY BODY OF VIRTUOSOS

It is a historical as well as a present fact that the greatness of the Boston Symphony orchestra is very largely due to the eminent qualities of the virtuosos which make up its personnel. The finest masters of each instrument which Europe and America have produced have always been engaged to lead each section. Such musicians as Franz Kneisel who formed his famous quartet from the string players of this orchestra, is typical of the illustrious line of concert masters. Such great names as Georges Longy, long considered the greatest oboeist in the world; Charles M. Loeffler, composer and violinist; Georges Grisez, the clarinetist; Emil Ferir, the viola player, are but a few of the virtuosos who have sat for years in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert master's chair is now fittingly held by Richard Burgin, the celebrated Russian musician. Mr. Burgin came to America to take the position in 1920. He had been concert master to more than one great conductor in Europe, and was eually admired for his recitals and activities in chamber music. Richard Burgin is known in America not only by his appearance as soloist with the orchestra, but by many recitals and by the string quartet and the trio which bear his name. Last season, he was appointed the regular assistant conductor of the orchestra.

The seniority among the string leaders at present is held by Julius Theodorowicz, the second concert master, who was one of the original Kneisel Quartet. Jean Bedetti is the first cellist, and one of the finest in the world. Jean Ilefranc, leader of the violas, is a virtuoso of the same sort.

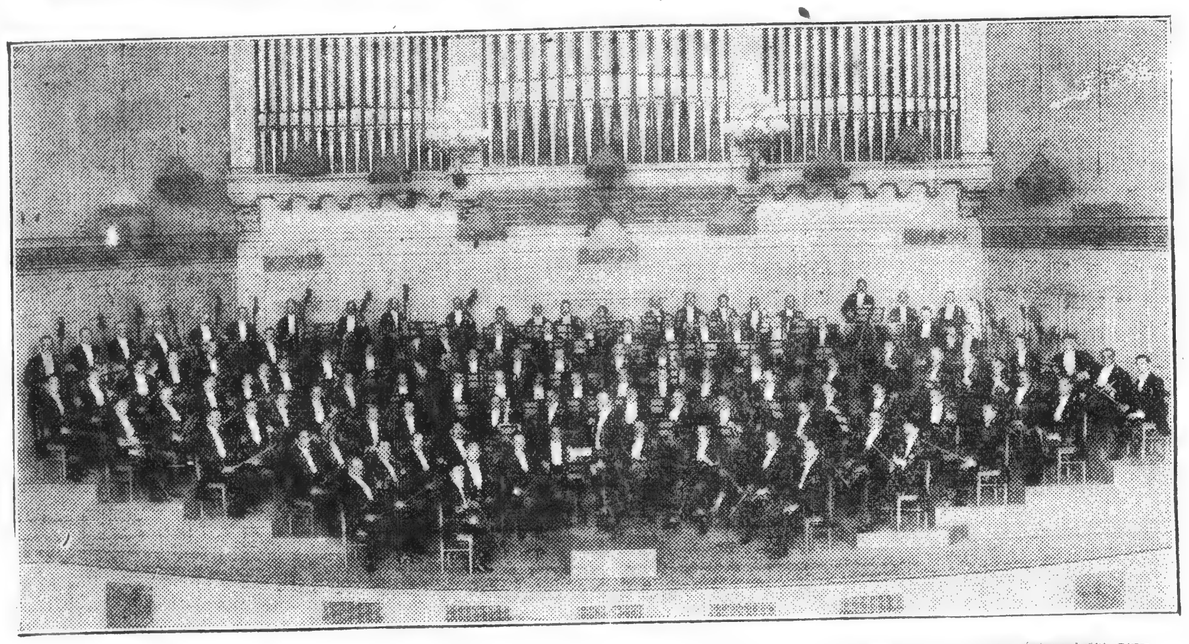
What these artists are to their instruments, so is George Laurent to the flute. Also masters of the rarest quality are Fernand Gillet, the first oboe, George Hamelin, the first clarinet, Abdon Laus, first bassoon and Louis Speyer, the English Horn virtuoso.

George Mager is the brilliant first trumpet, Georg Boettcher, whom the orchestra was most fortunate in acquiring last year, the leader of the French horns, and Joannes Rochut, the highly distinguished first trombone. Another true ornament to the orchestra is Bernard Zighera, the first harp.

That the associates of these virtuosos are likewise splendid masters of their instruments is eloquently apparent when, in some modern score, a second or third solo part is called for by a woodwind or brass instrument.

And this is no less true of the string sections. Anyone of two dozen string players could at command step to the front and play one of the most difficult concertos with technical brilliance and ease.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, AT WOOLSEY HALL NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING



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EVENING POST

Gruenberg's Jazz Suite Premi

First Performance in New York by Boston Symphony Orchestra—Philharmonic Takes a Short Trip—Other Music

GRUENBERG'S Jazz Suite will be heard for the first time in New York Thursday evening at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. It is divided into three movements—Fox Trot Tempo, Boston Waltz, Blues tempo (slow drag) and one-step tempo. The suite was performed for the first time anywhere by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, conductor, March 22, 1929; was played January 30, this year, by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Artur Rodinzky, conductor, and was first played by Dr. Koussevitzky in Boston Friday evening of last week. The rest of the program is made up of Haydn's Symphony in D major, "With the Horn Call"; Bloch's "Scheleme," Hebrew Rhapsody for cello and orchestra, with four cellists as soloists, and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg.

Sibelius will make up half the program at the Saturday matinee concerts with the sixth symphony of the Finnish composer and his concerto for violin and orchestra in D minor, with Richard Burgin as soloist. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg and Gruenberg's jazz suite will be the other numbers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
Record
New Haven
(2)
Courier

Finland Minister Makes Long Trip to Hear Music

Boston, March 1 (INS)—Axel Leonard Astrom, minister of Finland to the United States, was bound back to his post at Washington today, having come all the way to Boston to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra featuring Finnish music. He said the wonderful music was worth the long trip.

William B. Murray Sees Possibility of Complete Ring Given Next Season

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, may appear next season for the first time over a nation-wide hookup for a series of three concerts.

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, may be heard regularly throughout the nation.

A complete Nibelungen Ring, to be offered in weekly programs, will be proposed to a sponsor for opening the next winter season.

These significant possibilities were revealed in a conversation with William B. Murray, president of the Judson Radio Program Corp., the largest musical service organization of its kind in the world, with offices in Steinway Hall.

Both Managed by Judson.

The Boston organization, it was pointed out, has broadcast locally on several occasions, but never has the music been spread over an inter-city hookup. Gabrilowitsch has conducted his orchestra nationally only once—that time on a General Motors program—although he has appeared as piano soloist on several occasions.

Both of these organizations are under the management of the Judson organization. It is with the possibility of presenting a Ring, however, that Murray is most interested.

Sans Photographs.

"There is no question in my mind that Wagner is most popular among operagoers and radio listeners alike," he said. "I would not, however, offer a cut version. I would offer the Ring scene for scene and act for act, even though it ran over a great number of weeks.

"We are preparing a Ring for radio presentation, and there is every possibility that it may be offered next season."

Murray discussed these projects as he sat in his offices on the sixteenth floor of Steinway Hall, the offices of a concert manager, yet strangely lacking in the expected autographed photographs from opera songbirds.

Murray came to radio several years ago with a long record of musical activity. Formerly music critic for the Boston Transcript, the Christian Science Monitor and the Brooklyn Eagle, he also edited the Musical Monitor for the National Federation of Music Clubs.

Later becoming an executive with the Baldwin Piano Co., Murray has brought over numerous pianists and composers from Italy. One of the results has been that in 1929 he was decorated by the Italian government with the Order of the Crown for his services to Italian music and artists.

Many-Sided Organizations.

Since he has been associated with radio Murray, with John T. Adams, vice president, has built up an organization that is well nigh as many sided as a department store.

The Judson organization prepares programs, among which are the Puccini operas, Jack Frost and formerly the popular Baldwin Hours.

It engages artists for broadcasts, among whom are the greatest in the world—Rosa Ponselle, Gigli, Iturbi, Zimbalist. In fact, most of the concert and opera celebrities whom you have heard and are hearing during this season are under the Judson management.

The field in which the organization most recently has entered is the preparation of recorded programs, an activity which Murray believes will develop more rapidly than any other phase of broadcasting.

Changed Studios.

The studios on the seventeenth floor of Steinway Hall formerly used by the Columbia Broadcasting System have been redecorated and changed into audition rooms and studios for preparing the program records.

It also is pointed out that if a station in the provinces should call upon the organization to prepare a program the words and music could be piped from these studios to any city in the country.

But if one might judge from the master records that are heaped about the rooms the greatest activity at the moment centres around the preparation of recorded programs.

Always Supplementary.

"Through programs such as this the smallest station in the country may enjoy the best music and drama," Murray commented. "Of course, recorded programs always will be supplementary to the guest artist program, but they may become an important factor in broadcasting history."

"Is there anything that can prevent the development of such programs?" Murray was asked.

"Of course the government could enact a regulation barring them from the air," he replied. "But I don't think it will."

1930 NEWS

(Formerly NEWS OF 1930)

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Combined FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1930 No. 28

We Shall Show Art

Not only does 1930 happen to be also the year of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as was mentioned upon our editorial page recently, but it is further the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts as well. Thus both these famous and established Boston institutions will have every incentive to cooperate as fully as possible in the plans that are being made to entertain and instruct the many visitors who will be in the vicinity through this Anniversary year. And few can take as effective a part in at once establishing the preeminence of New England in the kindred arts of Music, Painting and Sculpture.

And what can be better for the future cultural improvement of this country than the wider spread of a realization of the importance of the arts? America has too exclusively based its standards of success and importance upon merely commercial gradings of prosperity. Too little appreciation of artistic standards is to be found, particularly away from the Eastern borders of the country, and from the larger centers of population throughout the entire country. It is true that museums are being built and endowed in even the smaller centers, but these museums are too often exclusively given to products of art expression foreign to this country, and even this race.

It is comparatively recently that our established institutions came to accept American products in Music, Painting and Sculpture upon the same identical bases as the European products were accepted and exhibited. While that the historic value of our early American background has been of still more recent acceptance is amusingly proved by the fact that when, a bare dozen or fifteen years ago, a resident of Newport, R. I., wrote to the Metropolitan Museum in New York directing attention to the imminent destruction of an old dwelling and suggesting that was an unusual opportunity here to secure some early American material, he was rebuked in a letter stating that there was nothing of really cultural value to be derived from work of that period in this country! When, a dozen years later, the same museum turned to the same individual for assistance in securing material for its projected ironic pleasure in exhibiting to the representative of the museum, its dictum of a few years before! But now the "American Wing" of the Metropolitan is one of its most attractive and most visited features.

The Boston Museum, and the Museum in Philadelphia have both opened extensive new portions given to the showing exclusively of the early products of this country, in Architecture and the decorative arts. The Western Museums are all planning similar exhibitions, the more particularly as this method of arrangement has now been accepted as preferable to the former general custom of exhibiting in large galleries crowded with similar objects, instead of arranging material of different types grouped in possible and probable rooms, as would be best representative of the period of which these various arts were the product.

Probably nothing will arouse more interest in Boston and be more visited by strangers next year than the dozen or more interiors showing different periods of New England architecture and furnishings, arranged around the new Garden Court, which our Museum has so recently installed and completed in time for this Sixtieth Anniversary of the Museum, as well as the Three Hundredth year of the northern Colonies. These interiors were briefly described in Tercentenary bulletin No. 15 of October, 1928.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
CITIZEN

61

Music in Brooklyn

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Another feature of the concert will be a performance of Ernest Block's Hebrew Rhapsody, "Schelomo," with four violoncellos instead of one playing the solo part in unison. Dr Koussevitzky will make this inovation in an effort to give this solo, which is supposed to represent the voice of Solomon, a breadth and intensity for which the character of the music seems to call The solo part will be taken by Jean Bedetti, Alfred Zighera, Jacobus Langendoen and Hippolyte Droeghmans.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
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EAGLE

A Finnish Masterpiece

By EDWARD CUSHING

Mr. Koussewitsky Will Play the Sixth Symphony of Jan Sibelius for the First Time in New York

DURING the week to come Serge Koussewitsky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a trio of New York concerts. Two will be given at Carnegie Hall, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, the third at the Academy of Music, on Friday evening, and no fewer than four novelties are included among the works comprising the exceptionally interesting programs to be performed on these occasions. A Jazz Suite, Louis Gruenberg's Op. 28, will be heard at both of the Manhattan concerts; on Thursday evening Schoenberg's transcription of a Bach Prelude and Fugue in E minor will receive its first New York performance, and on Saturday afternoon Mr. Koussewitsky will disclose to us a Concerto Grosso in the Old Style, by the Rumanian Filip Lazar, and the Sixth Symphony of Jan Sibelius. The programs otherwise include one of the more unfamiliar Haydn symphonies—that in B-flat, with the horn call, numbered 12 in Breitkopf & Haertel's catalogue—Ernest Bloch's rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra, "Schelemo" (in which the solo part will be played in unison upon four 'cellos), the seldom-heard Sibelius D minor Violin Concerto, a suite from Strawinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu" and the Ravel "Bolero."

A glance at these singularly attractive programs induces the reflection that we have been indebted chiefly to Mr. Koussewitsky, Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Sokoloff and their orchestras for the privilege of hearing much of the interesting new music that has come our way during recent seasons. Memory compares and contrasts the programs that have been performed in New York by these visitors from Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland with those that have been given by indigenous orchestras, and the result is a striking tribute to the enterprise of the Messrs. Koussewitsky, Stokowski and Sokoloff. Our own conductors have more limited, or more conservative, tastes, and though we may esteem them for other virtues, other capacities, we must deplore the fact that they have frittered away their time and ours upon novelties by Respighi, Pizzetti, Zandonai, Pick-Mangiagalli, Tomassini, Casella, Malipiero and Alfano—as if all, or indeed as if any, interesting contemporary music were being produced in Italy!

* * *

True, Mr. Koussewitsky, Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Sokoloff each has his preferences. In Mr. Koussewitsky's case (since it is under consideration) these appear, however, rather less limited than in that of Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Molinari. Mr. Koussewitsky is a Russian and has a natural sympathy for Russian music. But it is in no sense an exclusive sympathy, and it has not dominated his programatic arrangements. By performing their works for the first time in America, or for the first time anywhere, Mr. Koussewitsky has encouraged the creative labors of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, Slavs and Scandinavians as well as Russians. His audiences in Boston have enjoyed many novelties which he has not privileged his audiences in New York to hear; none the less, we have, in recent seasons, heard for the first time, and under Mr. Koussewitsky's direction, such important contemporary works as Strawinsky's "Oedipus Rex," the Toch Piano Concerto and Bax's E Minor Symphony. New music by Aaron Copland and Louis Gruenberg (both Americans), by Arthur Foote and William Walton, by Honegger and De Falla and Lazar and Tansman and Prokofiew has appeared upon his New York programs. And, like Mr. Sokoloff, he has been a patron of Loeffler and Bloch; like Mr. Stokowski, he has played for us the music of Schoenberg and Sibelius.

* * *

Mr. Koussewitsky's persistent undaunted championship of the music of Jan Sibelius is not the least important of the procedures which have placed him high in our esteem as a conductor and a musician. A major work, a symphony, by Sibelius has been included at least once a season up on the programs of New York concerts of the Boston Orchestra. Mr. Koussewitsky was the first to play for us the Seventh Symphony, though his performance (in January of 1927, was closely followed by another, given under the direction of Mr. Damrosch. During the winter of 1927-28 he offered us the First Symphony; last season he revived the Fifth. This year it is to be the Sixth Symphony, a work until now unheard in New York.

* * *

There should, of course, be nothing remarkable in the fact that Mr. Koussewitsky thus frequently (comparatively speaking) undertakes to perform the works of a composer of whom it has been said that he is "the only modern whose genius is indisputable, the only master of symphonic form and symphonic style since Brahms." There should be nothing remarkable in the fact, but—unfortunately—there is. For conductors are loath to burden their programs with music to which, inexplicably, the public remains indifferent. We have often commented upon the curious position among his contemporaries occupied by Sibelius, the anomalous attitude adopted toward him by musicians and public alike. Both—so far as it is possible to judge from the criticism and the reception of his works when they are performed—profess the greatest admiration for his music; both boast a consciousness of his genius. Yet both maintain, in practice, a curious, unfathomable indifference to the man and his work. This we may conclude from the infrequency with which Sibelius' most representative productions—the seven symphonies—are heard in our concert halls. Cecil Gray states the problem in his "Survey of Contemporary Music" and admits his baffiement: Sibelius he calls "the dark horse of modern music," and cannot understand why he should be. No more can Lawrence Gillman, who, hearing Mr. Stokowski's performance of the Fifth Symphony, wonders what makes music — more perticularly, what makes symphonies popular, since this one obviously isn't. And no more can we.

* * *

Mr. Gray seeks the light by classing Sibelius among the "primitives" of music, along with Mossorgksky and Borodin. He is not—like Strawinsky, for example—a hypercivilized, supercultured, overrefined artist whose only recourse is an arbitrary but opportune reversion to the primitive; Sibelius and other composers to whom he may be compared are prrimitive, "not from any theoretic or sentimental yearnings, but simply because their minds are simple, direct and unsophisticated." In the end this explains nothing (except how it has been possible for Sibelius to produce almost as much bad music as good) and serves merely roughly to define Sibelius' artistic personality. Mr. Gilman wonders if possibly the epithets flung at Sibelius' music have discouraged its popularity. "Harsh," "gloomy," "austere," "unbending," "bleak"—these are a few, and for the moment we might well imagine that we are reading of an earlier master, of Brahms, who was all of these things and more to many among his contemporaries and his posterity. But these adjectives were offered in unfriendly criticism of Brahms; in the case of Sibelius they are intended as praise—otherwise the parallel might encourage us. Perhaps we have done Sibelius a poor service with our praise. Perhaps to cultivate a taste for his music, a desire to hear it, we should be less explicit in our descriptions of it, admit the greatness of the symphonies, and maintain secrecy as to the qualities upon which that greatness is based.

* * *

It would be an easy matter for the writer to enter into a conspiracy of silence on the subject of the Sixth Symphony. Easy, because he has not heard the Symphony and knows of it only that it is in the key of D minor and divided into four movements, that it was composed in 1925 and bears the opus number 104, and that it was first performed in this country by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Mr. Stokowski conducting, in Philadelphia on Jan. 13, 1927. However, he has found in various places hints as to the nature of this Symphony's content, interesting and suggestive, and these he proposes to share with the reader—who may, like himself, desire some little preparation for the first New York performance of this work, to be conducted by Mr. Koussewitsky on Saturday afternoon of this week.

The author of the article on Sibelius in Grove likens the Sixth Symphony to the Fourth, in A minor, the recognized masterpiece among the seven. The two have in common a "mystical, primeval nature-worship"; they seem, we are told, to grow from the primitive soil of Finland. Of the Fourth Symphony Mr. Rosenfeld has written sympathetically in Musical Portraits: "The work . . . reflects a landscape. It is full of home sounds, of cattle and 'saeters' of timbered houses and sparse nature. And through it there gleams a pale evanescent sunlight and through it there sounds the burden of a lowly tragedy." Does this also describe the Sixth Symphony? Let us hope that it does. Sibelius has admitted, "It is true that I am a dreamer and poet of nature. I love the mysterious sounds of the fields and forests, water and mountains," and it is in the nature-poetry of the Fourth Symphony that he is at his greatest. Perhapt the Sixth is equally a masterpiece. We shall see.

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Sibelius' love of nature, his profound feeling for its beauty and mystery, his conception of nature as the garment of deity, is expressed in his music with gravity and reticence. He dares only rarely to publish in a jubilant song the revelation that has been vouchsafed him. But his ecstasy, though he must conceal it, is no less sharp than in the cry

God, I can push the grass apart
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For God and nature (Sibelius would perhaps not differentiate between the two) have disciplined this man to whom they have permitted the revelation of their truth; they have disciplined not him alone but his nation and race. It is not only for himself that Sibelius offers his reverence to nature pantheistically conceived but for the Finnish race, the Finnish people, and it is to Finnish earth and water and sky that he addresses his ceremony of worship. "There has been no composer," Mr. Rosenfeld reminds us, "whose music gives back the colors and form and odors of his native land more persistently. The orchestral compositions of Sibelius seem to have passed over black torrents and desolate moorlands, through pallid sunlight and grim primeval forests, and become drenched with them. The instrumentation is all wet grays and blacks, relieved only by bits of brightness wan and elusive as the northern summer, frostily green as the polar lights. The works are full of the gnawing of bassoons, and the bleakness of the English horn, full of shattering trombones and screaming violins, full of the sinister rolling of drums, the menacing reverberations of cymbals, the icy glittering of harps. The musical ideas of those compositions, which are finely realized, recall the ruggedness and hardiness and darkness of things that persist in the Finnish winter. The rhythms seem to approach the wild, unnumbered rhythms of the forest and the wind and the flickering sunlight."

Yet, he is narrowly a national musician only in works of little importance—the tone poem "Finlandia," the overture "En Saga," and a few choral compositions which have seldom been heard beyond the borders of Finland. His nationalism is deeply rooted and essential in the soul of the artist, but at its highest and best—in the First and Fourth and Fifth and Seventh Symphonies—it is universal and not alien to us. For Sibelius records those experiences of the spirit which are common not alone to his people but to all people, and his language is one which all may understand.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

Novelties to Feature Program by Symphony

Program of Boston Symphony Taken from Work of Sibelius

Great Finn's Violin Concerto Is One of the Selections Heard at Carnegie Hall.

By HERBERT F. PEYSER.

The Boston Symphony spent the larger part of Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall in glorifying Jan Sibelius. This is as it should be. Sibelius is probably the one musician still living and creating whose abode stands on the threshold of greatness and whose preoccupations scorn the shallow art sophistries of an ignoble age. His music is a tonic and a corrective, and for that very reason, doubtless, is not as liberally administered as, for the general weal, it ought to be.

Mr. Koussevitzky, elected on this occasion to represent the great Finn by his violin concerto and his sixth symphony, each a chargeful momentous work of potent architectonics and sometimes of baffling moods and either virtually a concert in itself. The peculiar color and the northern mystery of this music work an unquestionable strain on even the most cordially disposed listener. As a result Saturday's concert entailed a strain, not to say a sense of exhaustion rather infrequent in these days of imponderable or ill organized programs.

And, as if this dosage of Sibelius were not, in all conscience, enough, Mr. Koussevitzky began a plethoric session with a new four movement "Concerto Grosso" by a young Roumanian, Filip Lazar, and closed it with a second hearing of Louis Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite."

The violin concerto, which found its earliest prophet in this country in the late Maud Powell, had for soloist on Saturday the orchestra's young concertmaster, Richard Burgin. Obviously nervous, Mr. Burgin played the taxing work in an overwrought manner that betrayed him into regrettable lapses of tone and pitch. The work itself ought to be heard oftener. Yet it is a creation with which many of the most devoted admirers of Sibelius have yet to make their peace. To the present writer the solo part has always seemed conventional in itself and unsatisfactory in its relation to the magnificent, if sombre, structure reared by the orchestra.

Mr. Lazar's concerto "in the old style" suffered somewhat by the overwhelming proximity of Sibelius. Yet it proved to be charming, adroitly written music, rich in ingenious counterpoint and genuinely felt even when most derivative.

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Written for Ida Rubinstein, who danced to the music in Paris last Summer, "Bolero" consists simply of a constant almost literal repetition of a theme in this characterictic Spanish rhythm. The piece begins pianissimo and increases gradually in tonal force until the long crescendo leads to a stupifying climax. To attain endless variety in color where there is not variety in notation and rhythm, this

Dr. Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with his inseparable companion, "Droll," a Boston terrier.

the old stand-bys and who arch their brows a bit skentically at mention of modern works. But Dr. Koussevitzky, from the day he took command of the Boston band, has had a warm spot in his heart for novelties.

At first he surprised his American audiences with his audacity. As concert goers began to realze that here was something indeed worth while, those whose first impulse was to criticise became deeply interested. Sensing the favorable reaction of his audiences the conductor extended his efforts to break away from routine until he has come to be recognized as one of the outstanding exponents of the new and the novel. His success and popularity are readily apparent to those who have followed closely the affairs of the Boston Symphony in the past five or six years. There is seldom a vacant seat at a concert by the Boston band these days; frequenty, not only in Boston but afield, the S. R. O. sign is displayed.

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It was at a concert given in Providence five years ago by this splendid organization of musicians that the writer first heard cheering of football game proportions greet a musical presentation. Providence audiences have somewhat the same reputation as that which has often been attributed to New Haveners. They are cold and critical and proper—very proper and moderate in the matter of applause. A brief moment of unemotional handclapping usually suffices. There was usually suffices. There was little in the manner in which the first two numbers on the program were greeted to indicate what was to follow, that evening.

Then came "The Pines of Rome"—the first time it had been presented in Providence. Koussevitsky's eloquent back and wrists were considerably more eloquent than usual; so, too, were the members of the band. There was a momentary hush as the last note died out.

Tumult followed. Clapping, stamping, stamping, cheering, whistling, even cries of "bravo," not for a few seconds, but for minutes. The members of the orchestra frankly were astounded, even Koussevitsky's ordinarily imperturbable countenanse showed surprise. Modernism had bee ngreeted in the modern manner. Koussevitzky had done to a Providence audience what we never heard anyone else else do in the course of several years of concert going in that city.

We do not expect to hear such a demonstration in Woolsey Hall Wednesday evening, although we have observed that New Haven is very fond of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We do believe, however, that the program which has been selected is something to anticipate with more than ordinary enthusiasm.

VARIETY ASSURED

The symphony chosen is the B Minor (Unfinished) by Schubert, which, although it has been heard time and time again, grows more beautiful with each rehearing. Second is Ravel's "Bolero," which was greeted by cheers in Boston in December. Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite" (Fox-trot Tempo and Boston Waltz Tempo) comes after the intermission, followed by Bloch's "Schelomo" and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat (for organ) arranged for orchestra by Schonberg. Here is variety to suit the tastes of all.

"Bolero," the latest score of Maurice most skillful of French orchestrators uses almost every instrument in the orchestra in turn to state the theme as a solo. A drum gives the dance rhythm which is maintained throughout. A flute announces the theme which is subsequently repeated by the clarinet, oboe d'amour, bassoon, saxophone and high saxophone. The solo trumpet and the trombone each state the theme with their characteristic color. Meanwhile the strings are introduced with combinations of wind instruments in gradually built up dynamics, while the constant beat of the drum likewise gradually grows stronger. The piece ends in what has been described as a tornado of sound, with a surprising modulation at the very last.

"JAZZ SUITE"

Louis Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite" was introduced to Boston last week by Dr. Koussevitzky and will be given its first New York performance following that in New Haven. Gruenberg is a native of Russia, but he came to this country when a boy and now lives in Brooklyn. Of his compositions which have attracted considerable attention, his Daniel Jazz," "Enchanted Isle" and "Creation" should be mentioned.

There are four movements of the "Jazz Suite," but the last two, Blues Tempo—Slow Drag and One-step Tempo, have been eliminated from the revised program sent here. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gruenberg has been commissioned by the Juliard Foundation to write an opera, the first performance of which will be given by the pupils of the institution.

HEBREW RHAPSODY

Ernest Bloch's Hebrew Rhapsody, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"), a score for cello solo which has contributed to the fame of this composer perhaps as much as any single piece, will have an unprecedented performance here when Dr. Koussevitzky gives the solo part to four violincellists, to be played in unison. For the broad and sombre declamation of this solo part as conceived by Bloch, probably no cellist living could provide ample tone. Dr. Koussevitzky will first try this experiment here.

Born in Geneva in 1880, Bloch has since made his home in this country. Until recent years, practically all of his compositions had a decided Hebraic strain. Having identified himself with this country he composed his prize Rhapsody, "America," for orchestra and chorus which was performed by every large orchestra in the country last season.

Bloch thus described the racial strain in his scores: "It is not my purpose, not my desire, to attempt a 'reconstitution' of Jewish music, or to base my works on melodies more or less authentic. I am not an archaeologist. I hold it of first importance to write good, genuine music. It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul, that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naivete of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books; the Jew's savage love of justice ;the despair of the Preached in Jerusalem; the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this is in us; all this is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is allthis that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music; the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers way down in our soul."

R. A. L.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
EAGLE

A Finnish Masterpiece

By EDWARD CUSHING

Mr. Koussewitsky Will Play the Sixth Symphony of Jan Sibelius for the First Time in New York

DURING the week to come Serge Koussewitsky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a trio of New York concerts. Two will be given at Carnegie Hall, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, the third at the Academy of Music, on Friday evening, and no fewer than four novelties are included among the works comprising the exceptionally interesting programs to be performed on these occasions. A Jazz Suite, Louis Gruenberg's Op. 28, will be heard at both of the Manhattan concerts; on Thursday evening Schoenberg's transcription of a Bach Prelude and Fugue in E minor will receive its first New York performance, and on Saturday afternoon Mr. Koussewitsky will disclose to us a Concerto Grosso in the Old Style, by the Rumanian Filip Lazar, and the Sixth Symphony of Jan Sibelius. The programs otherwise include one of the more unfamiliar Haydn symphonies—that in B-flat, with the horn call, numbered 12 in Breitkopf & Haertel's catalogue—Ernest Bloch's rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra, "Schelemo" (in which the solo part will be played in unison upon four 'cellos), the seldom-heard Sibelius D minor Violin Concerto, a suite from Strawinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu" and the Ravel "Bolero."

A glance at these singularly attractive programs induces the reflection that we have been indebted chiefly to Mr. Koussewitsky, Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Sokoloff and their orchestras for the privilege of hearing much of the interesting new music that has come our way during recent seasons. Memory compares and contrasts the programs that have been performed in New York by these visitors from Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland with those that have been given by indigenous orchestras, and the result is a striking tribute to the enterprise of the Messrs. Koussewitsky, Stokowski and Sokoloff. Our own conductors have more limited, or more conservative, tastes, and though we may esteem them for other virtues, other capacities, we must deplore the fact that they have frittered away their time and ours upon novelties by Respighi, Pizzetti, Zandonai, Pick-Mangiagalli, Tomassini, Casella, Malipiero and Alfano—as if all, or indeed as if any, interesting contemporary music were being produced in Italy!

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True, Mr. Koussewitsky, Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Sokoloff each has his preferences. In Mr. Koussewitsky's case (since it is under consideration) these appear, however, rather less limited than in that of Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Molinari. Mr. Koussewitsky is a Russian and has a natural sympathy for Russian music. But it is in no sense an exclusive sympathy, and it has not dominated his programatic arrangements. By performing their works for the first time in America, or for the first time anywhere, Mr. Koussewitsky has encouraged the creative labors of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, Slavs and Scandinavians as well as Russians. His audiences in Boston have enjoyed many novelties which he has not privileged his audiences in New York to hear; none the less, we have, in recent seasons, heard for the first time, and under Mr. Koussewitsky's direction, such important contemporary works as Strawinsky's "Oedipus Rex," the Toch Piano Concerto and Bax's E Minor Symphony. New music by Aaron Copland and Louis Gruenberg (both Americans), by Arthur Foote and William Walton, by Honegger and De Falla and Lazar and Tansman and Prokofiew has appeared upon his New York programs. And, like Mr. Sokoloff, he has been a patron of Loeffler and Bloch; like Mr. Stokowski, he has played for us the music of Schoenberg and Sibelius.

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Mr. Koussewitsky's persistent undaunted championship of the music of Jan Sibelius is not the least important of the procedures which have placed him high in our esteem as a conductor and a musician. A major work, a symphony, by Sibelius has been included at least once a season up on the programs of New York concerts of the Boston Orchestra. Mr. Koussewitsky was the first to play for us the Seventh Symphony, though his performance (in January of 1927. was closely followed by another, given under the direction of Mr. Damrosch. During the winter of 1927-28 he offered us the First Symphony; last season he revived the Fifth. This year it is to be the Sixth Symphony, a work until now unheard in New York.

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There should, of course, be nothing remarkable in the fact that Mr. Koussewitsky thus frequently (comparatively speaking) undertakes to perform the works of a composer of whom it has been said that he is "the only modern whose genius is indisputable, the only master of symphonic form and symphonic style since Brahms." There should be nothing remarkable in the fact, but—unfortunately—there is. For conductors are loath to burden their programs with music to which, inexplicably, the public remains indifferent. We have often commented upon the curious position among his contemporaries occupied by Sibelius, the anomalous attitude adopted toward him by musicians and public alike. Both—so far as it is possible to judge from the criticism and the reception of his works when they are performed—profess the greatest admiration for his music; both boast a consciousness of his genius. Yet both maintain, in practice, a curious, unfathomable indifference to the man and his work. This we may conclude from the infrequency with which Sibelius' most representative productions—the seven symphonies—are heard in our concert halls. Cecil Gray states the problem in his "Survey of Contemporary Music" and admits his bafflement: Sibelius he calls "the dark horse of modern music," and cannot understand why he should be. No more can Lawrence Gilman, who, hearing Mr. Stokowski's performance of the Fifth Symphony, wonders what makes music — more particularly, what makes symphonies popular, since this one obviously isn't. And no more can we.

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Mr. Gray seeks the light by classing Sibelius among the "primitives" of music, along with Mossorgksky and Borodin. He is not—like Strawinsky, for example—a hypercivilized, supercultured, overrefined artist whose only recourse is an arbitrary but opportune reversion to the primitive; Sibelius and other composers to whom he may be compared are primitive, "not from any theoretic or sentimental yearnings, but simply because their minds are simple, direct and unsophisticated." In the end this explains nothing (except how it has been possible for Sibelius to produce almost as much bad music as good) and serves merely roughly to define Sibelius' artistic personality. Mr. Gilman wonders if possibly the epithets flung at Sibelius' music have discouraged its popularity. "Harsh," "gloomy," "austere," "unbending," "bleak"—these are a few, and for the moment we might well imagine that we are reading of an earlier master, of Brahms, who was all of these things and more to many among his contemporaries and his posterity. But these adjectives were offered in unfriendly criticism of Brahms; in the case of Sibelius they are intended as praise—otherwise the parallel might encourage us. Perhaps we have done Sibelius a poor service with our praise. Perhaps to cultivate a taste for his music, a desire to hear it, we should be less explicit in our descriptions of it, admit the greatness of the symphonies, and maintain secrecy as to the qualities upon which that greatness is based.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

Novelties to Feature Program by Symphony

"Jazz Suite" by Gruenberg and Ravel's "Bolero" Chosen by Koussevitzky for Concert Here Wednesday.

A RARE treat awaits New Haven music lovers who are on hand to greet Dr. Serge Koussevitzky when he strides across the stage at Woolsey Hall Wednesday evening to lead his Boston Symphony Orchestra in their annual concert here. A Boston Symphony concert is always a highlight in the musical season, but the program which the noted conductor has selected for presentation here this week promises to be unusually interesting.

Koussevitzky, after making several changes n his originally announced program, has decided to let New Haven hear two numbers which are new and a third presented in a distinctly novel way. There are those who think that a symphony orchestra is at its best in the old stand-bys and who arch their brows a bit skeptically at mention of modern works. But Dr. Koussevitzky, from the day he took command of the Boston band, has had a warm spot in his heart for novelties.

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There are four movements of the "Jazz Suite," but the last two, Blues Tempo—Slow Drag and One-step Tempo, have been eliminated from the revised program sent here. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gruenberg has been commissioned by the Juliard Foundation to write an opera, the first performance of which will be given by the pupils of the institution.

HEBREW RHAPSODY

Ernest Bloch's Hebrew Rhapsody, "Schelomo" ("Solomon"), a score for cello solo which has contributed to the fame of this composer perhaps as much as any single piece, will have an unprecedented performance here when Dr. Koussevitzky gives the solo part to four violincellists, to be played in unison. For the broad and sombre declamation of this solo part as conceived by Bloch, probably no cellist living could provide ample tone. Dr. Koussevitzky will first try this experiment here.

Born in Geneva in 1880, Bloch has since made his home in this country. Until recent years, practically all of his compositions had a decided Hebraic strain. Having identified himself with this country he composed his prize Rhapsody, "America," for orchestra and chorus which was performed by every large orchestra in the country last season.

Bloch thus described the racial strain in his scores: "It is not my purpose, not my desire, to attempt a 'reconstitution' of Jewish music, or to base my works on melodies more or less authentic. I am not an archaeologist. I hold it of first importance to write good, genuine music, It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul, that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naivete of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books; the Jew's savage love of justice ;the despair of the Preached in Jerusalem; the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this is in us; all this is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is allthis that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music; the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers way down in our soul."

R. A. L.

REDUCTION RATIO

12x

PM-MGP 13″x18″
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

200 mm

150 mm

100 mm

A3

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63

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64

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
MAR 5 - 1930

MELODIC THRILL GIVEN TO SMITH CONCERT THRONG

Boston Symphony Is Widely Acclaimed for Superb Rendition of Novelties and Modern Work.

By WILLARD M. CLARK.

NORTHAMPTON, March 4—Music of absorbing interest superbly played was offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitsky conductor, in John M. Greene Hall tonight.

Seldom has an orchestraal program hereabouts included so many novelties and modern works. Even the Haydn "Symphony in D Major," sometimes called the Hoch symphony, was something of a novelty, for it is not often heard. The entire program was keyed up. There was a distsinct modern trend tonigoht; even the Bach "Prelude and Fuge in E Flat" for organ had been arranged for orchestra by Schonberg. This was the closing number of the program.

In between Haydn and Bach, Dr. Koussevitsky put Ravel, Gruenberg and Bloch, a trio with which to reckon, Ravel's "Bolero" was given, Gruenberg was represented by his "Jazz Suite, Op. 28" and Blosch by "Solomon," a Hebrew rhapsody for cello and orchestra, with Jean Bedetti as soloist.

Work Is Amazing.

It is difficult to write of Ravel's "Bolero." After hearing it tonight it was quite easy to understand the furore it made in New York when it was introduced by Toscanini last November. It is an amazing work, impressing more by its srhythmic accentuation than by its melodic variety. The drum beat with which it opens continues without pause throughout the work with almost hypnotic result. Above this drum beat and mingling with it are crashing chords of strange harmonies and colors which clash, and clashing seems to blend. It is a superb bit of writing. The players seemed imbued with its spirit and played as we seldom remember hearing them.

Less satisfactory to us was the "Jaz Suite" of Gruenberg. We seemed far happier in "The Enchanted Isle," played at the last Worcester festival. Having heard this, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Gruenberg would do well to leave Jazz to George Gershwin. "Jazz Suite" offers a little either melodically or rythmically. Name it something else and it might be of interest because of its strange harmonizations, but as jazz it falls short.

Bloch's "Solomon" was undoubtedly the weightiest of the three novelties. The amazingly difficult passages for solo cello were magnificently played by Jean Bedetti. It was a real achievement. The work itself, like much of Bloch, who is at his best when using the Jewish idiom, attempts to express the Jewish soul, glowing and agitated. The work is rich in dramatic and poetic utterance, outbursts of despair alternating passages of lyrical beauty. One cannot grasp it at a single hearing.

Haydn seemed not out of place on this program. There is freshness and vitality in his "Symphony in D Major," an abundance melodic beauty and a sturdy, wholesome atmosphere which fits in with the present days. Few symphonies are more difficult than this, difficult because of its solo demands, horn, violin, cello, flute and oboes are all heard in rich solo passages. Dr. Koussevitsky gave a superbs reading, never losing sight of the essential sturdiness of its character.

The final number, the Bach "Prelude and Fuge" for organ, has been finely arranged by Schonberg. tIs nobility and beauty is enriched by the change from organ to orchestra. It provided a fitting finale to one of the most notable programs ever given by an orchestra hereabouts. The audience was wildly enthusiastic, recalling Dr. Koussevitsky time after time, especially after the "Bolero." It was a gala evening.

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REPUBLICAN
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HEARD AT NORTHAMPTON

Dazzles Great Audience With Virtuoso Program in Smith College Course at John M. Greene Hall

By FRANCIS REGAL

Northampton, March 4—The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, gave a remarkable concert tonight in John M. Greene hall in the Smith college course, dazzling a great audience with a virtuoso performance of a virtuoso program. It began modestly enough with a Haydn Symphony, but it was the Symphony in D major, "with the horn call," in which Haydn astonished his contemporaries by introducing four horns and by writing for them and for other instruments passages of virtuoso difficulty. It is a charming work, and for those who are not yet reconciled to modernity it gave at least a touch of old-world elegance, repose and poise, qualities not to be looked for in the audacious works which followed.

Ravel's "Bolero" was a virtuoso stunt in rhythm, with a marvelously managed long crescendo going up step by step till the culmination was reached with the entry of the great drum, after which any further climax would have needed cannon. The piquant Spanish rhythm opening with the barely audible clicking of castanets was given with much elegance, and altogether it was a tour de force of orchestration and performance. If this was a long step down from the serene classical hights of Haydn, an even longer step was taken with Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite" of three movements, Blues tempo, slow drag, and one-step tempo.

It was an oddity and the brilliance of the performance saved it from being dull, but of far greater interest was the fine and poetic interpretation by Jean Bedetti and the orchestra of Bloch's 'cello work "Schelomo," a Hebrew rhapsody based on the life and character of Solomon and certainly one of the most notable works in the limited literature of the 'cello. It was a superb performance, and so was the playing of the highly sophisticated orchestral version by Schoenberg of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in E flat. The program was a daring one, good for an exception rather than as a model and played throughout with great brio. Mr Koussevitzky was at his admirable best in all the numbers, and the atmosphere was agreeably electric.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
MAR 4 - 1930

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This final concert was a fitting conclusion to a notable concert series. It is hard to imagine what a gap the loss of these concerts would make in the cultural life of the city, and to Daggett Lee upon whose shoulders has rested the responsilibity of continuing them, the grtitude of New Haven is due. He is doing an important and significant work.

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New Haven Register - Ma

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New Haven Journal-Courier March 6-1930

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Opening and closing the program were such familiar numbers as "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert, and Schonberg's transcription of Bach's great organ work, the "Prelude and Fugue in E flat" generally called the "St. Anne's Fugue" because of the resemblance of the fugue subject to the well-known hymn tune. The Schubert work with its several lovely melodies of which the third, the theme of Joy, is one of the greatest in all music, was played with a romantic sensitiveness altogether fitting.

Although the inclusion of the Bach organ fugue in a program given in Woolsey hall which houses one of the greatest organs in the world, might be regretted by some who would have preferred a great orchestral work, the refreshing grandeur of the work so magnificently performed made a brilliant close. One of the distinguishing features of the performance was the successful work of the horn players.

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MILES KASTENDIECK.

64

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
MAR 5 - 1930

MELODIC THRILL GIVEN TO SMITH CONCERT THRONG

Boston Symphony Is Widely Acclaimed for Superb Rendition of Noveltie and Modern Work.

By WILLARD M. CLARK.

NORTHAMPTON, March 4—Music of absorbing interest superbly played was offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitsky conductor, in John M. Greene Hall tonight.

Seldom has an orchestraal program hereabouts included so many novelties and modern works. Even the Haydn "Symphony in D Major," sometimes called the Hoch symphony, was something of a novelty, for it is not often heard. The entire program was keyed up. There was a distsinct modern trend tonigoht; even the Bach "Prelude and Fuge in E Flat" for organ had been arranged for orchestra by Schonberg. This was the closing number of the program.

In between Haydn and Bach, Dr. Koussevitsky put Ravel, Gruenberg and Bloch, a trio with which to reckon, Ravel's "Bolero" was given, Gruenberg was represented by his "Jazz Suite, Op. 28" and Blosch by "Solomon," a Hebrew rhapsody for cello and orchestra, with Jean Bedetti as soloist.

Work Is Amazing.

It is difficult to write of Ravel's "Bolero." After hearing it tonight it was quite easy to understand the furore it made in New York when it was introduced by Toscanini last November. It is an amazing work, impressing more by its srhythmic accentuation than by its melodic variety. The drum beat with which it opens continues without pause throughout the work with almost hypnotic result. Above this drum beat and mingling with it are crashing chords of strange harmonies and colors which clash, and clashing seems to blend. It is a superb bit of writing. The players seemed imbued with its spirit and played as we seldom remember hearing them.

Less satisfactory to us was the "Jaz Suite" of Gruenberg. We seemed far happier in "The Enchanted Isle," played at the last Worcester festival. Having heard this, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Gruenberg would do well to leave Jazz to George Gershwin. "Jazz Suite" offers a little either melodically or rythmically. Name it something else and it might be of interest because of its strange harmonizations, but as jazz it falls short.

Bloch's "Solomon" was undoubtedly the weightiest of the three novelties. The amazingly difficult passages for solo cello were magnificently played by Jean Bedetti. It was a real achievement. The work itself, like much of Bloch, who is at his best when using the Jewish idiom, attempts to express the Jewish soul, glowing and agitated. The work is rich in dramatic and poetic utterance, outbursts of despair alternating passages of lyrical beauty. One cannot grasp it at a single hearing.

Haydn seemed not out of place on this program. There is freshness and vitality in his "Symphony in D Major," an abundance melodic beauty and a sturdy, wholesome atmosphere which fits in with the present days. Few symphonies are more difficult than this, difficult because of its solo demands, horn, violin, cello, flute and oboes are all heard in rich solo passages. Dr. Koussevitsky gave a superbs reading, never losing sight of the essential sturdiness of its character.

The final number, the Bach "Prelude and Fuge" for organ, has been finely arranged by Schonberg. Its nobility and beauty is enriched by the change from organ to orchestra. It provided a fitting finale to one of the most notable programs ever given by an orchestra hereabouts. The audience was wildly enthusiastic, recalling Dr. Koussevitsky time after time, especially after the "Bolero." It was a gala evening.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS
REPUBLICAN
MAR 5 -

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Dazzles Great Audience With Virtuoso Program in Smith College Course at John M. Greene Hall

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New Haven Register - March 6 1930.

New Haven Journal-Courier March 6-1930.

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MILES KASTENDIECK.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY GIVES BLOCH WORK

"Schelomo," Hebrew Rhapsody, Received With Storms of Applause in Carnegie Hall.

ITS MUSIC IS GORGEOUS

Boston Symphony Also Offers a Novelty in the "Jass Suite" of Louis Gruenberg.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The predominating feature of the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall, turned out to be the "Schelomo" of Ernest Bloch. This well-known and passionately conceived work was to have been performed with four 'cellists playing the solo part in unison. Mr. Koussevitzky, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons connected with the difficulty of four players performing as one such florid and rhapsodic music, changed his mind at the last moment, and the solo part was taken by Jean Bedetti alone. The composition and its performance precipitated storms of applause.

One would have delighted in four 'celli bearing up in certain places against Bloch's volcanic orchestra, but there was probably a greater gain to the listener in retaining the composer's original instrumental scheme. Once more we listened to the voice of Solomon the great King, surrounded by his slaves, warriors, philosophers and concubines, and heard him thunder his denunciations and wail the woes of his race, and ponder upon life and its vanities. There is no other piece of music just like it. This score remains one of the most gorgeous pieces of music in the modern repertory, over-rich, if anything, in ideas and material, luxuriant, rhapsodic, overwhelming. The listener is lashed by the frenzy of this music, and at last drugged by it—a work of sheer genius, not as controlled as the genius of Bloch today, but irresistible in its intensity and turbulence and revery. The music of an ancient race.

The novelty of the occasion was the "Jazz Suite" of Louis Gruenberg, a suite in four movements, couched respectively in the alleged rhythms of the "Fox trot," the "Boston waltz," a "Blues tempo" and a "One-step tempo." There were those in the hall, connoisseurs of the modern dance, who claimed that Mr. Gruenberg had not written in the rhythms genuinely characteristic of the steps claimed. One movement of the "Jazz Suite," the first, arrested this writer's attention and caused him to laugh at certain dexterous thrusts and jests and orchestral felicities. Thereafter the music soon palled. There was little variety in the material, and not a great deal of variety, after the first movement, in its treatment. Mr. Gruenberg, an American, seems to us to write of jazz, in these pages, with the miscomprehension of that idiom which distinguishes the average European composer. We would think more of twenty measures of George Gershwin.

But the delectable Haydn symphony, the symphony of the horn-call, which opened the concert, was a sheer delight, if one excepts an occasional technical blemish perhaps due to the tension of an orchestra at the end of a week of travel, rehearsal, and performance. Barring these slight blemishes, there was a delightful reading of the piece. At the same time it may again be asked why this new practice, or mannerism of the concert hall, whereby the conductor solemnly waves the orchestra through four movements of a symphony never intended to be solemn, the while, by gesture or a display of his back, he makes it known to the audience that between the movements it must not applaud? Why?

Haydn never intended that there should not be applause after the movements of his symphonies. His symphonies were designed to entertain, to provoke applause, to allow the audience to relax between the movements, and, if entertained, to show its pleasure in the music. There is nothing sacrosanct, occult, hieratic about a Haydn Symphony. It is glorious enough, without treating it as if it were the consecration of the grail, or the drinking of the love potion in "Tristan and Isolde." We are even willing, if the conductors will let us, to enjoy these symphonies in our innocent way, and clap our hands, and beam, or grin, or do any of the half-dozen things that listeners do when pleased. Or must the conductor stand idle, and the audience fidget, and a ridiculous restraint be observed until at last, thank Heaven, the music begins again?

The concert ended with Schönberg's arrangement of a Bach prelude and the St. Anne organ fugue for orchestra. The performance was meritorious. But the orchestration of Schönberg is not felicitous. Few of his instrumental compositions suggest the grandeur and the bold simplicity of Bach's style. For the orchestra this was an evening of accustomed triumphs. The program had its provocative element of novelty, but Mr. Koussivzky has contrived better lists.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING POST

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Gruenberg's Jazz Suite and Bach in Schoenbergian Guise Are Novelties at Koussevitzky Concert

TWO first performances in New York, with priority to be conceded in each instance to Cincinnati, where Fritz Reiner seems to have espoused some experiments, noble or otherwise, in advance of those who have been purveyors of novelties to Gotham and Gomorrah, imparted something of individuality to last night's Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall. One of these represented a clear case of old wine in new bottles—some purists may contend this one was a beer bottle—and the other, to have done with the allegory of the noble experiment, was a jazz cocktail.

The old wine came from Bach, the bottling was by Schoenberg. The gin and orange juice of the Jazz Suite, more orange juice than gin, had been well shaken by Louis Gruenberg.

By way of mixing metaphors, it may be ventured that in a bracketing of the Gruenberg jazz with that most Talmudic of Hebrew rhapsodies, Ernest Bloch's passionately racial "Schelomo," here was the Old and the New Testament of music, the exposition of which the right reverend Serge Koussevitzky was at once priestly, evangelical and rabbinical, with a total lack of sectarianism as between Solomon and jazz. Perhaps Solomon jazzed a bit on his own. Bloch, be it recalled, did so in "The Present" of his panoramic "America."

There was no hint of jazz, or even of racial self-consciousness, in Haydn's Symphony in D Major (B. and H. No. 31), "The Symphony With the Horn Call," which began the evening. Instead, there was a slow movement of romantic enchantment and, in the finale, a series of exquisite Variations that evoked some beautiful playing of solo instruments, particularly the cello and flute. The strings were always admirable. Unfortunately the four horns which give the work its distinctive character were not as secure as a fastidious ear would have wished them, and the choiring of the winds fell appreciably short of perfection.

THE Gruenberg opus bears the number 48. Its composer, whose "Enchanted Isle" had figured during an earlier Boston Symphony visit, was present to learn, first hand, how well his work was received, and took the customary bows. His Jazz Suite is sweet jazz: that is to say, it is refined and polite to the point of unction and elegance. No American composer has shown a defter hand in instrumentation than Gruenberg did in the polished niceties of this suite. If there were saxophones or other cabaret reminders in the conformation of his orchestra, they utterly eluded the eyes and ears of this attentive listener. In amiable and even graceful sequence, a Foxtrot, a Boston Waltz, a Slow Drag and a One-Step filtered by, full of engaging effects and always promising some out-and-out blare of tune that never arrived. In this suite was everything but substance—"fine feathers," but no "boid." The performance was a superb one.

So, too, the performance of the Bloch "Schelomo," in which the solo part happily was intrusted solely to Jean Bedetti, instead of being played in unison by four cellos, as subscribers had been forewarned it would be. This remains music of power and sumptuosity, one of the most remarkable of Bach's compositions and, in fact, one of the strongest and most richly-colored products of contemporary musical art. Mr. Bedetti was applauded according to his deserts and they were those of exceptionally fine playing.

The Schoenberg arrangement for orchestra of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-Flat, organ music made over for the sake of orchestral sonorities, raised some of the same controversial issues as were brought up by the arrangements of chorals which the Austrian worker of cross-tone puzzles elaborated some years ago at the request of Josef Stransky. In the use of tympani, harps, triangle and sundry pulsatile effects alien to Bach, there were details in this setting to disturb and possibly to offend the stickler for purity of color and fidelity to style in all transcriptions of Bach, but these blemishes—if blemishes they were—seemed to us but momentary, and the results of the whole impressive and uplifting, with much to recall in the scoring the mighty instrument for which Bach wrote in a day when orchestral resources would scarcely have tempted a Schoenberg to re-write the music of any man.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, Carnegie Hall, 8.30. Soloist, Jean Bedetti, cellist.

Symphony in D Major, B. and H. No. 31.....Haydn
Jazz Suite, opus 28.....Gruenberg
Schelomo, cello and orchestra.....Bloch
Four cellos, including Mr. Bedetti.
Prelude and Fugue in E Flat.Bach-Schoenberg

Dr. Koussevitzky, aflame, as always, with a Lisztian zeal for the new in music, found a place on last night's Boston Symphony program for Mr. Louis Gruenberg's latest achievement, a "Jazz Suite," opus 28. The suite was first performed by Mr. Reiner and the Cincinnati Orchestra on March 22 of last year, and by Dr. Rodzinski and the Los Angeles Philharmonic on Jan. 30 of this. Certainly the present-day composer cannot complain of neglect.

As disclosed by the fiery and grandiose Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Gruenberg's suite seemed a very erudite composition. It was, indeed, so very erudite that one could imagine Mr. Gruenberg deciding before hand that it was high time that something serious was done about jazz, a popular idiom, which even the gifted Mr. Gershwin could not succeed in elevating to the dignity of real music that is, the kind of music that can hold up its head without shame when placed alongside Mr. Hindemith and Josef Haydn on a symphony program.

Mr. Gruenberg thereupon, one still imagines, collected the proper material—the blues, syncopations, waltz themes and one-steps and upon them let loose his symphonic and orchestral skill. As his symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," recently revealed, Mr. Gruenberg is pretty clever at the development of themes and really expert at orchestration. Yet in spite of the general cry for a learned treatment of jazz, Mr. Gruenberg's application of learning to "breaks" and stuttering trumpets and "drags" brought forth nothing that was half as alive as any piece of jazz you may encounter in a Harlem night club.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave us, in addition, Haydn's charming "Horn Call" Symphony, a first performance of a not very interesting organ prelude and fugue by Bach in a not very interesting orchestral arrangement by Schoenberg, and Bloch's Schelomo for Cello and Orchestra. Advance programs had advised us that the Bloch piece would, curiously enough, be played in unison by four of the Boston's cellists, but when the moment arrived only Mr. Jean Bedetti, the orchestra's premier cellist, was on hand to do honor to the Hebrew rhapsody. The lone performer played the composition with a less than beautiful tone but with good technique and plenty of enthusiasm. The audience acclaimed Mr. Bedetti for his valiant work in the rambling apostrophe to King Solomon, and Mr. Koussevitzky and his band for everything they did.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

WITH the Boston Symphony Orchestra chanting its most aureate euphony, in strings, woodwind and brass, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky rewarded a capacity audience at Carnegie Hall last night with one of the season's provocative programs. Two of the numbers might be included within the flexible term of American, though respectively African and Asiatic in inspiration—Louis Gruenberg's Jazz Suite for Orchestra, Opus 28, which enjoyed its first hearing in this city; and Ernest Bloch's Hebrew Rhapsody, "Schelomo." Another work never before undertaken here was Arnold Schoenberg's orchestration of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat Major.

Mr. Gruenberg is one of the intellectuals who can still dupe himself with the belief that upon the dance-form which has burgeoned in the slums of America, it is possible to erect an aesthetic music. His very gifts of erudition, talent and orchestral virtuosity served in this new work to stress the insolvency of jazz as material for art. It was in vain that he struggled to introduce variety by writing the first movement as a fox-trot, the second as a waltz, the third as "Blues" and the fourth as a one-step. The tyranny of the duple mensuration characteristic of jazz overwhelmed his score with a fatal monotony of rhythm. Even the waltz would scarcely have been recognized except for the triple beat of the conductor's stick. It impressed the hearer as truncated four-four time.

Still more wearisome was the endless reiteration of the instrumental tricks familiar to frequenters of night clubs. The truth is that jazz possesses insufficient resources to sustain interest throughout four movements. It must be added that the score had not a syllable of content for the heart, that for the head it spoke only of technical brilliance, that its only human trait was a thin dilution of humor, and that its chief appeal was to the pulses of the feet.

As if to point a moral, Mr. Koussevitzky placed directly before this Suite, Haydn's Symphony in D Major ("Mit dem Hornsignal"), B. & H. No. 31. Let us hastily pass over the fact that Haydn's ideas were stated and developed with the logic of a highly civilized European skull, while those of the Suite were the stutterings of barbarians. Haydn commanded an orchestra not a third as large as that of Mr. Gruenberg, who employed instruments of which his predecessor had never heard, and wielded a massive science which would have bewildered the simple Croation. But the music of 165 years ago boasted a variety and fascination which the modern manuscript could not hope to rival, and even defeated it in its particular field—that of tonal color. The hues of the ancient score had a clearness, a richness and an individuality far surpassing Mr. Gruenberg's blinding smears.

Of a different order was Mr. Bloch's rhapsody—a work amply communicative to the emotions, the intellect and the spirit. It is a picture of Solomon's bitter disenchantment in the midst of all the luxury and sensual joy of the Orient. While the orchestra built up a structure of grandeur and pomp, the voice of a solo violoncello uttered the Preacher's sombre maxim, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." This instrument was played with singular expressiveness by Jean Bedetti, first 'celli of the Boston Orchestra. From a note in the program book, it seems to have been the intention to intrust the role to four violencellos, playing in unison. Perhaps the experiment was tested in Boston and failed. But it would have been an interesting one to hear.

Mr. Schoenberg's elaborations of Bach I found exasperating and signally inferior to the similar transcriptions with which Mr. Leopold Stokowski has enriched the orchestral repertory. One difference is that Mr. Stokowski was in former days a celebrated organist, while Schoenberg appears to have only the most meagre sense of that instrument's idiom. He revels in effects foreign to the organ, such as plucked strings, the thrum of harps and the cudgelling of timpani. Like Mr. Toscanini, Mr. Koussevitzky appears to lack a contrapuntal cerebrum. His polyphony moved in a solid, vertical mass instead of in parallel streams of horizontal melody, each with its individual phrasing and nuance.

Otherwise, the reading of the program deserved highest eulogy. The Haydn symphony was delivered with a delicacy and zest appropriate to its composer. Here, also, in the numerous solo episodes various members of the orchestra covered themselves with glory—in particular the concertmaster, Mr. Burgin; the first horn; Mr. Boettcher, and the first flute, Mr. Laurent. The Gruenberg Suite and the Bloch Rhapsody also served as vehicles for Mr. Koussevitzky's mark-worthy temperament and skill.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

CHROMATICS

By Austin Lord

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a nervous man. His trepidations last week warmed the telegraph wires between Boston and New York and nearly caused heart failure to several music editors, who thought at first a large and important story was about to happen, and then were sure it was all a snare and a delusion.

The usual advance programs arrived on schedule and were duly edited and cast in type. Then came the first of several frantic telegrams. "Change so-and-so. Dr. Koussevitzky will play so-and-so," they read, each an improvement on the last. The climax was a telegram which seemed to carry weight; "Dr. Koussevitzky will play the solo 'cello part in Bloch's 'Schelomo.'" You could hear the gasp from Times Square to the Battery. Every one recollected the Boston leader as a virtuoso of the double-bass. Could he be embracing the 'cello instead of the bass? And who could conduct "Schelomo" in his place?

These questions, trembling upon several tongues at once, were never answered. It developed that Dr. Koussevitzky hadn't the slightest intention of playing the 'cello or anything else. Just a typographical error, apparently, for Jean Bedetti was the soloist. The telegrams were signed "Burke," who said he had never meant to say such a thing. He blamed the editorial department of the Western Union.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
AMERICAN

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS HERE, GUIDED BY KOUSSEVITZKY

By GRENA BENNETT.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston Symphony Orchestra occupied the stage at Carnegie Hall last evening and presented a programme that evidently pleased a large and fashionable audience of music lovers. The Russian director has ever been one to keep up with the musical band-wagon and proved that last evening by offering Gruenberg's "Jazz" suite. The composer was present in Box 15.

Ever since Gershwin put jazz as expressed in his "Rhapsody in Blue," on the symphonic map, the elect of concert patrons have accepted that popular American idiom in music.

Mr. Gruenberg's Jazz Suite possesses the metric beat and lilting syncopation that constitute the essential in that music form with a definite melodic line threatening its way through enfolding chords and harmonies. One does not expect the sedate Bay State orchestra to sway and jerk as do those bands addicted to jazz and "blues," nor did they. The performance was colorful and finely rhythmic, notwithstanding.

The Gruenberg composition was placed in sedate company. The programme began with Haydn's D major symphony, "With the Horn Call." The jazz number was followed by Bloch's "Schelomo," with its strange Oriental cadences, and the concert came to an end with Bach's E flat Prelude and Fugue, orchestrated by Schoenberg.

66

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
EAGLE

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

A Jazz Suite by Louis Gruenberg Is Played at a Boston Symphony Concert

MR. KOUSSEWITSKY and the Boston Symphony Orchestra had interesting new music to offer an audience in Carnegie Hall last evening. Indeed, the program for this concert was as a whole exemplary of Mr. Koussewitsky's enterprise in such matters: Ernest Bloch's rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra, "Schelemo," was the most familiar of the four works which it included; the symphony was Haydn's in D major, with the horn call (the "Auf den Anstand" Symphony, B. & H. 31), so seldom heard, and the novelties Louis Gruenberg's Jazz Suite, Op. 28, and Arnold Schoenberg's orchestral transcription of a Bach organ Prelude and Fugue in E minor.

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Mr. Gruenberg's Jazz Suite had been performed by the orchestras of Cincinnati and Los Angeles, under the direction of Fritz Reiner and Artur Rodzinski, before it fell into the hands of Mr. Koussewitsky, who recently introduced it to Boston. No program is offered to serve as a guide to the content of the suite—evidently Mr. Gruenberg desires us to regard it as absolute music, expressive of purely musical concepts, and susceptible to whatever interpretation the individual listener may care to place upon it. The four movements bear as subtitles the following directions to the performers: "Fox-trot Tempo," "Boston Waltz Tempo," "Blues Tempo, Slow Drag," and "One-step Tempo," enabling Dr. Rodzinski to draw a parallel between Mr. Gruenberg's and the classic suite, which was composed of popular dance movements treated in serious style. However, the gigue and bouree and gavotte received a more realistic treatment at the hands of Bach than the fox-trot, one-step and waltz at the hands of Mr. Gruenberg.

Mr. Gruenberg is afraid of jazz. Like a great many muscians who have essayed to treat it seriously, he feels the need to compromise, lest his audience feel that he has mistaken the concert for the dance hall. He offers us symphonic jazz, near-jazz, one-half-of-one-percent jazz, and this is worse than none at all. Perhaps the trouble is that he does not understand and cannot handle the idiom. If so, he should not have attempted to do so; only the idiom is important in the Jazz Suite, and since Mr. Gruenberg uses it apologetically, and without skill, the result is unsatisfactory. His rhythms are confused; those of jazz have the effect, at least, of simplicity. His tunes have a self-conscious triviality and vulgarity; those of real jazzz are spontaneous and naive. His instrumentation is thick and opaque; that of jazz is notably sparing and transparent. The suite last evening was received with scant applause—insufficient to bring the composer to his feet, if he was a member of the audience.

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The second novelty was less disappointing. Schoenberg has orchestrated Bach's E minor Prelude and Fugue soberly, less impressionistically than the chorale prelude "Schmucke Dich, O liebe Seele," and "Komm Gott, Schoepfer Heiliger Geist," but not less effectively. His transcription was last evening beautifully played by the Boston Orchestra—which, indeed, outdid itself throughout the evening. Mr. Koussewitsky contrived a superb performance of the Bloch rhapsody in which Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra, played the solo part, and his reading of the Haydn Symphony was vigorous, full-blooded. A large audience enjoyed the concert and applauded the conductor and the players to the echo.

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A performance of "La Gioconda" was given at the Opera House last evening. Mmes Corono, Claussen, Wakefield, and Messrs. Gigli, Danise and Ludikar appeared in the principal roles, and Mr. Bellezza conducted.

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NEW YORK
JOURNAL

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It must be recorded that the Jazz Suite is neither jazz nor classical, and comes dangerously close to not being music at all. At no time does the Fox-trot movement develop a fox-trot tempo, and there is hardly a moment when the waltz is a waltz. This, in addition to the fact that there are many merry Strauss pranks easily recognized in it. The Blues Tempo also quite missed the mark, but the One-step Tempo did have lively spots which might have set one to tapping his foot in time.

JAZZ FOR JAZZ'S SAKE.

If the symphony orchestras must encroach upon the field of the Whitemans, Olsens and Lopezes, it might be suggested that some energetic and curious-minded musician make orchestral arrangements of W. C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues" and Hugo Frey's "Havanola," and a piano and orchestra arrangement of Felix Arndt's "Nola," all of which are creditable jazz pieces.

In fairness to Mr. Gruenberg, who was in a box at the concert, it also must be chronicled that his opus received more applause than Haydn's Symphony in D Major (B. & H. No. 31), which opened the concert. There was great charm in Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the minuet movement.

BEDETTI IS SOLOIST.

After intermission the orchestra played Bloch's "Schelomo," with Jean Bedetti playing the solo 'cello. Mr. Bedetti drew forth a full and grave tone from his instrument, and he was copiously applauded.

The programme ended with Schoenberg's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E Flat, which arrangement was also having its first performance in New York.

K. W.

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NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

Music

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

From Symphonic Jazz to Bach at the Boston Symphony Concert

Fourth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, at Carnegie Hall.

PROGRAM

1. Symphony in D major, B. and H. No. 31 ..... Haydn
2. Jazz Suite, Op. 28 ..... Gruenberg
3. Schelomo, cello and orchestra ..... Bloch (Jean Bedetti, solo cellist)
4. Prelude and Fugue in E Flat ..... Bach-Schoenberg

THE chief contributor of news to last night's Boston Symphony concert was Mr. Louis Gruenberg—unless it was the refreshing and talismanic Mr. Koussevitzky himself.

Mr. Gruenberg, the author of the novelty on the program, was born in Russia and lives in Brooklyn — which probably makes him an American composer. At all events, he is one of our most eminent and able exponents of symphonic jazz, although he occasionally turns slightly humid eyes toward those Enchanted Isles which were once respectable resorts for the musical imagination, but are now inhabited only by the embarrassed and furtive ghosts of such discredited emigrés as Weber, Schumann, Chopin, Debussy and the like.

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One thinks too well of Mr. Gruenberg to believe that his visit to that depreciated romantic haunt will be repeated (the Boston Symphony Orchestra exhibited at a recent concert here the tale of his adventure, shamelessly inscribed, "My Trip to the Enchanted Isles"). The "Jazz Suite" that we heard last night is, one imagines, more nearly an expression of the essential Gruenberg. It was completed some four years ago in Paris, and was published in 1929 by the valiant and valuable Cos Cob Press, which specializes in the fostering of American compositions whose virtues lack an immediate cash value.

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This symphonic jazz of Mr. Gruenberg's, regarded as jazz, may be either good or bad; we know not what the pundits of Tin Pan Alley might think of it. We ventured, listening to the piece, to appraise it not as jazz, but as music. Thus considered, it lives its own life as organized and pleasurable sound. The thrice familiar patterns are filled with an ingenuity and richness of fancy, are ordered by a civilized musical consciousness, which makes the issue engaging and profitable for other than merely primitive minds.

Yet perhaps Mr. Gruenberg is, after all, an incurable romanticist, for one caught him in the act of glancing a bit longingly over his shoulder at the love-making of Pelleas and Melisande and the gallantries of the Rosenkavalier as he went through the motions of his Boston Waltz and his Slow Drag and his One-Step.

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Schönberg has transferred to the orchestra with astonishing skill the brilliancy and power of this superb music. If the "purists" are inclined, in their gentle way, to heave bricks at his impious head, conductors and orchestral program makers will surely bless him.

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The great orchestra, barring some mishaps in the Haydn Symphony, played with its accustomed surety and finesse. Mr. Gruenberg took a bow after the performance of his Suite, and Mr. Bedetti was applauded for his solo performance in the somber and passionate rhapsody of Bloch.

Louis Gruenberg

© Victor Georg

Whose new "Jazz Suite" was heard last night

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TELEGRAM

Salome Helps Octavian Thread the Mazes of Gruenberg Jazz

Boston Symphony Orchestra Holds Forth in Carnegie Hall Once More.

By PITTS SANBORN.

Running over to New York for a fourth time this season, the Boston Symphony of great renown favored its Carnegie Hall subscribers last evening with a double dispensation of the article labelled "first performance in New York." In each case the first performance anywhere seems to have taken place in Cincinnati.

One affected a "Jazz Suite for Orchestra, op. 28," by Louis Gruenberg, of Brooklyn. The other had to do with an organ prelude in E flat major and the "St. Ann's" organ fugue in the same key, both by Bach the Father, as presented in the orchestral transcriptions of the redoubtable Arnold Schoenberg, native and resident of Vienna.

The Cincinnati performances, by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, occurred respectively in March, 1929, and in February, 1930.

In Tribute to R. Strauss.

It was odd to hear hisses for the Gruenberg piece uttered by a few overtimid or mistakenly indignant bodies. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gruenberg's "jazz," resourcefully contrived, adroit in its instrumental dress, was a highly civilized and refined affair. Methuselah's great aunt might have listened to it without a tremor. Certainly the Sacred Cod didn't bat a scale.

If nothing alarming happened musically in the course of this suite, at any rate it answered one hoary question. At last we know what must have been the "Dance of the Seven Veils!" For here bold Salome steps out and takes Octavian's hand and together they tread the measures of Mr. Gruenberg's "Boston Waltz" while Dr. Richard Strauss oblibingly leads the band.

This distinctly pretty piece, by the way, stirred the crowded house to no end of applause, beside which the hisses sounded puny indeed. Following the excellent performance led by Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Gruenberg walked forward with the conductor to help him reap the harvest of well earned plaudits.

From Bach to Bloch.

We had had previous experience of Schoenberg's transcribing of Bach. In yesterday's specimen the Viennese modernist worked the pulsatile battery into his instrumental scheme and likewise harps, which Bach never dreamed of using, though he had ample authority direct from the heaven which he never questioned. There are those who gnash their teeth at the very thought of Schoenberg, but if any of them were present yesterday they manfully held their peace.

The concert opened with a symphony in D major "with the Horn Call" by Haydn. Our cordial thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky for thus resuscitating for us one of the numerous unfamiliar symphonies of a master whose work is now enjoying a renaissance and reappraisal.

There is the suggestion of the hunt in this symphony, due to the quartet of horns employed in the scoring. And yet the exquisite and ornate adagio has nothing to do with the chase. There is important solo work for several instruments. The vigorous minuet is irresistibly captivating. For the finale Haydn offers here not his wonted rondo frolic, but a theme with seven ingenious variations.

The performance exhibited the lustrousness and unanimity of the Bostonian strings. The wind instruments, however, were appreciably less successful. In the concert's remaining number—the fine Hebrew rhapsody, "Schelomo," of Ernest Bloch—the 'cello solo was performed by Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra, not by four 'cellists playing in unison, as the program warned. Doubtless the singular way is the way of wisdom, and wisdom is the only way when the speaker is Solomon.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

Melodic Doings Of a Friday

THE second Pension Fund concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with Toscanini conducting, is played at Carnegie Hall tonight... The Amy Neill String Quartet, with Amy Neill, Stella Roberts, Charlotte Polak and Lois Bichl as the personnel, play at Steinway Hall tonight...At the Metropolitan, in the matinee Wagnerian series, "Siegfried," in uncut version, is presented, and this evening "Faust" is the bill...At Brooklyn the Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitsky conducting, is at the Acade...

PROGRAMS: (Philharmonic) Rossini, Franck, Ravel, Beethoven... (Neill) Haydn, Roberts, Wagner, Weiner...Casts: ("Siegfried") Laubenthal, Bloch, Schorr, Schutzendorf, Gustafson, Branzell, Ohms, Fleischer, Mr. Bodanzky conducting....("Faust") Moore, Trantoul, Pinza, Basiola, Wolfe, Swarthout, Mr. Hasselmans con...ing.

66

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EAGLE

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TELEGRAM

Salome Helps Octavian Thread the Mazes of Gruenberg Jazz

Boston Symphony Orchestra Holds Forth in Carnegie Hall Once More.

By PITTS SANBORN.

Running over to New York for a fourth time this season, the Boston Symphony of great renown favored its Carnegie Hall subscribers last evening with a double dispensation of the article labelled "first performance in New York." In each case the first performance anywhere seems to have taken place in Cincinnati.

One affected a "Jazz Suite for Orchestra, op. 28," by Louis Gruenberg, of Brooklyn. The other had to do with an organ prelude in E flat major and the "St. Ann's" organ fugue in the same key, both by Bach the Father, as presented in the orchestral transcriptions of the redoubtable Arnold Schoenberg, native and resident of Vienna.

The Cincinnati performances, by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, occurred respectively in March, 1929, and in February, 1930.

In Tribute to R. Strauss.

It was odd to hear hisses for the Gruenberg piece uttered by a few overtimid or mistakenly indignant bodies. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gruenberg's "jazz," resourcefully contrived, adroit in its instrumental dress, was a highly civilized and refined affair. Methuselah's great aunt might have listened to it without a tremor. Certainly the Sacred Cod didn't bat a scale.

If nothing alarming happened musically in the course of this suite, at any rate it answered one hoary question. At last we know what must have been the "Dance of the Seven Veils!" For here bold Salome steps out and takes Octavian's hand and together they tread the measures of Mr. Gruenberg's "Boston Waltz" while Dr. Richard Strauss oblibingly leads the band.

This distinctly pretty piece, by the way, stirred the crowded house to no end of applause, beside which the hisses sounded puny indeed. Following the excellent performance led by Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Gruenberg walked forward with the conductor to help him reap the harvest of well earned plaudits.

From Bach to Bloch.

We had had previous experience of Schoenberg's transcribing of Bach. In yesterday's specimen the Viennese modernist worked the pulsatile battery into his instrumental scheme and likewise harps, which Bach never dreamed of using, though he had ample authority direct from the heaven which he never questioned. There are those who gnash their teeth at the very thought of Schoenberg, but if any of them were present yesterday they manfully held their peace.

The concert opened with a symphony in D major "with the Horn Call" by Haydn. Our cordial thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky for thus resuscitating for us one of the numerous unfamiliar symphonies of a master whose work is now enjoying a renaissance and reappraisal.

There is the suggestion of the hunt in this symphony, due to the quartet of horns employed in the scoring. And yet the exquisite and ornate adagio has nothing to do with the chase. There is important solo work for several instruments. The vigorous minuet is irresistibly captivating. For the finale Haydn offers here not his wonted rondo frolic, but a theme with seven ingenious variations.

The performance exhibited the lustrousness and unanimity of the Bostonian strings. The wind instruments, however, were appreciably less successful. In the concert's remaining number—the fine Hebrew rhapsody, "Schelomo," of Ernest Bloch—the 'cello solo was performed by Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra, not by four 'cellists playing in unison, as the program warned. Doubtless the singular way is the way of wisdom, and wisdom is the only way when the speaker is Solomon.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

Melodic Doings Of a Friday

THE second Pension Fund concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with Toscanini conducting, is played at Carnegie Hall tonight... The Amy Neill String Quartet, with Amy Neill, Stella Roberts, Charlotte Polak and Lois Bichl as the personnel, play at Steinway Hall tonight...At the Metropolitan, in the matinee Wagnerian series, "Siegfried," in uncut version, is presented, and this evening "Faust" is the bill...At Brooklyn the Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitsky conducting, is at the Acade[illegible]

PROGRAMS: (Philharmonic) Rossini, Franck, Ravel, Beethoven... (Neill) Haydn, Roberts, Wagner, Weiner...Casts: ("Siegfried") Laubenthal, Bloch, Schorr, Schutzendorf, Gustafson, Branzell, Ohms, Fleischer, Mr. Bodanzky conducting....("Faust") Moore, Trantoul, Pinza, Basiola, Wolfe, Swarthout, Mr. Hasselmans con[illegible]ng.

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NEW YORK SUN

67

Boston Symphony Concert

Louis Gruenberg's 'Jazz Suite' Is Included in Program at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is with us once more. Its fourth evening concert took place in Carnegie Hall last night. There was music of various times and characters, and the American composer had another opportunity to reveal his suppressed powers.

The second number on the list was Louis Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite." This composition is young, having been ushered into the light of day by the Cincinnati Orchestra, under Fritz Reiner, on March 22, 1929. It is one of several attempts which have been made to demonstrate that jazz, our own most particlar product, can be treated artistically just as folk music has.

But there is something wrong somewhere. Either this is not real jazz or real art; or perhaps jazz and real art cannot be successfully married. Mr. Gruenberg's suite was worth hearing, but when it had been heard one was convinced that he had been made acquainted with an experiment and nothing more. The composer has given us a work in four sections, of which the titles are fox trot tempo, Boston waltz tempo, blues tempo, slow drag, and one-step tempo. All of these titles are strictly respected by the composer and one hears music which surely belongs to the jazz family, even if it has married a foreigner.

There is a rich harvest of dissonances in the work and there are trumpets con sordini to furnish the conventional "breaks." But nothing of the seductive wickedness of jazz was discovered. The finale, a grand smash of tone, evoked applause from an audience which up to that part of the suite had been singularly reticent. The composer accepted his honors decorously and then there was the customary exodus to smoke the thing over. There had been much more approval after the first number which was Haydn's D major symphony, No. 31, in the Breitkopf & Haertel catalogue and generally known as the symphony with the horn call.

This delightful old work, one of Haydn's most ingenuous conceptions, was so well performed that it stirred the hearers to prolonged demonstrations. The members of the orchestra who had played the charming solos and the horn quartet stood up to be applauded. This symphony is probably the first to have four horns in the score, and it might be regarded as astonishing that only two were habitually used, did we not recollect that orchestras were small and their strings easily overbalanced. Mr. Koussevitzky was obviously enamored of the symphony, and it must be added that he also did everything in the power of a conductor for the jazz invention.

The third number was Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," which is well known to local music lovers, and which is perhaps the most profoundly felt of all Mr. Bloch's works. The concert reached its finish with the E-flat organ prelude and fugue of Bach, orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg. Great musicians believe it entirely proper to arrange Bach and some of the orchestral transcriptions are splendid in effect. Mr. Schoenberg's arrangement, presented last evening, had not been heard here before. Doubtless it will be played again, since orchestral works with such foundations as those provided by Bach are very scarce in these days.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JOURNAL COURIER

The Woolsey Hall Series

LOCAL concert-goers may have previously accorded to an orchestra or an artist a triumph equally impressive with that given Mr. Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Wednesday evening, but never a more impressive one. The applause that broke over crowded Woolsey Hall like thunder at the end of the primitive and fascinating "Bolero" of Ravel was a fitting climax to the Woolsey Hall series which Mr. Daggett Lee has arranged this season for the Yale School of Music. The series has been a complete answer to those who fear that artistic interests may die in a mechanicalized age; and, taken in its entirety, it was a notable demonstration of the democracy of this particular art.

For these concerts and recitals, while meeting the full requirements of the most musicianly, were also not incomprehensible to those musically more or less illiterate. There was a fine spirit of interest for the neophyte in this culture and it was manifest in all the five events that were offered—Hoffman, Rethberg, Hayes, Elman and the Boston Symphony. All of these artists offered music best appreciated by the most completely initiated ear; but all of them, too, were careful not to forget the new concert-goer, vaguely unsatisfied by conventional offerings, yet not yet ready to enjoy Bach or Beethoven at their most abtruse. Hayes' spirituals, Elman's beautiful Chopin Nocturne and the "Ave Maria" of Schubert which he gave as the final encore of his recital a month ago; and last night, the Symphony's playing of Ravel's "Bolero" and the Jazz Suite of Gruenberg as well as the Schubert "Unfinished"—all of these made new music lovers, won initiates, convinced doubters that here indeed was a complete and almost limitless field of artistic enjoyment which they had not yet cultivated, but would never again ignore. It has been a memorable experience, a course in appreciation, and one which has made future series certain of even greater succes

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New Haven Journal-Courier
March 7 1930.

ORD DAILY COURANT: FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1930.

The Observation Post

By Walter Brown, Dramatic Editor

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The Boston Orchestra in New Haven.

Luck came my way Wednesday evening and I went to New Haven to hear the Boston Symphony at Woolsey Hall—having the pleasure of going with Frank Sedgwick, who is bringing the orchestra here on April 9.

The concert was absolutely sold out, and when we went into the lobby there was a long line of people buying standing room, but there's a little magic about knowing the business manager of the orchestra, and Manager Lee (of Parsons's in Hartford and the Woolsey Hall Concert Series in New Haven), and we had chairs up against the wall at the left of the orchestra where we could see Dr. Koussevitzky and hear the music well.

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The program was made up of the Schubert Unfinished Symphony, the Ravel Bolero, Gruenberg's Jazz Suite (two movements only, the Boston Waltz tempo and the Fox-trot tempo), Bloch's "Schelomo"—Hebrew Rhapsody for violoncello and orchestra, with Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra—and the Schoenberg arrangement of the Bach Prelude and Fugue in E minor.

I haven't the remotest idea how many times I have heard the Schubert Symphony, but I am sure of this—that I never heard a reading of its to compare, in sheer loveliness, with that which Dr. Koussevitzky gave on Wednesday evening. Every beauty of every melodic phrase seemed to shine as if it were absolutely new—yet there was the mellow setting of memory for it all, and of memory improved upon, in the glow of the present interpretation.

Never yielding to the temptation to use mere volume of tone that was at his fingers' ends Dr. Koussevitzky somehow seemed to gather all the possible beauties of the score in a twilight atmosphere of sound—and though he was obliged to submit to a considerable interval between the playing of the symphony's two movements, (owing to the late-comers, of course) he kept the idea of continuity most remarkably. And no measure of the reading, no note of the playing, seemingly, could have been improved in effectiveness and beauty.

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That Ravel Bolero has been talked about a great deal—has been played many times since last November when it was first heard in America. It is not remarkable in composition, its melody is simply repeated over and over again—but it is wildly effective in the way it is played by Dr. Koussevitsky in a pitiless, never-failing crescendo, from the merest whisper of tone up to the full blare of the whole orchestra. And last evening it took the New Haven audience off its feet, apparently, just as it did the Carnegie Hall audience in which I sat last January.

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Now as to the Boston Symphony Orchestra and jazz. Personally I suppose I'm a blooming old mossback but I hate to have an orchestra of that quality waste its time, as it seems to me, on the jazz-rhythm. For my dimming eyes can't see that there's a future for jazz upless it is in some after-state where it may be used for purposes of punishment. And so I was not especially sorry that the orchestra played only two movements of the four that Composer Gruenberg has used in his Jazz Suite, and neither of those played made any impression on me as music—save that the composition, doubtless, is perfectly good of its kind.

There are a few graceful measures—but very few, to my mind—in the waltz tempo of the Suite; but in the main there is simply the feeling of the disconnected, the sensation of doubt, of lapse, in the whole thing. And certainly there is an absolute lack of tonal beauty.

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Mr. Bloch—some Hartford music-lovers will remember that he came here once as guest conducter for the Hartford Philharmonic Orchestra and got some very fine playing out of it—is eloquent in his music expressing especially the sorrows and tribulations of his race. In the present Rhapsody he has made the 'cello sing the wailing song of lamentation, hint at the glories of kingly triumph, paint splendors, speak wisdom; he has, seemingly, thought to have his music run the gaunt of all the arts and in the somber gorgeousness of it all he has accomplished fine things. The playing of the orchestra was of magnificent quality and Mr. Bedetti's instrument was brilliant in heights and dark in depths of tone. In the Carnegie Hall rendering of this work last evening the program called for unison playing by four of the 'cellos—and it seems to me that this reading of Mr. Bloch's score should be more effective than that by one instrument only, always granting the perfect unity of tone which I have no doubt four artists of the orchestra may command. For at times the tone of the one instrument Wednesday evening seemed rather inadequate against the weight of the orchestra.

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The Schoenberg Bach arrangement is full and rich and the playing was of the fine classicism required. There was glorious volume of smooth, splendid tone brought forth without a shade of sensationalism on the one hand or sentimentality on the other. Frankly, if I had had the arranging of the program, I would have put this after the Schubert work and used the Bolero for a finale because somehow I had the feeling that the audience, the other evening, had been a little taken out of the mood of appreciating Bach by the preceding modernism. But whether the audience was quite up to Bach or not there were the usual recalls for the conductor at the close of the concert.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

MUSIC

BOSTONIANS HERE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky, presented, as the fourth in a series of five Brooklyn concerts, a diversified program last night at the Academy of Music. The classic and the modern schools were both included on the evening's schedule.

Mr. Koussevitsky opened the program with the Haydn D Major symphony wherein the composer uses four horns in accordance with his plan of titling the work "Mit dem Hornsignal." The "St. Ann" fugue of Bach as orchestrated by Arnold Schonberg followed immediately as though the conductor were giving a lesson in ancient and modern forms of composition, for Schonberg has left little of Bach in the result.

Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo" rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra started the second half of the program with Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra as soloist. It is peculiarly Hebraic in character and was conceived when the composer was starting his campaign of bringing Hebrew music to the attention of serious composers although Bloch disavowed any intent to localize his efforts.

The Ravel "Bolero" which proved one of the outstanding works of the current season when introduced here by Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic last November was the concluding number of the evening. Mr. Koussevitsky built up the monotonous rhythm into a veritable tornado of sound.

H. E. S.

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This was a novelty which, in a sense, was not a novelty, the work (in part) of an arch-modernist, yet nothing to offend the conservative tastes of the audience which the Institute of Arts and Sciences provides for Mr. Koussewitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We prefer Mr. Stokowski's Bach transcriptions to those which Schoenberg has given us, though that of the E-flat Prelude and Fugue is not extravagantly, and often beautifully, scored. The audience received it with favor, but was obviously more impressed by Ravel's Bolero, which was heard for the first time in Brooklyn at this concert.

The Bolero is an experiment in form, structure, instrumentation, an exercise of its composer's skill as a craftsman. And as such it is indubitably effective. But it does not wear well. One perceives the trick and how it is done, and loses interest. Those who heard it last evening for the first time will be less impressed when they hear it again.

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The Woolsey Hall Series

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For these concerts and recitals, while meeting the full requirements of the most musicianly, were also not incomprehensible to those musically more or less illiterate. There was a fine spirit of interest for the neophyte in this culture and it was manifest in all the five events that were offered—Hoffman, Rethberg, Hayes, Elman and the Boston Symphony. All of these artists offered music best appreciated by the most completely initiated ear; but all of them, too, were careful not to forget the new concert-goer, vaguely unsatisfied by conventional offerings, yet not yet ready to enjoy Bach or Beethoven at their most abtruse. Hayes' spirituals, Elman's beautiful Chopin Nocturne and the "Ave Maria" of Schubert which he gave as the final encore of his recital a month ago; and last night, the Symphony's playing of Ravel's "Bolero" and the Jazz Suite of Gruenberg as well as the Schubert "Unfinished"—all of these made new music lovers, won initiates, convinced doubters that here indeed was a complete and almost limitless field of artistic enjoyment which they had not yet cultivated, but would never again ignore. It has been a memorable experience, a course in appreciation, and one which has made future series certain of even greater succes...

New Haven Journal-Courier
March 7 1930.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

MUSIC

BOSTONIANS HERE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky, presented, as the fourth in a series of five Brooklyn concerts, a diversified program last night at the Academy of Music. The classic and the modern schools were both included on the evening's schedule.

Mr. Koussevitsky opened the program with the Haydn D Major symphony wherein the composer uses four horns in accordance with his plan of titling the work "Mit dem Hornsignal." The "St. Ann" fugue of Bach as orchestrated by Arnold Schonberg followed immediately as though the conductor were giving a lesson in ancient and modern forms of composition, for Schonberg has left little of Bach in the result.

Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo" rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra started the second half of the program with Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra as soloist. It is peculiarly Hebraic in character and was conceived when the composer was starting his campaign of bringing Hebrew music to the attention of serious composers although Bloch disavowed any intent to localize his efforts.

The Ravel "Bolero" which proved one of the outstanding works of the current season when introduced here by Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic last November was the concluding number of the evening. Mr. Koussevitsky built up the monotonous rhythm into a veritable tornado of sound.

H. E. S.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

68

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BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

Music

By FELIX DEYO

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This symphony exhibits the strong individuality of style and invention which sets the works of Sibelius apart—the highly personal treatment of harmony, melodic structure and instrumental coloring which is typical of his later symphonies in particular. The score has beauty, strength and fascination, and it should be heard again.

The remainder of yesterday's programe comprised the familiar violin concerto of Sibelius, played by Mr. Richard Burgin, a well written and unpretentious "Concerto Grosso in the Old Style" by the Rumanian composer, Filip Lazar, and a repetition of Louis Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite," introduced at the orchestra's Thursday evening concert.

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Nowadays nothing is unviolinistic that is good, and the Sibelius concerto is very good. Its themes are distinguished, beautiful and very characteristic of their creator. The composition as a whole has that feeling of autumnal twilight, with flashes of savage energy, which is held to be Sibelius's musical personality, and, strange to say, rightly held.

Richard Burgin, the Boston's concert master, was the soloist in the concerto. Mr. Burgin played well technically, but the music is larger than he made it. Due perhaps to nervousness the violinist's interpretation seemed self-conscious and finicky. Yet it was a capable and often meritorious performance.

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Whatever the merits of the respective compositions, two of them played for the first time in this city, the composers represented on the program of the Boston Symphony concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall had their stars to thank that Serge Koussevitsky and his men were the interpreters! Some of the new music impressed well at a first hearing; some did not; but all the composers were presented with a clarity and eloquence worthy of the finest masterpieces.

The new works, for New York, were Filip Lazar's "Concerto Grosso" for orchestra, in the old style and Sibelius's Sixth Symphony. Louis Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite" heard here for the first time last Thursday night, was repeated, and given even more brilliant a performance than the first to which we listened. And Richard Burgin, the concert-master of the orchestra, gave a superb performance of the Sibelius concerto which ranks high among the masterpieces of violin literature, although this has yet to be recognized by the great public. For Sibelius, writing concerto or symphony, does not cater to the multitude or to contemporaneous fashion, but speaks from his solitude and his conscience, of things that are deep within.

The violin concerto is at the best an ungrateful work for the soloist performing for the public accustomed to dexterous feats of virtuosity, on the one hand, or the clear and noble classicism of a Bach or Beethoven or Brahms on the other. And the composer has placed a special obstacle before the soloist in the richness, the heaviness and sometimes the poor balances of the dark and sombre orchestration. Nothing in this work makes an immediate appeal, unless it is the broad and melodic slow movement. The rest of the composition is wholly original and without a parallel in the literature of the violin.

There is the orchesta, sullen, brooding, ominous, tragic, with prophecy of war. There is the individual and highly difficult writing for the solo instrument, pitted against the orchestra, which has been likened with such good reason to nature's instrumentation of a tempest. The first movement is as an improvisation, in which, with formal or pompous preluding, the performer begins his haunting song. The cadenzas are not display passages, but continuation of the music of thought. Now there is northern lyricism, a little remindful, in this early work of Sibelius's, of Grieg; now the grim and tragic accents which appertain to Sibelius alone.

The slow movement has the simplicity, the deep sincerity, the broad melodic arch of the composer's early style. The last movement is one wild fantasy, while, over muttering drums and persistent, monotonous rhythmical figures of the strings, the violin becomes a banshee scream in the night wind; and at the last there is a sudden shout of the orchestra, against the skirling chromatic wails of the solo instruments, as though laughter was heard from Walhalla.

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YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTACHED CLIPPING WHICH APPEARED IN LAST THURSDAY'S ISSUE OF THE MUSICAL LEADER.

American Jazz Work Acclaimed

At the Boston concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 21-22 a signal honor was paid to Louis Gruenberg by Serge Koussevitzky, who played for the second time this season a composition by the American composer. Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat the Jazz Suite on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon in the New York concerts. In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Feb. 24, H. T. Parker said: "Mr. Gruenberg's 'Jazz Suite' evaded no listener, 'Fox-trot tempo; Boston Waltz tempo; Blues tempo; One Step tempo'—which is to say 'symphonic jazz' moreover, brought into orchestral being with uncanny skill and abounding resource. At the given moment, in his two pieces heard at Symphony Hall this season, Mr. Gruenberg may have less or more to say, but the pith and point of the saying is above question. Not only does he know his orchestra; collectively and severally he feels it. He lays to it not only a practiced and considering, but an instinctive divining, hand. If there must be some repository for jazz as symphonic speech, then is his 'Jazz Suite' the container.

"The purists—not of symphonic music but of jazz—will make reservations. Mr. Gruenberg (they will say) misses the helter-skelter of its native exuberance; dodges the treacly tunes that often feed it; maybe finds them symphonically unpresentable; tends to refine upon the jazz of even the Whitemanic heydey. None the less, he catches the frenzied note; whips up reiteration until it ceases to be monotony; cloaks harmonic deshabille; softens but little the acrid sensuality; blushes at neither break nor blare. It may be that jazz has known its best days in the concert-hall; that already it is a diminishing influence upon symphonic music. Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Copland may have recovered from its spell; in other directions Mr. Gershwin may be turning. Mr. Gruenberg himself dates his first movement 1925. The more reason that jazz of the concert-hall, as in recent years we have known it, should somewhere be left incarnate. It cries off Mr. Gruenberg's pages accents, timbres, sound, fury, rhythm inexorable. If and when the Boston Orchestra goes on European tour, this 'Jazz Suite' should be indispensable. No other symphony orchestra plays jazz with half its gusto. For his part Dr. Koussevitzky still believes and practices."

Dr. Koussevitzky And "Bolero" Again

YESTERDAY afternoon in Symphony Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the fifth of its concerts in the Tuesday afternoon series. The concert was prefaced by the playing of the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony—of course in memory of William Howard Taft. For the program itself, it included Debussy's orchestral sketches, "The Sea"; Ravel's dance, "Bolero"; Franck's Symphony in D minor.

These Tuesday listeners are, if one mistakes not, the last group of all those who sit before Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, to hear the "Bolero." Yesterday again it made its certain and sure effect. The aggravating quiet and monotony of those first repetitions, adding volume too slowly for the average ear, thus creating desire for release long before that release could come; then the piling up of sonority upon sonority, both satisfying and at the same time creating new suspense; the repeated increases, with each of which one felt, "beyond this they cannot possibly go"; finally the dazzling modulation and after it the hard, crashing chords in conclusion; and thereafter the burst of applause, as inevitable as if it were part of the show itself. All took place exactly as it had for all other audiences, exactly as if predestined. One still marvels at the ingenuity of the composer in thus bringing such a stunt to pass. One marvels equally at the unflinching steadiness with which Dr. Koussevitzky keeps that inexorable rhythm, the equal steadiness with which he plans and executes the various stages of the long ascent; and while one is at the marvelling business, one may also, with no less justice, marvel at the steadiness of the snare drummer, maintaining with uncanny evenness that one single rhythm through all those many, many measures. Doubters might well try sometime to tap out, without variation and with perfect evenness, a single figure almost four hundred times. When they have finished they will feel that they have well earned a rest.

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NEW YORK SUN
MAR 12 1930

SEES BUNK IN 'GENIUS'

Igor Stravinsky's View About Orchestra Conductors.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.
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PRAGUE, March 12.—"There is a good deal of nonsense about the 'genius' of orchestra conductors throughout the world today. For me the best conductor is the sergeant-major of a military band. He sticks close to orders, is always punctual, and is not temperamental in his interpretation of a composer's work."

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Stravinsky is at the moment rather deep in a new work, which will be a symphony scheduled to be played for the first time in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is a symphony ordered for the jubilee.

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It is a work which is as sharp as highly spiced food; the lines of its development are jagged and angular, with the topographic feel of a rocky and forbidding coastal structure. Withal, the thematic material handled in the harmonic architecture of the past, has a character quite its own, and succeeded in playing itself into an utterly individualistic niche of the new music library. There is sure realization that the composer understands his business; he knows how to say something, and then how to develop that material into substantial and well-knit orchestral parlance. The harmonies are transparent though by no means simple.

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69

Boston Symphony Gives Novelty

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Music students know that the concerto grosso, a favorite form of Bach and Handel, project a small group of solo instruments, called the concertino, against the whole orchestral body, named the tutti. Mr. Lazar was not at all set in his method, but employed more than one small group. By this plan he achieved a pleasing variety and gave his wind instruments some important duties. His style was a finely organized blend of old and new. He walked sometimes on the border of the modernist territory, but the fundamental substance of his harmonic scheme was that of the fathers.

His melodic subjects were sharp... outlined and had dignified characte... In its complete development the com... position showed high organizatio... The melodic ideas were clearly r... lated and the progress of the mus... cian's thought toward the goal of h... finale was well marked. The co... certo grosso form has found fav... with several composers of our tim... and with good reason. It gives th... composer much freedom and permi... of many and varied instrumental e... fects without demanding a huge o... chestra. Mr. Lazar's composition ... very pleasing work and its aim ... quite high enough for the possibil... ties of the form.

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Mr. Lazar's music was an able imitation of far sturdier models, written, as he had designated, "in the old style." It had the dignity of its form, its material was agreeable and its construction skilled. But it was dwarfed by the Sibelius works, neither of which was content with these qualities, much less that of imitation.

Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, played the Concerto with a grasp of its content that went beyond sound technical achievement of its manifest difficulties. This was not sensuous or skyrocketing music, and it demanded of its executant neither emotional abandon nor virtuosic glitter. It required musicianship of a higher order, the while it made no compromises with fingers or bow. The soloist met its needs with a completeness that made an open book of a work whose beauties were not of the more obvious order.

The Symphony had an invigorating directness, and certainly was not to be turned from as of that dour visage so often imputed to Sibelius and his music. Its bold employment of thirds and of scale passages might have seemed even a little naive in a lesser man. But the composer's harmonic individuality, the strength and solidity of his structure, the clarity of his voices, his freedom from effect-for-effect's sake, the latter particularly evident in the manner with which the several movements were brought to their conclusions with what seemed the scantiest of preparation, were never more evident than in this work.

Increased familiarity with the Symphony might lessen or increase the impression that the basic ideas were of a sturdiness that would wear well. Sibelius in the past has suffered from too infrequent performance in New York; audiences have had too little opportunity to distinguish between his works, and even among those who have most admired them it is not surprising to find some confusion as which is which among the symphonies. Mr. Koussevitzky could do a service by repeating this work in New York next season. All this music, including Mr. Gruenberg's innocuously deft jazz, was superbly played.

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MUSICAL LEADER

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Radio Singer to Make Stage Debut

Genia Zielinska, prima donna of the National Broadcasting Grand Opera Co., makes her stage debut in New York in a Polish Grand Opera by Stanislaw Moniuszko. "Halka," the opera in which Miss Zielinska will be starred is the best known of Polish operas. It depicts Polish dances ...

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The other Sibelius composition wa[s] his sixth symphony, which followe[d] the intermission. Mr. Gruenberg'[s] jazz was offered as a dessert afte[r] the feast. The symphony, which wa[s] new to this city, made itself know[n] as a work calling for serious consid[]eration. It is not a composition t[o] be dismissed after a single hearin[g] and comment on it must be deferred

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YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTACHED CLIPPING WHICH APPEARED IN LAST THURSDAY'S ISSUE OF THE MUSICAL LEADER.

American Jazz Work Acc...

At the Boston concerts of th... Orchestra, Feb. 21-22 a sign... Gruenberg by Serge K... second time this ... composer ... on ...

Radio Singer to Make Stage Debut

Genia Zielinska, prima donna of the National Broadcasting Grand Opera Co., makes her stage debut in New York in a Polish Grand Opera by Stanislaw Moniuszko. "Halka," the opera in which Miss Zielinska will be starred is the best known of Polish operas. It depicts ... Polish dances

...erg's 'Jazz ...ipo; Boston Waltz ...p tempo'—which is to ...cover, brought into orchestral ...y skill and abounding resource. At th... ...ment, in his two pieces heard at Symphony H... ...is season, Mr. Gruenberg may have less or more to say, but the pith and point of the saying is above question. Not only does he know his orchestra; collectively and severally he feels it. He lays to it not only a practiced and considering, but an instinctive divining, hand. If there must be some repository for jazz as symphonic speech, then is his 'Jazz Suite' the container.

"The purists—not of symphonic music but of jazz—will make reservations. Mr. Gruenberg (they will say) misses the helter-skelter of its native exuberance; dodges the treacly tunes that often feed it; maybe finds them symphonically unpresentable; tends to refine upon the jazz of even the Whitemanic heydey. None the less, he catches the frenzied note; whips up reiteration until it ceases to be monotony; cloaks harmonic deshabille; softens but little the acrid sensuality; blushes at neither break nor blare. It may be that jazz has known its best days in the concert-hall; that already it is a diminishing influence upon symphonic music. Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Copland may have recovered from its spell; in other directions Mr. Gershwin may be turning. Mr. Gruenberg himself dates his first movement 1925. The more reason that jazz of the concert-hall, as in recent years

Music in Boston

Monitor Mar 12

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The fifth of the Tuesday afternoon concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program comprised Debussy's "Sea Sketches," Ravel's now ubiquitous "Bolero" and Franck's D minor Symphony. Preceding this announced program, the orchestra played part of the slow movement from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony in memory of William Howard Taft.

The young people who come in large numbers to the Tuesday concerts must have found much that was enlivening and inspiring. To hear the exquisite finish, the almost-perfection of Debussy's glimmering pieces, descriptive of the sea, is to acquire an immediate admiration for and an understanding of this elusive composer, not easily gained with any other single work of his. And how Dr. Koussevitzky and his men polished and enhanced these orchestral sketches!

Assuredly it is proper that Dr. Koussevitzky should offer to each of his audiences the orchestral novelty of the season, Ravel's "Bolero." The applause at the close of the "Bolero" was prolonged and enthusiastic.

Franck's Symphony is the product of his ripened maturity and wisdom. The material is potent, lending itself well to an intricate and engrossing working out, and the treatment accorded it brings this magnificent symphony into the front ranks of modern compositions. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky infused it with a warmth and a vibrancy which resulted in a forceful and a brilliant performance.

C. S. B.

Dr. Koussevitzky And "Bolero" Again

Transcript Mar 12

YESTERDAY afternoon in Symphony Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the fifth of its concerts in the Tuesday afternoon series. The concert was prefaced by the playing of the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony—of course in memory of William Howard Taft. For the program itself, it included Debussy's orchestral sketches, "The Sea"; Ravel's dance, "Bolero"; Franck's Symphony in D minor.

These Tuesday listeners are, if one mistakes not, the last group of all those who sit before Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, to hear the "Bolero." Yesterday again it made its certain and sure effect. The aggravating quiet and monotony of those first repetitions, adding volume too slowly for the average ear, thus creating desire for release long before that release could come; then the piling up of sonority upon sonority, both satisfying and at the same time creating new suspense; the repeated increases, with each of which one felt, "beyond this they cannot possibly go"; finally the dazzling modulation and after it the hard, crashing chords in conclusion; and thereafter the burst of applause, as inevitable as if it were part of the show itself. All took place exactly as it had for all other audiences, exactly as if predestined. One still marvels at the ingenuity of the composer in thus bringing such a stunt to pass. One marvels equally at the unflinching steadiness with which Dr. Koussevitzky keeps that inexorable rhythm, the equal steadiness with which he plans and executes the various stages of the long ascent; and while one is at the marvelling business, one may also, with no less justice, marvel at the steadiness of the snare drummer, maintaining with uncanny evenness that one single rhythm through all those many, many measures. Doubters might well try sometime to tap out, without variation and with perfect evenness, a single figure almost four hundred times. When they have finished they will feel that they have well earned a rest.

Debussy's sketches of the sea seemed to one hearer more delightful than ever. One may well doubt whether the sensitive Debussy ever surpassed this music of the growth of a day on the ocean, of the playfulness of waves large and small, of gusty wind and troubled waters. A Ravel may do a stunt in the development of a series of climaxes, but Debussy also has his series of climaxes in depicting the ever unfolding brightness of the new day in the first sketch, "From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean"—and Debussy's climaxes are the purest of pure musical poetry. Again, if ever there was music of pure play, music of pure imagination, music untrammelled and unhedged by convention or formula or preconception, it is the music of the "Frolic of the Waves." Somewhat more realistic Debussy grows with the "Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea." But never a whit less poetic. For sheer beauty this sea music stands unrivaled. Surely one need say no more in detail of yesterday's version than that Dr. Koussevitzky and his men gave it ideal performance.

Came lastly the symphony of Franck. A labor of love it was with the composer, for he had worked many years on it. It is full of typically "Franckian" aspiration, it contains opportunities for brilliancies less akin to the inner soul of the good old Parisian master. It has been played in or about Boston many times in the last few years. Once again one followed the suavities which may or may not be "spiritual." Once again one ascended heights with Father Franck and Doctor Koussevitzky. Once again one felt the matchless perfections of that matchless middle movement, the increasing brilliance of the finale. And once again one noted how the audience responds to it all. Not Ravel himself, the very Ravel of the "Bolero," drew greater applause than did the unworldly Franck with this symphony with which he had taken so much pains. Not stunts alone have their public.

A. H. M.

"Clo-Clo, ...

His Highness, the Pri... Returns from Max...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK SUN

SEES BUNK IN 'GENIUS'

Igor Stravinsky's View About Orchestra Conductors.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. Copyright, 1930, by the New York Sun Foreign Service.

PRAGUE, March 12.—"There is a good deal of nonsense about the 'genius' of orchestra conductors throughout the world today. For me the best conductor is the sergeant-major of a military band. He sticks close to orders, is always punctual, and is not temperamental in his interpretation of a composer's work."

Thus, said Igor Stravinsky, the Russian composer, who between concert appearances and his own composition work, took time out today to give an interview on what he thinks of modern music and orchestra conductors.

Stravinsky is at the moment rather deep in a new work, which will be a symphony scheduled to be played for the first time in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is a symphony ordered for the jubilee.

"This new work," he said, "will be precise, short, concentrated. One doesn't write long and exhaustive orchestral works today. One writes curtly and pointedly, as one speaks. One must live according to one's times. Modern music is very interesting, and one may not agreeably speak ill of one's contemporaries. Therefore, no names. There is still much of romanticism in what is called modern music, however. Everything is not 'of today.' Some who consider themselves originals show how strong a personality Mahler had."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

MUS...

...his face with him. ...lse he was ...ld Rosen- ...ng a gory and to make ... actor, a heavy ..., be restored, ha... ample Jannings eve...lly s... mobile minus ...hat, ... buttons. His ... foot injured. He was sched...ed to ... Volks Theater ... tremendously interesting composition was one of the distinguishing marks of the last Boston Symphony Concert.

The composer, Filip Lazar, a Roumanian, now living in Paris, may count Serge Koussevitzky as his patron saint, for this "Concerto Grosso in the Olden Style," is the third of his works to be given first performances at the hand of Boston's conductor.

It is a work which is as sharp as highly spiced food; the lines of its development are jagged and angular, with the topographic feel of a rocky and forbidding coastal structure. Withal, the thematic material handled in the harmonic architecture of the past, has a character quite its own, and succeeded in playing itself into an utterly individualistic niche of the new music library. There is sure realization that the composer understands his business; he knows how to say something, and then how to develop that material into substantial and well-knit orchestral parlance. The harmonies are transparent though by no means simple.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK SUN

69

Boston Symphony Gives Novelty

Concerto Grosso in Old Style for Orchestra, by Filip Lazar, Played at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Serge Koussevitzky made the afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Saturday a pretty serious session for a matinee audience. There were two compositions of Jan Sibelius, who has not yet become celebrated for making light laughter in music. There was also a new work, a concerto grosso in the old style for orchestra by Filip Lazar, a Rumanian, born in 1894, and now living in Paris. This began the concert and Gruenberg's Jazz Suite, heard on Thursday evening ended it. Lazar's concerto grosso was composed last year and came to us early in its travels. It proved to be worth producing and evidently interested its hearers.

Music students know that the concerto grosso, a favorite form of Bach and Handel, project a small group of solo instruments, called the concertino, against the whole orchestral body, named the tutti. Mr. Lazar was not at all set in his method, but employed more than one small group. By this plan he achieved a pleasing variety and gave his wind instruments some important duties. His style was a finely organized blend of old and new. He walked sometimes on the border of the modernist territory, but the fundamental substance of his harmonic scheme was that of the fathers.

His melodic subjects were sharply outlined and had dignified character. In its complete development the composition showed high organization. The melodic ideas were clearly related and the progress of the musician's thought toward the goal of his finale was well marked. The concerto grosso form has found favor with several composers of our time and with good reason. It gives the composer much freedom and permits of many and varied instrumental effects without demanding a huge orchestra. Mr. Lazar's composition is a very pleasing work and its aim is quite high enough for the possibilities of the form.

The solo performer in the Sibelius violin concerto was Richard Burgin the concert master of the orchestra. Maud Powell introduced the work at a Philharmonic concert in 1906. This chronicler has heard it several times since that, but has not radically changed his views about it. First of all it is abominably difficult. Second, it is deeply introspective except in the last movement, which has a splendid vivacity and unquestionable force. Third, it is full of the somber feeling which is found in so much of the music of Sibelius. The work must appeal more directly to violinists and musicians in general than to audiences. The hearers of Saturday gave Mr. Burgin much applause which he earned. He played well and with a beautiful devotion to the music.

The other Sibelius composition was his sixth symphony, which followed the intermission. Mr. Gruenberg's jazz was offered as a dessert after the feast. The symphony, which was new to this city, made itself known as a work calling for serious consideration. It is not a composition to be dismissed after a single hearing and comment on it must be deferred.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING POST

Music :

Friends of Music Sing "St. John ... —Koussevitzky Giv...

THA... looking ... time ...nkees. ...s are was p... ...ppert escape ...all of of an ... that into th... the lea... Big years, ...bles" so dep... ...enny assem... third score. ...ques- eral ...hing. stance ...hers these ...nks endin... will were, tell Mari... ...ew- Eisle... menti... ...er- ...ack ...bly wort... are soun... for enco... ...ri- smoo... ...w- their ...r- ineff... ...t- and ... to un... ance... In the ... me... "M... Sch... bea... tim... is ... m... fu... ni... ba... fo... de...

...the Jazz Suite of ...erg from the Thurs- ... the Boston Sym- ... freshly spun Con- ...ip Lazar, Rumanian ...ian by adoption, to- ...mphony by Sibelius ...in some manner had ...performance in New ...back to currency the ...oy that celebrated son ...ts Carnegie Hall con- ...

...usic was an able imita- ...dier models, written, as ...ted, "in the old style." ...ity of its form, its ma- ...eable and its construc- ...ut it was dwarfed by the ...s, neither of which was ...these qualities, much less ...ion.

...rgin, concertmaster of the ...ayed the Concerto with a ...content that went beyond ...nical achievement of its ...ifficulties. This was not ...skyrocketing music, and it ...f its executant neither emo- ...ndon nor virtuosic glitter. It ...usicianship of a higher order, ...it made no compromises with ...bow. The soloist met its ...h a completeness that made ...book of a work whose beauties ...of the more obvious order.

...ymphony had an invigorating ...ss, and certainly was not to be ...from as of that dour visage so ...mputed to Sibelius and his mu- ...s bold employment of thirds and ...le passages might have seemed ...a little naive in a lesser man. But ...composer's harmonic individuality, ...strength and solidity of his struc- ..., the clarity of his voices, his freedom from effect-for-effect's sake, the latter particularly evident in the manner with which the several movements were brought to their conclusions with what seemed the scantiest of preparation, were never more evident than in this work.

Increased familiarity with the Symphony might lessen or increase the impression that the basic ideas were of a sturdiness that would wear well. Sibelius in the past has suffered from too infrequent performance in New York; audiences have had too little opportunity to distinguish between his works, and even among those who have most admired them it is not surprising to find some confusion as which is which among the symphonies. Mr. Koussevitzky could do a service by repeating this work in New York next season. All this music, including Mr. Gruenberg's innocuously deft jazz, was superbly played.

Stravinsky Likes Band Conductors

Prague — (CPA) — "There is a good deal of nonsense about the 'genius' of orchestra conductors throughout the world today. For me the best conductor is the sergeant major of a military band. He sticks close to orders, is always punctual and is not temperamental in his interpretation of a composer's works."

Thus Igor Stravinsky, the Russian composer, who between concert appearances and his own composition work, took time out yesterday to give an interview on what he thinks of modern music and orchestra conductors.

Stravinsky is at the moment rather deep in a new work, which will be a symphony scheduled to be played for the first time in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Boston symphony orchestra. It is a symphony ordered for the jubilee.

Assyrian Reliefs, Parisian's Music

Trans. Mar 13

TO the Symphony Concerts of this week Dr. Koussevitzky introduces another new work, and with it a young composer as yet unheard in these parts. The composer is Henri Martelli and his piece is entitled "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs." Mr. Martelli was born in 1895 at Bastia, a seaport town on the north-eastern coast of the island of Corsica. He went to Paris to the Conservatory in 1912. His teachers in harmony, counterpoint, fugue and composition were Jules Moquet and Charles-Marie Widor. His own introduction of himself stretches no further.

All manner of subjects have attracted composers as sources of suggestion for their music: poetry, of course; pictures occasionally, as for example Boecklin's "Isle of the Dead." Some of the modernists, as Stravinsky or Prokofiev, have also gone back to primtive days in the existence of mankind for material for musical treatment. One does not recall another case, however, in which a composer bases his music on primtive art. Mr. Martelli, in his "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs," has in mind three definite fragments of ancient Assyrian sculpture in the Louvre.

I. "Génie ailé a têt d'aigle devant la plante sacrée." (Modéré). King Ashurnasir-pal, who reigned over Assyria from 884-860 B. C., built many palaces notably the palace of Nimrod at ancient Kalakh. Here was discovered, among others, a bas-relief representing a "genius" with the two wings and the head of an eagle. The relief relates also to the cult of the sacred tree. A picture of the fragment discloses a creature with legs, trunk and arms human. The head and wings are those of a large bird with a huge beak. This 'genius" is standing upright; its left hand holds an object which may possibly be a pail. Before it one sees an arrangement of standards and groupings of leaves which might conceivably represent a highly conventionalized tree, but which, more likely, pictures a vine supported by a pillar. The right arm of the hybrid being is extended as if in the act of plucking the single bunch of grapes (?) which the vine or branch supports.

Assyric Relief

II. Dause. (Modérémentanimé). The composer furnishes neither programmatic suggestion nor reference to any particular bas-relief.

III. "Lion et lionne dans leur repaire." (Lent). This bas-relief, which dates from the time of Ashur-bani-pal (King of Assyria 668-626 B. C.), was part of the scultural decoration of the palace of Kouyoundjick of ancient Niniveh. It represents a lioness stretched out full length at the foot of a tree. A lion with a very long mane stands erect before her. The fragment is broken in such a way that the head of the lion cannot be seen.

IV. "L'armée d'Assourbanipal et ses Musiciens." (Animé). This bas-relief is part of the decoration of the same palace at Nineveh. There are four rows of characters above each other. At bottom, a single warrior on horseback, possibly the great king himself? In the row above, four figures with various implements of war, one on horseback. In the third row are two horses and the groom (?) at the right, four musicians with cymbals and harps at the left. The upper row shows a procession of nine musicians, probably pictured in the act of singing.

Mr. Martelli's orchestra is the large modern orchestra and the idiom a modern chromatic idiom. The first "relief" is rather fully orchestrated and curiously wrought. The second is lighter, with graceful solo-passages in wind instruments and strings, mainly indicating rhythmic figures. The third, of the two lions, is full of growlings and rumblings and snarlings in low voiced instruments. There is even a solo for tuba. Mr. Martelli has apparently chosen to treat his subject realistically The last "relief", by far the longest of the four, is cast into three divisions, the third a repetition of the first, and both brilliantly scored and aggressively rhythmed. A middle section, by way of contrast, abounds in subtle and graceful effects. The dance-spirit prevails.

A. H. M.

Beethoven f...

SYMPHONY IN ONLY THREE NUMBERS

Amer Mar 13

By MOSES SMITH

THE program of this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is overweighted at the bottom. Although the list includes only three pieces, and takes a bare hour and a half for performance, almost an hour of this time is consumed by the last number, Strauss' "Alpine" Symphony, which Boston first heard a little more than four years ago.

The novelty—and what is a Boston Symphony program without a novelty?—is a piece called "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs" by one Henri Martelli, contemporary Parisian composer. He is inspired by four bas-reliefs, which have come down to modern times and which are said to have adorned Assyrian royal halls They give the titles, and presumably furnish mood and program, for the four parts of this composition: "A Winged Jinnee with the Head of an Eagle Before the Sacred Tree," "Dance," "Lion and Lioness in their Lair" and "The Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal."

Perhaps with photographs of these reliefs furnished them, the listeners might have ben able to make something out of Martelli's music. As it was they were mystified—and so, let us hasten to add, were we. Our objection is not to the noisiness of the score, for modern ears have become long-suffering. But this noise is not music. It is an ineffectual substitute for the one thing that vitalizes music—original, forceful ideas. Not all the orchestral skill, rhythmic devices, or various tricks of the trade can compensate for this lack.

Strauss' lengthy tonal discourse on a mountain-climb is amazingly uneven music. Some of it is the great Strauss inheritor of the robe of the great line of German composers. Much of it is the turgid bombast of an absurdly inflated orchestra, or inconsequential padding. Yet it is good to hear for what it contains of the great Strauss, who is often a quiet Strauss. When he puffs loudest, as in the storm, he succeeds merely in being boresome.

The opening number is Maximilian Steinberg's free version of a sonata in G major by Galliard. The performances of the various pieces by Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra are less effective than usually.

..., MARCH 15, 1930

Monitor

...y Orchestra, Serge ... conductor.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The eighteenth program of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of March 14, follows:

Galliard, Sonata in G major (Freely transcribed for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg).
Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs.
Strauss, An Alpine Symphony, op. 64.

Martelli's music received at this concert its first performance in the United States. It is a symphonic suite in four parts, each inspired, the composer said in a program note, by a bas-relief with a particular subject. The pictures here musically translated represent "A Winged Jinnee with the Head of an Eagle before the Sacred Tree," "A Dance before a Personage Seated," "Lion and Lioness in Their Lair" and "The Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal."

Henri Martelli was born in Corsica 35 years ago and lives in Paris, where he received his musical education and where he has had other works produced. If the present suite could have been heard 20 years ago it might have made a greater impression, but in that time Stravinsky and Prokofieff have made it difficult to appreciate other composers' efforts to depict prehistoric or early historical periods. Nor does the translation of pictures into tone justify itself in this instance. It is well known that one of the characteristics of the music of the East is monotony. This quality the composer has succeeded in preserving. The third movement gives opportunity for a solo number with the bass tuba in the role of the lion. This is by no means a fearsome beast, but rather an amiable, Shavian creature. Both the army and the musicians of the Great King were equally tame. Possibly the composer intended to be ironical about these ancient times.

Nor was there much to move us to gratitude in the opening item, which had been introduced by Dr. Koussevitzky four years before. This is pleasant, harmless music, which would be even more agreeable if it were a little livelier.

The "Alpine" Symphony necessarily profited by contrast with what had preceded it. Strauss at all events knows how to say what he has to say. What a pity that he has not more to communicate. There are passages of extraordinary and characteristic beauty in these pages. But the pages are too many. There is too much repetition of banal material. The introduction of the cow-bells and the wind-machine is peculiarly offensive because so especially needless in the case of a surpassingly brilliant orchestrator. Yet it is surprisingly easy to listen for 50 minutes to Strauss's orchestra; and in this score there is plenty of opportunity to renew acquaintance with old and well loved friends, notably "Till" and "Rosenkavalier."

On March 21, the orchestra begins its six-day festival of the music of Johannes Brahms.

L. A. S.

BRITAIN AND CHILE TO HAVE EMBASSIES

By Radio from Monitor Bureau

LONDON — The Government, in recognition of the growing importance of Anglo-South American trade, has announced that the British representative in Chile will in the future be an Ambassador instead of a Minister as hitherto, and that an Ambassador from Chile will similarly be received at His Majesty's Court in London.

This announcement places Chile on the same diplomatic footing here as Argentina and Brazil.

Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky, Strauss and Alpine Ascent

With the "Bas Reliefs" of Martelli for Novelty On the Way

Trans Mar 15

DR. KOUSSEVITZKY is nothing if not loyal to the children of his brain. Few of the new works which he introduces do not come in for repetition at some time or other; all but the most insignificant are kept in the permanent repertory of the orchestra. Thus yesterday the program was made up entirely of works which had their first hearing under the present conductor. Chief of them was that product of Richard Strauss's old age, the "Alpine Symphony." With it came Steinberg's arrangement of Galliard's Sonata in G major. Both were introduced to the symphony concerts originally in December, 1925. To them for novelty of the week was added Henri Martelli's suite, "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs." When Strauss wrote his Alpine Symphony in 1915 it was the first time he attempted orchestral music since the "Domestica" of 1904, the first time he attempted orchestral nature music since the early "From Italy" of 1886. Many there were who had assumed that after the writing of the operatic works intervening in the years after "Domestica," Strauss would not again turn to purely symphonic music.

In the Alpine Symphony he is as detailedly programmatic as never before. Where previously in most of his symphonic works Strauss has been content to throw out hints as to the program, in this work he outlines in detail the course which he expects the listener to follow with him. It is to be less a description of the mountains than an ascent to a high peak unnamed. His symphony might well be called "The Day of a Mountain Climber." Early this party arises. It is yet night. We are in the brooding atmosphere just before dawn. A glorious sunrise bursts upon us. The ascent begins. At the beginning one thinks or sees little of mountains. One enters a forest not so different from any other forest, a forest which one might enter down on the plain.

As in any forest one wanders beside a brook; a waterfall is conveniently handy to enliven things; one sees—and hears—"scenery" of which details remain unspecified (was there ever a traveller able to describe or even name all the "scenery" he saw on a given trip?); this scenery gives way to more usual flowering paths; and the flowering paths lead into a mountain pasture, presumably on a plateau somewhere on the side of the mountain. But pastoral and pastural scenes need not detain one forever. At the heights gained there is no longer a definite path to lead the wanderer farther. He must continue through thicket and underbrush. He is rewarded; he emerges on a glacier. A great view spreads out before him once he is beyond the line of vegetation. But it is short-lived. A fog rises and obscures the vision. Our climber gives way to elegiac feelings. An ominous stillness surrounds him. He becomes suspicious of these mountains. Yes, it is true, he is caught in a mountain storm. Thunderings and reverberations, wind and rain he must somehow endure. He descends again. In the valley he finds peace. No storms here. He is permitted to view a sunset. He sinks into the sounds of night.—One thing Strauss does not tell us, perhaps with wise discretion: how high up the mountain is his glacier from which his traveller sees a vision, beyond which the storm prevents him from climbing? There is no hint that it is a mountain-top. Perhaps then it is unfair for critics to fail to find mountain-tops in the music! The miserable rain prevents the climber—and the composer—from reaching those much desired peaks.

Strauss paints from a huge orchestral pallette. To the large orchestra in common use he must add a heckelphone, four tenor tubas, wind machine, thunder machine, and cowbells. And not content with all this, he recommends that machines be used for sustaining the tones of some of the wind instruments beyond the length of breath of the players. Nor does Strauss assemble all these forces without cause. No one is better able than he to paint huge panoramic canvasses. His powers with his orchestra have by no means diminished in this score. The thunderstorm is a masterpiece of realism. As such it may hold its own with many another scene in Straussan works—the bleating of sheep in "Don Quixote" and the battle music in "Heldenleben," to cite only two. And the musical value is approximately the same in all these cases. Further, there are moments of true grandeur when the vision bursts upon the traveller on the side of his Alp. Much of the music of the forest and the country side is poetic and very finely wrought. Many of the themes which seem insignificant on paper or in the study, fit admirably into the scheme of things when heard in their proper place in the orchestra.

All this to the credit side of the ledger. To look upon this page need not be to ignore also the existence of a debit page. For with all its good points the Alpine Symphony may not quite hold its own with the finest of the earlier tone poems —"Till Eulenspiegel," to give only a single example. For one thing, Strauss falls into that chief sign of approaching age, he becomes reminiscent in the Alpine Symphony. One seems to hear references to certain of the composer's own earlier works here and there. Memories of Wagner are not entirely absent. Other composers are in evidence. The references are slight. In the Strauss in the days of his undimmed maturity one never encountered them. As a second entry on this debit page one must write the fact that there are long stretches in which very little seems to be happening. The significant portions of the work are by them needlessly interrupted. Performance yesterday afternoon left nothing to be desired. In the nobler portions of the work it was eloquent. In the weaker portions it favored the ageing Strauss.

Beginning the program Dr. Koussevitzky and his men played the delightful sonata of Galliard. Through a Lento, an Allegro non troppo, an Andante teneramente, an Allegro spiritoso it runs. Much sustained beauty lies in the melodies of the slow movements. And one admired the spirit and the verve of the fast movements, particularly the last. Once again came the reflection that a forgotten past must hold much music, awaiting a re-awakening, which would give pleasure to a receptive present. Once again one feels grateful to the conductor for his share in uncovering so much worth-while music of this past.

For new piece Dr. Koussevitzky played from manuscript the suite of four "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs" of Henri Martelli. They represent a "genius" with the body of a man and head of an eagle; a dance before a personage of some importance; a lion and his mate; the army and musicians of King Ashur-bani-pal. The first is little more than prelude to the rest. The incongruity of the respective parts of the body of the monster represented M. Martelli seems to conjure up by successions of chords equally incongruous. The dance repeats a well rhythmed accompaniment figure, over which winds play pale and tenuous melodies. The snarlings of the wild beasts Dr. Koussevitzky wisely softened and "idealized." This third movement yielded also a solo for bass tuba of no little interest and effectiveness. The fourth is the only movement of "long breath." Stirringly move the warriors through the musical picture. Subtly the musicians play their tunes. Climactic ending could hardly have been better planned.

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70

Assyrian Reliefs, Parisian's Music

Trans. Mar 13

TO the Symphony Concerts of this week Dr. Koussevitzky introduces another new work, and with it a young composer as yet unheard in these parts. The composer is Henri Martelli and his piece is entitled "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs," Mr. Martelli was born in 1895 at Bastia, a seaport town on the north-eastern coast of the island of Corsica. He went to Paris to the Conservatory in 1912. His teachers in harmony, counterpoint, fugue and composition were Jules Moquet and Charles-Marie Widor. His own introduction of himself stretches no further.

All manner of subjects have attracted composers as sources of suggestion for their music: poetry, of course; pictures occasionally, as for example Boecklin's "Isle of the Dead." Some of the modernists, as Stravinsky or Prokofiev, have also gone back to primtive days in the existence of mankind for material for musical treatment. One does not recall another case, however, in which a composer bases his music on primtive art. Mr. Martelli, in his "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs," has in mind three definite fragments of ancient Assyrian sculpture in the Louvre.

I. "Génie ailé a têt d'aigle devant la plante sacrée." (Modéré). King Ashurnasir-pal, who reigned over Assyria from 884-860 B. C., built many palaces notably the palace of Nimrod at ancient Kalakh. Here was discovered, among others, a bas-relief representing a "genius" with the two wings and the head of an eagle. The relief relates also to the cult of the sacred tree. A picture of the fragment discloses a creature with legs, trunk and arms human. The head and wings are those of a large bird with a huge beak. This 'genius" is standing upright; its left hand holds an object which may possibly be a pail. Before it one sees an arrangement of standards and groupings of leaves which might conceivably represent a highly conventionalized tree, but which, more likely, pictures a vine supported by a pillar. The right arm of the hybrid being is extended as if in the act of plucking the single bunch of grapes (?) which the vine or branch supports.

Assyric Relief

II. Dause. (Modérémentanimé). The composer furnishes neither programmatic suggestion nor reference to any particular bas-relief.

III. "Lion et lionne dans leur repaire." (Lent). This bas-relief, which dates from the time of Ashur-bani-pal (King of Assyria 668-626 B. C.), was part of the scultural decoration of the palace of Kouyoundjick of ancient Niniveh. It represents a lioness stretched out full length at the foot of a tree. A lion with a very long mane stands erect before her. The fragment is broken in such a way that the head of the lion cannot be seen.

IV. "L'armée d'Assourbanipal et ses Musiciens." (Animé). This bas-relief is part of the decoration of the same palace at Nineveh. There are four rows of characters above each other. At bottom, a single warrior on horseback, possibly the great king himself? In the row above, four figures with various implements of war, one on horseback. In the third row are two horses and the groom (?) at the right, four musicians with cymbals and harps at the left. The upper row shows a procession of nine musicians, probably pictured in the act of singing.

Mr. Martelli's orchestra is the large modern orchestra and the idiom a modern chromatic idiom. The first "relief" is rather fully orchestrated and curiously wrought. The second is lighter, with graceful solo-passages in wind instruments and strings, mainly indicating rhythmic figures. The third, of the two lions, is full of growlings and rumblings and snarlings in low voiced instruments. There is even a solo for tuba. Mr. Martelli has apparently chosen to treat his subject realistically The last "relief", by far the longest of the four, is cast into three divisions, the third a repetition of the first, and both brilliantly scored and aggressively rhythmed. A middle section, by way of contrast, abounds in subtle and graceful effects. The dance-spirit prevails.

A. H. M.

Beethoven f-

SYMPHONY IN ONLY THREE NUMBERS

Amer Mar 13

By MOSES SMITH

THE program of this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is overweighted at the bottom. Although the list includes only three pieces, and takes a bare hour and a half for performance, almost an hour of this time is consumed by the last number, Strauss' "Alpine" Symphony, which Boston first heard a little more than four years ago.

The novelty—and what is a Boston Symphony program without a novelty?—is a piece called "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs" by one Henri Martelli, contemporary Parisian composer. He is inspired by four bas-reliefs, which have come down to modern times and which are said to have adorned Assyrian royal halls. They give the titles, and presumably furnish mood and program, for the four parts of this composition: "A Winged Jinnee with the Head of an Eagle Before the Sacred Tree," "Dance," "Lion and Lioness in their Lair" and "The Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal."

Perhaps with photographs of these reliefs furnished them, the listeners might have ben able to make something out of Martelli's music. As it was they were mystified—and so, let us hasten to add, were we. Our objection is not to the noisiness of the score, for modern ears have become long-suffering. But this noise is not music. It is an ineffectual substitute for the one thing that vitalizes music—original, forceful ideas. Not all the orchestral skill, rhythmic devices, or various tricks of the trade can compensate for this lack.

Strauss' lengthy tonal discourse on a mountain-climb is amazingly uneven music. Some of it is the great Strauss inheritor of the robe of the great line of German composers. Much of it is the turgid bombast of an absurdly inflated orchestra, or inconsequential padding. Yet it is good to hear for what it contains of the great Strauss, who is often a quiet Strauss. When he puffs loudest, as in the storm, he succeeds merely in being boresome.

The opening number is Maximilian Steinberg's free version of a sonata in G major by Galliard. The performances of the various pieces by Mr. Koussevitsky and his orchestra are less effective than usually.

...ny Orchestra, Serge ...onductor.

MARCH 15, 1930

Monitor

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The eighteenth program of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of March 14, follows:

Galliard, Sonata in G major (Freely transcribed for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg).
Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs.
Strauss, An Alpine Symphony, op. 64.

Martelli's music received at this concert its first performance in the United States. It is a symphonic suite in four parts, each inspired, the composer said in a program note, by a bas-relief with a particular subject. The pictures here musically translated represent "A Winged Jinnee with the Head of an Eagle before the Sacred Tree," "A Dance before a Personage Seated," "Lion and Lioness in Their Lair" and "The Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal."

Henri Martelli was born in Corsica 35 years ago and lives in Paris, where he received his musical education and where he has had other works produced. If the present suite could have been heard 20 years ago it might have made a greater impression, but in that time Stravinsky and Prokofieff have made it difficult to appreciate other composers' efforts to depict prehistoric or early historical periods. Nor does the translation of pictures into tone justify itself in this instance. It is well known that one of the characteristics of the music of the East is monotony. This quality the composer has succeeded in preserving. The third movement gives opportunity for a solo number with the bass tuba in the role of the lion. This is by no means a fearsome beast, but rather an amiable, Shavian creature. Both the army and the musicians of the Great King were equally tame. Possibly the composer intended to be ironical about these ancient times.

Nor was there much to move us to gratitude in the opening item, which had been introduced by Dr. Koussevitzky four years before. This is pleasant, harmless music, which would be even more agreeable if it were a little livelier.

The "Alpine" Symphony necessarily profited by contrast with what had preceded it. Strauss at all events knows how to say what he has to say. What a pity that he has not more to communicate. There are passages of extraordinary and characteristic beauty in these pages. But the pages are too many. There is too much repetition of banal material. The introduction of the cow-bells and the wind-machine is peculiarly offensive because so especially needless in the case of a surpassingly brilliant orchestrator. Yet it is surprisingly easy to listen for 50 minutes to Strauss's orchestra: and in this score there is plenty of opportunity to renew acquaintance with old and well loved friends, notably "Till" and "Rosenkavalier."

On March 21, the orchestra begins its six-day festival of the music of Johannes Brahms.

L. A. S.

BRITAIN AND CHILE TO HAVE EMBASSIES

By Radio from Monitor Bureau

LONDON—The Government, in recognition of the growing importance of Anglo-South American trade, has announced that the British representative in Chile will in the future be an Ambassador instead of a Minister as hitherto, and that an Ambassador from Chile will similarly be received at His Majesty's Court in London.

This announcement places Chile on the same diplomatic footing here as Argentina and Brazil.

Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky, Strauss and Alpine Ascent

With the "Bas Reliefs" of Martelli for Novelty On the Way

Trans Mar 15

DR. KOUSSEVITZKY is nothing if not loyal to the children of his brain. Few of the new works which he introduces do not come in for repetition at some time or other; all but the most insignificant are kept in the permanent repertory of the orchestra. Thus yesterday the program was made up entirely of works which had their first hearing under the present conductor. Chief of them was that product of Richard Strauss's old age, the "Alpine Symphony." With it came Steinberg's arrangement of Galliard's Sonata in G major. Both were introduced to the symphony concerts originally in December, 1925. To them for novelty of the week was added Henri Martelli's suite, "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs." When Strauss wrote his Alpine Symphony in 1915 it was the first time he attempted orchestral music since the "Domestica" of 1904, the first time he attempted orchestral nature music since the early "From Italy" of 1886. Many there were who had assumed that after the writing of the operatic works intervening in the years after "Domestica," Strauss would not again turn to purely symphonic music.

In the Alpine Symphony he is as detailedly programmatic as never before. Where previously in most of his symphonic works Strauss has been content to throw out hints as to the program, in this work he outlines in detail the course which he expects the listener to follow with him. It is to be less a description of the mountains than an ascent to a high peak unnamed. His symphony might well be called "The Day of a Mountain Climber." Early this party arises. It is yet night. We are in the brooding atmosphere just before dawn. A glorious sunrise bursts upon us. The ascent begins. At the beginning one thinks or sees little of mountains. One enters a forest not so different from any other forest, a forest which one might enter down on the plain.

As in any forest one wanders beside a brook; a waterfall is conveniently handy to enliven things; one sees—and hears—"scenery" of which details remain unspecified (was there ever a traveller able to describe or even name all the "scenery" he saw on a given trip?); this scenery gives way to more usual flowering paths; and the flowering paths lead into a mountain pasture, presumably on a plateau somewhere on the side of the mountain. But pastoral and pastural scenes need not detain one forever. At the heights gained there is no longer a definite path to lead the wanderer farther. He must continue through thicket and underbrush. He is rewarded; he emerges on a glacier. A great view spreads out before him once he is beyond the line of vegetation. But it is short-lived. A fog rises and obscures the vision. Our climber gives way to elegiac feelings. An ominous stillness surrounds him. He becomes suspicious of these mountains. Yes, it is true, he is caught in a mountain storm. Thunderings and reverberations, wind and rain he must somehow endure. He descends again. In the valley he finds peace. No storms here. He is permitted to view a sunset. He sinks into the sounds of night.—One thing Strauss does not tell us, perhaps with wise discretion: how high up the mountain is his glacier from which his traveller sees a vision, beyond which the storm prevents him from climbing? There is no hint that it is a mountain-top. Perhaps then it is unfair for critics to fail to find mountain-tops in the music! The miserable rain prevents the climber—and the composer—from reaching those much desired peaks.

Strauss paints from a huge orchestral pallette. To the large orchestra in common use he must add a heckelphone, four tenor tubas, wind machine, thunder machine, and cowbells. And not content with all this, he recommends that machines be used for sustaining the tones of some of the wind instruments beyond the length of breath of the players. Nor does Strauss assemble all these forces without cause. No one is better able than he to paint huge panoramic canvasses. His powers with his orchestra have by no means diminished in this score. The thunderstorm is a masterpiece of realism. As such it may hold its own with many another scene in Straussan works—the bleating of sheep in "Don Quixote" and the battle music in "Heldenleben," to cite only two. And the musical value is approximately the same in all these cases. Further, there are moments of true grandeur when the vision bursts upon the traveller on the side of his Alp. Much of the music of the forest and the country side is poetic and very finely wrought. Many of the themes which seem insignificant on paper or in the study, fit admirably into the scheme of things when heard in their proper place in the orchestra.

All this to the credit side of the ledger. To look upon this page need not be to ignore also the existence of a debit page. For with all its good points the Alpine Symphony may not quite hold its own with the finest of the earlier tone poems—"Till Eulenspiegel," to give only a single example. For one thing, Strauss falls into that chief sign of approaching age, he becomes reminiscent in the Alpine Symphony. One seems to hear references to certain of the composer's own earlier works here and there. Memories of Wagner are not entirely absent. Other composers are in evidence. The references are slight. In the Strauss in the days of his undimmed maturity one never encountered them. As a second entry on this debit page one must write the fact that there are long stretches in which very little seems to be happening. The significant portions of the work are by them needlessly interrupted. Performance yesterday afternoon left nothing to be desired. In the nobler portions of the work it was eloquent. In the weaker portions it favored the ageing Strauss.

Beginning the program Dr. Koussevitzky and his men played the delightful sonata of Galliard. Through a Lento, an Allegro non troppo, an Andante teneramente, an Allegro spiritoso it runs. Much sustained beauty lies in the melodies of the slow movements. And one admired the spirit and the verve of the fast movements, particularly the last. Once again came the reflection that a forgotten past must hold much music, awaiting a re-awakening, which would give pleasure to a receptive present. Once again one feels grateful to the conductor for his share in uncovering so much worth-while music of this past.

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REDUCTION

RATIO

14x

PM-MGP 13″x18″
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

200 mm

150 mm

100 mm

A3

A4

A5

1.0 mm

1.5 mm

2.0 mm

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MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G Major; Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs; Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.

Martelli's Suite was performed for the first time in this country. It was said that the performance yesterday was the first anywhere but in the note furnished by the composer, this Suite is included in the list of compositions that have been performed "many times in Paris and in the French provinces." Now the Suite was composed in 1928; it has certainly not been performed as yet by any one of the leading orchestras of Paris.

Martelli, a Corsican by birth, studied at the Paris Conservatory and now lives in Paris. He is 35 years old; he must have passed the yeasty period as a composer. Although educated musically in Paris, he apparently has not been influenced by the French school that insists on clarity even in impressionistic works and on a certain finesse in harmonic schemes and in orchestration. Perhaps these desirable characteristics are revealed in his other compositions; no doubt he thought that an Assyrian subject demanded a more or less barbaric treatment; but the Assyrians though they delighted in noisy music were far from being barbarians; on the contrary their culture was noteworthy. There may be a Corsican school of music unknown to us, which influenced Martelli in his youth. It would have been an impossible task for him to reproduce veritable musical effects as the Assyrians produced them and enjoyed them. He simply endeavored to translate into tones four bas-reliefs that had impressed him as Liszt and others attempted to do the same with pictures.

The four movements of his Suite, all of them short, were suggested by a winged Jinnee, or spirit good or evil, eagle-headed before the Sacred Tree; a Dance before a personage seated, crowned by a tiara and robed in an embroidered tunic; a Lion and a Lioness in their Lair; and for a finale, the Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal, a mighty man in his day and generation.

It is a pity that before each movement a photograph of the suggesting bas relief could not have been thrown upon a screen. Then some in the audience after each orchestral transcription could have said "Marvellous! Marvellous"; others exclaiming "Not a bit like it." It would be easy to say that Martelli had set himself an impossible task; it is only just to reply that the music showed imagination, which, after all, is indispensable to a composition purposing to be pictorial; if the different movements were to some musically crude from a technical standpoint, or, while showing a certain skill, only affectedly eccentric, should they be hastily dismissed as vain and impotent? The question is not whether this music is truly Assyrian—for who knows the precise nature of the music, except that the tonal scheme was founded on mathematical relations of planets as formulated by astrologers and astronomers? The question is this; putting aside any thought of race or nation, did the music by itself, without any association, impress the senses or the mind?

Personally we answer "yes," but no two hearers are affected in exactly the same manner except by an exciting rhythm. The tavern music that made one man merry, another mad, aroused in Sir Thomas Browne a deep spirit of devotion. Martelli's Dance, with its hypnotic rhythmic monotony, its wild snatches of melody haunts the memory. As for the lion, one might say as Demetrius at the play of "Pyramus and Thisby," performed by the hardhanded man of Athens, "Well roar'd, lion." And there were passages in the Finale—but not in the conventional March section—that were much more than ingenious.

The music by Galliard—tinkered adriotly and enlarged in its proportions by Steinberg—is delightful in its gaiety, also in the suavity of the third movement. The lively pace taken by Dr. Kousevitzky in the first Allegro, although the indication reads Allegro non troppo, displayed the remarkable technical proficiency of the orchestra. Although Galliard was of French parentage and educated musically by Italians living in Germany before he made London his home, how English this music is in the jollity of the fast movements. Simple, direct as this Sonata is, is it not more truly music than the bombastic Symphony by Strauss, superbly performed as this Alpine adventure was? An Alpine symphony. It and its composer remind one of Reuben Pettingill of Waterbury, Me., as described by Artemus Ward:

"He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

"With that simple weapon he could make from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. He carved excellent soldiers also.

"I remember his masterpiece.

"It was 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.'

"Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps."

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The Brahms Festival will begin with the concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21, and Saturday evening, March 22. Academic Festival Overture. Symphony No. 3, F major. Symphony No. 2, D major.

LAURA HUXTABLE PORTER

In Full Symphonic Measure, Unstinted

Trans.—Mar 14

TWO symphonies, a concerto, and an orchestralized Prelude and Fugue of Bach all on one program! A recasting of the listener's impressions at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge, last evening, offers so many angles of approach and recalls so many occasions for enthusiasm that it is difficult to find a proper beginning. The delicate playing of Miss Lucille Monaghan in the solo part for Mozart's Concerto in C major for Pianoforte and Orchestra (K. 467) comes first to mind because the audience received it with such delight and because personalities always figure prominently in any public occasion. Then follows the engrossing individuality of the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius. Then the brightness of Haydn's Symphony "with the horn call." Finally, the magnificent coloring of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat as transcribed for orchestra by Arnold Schönberg. The order is easily altered with Sibelius first and Schönberg second, depending upon the fancy of the moment.

No doubt the first portion of the program, which was devoted to Haydn and Mozart, held so much pleasure for many because it opposed itself to the present tendency of hardness in all things. In the very antiquity of this music resided the fountain of its freshness. And had Mozart himself been present he would have rejoiced in Miss Monaghan's playing of the solo part in his concerto. It was playing of uncommon lightness and grace. Miss Monaghan cares little for styles and tendencies, ancient or modern; cultivates neither the Lisztian vigors of the romantic age nor the austerities of modern fashion. Her performance receives judgment for its inherent merit alone. Her rhythm is crisp, sensitive, unerring; her touch of exceptional delicacy and refinement—a touch of such outstanding perfection as to command for her a distinctive place among the young pianists of the day. One would be inclined to say that tones so finely cut would fail to penetrate the enshrouding orchestra. On the contrary, they came through with unmistakable clarity and sweetness and without seeming effort. Dr. Koussevitzky's painstaking solicitude in refining instrumental lines was of course of great assistance here. Conductor, orchestra and audience hung on the unfolding of the Mozartean design as they might attend the gradual disclosure of a vista of natural beauty or a new artistic delight. The Concerto is notably one of the loveliest among Mozart's extended works and the performance throughout was marked for the qualities of sympathy and discernment. For all concerned the audience sustained its applause and thrice recalled Miss Monaghan.

What can be more Mozartean than Mozart? Haydn. The solution to the enigma is disclosed in the Symphony "with the horn call." The audience of last evening enjoyed this new-old piece as keenly as the audience at Symphony Hall. The fresh melodies and the amiable mood produced their unfailing spell. The solo parts were naturally among the interesting features of the work and the skillful instrumentalists of the orchestra received their due recognition.

Sibelius still needs many converts. While an ardent minority in the audience eagerly attended each new tonal disclosure, marvelled at the strangeness of effect achieved by such economic means, delighted in the impression of "a third dimension in sound" similar to the plasticity of a sculptor's modeling clay, the music appeared in an idiom too unfamiliar to be enjoyed by the preponderant majority, who favor old sounds because they are old. The strange and the unfamiliar often occasion wonder but not always admiration. In "Schönberg's ingenuous scoring of Bach's Prelude and Fugue, the idiom is still the same and the effect is therefore received with favor.

N. M. J.

Amusements

SATURDAY MORNING

SYMPHONY CONCERT A DELIGHT

Three Contrasting Pieces Make Up the List

Post Mar 15

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although Dr. Koussevitzky labors over his programmes, often subjecting them to a double or triple revision, the result not infrequently suggests expediency rather than design. But the list that he prepared for the Symphony Concerts of this week, though it seemed on paper a haphazard grouping of incongruous elements, proved in performance to have been shrewdly contrived.

BUT THREE NUMBERS

There was first the delightful violoncello Sonata of Galliard, as arranged for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg, that Dr. Koussevitzky introduced to us in 1925. To it succeeded a set of four "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs," by the Corsican-born Henri Martelli, otherwise unknown to the United States; and Strauss' huge "Alpine Symphony" made the rest, and also the bulk, of the concert.

Galliard's Sonata was beautifully played yesterday, and once more caused the listener to reflect upon the high level to which the art of musical composition attained in the 18th century, when even one of the lesser of the lesser lights could write music such as this: so freshly and charmingly invented, so perfect in form.

An Engrossing Novelty

Not too convincing, on the whole, have been Dr. Koussevitzky's novel pieces, whether native or foreign, in the season now entering upon its fourth quarter; but these "Bas-Reliefs" of Martelli, proved a pleasing exception to this rule. Here is a composer possessed of ideas and imagination and of the requisite technical skill, who can establish a mood with his opening measures and maintain it to the end. There is Oriental color in these tone pictures, but the note is not forced. It is more by purely musical than by obviously descriptive means that Martelli conjures up his vision of a vanished civilization.

The performance evidenced the care that Dr. Koussevitzky always bestows upon any music that he undertakes to conduct; and the suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Sidow, who had so successfully handled the important part for tuba in the third movement, "Lion and Lioness In Their Lair," was obliged to take a "soloist's bow."

Strauss' "Alpine"

Three times now has Dr. Koussevitzky played "An Alpine Symphony" at a pair of subscription concerts, and with each repetition there has been a gain in the unity of impression made by a long and complex work and in the eloquence with which each episode has been set forth. Of the piece itself there is little now to say, though since Dr. Koussevitzky was the one who made it known to Boston, it is far less familiar to us than any of the Straussian tone-poems, save only the youthful "Macbeth," unheard here for many years.

The most objective and pictorial, the most continuously descriptive of them all. "An Alpine Symphony" stands, perhaps, on a lower plane than the rest. And yet, who but Strauss could have filled so large a canvas with such a grasp of the fundamental principles of musical architecture or with such a flow and fund of invention—granting that the themes have not quite the saliency of those in the earlier tone-poems? And if there are episodes, like those of the hunting-horns and the cowbells, that savor of a realism overnaive and ingenuous, there are pages in this colossal work of a genuine nobility and exaltation. There are the measures that celebrate the completion of the ascent; there is the poetic peroration.

Nor should the scoring, that includes every dynamic degree from the faintest whisper to an earth-shaking fortissimo, go without its usual need of praise. In "An Alpine Symphony" Strauss is seen at the height of his extraordinary powers as an orchestrator.

CH 15, 1930 Gl Globe

NEW 'BAS RELIEFS' AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Martelli's Work Heard First Time in America

Strauss' "Alpine Symphony," Galliard's Sonata Complete Program

The novelty on yesterday's Symphony concert program was "Assyrian Bas Reliefs," a suite by Henri Martelli, a native of Corsica now living in Paris. Steinberg's free transcription for orchestra of a sonata by John Ernest Galliard, and Strauss' "Alpine Symphony," completed a miscellaneous program which took some 20 minutes less than the usual time to perform. The addition of a familiar and popular classic overture would no doubt have pleased the many listeners to whom the only good music is familiar music.

Martelli, now in his 30s, is French by citizenship and by training, despite his Italian name. He found inspiration for his "Bas Reliefs" in four fragments of Assyrian sculpture, depicting (1) "A winged Jinnee with the head of an eagle before the sacred tree"; (2) "A dance before a seated personage"; (3) "Lion and Lioness in their lair," and (4) "The army and musicians of Ashurbanipal." The work was written in 1928, and played yesterday for the first time in America.

Martelli's music has an unforced originality of style, and considerable imaginative power. The scoring for orchestra is unusual, with ingenious percussion effects, and no attempt to deafen the audience with perpetual sonorities. The lion, represented by a solo tuba, roars at moments with a hint of the naive naturalism of Haydn's "Creation." The dissonances, unrelieved by consonant harmonies, have the monotony and something of the crudity one associates with primitive and barbaric art. Martelli is obviously a composer of greater significance than most of the new names which so frequently figure on Dr Koussevitzsky's programs. More of his music should be heard here.

Strauss' "Alpine Symphony" has commonly been regarded, even in Germany, as a relative failure, likely to be forgotten in a few years, though "Till Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" and "Der Rosenkavalier" will insure the composer lasting fame. Yesterday's performance, on which Dr Koussevitzky lavished his most painstaking eloquence, did not reverse the unfavorable opinion one formed of this grandiose and chaotic work when it was first heard here in 1925.

It goes without saying that Strauss is a master of every device a composer can employ to manufacture something the unwary listener may take for a great work. The themes, insignificant in themselves, are worked out with amazing skill. The scoring for a huge orchestra, which includes every conceivable instrument from organ to cowbells, is superb. But only in certain passages that echo the earlier and greater Strauss is this symphony emotionally impressive. At the rest the listener's intellect may marvel, but his heart remains untouched.

Yesterday's concert made one more certain than ever that "progress music," music that attempts to tell a story or paint a picture or evoke a definite mood in the listener, is based on a misconception of the true limits of the art. Music, like mathematics, does not and cannot copy or represent the world in which we live, and in which the painters, the sculptors and the poets find their materials. It is a world in itself, a new universe to which men turn for a consolation and a hope too often denied them elsewhere.

The power of such pieces of "program music" as Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan," or, to speak of lesser things, of Martelli's "Bas Reliefs," lies in the music, not in the artificial and labored attempts to direct the current of the listener's imagination toward particular objects. To admit these truth about music is not to deny, but rather to enhance its emotional and imaginative appeal. Is there any poem or any painting which could be used to add to the effect of the allegretto of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony? The meaning of such music as that cannot be put into words or onto painted canvas.

Even such an inferior piece of music as yesterday's pretty but inconsequential sonata by Galliard, exhumed at Dr Koussevitsky's request by Steinberg, and freely arranged for orchestra, gains rather than loses by the absence of a "program" telling one what to see and what to feel while listening. This sonata, played with a somber intensity, a broadening and swelling of its phrases not in keeping with the 18th century, was appealing and effective.

Next week's program, all from Brahms, belongs to the Brahms Festival. It includes his second and third symphonies, and the "Academic Festival" overture. This time the Friday and Saturday subscribers will hear the same program, something not hitherto Dr Koussevitsky's practice at festivals.

P. R.

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New Piquancy Given to Galliard's G Major Sonata

Traveler Mar 15

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For the delightful simplicity of early 18th century melodies, Mr. Steinberg has used an interesting development, and their charm and delicacy were still further enhanced as the orchestra played them yesterday. Particularly in the last movement, with its decidedly and inexplainably Celtic strain, were the strains of this old air given a new piquancy.

Thence the orchestra proceeded to another of the season's musical novelties. With the provocative title, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs, Henri Martelli has provided a group of four tone pictures. The gist of his material may be deduced from the title of the first of the group, "A Winged Jinnee with the Head of an Eagle Before the Sacred Tree." With his usual skill a interpreting the newest ideas of our newest composers, Dr. Koussevitsky did his best to lend a meaning to this strange discordant group. The "Dance," following the first theme had, to be sure, a strongly marked rhythm, depending largely for its effect on the percussion instruments, whose players were asked to rise at the conclusion of the number.

Although the program carefully annotates the pictorial idea back of Mr. Martelli's work, and although the realistic roars of the lion and lioness in their lair are indubitably present, there were those in the audience who found themselves entirely out of sympathy with the weird harmonies and complex instrumentalization. They present interesting musical matter, perhaps, but for those who would hear more sustained tone, their brevity proved welcome. Yesterday's audience received them apathetically.

There was a good deal more enthusiasm for the Strauss Alpine Symphony which took up the latter half of the program. Again in one movement, with the program set forth by the composer himself, this favored work of one of the most eminent of living composers, depicts a pastoral scene in all its beauty. For his inspiration Strauss went back to nature, even to including the tinkling bells of the mountain flocks in the "Mountain Pasture" theme. With muted strings, a fanfare of muted trumpets and flowing melody, the symphony takes the listener from "Night" to "Night" again. An appreciative audience, in a more receptive mood, perhaps, because of the preceding novelty, listened attentively and applauded warmly.

the peasants enter collective associations only when they demand it.

JEWISH VETERANS

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G Major; Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs; Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.

Martelli's Suite was performed for the first time in this country. It was said that the performance yesterday was the first anywhere but in the note furnished by the composer, this Suite is included in the list of compositions that have been performed "many times in Paris and in the French provinces." Now the Suite was composed in 1928; it has certainly not been performed as yet by any one of the leading orchestras of Paris.

Martelli, a Corsican by birth, studied at the Paris Conservatory and now lives in Paris. He is 35 years old; he must have passed the yeasty period as a composer. Although educated musically in Paris, he apparently has not been influenced by the French school that insists on clarity even in impressionistic works and on a certain finesse in harmonic schemes and in orchestration. Perhaps these desirable characteristics are revealed in his other compositions; no doubt he thought that an Assyrian subject demanded a more or less barbaric treatment; but the Assyrians though they delighted in noisy music were far from being barbarians; on the contrary their culture was noteworthy. There may be a Corsican school of music unknown to us, which influenced Martelli in his youth. It would have been an impossible task for him to reproduce veritable musical effects as the Assyrians produced them and enjoyed them. He simply endeavored to translate into tones four bas-reliefs that had impressed him as Liszt and others attempted to do the same with pictures.

The four movements of his Suite, all of them short, were suggested by a winged Jinnee, or spirit good or evil, eagle-headed before the Sacred Tree; a Dance before a personage seated, crowned by a tiara and robed in an embroidered tunic; a Lion and a Lioness in their Lair; and for a finale, the Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal, a mighty man in his day and generation.

It is a pity that before each movement a photograph of the suggesting bas relief could not have been thrown upon a screen. Then some in the audience after each orchestral transcription could have said "Marvellous! Marvellous"; others exclaiming "Not a bit like it." It would be easy to say that Martelli had set himself an impossible task; it is only just to reply that the music showed imagination, which, after all, is indispensable to a composition purposing to be pictorial; if the different movements were to some musically crude from a technical standpoint, or, while showing a certain skill, only affectedly eccentric, should they be hastily dismissed as vain and impotent? The question is not whether this music is truly Assyrian—for who knows the precise nature of the music, except that the tonal scheme was founded on mathematical relations of planets as formulated by astrologers and astronomers? The question is this; putting aside any thought of race or nation, did the music by itself, without any association, impress the senses or the mind?

Personally we answer "yes," but no two hearers are affected in exactly the same manner except by an exciting rhythm. The tavern music that made one man merry, another mad, aroused in Sir Thomas Browne a deep spirit of devotion. Martelli's Dance, with its hypnotic rhythmic monotony, its wild snatches of melody haunts the memory. As for the lion, one might say as Demetrius at the play of "Pyramus and Thisby," performed by the hardhanded man of Athens, "Well roar'd, lion." And there were passages in the Finale —but not in the conventional March section—that were much more than ingenious.

The music by Galliard—tinkered adriotly and enlarged in its proportions by Steinberg—is delightful in its gaiety, also in the suavity of the third movement. The lively pace taken by Dr. Kousevitzky in the first Allegro, although the indication reads Allegro non troppo, displayed the remarkable technical proficiency of the orchestra. Although Galliard was of French parentage and educated musically by Italians living in Germany before he made London his home, how English this music is in the jollity of the fast movements. Simple, direct as this Sonata is; is it not more truly music than the bombastic Symphony by Strauss, superbly performed as this Alpine adventure was? An Alpine symphony. It and its composer remind one of Reuben Pettingill of Waterbury, Me., as described by Artemus Ward:

"He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

"With that simple weapon he could make from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. He carved excellent soldiers also.

"I remember his masterpiece.

"It was 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.'

"Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps."

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The Brahms Festival will begin with the concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21, and Saturday evening, March 22. Academic Festival Overture. Symphony No. 3, F major. Symphony No. 2, D major.

LAURA HUXTABLE PORTER

In Full Symphonic Measure, Unstinted

TWO symphonies, a concerto, and an orchestralized Prelude and Fugue of Bach all on one program! A recasting of the listener's impressions at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge, last evening, offers so many angles of approach and recalls so many occasions for enthusiasm that it is difficult to find a proper beginning. The delicate playing of Miss Lucille Monaghan in the solo part for Mozart's Concerto in C major for Pianoforte and Orchestra (K. 467) comes first to mind because the audience received it with such delight and because personalities always figure prominently in any public occasion. Then follows the engrossing individuality of the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius. Then the brightness of Haydn's Symphony "with the horn call." Finally, the magnificent coloring of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat as transcribed for orchestra by Arnold Schönberg. The order is easily altered, with Sibelius first and Schönberg second, depending upon the fancy of the moment.

No doubt the first portion of the program, which was devoted to Haydn and Mozart, held so much pleasure for many because it opposed itself to the present tendency of hardness in all things. In the very antiquity of this music resided the fountain of its freshness. And had Mozart himself been present he would have rejoiced in Miss Monaghan's playing of the solo part in his concerto. It was playing of uncommon lightness and grace. Miss Monaghan cares little for styles and tendencies, ancient or modern; cultivates neither the Lisztian vigors of the romantic age nor the austerities of modern fashion. Her performance receives judgment for its inherent merit alone. Her rhythm is crisp, sensitive, unerring; her touch of exceptional delicacy and refinement—a touch of such outstanding perfection as to command for her a distinctive place among the young pianists of the day. One would be inclined to say that tones so finely cut would fail to penetrate the enshrouding orchestra. On the contrary, they came through with unmistakable clarity and sweetness and without seeming effort. Dr. Koussevitzky's painstaking solicitude in refining instrumental lines was of course of great assistance here. Conductor, orchestra and audience hung on the unfolding of the Mozartean design as they might attend the gradual disclosure of a vista of natural beauty or a new artistic delight. The Concerto is notably one of the loveliest among Mozart's extended works and the performance throughout was marked for the qualities of sympathy and discernment. For all concerned the audience sustained its applause and thrice recalled Miss Monaghan.

What can be more Mozartean than Mozart? Haydn. The solution to the enigma is disclosed in the Symphony "with the horn call." The audience of last evening enjoyed this new-old piece as keenly as the audience at Symphony Hall. The fresh melodies and the amiable mood produced their unfailing spell. The solo parts were naturally among the interesting features of the work and the skillful instrumentalists of the orchestra received their due recognition.

Sibelius still needs many converts. While an ardent minority in the audience eagerly attended each new tonal disclosure, marvelled at the strangeness of effect achieved by such economic means, delighted in the impression of "a third dimension in sound" similar to the plasticity of a sculptor's modeling clay, the music appeared in an idiom too unfamiliar to be enjoyed by the preponderant majority, who favor old sounds because they are old. The strange and the unfamiliar often occasion wonder but not always admiration. In "Schönberg's ingenuous scoring of Bach's Prelude and Fugue, the idiom is still the same and the effect is therefore received with favor.

N. M. J.

Amusements

SATURDAY MORNING

SYMPHONY CONCERT A DELIGHT

Three Contrasting Pieces Make Up the List

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although Dr. Koussevitzky labors over his programmes, often subjecting them to a double or triple revision, the result not infrequently suggests expediency rather than design. But the list that he prepared for the Symphony Concerts of this week, though it seemed on paper a haphazard grouping of incongruous elements, proved in performance to have been shrewdly contrived.

BUT THREE NUMBERS

There was first the delightful violoncello Sonata of Galliard, as arranged for small orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg, that Dr. Koussevitzky introduced to us in 1925. To it succeeded a set of four "Assyrian Bas-Reliefs," by the Corsican-born Henri Martelli, otherwise unknown to the United States; and Strauss' huge "Alpine Symphony" made the rest, and also the bulk, of the concert.

Galliard's Sonata was beautifully played yesterday, and once more caused the listener to reflect upon the high level to which the art of musical composition attained in the 18th century, when even one of the lesser of the lesser lights could write music such as this: so freshly and charmingly invented, so perfect in form.

An Engrossing Novelty

Not too convincing, on the whole, have been Dr. Koussevitzky's novel pieces, whether native or foreign, in the season now entering upon its fourth quarter; but these "Bas-Reliefs" of Martelli, proved a pleasing exception to this rule. Here is a composer possessed of ideas and imagination and of the requisite technical skill, who can establish a mood with his opening measures and maintain it to the end. There is Oriental color in these tone pictures, but the note is not forced. It is more by purely musical than by obviously descriptive means that Martelli conjures up his vision of a vanished civilization.

The performance evidenced the care that Dr. Koussevitzky always bestows upon any music that he undertakes to conduct; and the suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Sidow, who had so successfully handled the important part for tuba in the third movement, "Lion and Lioness In Their Lair," was obliged to take a "soloist's bow."

Strauss' "Alpine"

Three times now has Dr. Koussevitzky played "An Alpine Symphony" at a pair of subscription concerts, and with each repetition there has been a gain in the unity of impression made by a long and complex work and in the eloquence with which each episode has been set forth. Of the piece itself there is little now to say, though since Dr. Koussevitzky was the one who made it known to Boston, it is far less familiar to us than any of the Straussian tone-poems, save only the youthful "Macbeth," unheard here for many years.

The most objective and pictorial, the most continuously descriptive of them all, "An Alpine Symphony" stands, perhaps, on a lower plane than the rest. And yet, who but Strauss could have filled so large a canvas with such a grasp of the fundamental principles of musical architecture or with such a flow and fund of invention—granting that the themes have not quite the saliency of those in the earlier tone-poems? And if there are episodes, like those of the hunting-horns and the cowbells, that savor of a realism overnaive and ingenuous, there are pages in this colossal work of a genuine nobility and exaltation. There are the measures that celebrate the completion of the ascent; there is the poetic peroration.

Nor should the scoring, that includes every dynamic degree from the faintest whisper to an earth-shaking fortissimo, go without its usual need of praise. In "An Alpine Symphony" Strauss is seen at the height of his extraordinary powers as an orchestrator.

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P. R.

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C AND MUSIC

Boston March

Brahms Festival

A Novelty

Inspired, no doubt, by the great popular and artistic success of the Beethoven festival given to mark the centenary of the composer's death in 1927, Dr Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra begin this Friday and Saturday a series of festival performances of the music of Brahms, in which a number of that master's chief works will be heard.

The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society will assist the orchestra in choral numbers, as they did at the Beethoven festival. The celebrated pianist Schnabel, especially noted for his playing of Brahms, will come from Berlin to take part in the festival. Margaret Matzenauer and other singers will assist. The seat sale has been very large.

The program for the pair of subscription concerts in the regular Friday and Saturday series of this week begins the Brahms festival. This concert is not, unfortunately, to be heard by the general public. Every seat for both Friday and Saturday, except the few hundred "rush" seats in the second balcony on Friday, has been sold for the season. Only the few in the hands of ticket agents, or turned in at Symphony Hall to be sold for the endowment fund of the orchestra by subscribers unable to use them, are to be had.

The four extra concerts beginning next Sunday will really constitute the festival.

Festival Programs

Sunday afternoon, March 23 (a pension fund concert), the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the Second Pianoforte Concerto and the Fourth Symphony in E minor will be given, with Artur Schnabel as soloist.

Monday evening, March 24, the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses will combine with the orchestra in the Song of Destiny and the German Requiem; soloists, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange.

Tuesday evening, March 25, a reduced chorus will present the Liebeslieder Waltzes. Artur Schnabel will give a group of pianoforte pieces, opus 119. Margaret Matzenauer will sing songs, and the Burgin String Quartet, with Artur Schnabel, will present the piano quintet.

Wednesday evening, March 26, the Rhapsody, with male chorus and Mme Matzenauer, will be given. The First Pianoforte Concerto, with Artur Schnabel as soloist, and the First Symphony in C minor will also be presented.

Although Artur Schnabel has made but a few appearances in this country, the German pianist has for many years been esteemed in Europe as one of the finest masters of his art—holding a special reputation as an interpreter of Brahms. Schnabel's only former appearance in Boston was when he played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Bruno Walter as guest conductor, in 1923.

Brahms Now Popular

There is still dispute over the merits of the music of Brahms. To many he is one of the very greatest of composers, to be named with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner. To others he is a much overrated musician, whose work is often dull and labored. In France, Brahms, like Tchaikovsky, has never won widespread popularity or high repute. His position there is akin to that of Mahler and Bruckner in the United States. In Germany, and wherever German musical influence has dominated, Brahms is now recognized as a supreme genius.

In Boston the popularity of his music has been of slow but sure growth. Even as late as 1900 waggish detractors of Brahms could say with some show of truth that the exits of Symphony Hall should be labeled "This way out in case of Brahms." It is a sober fact that audiences used to walk out almost en masse when one of his symphonies was to be played. So they did for the Franck symphony.

Many musicians were of course anti-Brahms because they were so strongly pro-Wagner. The two composers and their followers had professed to despise each other's music. One could not love both Wagner and Brahms until long after both composers were safely dead. Nowadays most people have forgotten the great gulf that once yawned between Wagnerites and Brahmsians. Wagner's music is much of it very popular with concert audiences. So is a good deal of Brahms.

This festival will afford an almost unprecedented opportunity to judge the whole work of Brahms.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN

Concert-Chronicle

Trans. Mar. 17

From Boston to New York

IT WAS Dr. Koussevitzky who suggested to Monsieur Ravel that he should score for orchestra Musorgsky's piano-pieces, "Pictures at an Exhibition." Ravel outdid himself in the transcription and through some years in Boston and in New York, as well as in Paris, the conductor reserved the manuscript for his own use. Last summer he authorized publication, and last autumn Mr. Stokowski was quick to add Ravel's version to the repertory of the Philadelphia Orchestra. No doubt there was much to praise in the performance, but no one, so far as report went, had hysterics in public.

That engaging pastime was reserved for New York last Thursday and Friday, when Mr. Toscanini played Ravel's arrangement at a Philharmonic Concert. At the end, shouts rose from the auditorium even as after the performance of "Bolero." One reviewer, next morning, was not content until he had used the adverb, "forever," which in view of the ordinary shortness of human memories, seems a large order. It is a pleasure also to read that "a very competent orchestra," meaning thereby Dr. Koussevitzky's, had also played Ravel's version in New York. Yes: it does the best it can, even if it must condescend to the considerable number of amusing provincials that help to people Manhattan. By the accounts of the reasonable, Mr. Toscanini did give an uncommonly eloquent performance, dramatizing and magnifying the ten pieces. And he, as everyone is aware, is no inciter of the hysterics that gurgle comically around him.

Brahms Festival

Artur Schnabel, the eminent pianist, to be the chief "assisting artist" at the Symphony Orchestra's Brahms Festival, is expected in New York tomorrow; in Boston on Wednesday. He will be heard first at Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon in the Concerto in B-flat (No 2); again, on the following Tuesday evening, in the Quintet in F minor for Piano and Strings (the Burgin Quartet), the Intermezzi and Rhapsody for piano alone of Opus 119; on Wednesday evening, March 26, in the Concerto in D minor, No. 1. Mr. Schnabel will also play with the orchestra when it revisits New York in April. By exception he will use the Bechstein piano, to which he is accustomed in Europe.

An interesting and informing handbook of the festival written and compiled by

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Page Twelve

John N. Burk of the staff at Symphony Hall, may be had for the asking and will be used as program-book outside the regular pair of Symphony Concerts. It surveys "Fifty Years of Brahms in Boston"; defines the position of Brahms in 1930; traverses, without too much analytical detail, the music to be played. . . . The demand for seats is clear evidence of an interested public."

HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

Schonberg's Bach, And Koussevitzky

Trans. Mar 18

LAST evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the fifth of the season's Monday evening concerts. The program began with Schönberg's new arrangement of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat major commonly known as Saint Ann's; introduced Madame Renéé Longy Miquelle as soloist in Mozart's Concerto in D minor for Pianoforte (K. 466); repeated Strauss's Alpine Symphony from the concerts of last week-end.

The transcription, played at the beginning of the concert, received brilliant and illuminating performance. The writer is not among those who believe Bach so sacred that transcribing or arranging hand should never be laid upon him; nor that transcription or arrangement of his organ works will necessarily result in something less satisfactory than those organ works. The fact that such arrangements in the majority of cases have been less than completely satisfactory need not militate against the several outstandingly successful transscriptions from Bach. Let each case stand on its own merits. Accordingly, one observer found only enjoyment and satisfaction in the fugue of last evening. The several subjects were stated clearly and distinctly, the counterpoint flowed along freely and without clogged or obscured effect, climaxes built themselves grandly, the long descents into pianos and pianissimos, the ascents from them, could not possibly have been surpassed by any organ or organist. Organists who are accustomed to play the opening measures in the manner majestic (and that includes practically all of them) will of course be surprised at the soft beginning of the fugue with no more orchestra than a quartet of clarinets. With the prelude one begins to have one's doubts. True, the essential Bachian nobility and grandeur have not been affected. But the prelude seems on the whole overladen with orchestral effect. The sustained serenity of many portions of this work one can hardly find in the continual shifting from orchestral choir to orchestral choir, from sonority to sonority.

For Mozart's concerto Dr. Koussevitzky arranged his orchestra as few conductors ever have before him. He reduced it to the size of his usual Mozart orchestra, which is of course nothing new. But for that orchestra he chose players from the last desks of the respective orchestral divisions rather than from the first, which is the more usual custom. Thus, for the moment Mr. Sauvlet was concert master and Mr. Amerena flutist. And the orchestra was still the excellent Boston Symphony Orchestra. Madame Miquelle played in true Mozartian spirit. There was grace and charm in her playing and much refinement. As neatly, Dr. Koussevitzky and the little orchestra partnered her.

Came again the Alpine Symphony with its gorgeous orchestral coloring, its skillful, sonorous counterpoint, its panoramic outlook, its storm, its pastoral music, and its many reminiscent themes and motifs. All of this has been reviewed in detail in these columns as recently as last Saturday. There is much to admire in this symphony. There are many portions of great beauty; the orchestration is magnificent. But one can hardly deny that it falls short somewhat of the best of Strauss's work of maturity. There are procedures which one can best account for as old-age reactions. And yet Strauss was only fifty-one when he wrote this work. Franck and Verdi (to mention only two) did their very best work at a much more advanced age. Truly this symphony, so near-great, but with such obvious defects, offers the student more than one dilemma.—Needless to say it was most superbly played.

A. H. M.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DAYTON, OHIO
JOURNAL

MAR 16 1930

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony did some beautiful things in its two concerts and introduced at least one novelty. At the first concert, one of Haydn's Symphonies, that with the horn call, was exquisitely given. If Mr. Koussevitzky follows Mr. Toscanini's lead in playing Haydn, we may soon be as familiar with his symphonic works as we are with those of Beethoven

As a novelty, Louis Gruenberg's Jazz Suite was given at both concerts. As one critic remarked, this is not a jazz suite but sweet jazz. It is well, too well, orchestrated, with cleverness and obviously good schooling. But intrinsically it is not of great interest. It gives the same reaction that a well-written short story of slim content produces. Bloch's "Schelomo" was finely given, with the solo part well played by Jean Bedetti. An arrangement by Schoenberg, of all people, of a Bach Prelude and Fugue in E Flat was interesting. Much has been said and written of the wisdom of doing Bach works over for orchestra, and it is a far cry from Verklaerte Nacht to Bach, but when all's said and done, the result was neither unmusical nor uninteresting.

At the matinee concert the Gruenberg number was repeated. With this were heard the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius, the same composer's Violin Concerto in D Minor, played by Richard Burgin, and a Concerto Grosso by Lazar. The symphony is one of great interest. It has esoteric qualities which make criticism difficult after one hearing. It bears the stamp of its composer very strongly in the sombre beauty and individual turn of melody and the general harmonic structure. The violin work was in the repertoire of the late and lamented Maud Powell. It has a solo part of heroic difficulty and in invention and development less striking than the orchestral background against which it is set. The Lazar Concerto Grosso "in antique style" is, as one would suppose, a hark back to Handel. It is an agreeable, well-made work but not one to cause musicians to forsake its prototype.

THE VALUE OF PRACTISE.

As convincing an illustration of what practise will do is being shown by Serge Koussevitzky. When he came to this country, a few years ago, to conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra he had not a great deal to offer. He hasn't anything exceptional yet, and may not have. But he has demonstrated how one can develop, if he tries continuously to do so.

Koussevitzky is aristocratic in bearing and suave. He radiates poise and personality, which help in an auditorium where a symphonic program is being performed. The last two concerts here of the Boston Symphony were filled with interest, and the men played with beauty of tone and a precision that made one doff the hat to their skill.

I doubt, however, that among wise persons—who know their orchestral muttons—Koussevitzky ever will be ranked very high. He is forceful and fortunate, but beyond that not, to my way of thinking, among the distinguished wielders of the baton.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY

"Bolero," Sensation of Season, to Be Played April 9.

"Bolero," the latest score of Maurice Ravel, which has had nation-wide attention this season, will be introduced to Hartford by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky when the Boston Symphony orchestra makes it annual visit to give a concert in Bushnell Memorial hall on Wednesday evening, April 9, at 8:15. The first performance was given by Toscanini in New York last November. Dr. Koussevitzky introduced it to Boston on December 6, with such pronounced success that it was repeated in January. He has also played it in other cities which the orchestra has visited.

"Bolero," written by Ida Rubinstein, who danced to the music in Paris last summer, consists simply of a constant, almost literal reptition of a theme in this characteristic Spanish rhythm. The piece begins pianissimo and increases gradually in tonal force until the long crescendo leads to a stupifying climax. To attain endless variety in color where there is not variety in notation and rhythm, this most skillful of French orchestrators uses almost every instrument in the orchestra in turn to state the theme as a solo. A drum gives the dance rhythm which is maintained throughout. A flute announces the theme, which is subsequently repeated by the clarinet, oboe d'amore, bassoon, saxophone and high saxophone. The solo trumpet and the trombone each state the theme with their characteristic color. Meanwhile the strings are introduced with combinations of wind instruments in gradually built-up dynamics, while the constant beat of the drum likewise gradually grows stronger. The piece ends in what has been described as a tornado of sound, with a surprising modulation at the very last.

This Bolero, dedicated to Ida Rubinstein, was brought out by her and danced by her in Paris in November, 1928. Alexandre Benoist designed the settings and the costume to represent a scene that Goya might have painted: a Spanish inn, with the dancer on a trestle table, men surrounding it. At first calm, the actors on the Parisian stage were little by little excited to frenzy as the dancer became more and more animated. Knives were drawn—the woman was tossed from arms to arms, until her partner intervened; they danced until quiet was restored. So was the scene described by French and English reporters. Seats for this concert are now available at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street. Mail orders addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick will be filled.

Monday Symphony Concert 15

The fifth of the Monday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, took place at Symphony Hall last night. The program included Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat (for organ), arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg. Mozart's Concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor, Renée Longy-Miquelle, soloist, and Strauss's lengthy "Alpine" Symphony.

Surely Strauss has shown some discrimination in using his wind machine in this symphony, for even those instruments quite alien to it in structure seem occasionally long winded in kinship. Decidedly, this "Alpine" Symphony is not one of Strauss's major works.

Mme. Miquelle's reading of the Mozart Concerto was straightforward, brisk and even in mood. She found the gayety and the liveliness, if not the exquisite neatness and precision, for the melodious phrases. The warmths of the Romanza and the expressiveness she wreathed through its measures made it the most attractively interpreted section of the work.

Bach's music moved along at the apt pace which Mr. Koussevitzky chose for it. From his men he drew the familiar deep resonances, smooth, shining tones, and well chiseled phrases which he almost invariably brings to Bach's works. C. S. B.

Bklano p 101

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LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN
MAR 19 1936

The Brahms Festival

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The festival continues Sunday afternoon with the Haydn Variations; Piano Concerto No. 2, with Artur Schnabel as the soloist and the Fourth Symphony.

For Monday evening the program will feature the song of Destiny and the German Requiem, in which the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses and soloists will assist.

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Wednesday evening's program includes the Rhapsody, with Mme. Matzenauer and the male chorus; the Piano Concerto No. 1 played by Mr. Schnabel and the First Symphony.

Appreciation of Brahms

A pamphlet describing the music to be performed at the Brahms festival mentioned above, notes also the general increase in the popularity of this composer's work in the last ten years. While the importance of Wagner, Mendelssohn or Tschaikowsky has varied with musical fashions, the contention is made that the graph of Brahms has shown a fairly constant rise through the years.

Not so long ago a prediction that the symphonies of Brahms would ever be classed as general favorites would have been regarded as extravagant. As late as 1916 Markham Lee, in his book on Brahms said he was not, even in the best sense of the term, a popular composer. Further back the adjectives most frequently applied to his compositions were "austere," "harsh," "repellant," "obscure." Now it is doubtful that an audience listening to the First Symphony finds any of those qualities in it.

A pioneer in the effort in Boston to cultivate an appreciation of Brahms was George Henschel, who took charge of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1881 and persisted in giving these works a place on his programs. Previous to that Carl Zerrahn had introduced the First Symphony with his Harvard Musical Society orchestra in 1878. Later he gave the Second Symphony. But both were received coldly. Theodore Thomas, on occasional visits, did his best for Brahms? Henschel conducted the first Boston performance of the Tragic Overture and the Alto Rhapsody. Gericke came with a new symphony of Brahms, the Third, of which one critic said "the themes would hardly do credit to a musical primer. The Transcript reviewer pronounced the Haydn Variations "stupendous" but another critic dismissed them as "twenty minutes wasted." Gericke presented the Fourth Symphony and polished and perfected its presentation in subsequent performances. Dr. Leopold Damrosch introduced it to New York.

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TIMES

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Sergei Koussevitzky, Conductor, Is An Industrious Worker.

Sergei Koussevitzky is an indefatigable walker. Before our average business men have opened their eyes, Mr. Koussevitzky is taking his daily ante-breakfast stroll around Jamaica Pond with his inseparable companion, "Droll." Droll is a Boston terrier. The Koussevitzkys adopted him two years ago. Droll has crossed the Atlantic for three summers, to be near at hand during his master's spring seasons in Paris.

KOUSSEVITZKY.

The feature of the splendid interesting program which will be announced in a few days, is the Bolero by Ravel which Dr. Koussevitzky introduced to New York audiences this season with tremendous success. Tickets are now on sale for the Hartford concert at Bushnell hall, April 9, at McCoy's, 89 Asylum street. Management of Frank A. Sedgwick. Good seats are now available.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LAWRENCE, MASS.
TRIBUNE
MAR 2 1936

THIS afternoon in Symphony hall, Boston, the first concert in the Brahms Festival was performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra. The festival will continue for five more days, ending Wednesday, March 26. The orchestra, led by Serge Koussevitzky will be assisted in various Brahms compositions by the Harvard Glee club; Radcliffe Choral society; Artur Schnabel, pianist; Margaret Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano; Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Frazer Gange, baritone, and the Burgin String quartet. Works to be performed include the Academic Festival overture; Symphonies No. 1, 2, 3 and 4; Concerto No. 2 for piano and orchestra; German Requiem for solo voices, chorus and orchestra; Song of Destiny, for chorus and orchestra; Concerto for piano; Variations on Haydn theme; Piano Quintet in F-minor; Rhapsody for alto solo, male chorus and orchestra; Liebeslieder Waltzes, for piano duet and four vocal parts; a group of piano pieces and a group of songs.

Johannes Brahms' significance in the musical world came about through an extremely slow process. Aside from Beethoven and Wagner, hardly any other nineteenth century composer but Brahms offers material sufficient and substantial enough to warrant a festival so elaborate in character as the present one. Brahms was born in Hamburg in 1833 and died in Vienna in 1897. At the early age of 14 he made his debut as a pianist and was acclaimed in subsequent concert tours, winning such an extravagant term from Liszt as "an apostle of extreme romanticism." Yet Brahms, unmoved by either praise or censure, became the standard bearer of the classic past instead of scaling Olympian heights along a newer path.

Those interested in musical history know of the Brahms-Wagner and the Brahms-Bruckner wars. The opponents of Wagner, led by Hanslick, put Brahms forward as the champion of what they termed "absolute music," although Brahms was not at all hostile to Wagner. On the contrary he was a close student of Wagner's scores and even defended him against what he felt was unjust criticism. Later Brahms became the target of criticism almost as bitter as that levelled at the Divine Richard himself.

In his first symphony in C-minor, Brahms showed such a firm grasp of his subject and resources, that Von Bulow characterized it the "tenth symphony," implying that it was worthy of lineal descent from Beethoven's nine works. As was to be expected, Brahms' detractors saw in the appellation a chance to discount the work as a slavish imitation of Beethoven, particularly the similarily of its finale to the finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. A comparison, note by note, reveals a similarity more of a rhythmic and emotional character than of musical structure. It has been asked frequently by many of Brahms' champions what other "first" symphony ever showed such a proud and imposing independence? Furthermore this first symphony with its rugged main theme represents the mature Brahms, to which the succeeding three symphonies add little of a technical nature.

Though Brahms in the higher critical and musical circles is judged largely by his massive symphonies, and the great German Requiem, he composed a a very extensive array of works of a lighter, more intimate nature.

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MUSIC CONSERVATORY MEASURE INTRODUCED

After a consultation with leaders in music circles and securing the views of many musicians throughout the country, Representative Gavagan of New York has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives at Washington for the establishment of a National Conservatory of Music in Washington, with branches in various sections of the country. It is understood that an identical bill is to be presented in the Senate. The bill was referred to the House committee on education which will hold hearings on it, on dates not yet decided upon.

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critics is the novelty of the season. There will also be Handel's Concerto Grosso for Strings, oput 6, No. 10, and the Prelude to Moussorgsky's "Kovantchina."

The orchestra is now in the midst of a Brahms festival in Symphony Hal, Boston. It began last Friday and continues through Wednesday, the programs embracing the principal orchestral, choral and Chamber works of the composer.

This afternoon, with Arthur Schnabel as soloist, they are playing the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, opus 56a; Concerto No. 2 in B-flat major for Pianoforte and Orchestra, opus 83, and Symphony No. 4 in 1-minor, opus 98. Tomorrow night the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, Jeanette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone, will assist in "A Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra, opus 54, and "A German Requiem" for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, opus 45.

Tuesday night the "Liebeslieder Waltzes," for pianoforte duet and four vocal parts, opus 52, will open the program, the work being given by a small chorus from the Harvard and Radcliffe choirs and Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth at the pianos. Arthur Schnabel will play a group of piano pieces and Margaret Matzenaue will sing a group of songs. The progra closes with the Piano Quintet in minor, opus 34a, played by Mr. Schn and the Burgin String Quartet.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Brahms Festival Features Week In Boston Music

Koussevitzky Offers Major Works; Artur Schnabel, Mme. Matzenauer Soloists

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, is holding a Brahms festival at Symphony Hall, which h

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at the pianos. Mr. Schnabel will play the Intermezzi in B minor, E minor and C major and the E flat rhapsody. Mme. Matzenauer will sing "Sapphische Ode," "Von ewiger Liebe," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" and "Meine Liebe ist grün," and Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin Quartet will play the F minor piano quintet, Op. 34a

The closing festival concert will be Wednesday evening, when the Harvard Glee Club and orchestra will take part in the rhapsody from Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter" with Mme. Matzenauer as soloist; Mr. Schnabel will play the D minor piano concerto, and the final number will be the first symphony.

Notes in the announcing pamphlet compare the present popularity of Brahms with the somewhat hostile reception his music received in Boston in the late '70s and early '80s. But conductors were indefatigable, nevertheless. Carl Zerrahn and the Harvard Musical Society introduced the first two symphonies to Boston in 1878 and 1879. The Boston Symphony, under George (now Sir George) Henschel, gave the first two symphonies, the "Tragic" Overture and Alto Rhaapsody in its first season. Wilhelm Gericke introduced the third to Boston in 1884. He planned the American premiere of the fourth for November 29, 1886, but, not satisfied with the performance at the public rehearsal, postponed the formal concert premiere to December 23. During the interval, Leopold Damrosch and the Symphony Society had played it in New York.

By 1885 the "Transcript" critic noted that Brahms was gaining with the Boston public, although many still walked out from his symphonies, and the Nikisch regime of 1889-'93 made Boston known as a Brahms center.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING POST

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began their Brahms Festival last evening in that city with the composer's "Academic Festival" Overture and Second and Third Symphonies. The program will be repeated tonight. Tomorrow afternoon the Fourth Symphony, variation on a theme by Haydn and the Piano Concerto in B flat, No. 2, with Artur Schnabel as soloist will be the program. Monday evening "A Song of Destiny" and "A German Requiem" will be given by the orchestra, Harvard and Radcliffe choruses conducted respectively by Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth, Jeanette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Tuesday evening the Burgin String Quartet will play the Quintet in F minor with Mr. Schnabel, who will also play Pianoforte Works, the mixed chorus will sing "Liebeslieder."

Margaret Matzenauer will sing four songs. The Festival will close Wednesday evening, the orchestra playing the First Symphony, Mr. Schnabel the Piano Concerto in D minor and the male chorus and orchestra giving the Rhapsody, with Margaret Matzenauer as soloist.

73

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COURIER CITIZEN

MAR 19 1930

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In his first symphony in C-minor, Brahms showed such a firm grasp of his subject and resources, that Von Bulow characterized it the "tenth symphony," implying that it was worthy of lineal descent from Beethoven's nine works. As was to be expected, Brahms'

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LAWRENCE, MASS.
TRIBUNE

MAR .. 1930

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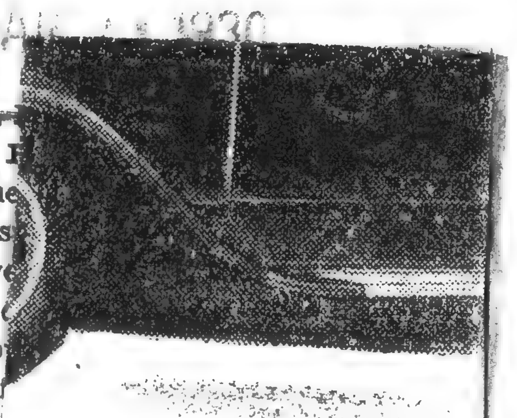

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

MA...

Last Concert of Boston Symphony

Orchestra Makes Farewell Appearance Here on Tuesday.

The Boston Symphony makes its farewell appearance of the season in Providence on Tuesday night, April 1, in the Albee Theatre. Mr. Koussevitzky has chosen Brahms's Second Symphony in D-major to close the series here and the program. Also billed is Ravel's "Bolero," the latest score of the French composer which, having been played by principal orchestras all over the world, has created a sensation and in the opinion of many critics is the novelty of the season. There will also be Handel's Concerto Grosso for Strings, oput 6, No. 10, and the Prelude to Moussorgsky's "Kovantchina."

The orchestra is now in the midst of a Brahms festival in Symphony Hal, Boston. It began last Friday and continues through Wednesday, the programs embracing the principal orchestral, choral and Chamber works of the composer.

This afternoon, with Arthur Schnabel as soloist, they are playing the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, opus 56a; Concerto No. 2 in B-flat major for Pianoforte and Orchestra, opus 83, and Symphony No. 4 in 1-minor, opus 98. Tomorrow night the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, Jeanette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone, will assist in "A Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra, opus 54, and "A German Requiem" for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, opus 45.

Tuesday night the "Liebeslieder Waltzes," for pianoforte duet and four vocal parts, opus 52, will open the program, the work being given by a small chorus from the Harvard and Radcliffe choirs and Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth at the pianos. Arthur Schnabel will play a group of piano pieces and Margaret Matzenaue will sing a group of songs. The progra closes with the Piano Quintet in minor, opus 34a, played by Mr. Schn and the Burgin String Quartet.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Brahms Festival Features Week In Boston Music

Koussevitzky Offers Major Works; Artur Schnabel, Mme. Matzenauer Soloists

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, is holding a Brahms festival at Symphony Hall, which began last Friday and Saturday in the orchestra's regular subscription with a program of the Academic Festival Overture and the third and second symphonies.

The first special festival concert takes place this afternoon with a program including Haydn variations, the B flat piano concerto and the fourth symphony. Artur Schnabel will be the soloist.

Tomorrow evening's program is choral, with the "Song of Destiny" (Schicksalslied), Op. 54, and the German Requiem, sung by the Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses. The soloists in the Requiem will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, barytone. On Tuesday evening the Liebeslieder Waltzes will be sung by a small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, with Dr. A. T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth at the pianos. Mr. Schnabel will play the Intermezzi in B minor, E minor and C major and the E flat rhapsody. Mme. Matzenauer will sing "Sapphische Ode," "Von ewiger Liebe," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" and "Meine Liebe ist grün," and Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin Quartet will play the F minor piano quintet, Op. 34a

The closing festival concert will be Wednesday evening, when the Harvard Glee Club and orchestra will take part in the rhapsody from Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter" with Mme. Matzenauer as soloist; Mr. Schnabel will play the D minor piano concerto, and the final number will be the first symphony.

Notes in the announcing pamphlet compare the present popularity of Brahms with the somewhat hostile reception his music received in Boston in the late '70s and early '80s. But conductors were indefatigable, nevertheless. Carl Zerrahn and the Harvard Musical Society introduced the first two symphonies to Boston in 1878 and 1879. The Boston Symphony, under George (now Sir George) Henschel, gave the first two symphonies, the "Tragic" Overture and Alto Rhaapsody in its first season. Wilhelm Gericke introduced the third to Boston in 1884. He planned the American premiere of the fourth for November 29, 1886, but, not satisfied with the performance at the public rehearsal, postponed the formal concert premiere to December 23. During the interval, Leopold Damrosch and the Symphony Society had played it in New York.

By 1885 the "Transcript" critic noted that Brahms was gaining with the Boston public, although many still walked out from his symphonies, and the Nikisch regime of 1889-'93 made Boston known as a Brahms center.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING POST

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began their Brahms Festival last evening in that city with the composer's "Academic Festival" Overture and Second and Third Symphonies. The program will be repeated tonight. Tomorrow afternoon the Fourth Symphony, variation on a theme by Haydn and the Piano Concerto in B flat, No. 2, with Artur Schnabel as soloist will be the program. Monday evening "A Song of Destiny" and "A German Requiem" will be given by the orchestra, Harvard and Radcliffe choruses conducted respectively by Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth, Jeanette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Tuesday evening the Burgin String Quartet will play the Quintet in F minor with Mr. Schnabel, who will also play Pianoforte Works, the mixed chorus will sing "Liebeslieder."

Margaret Matzenauer will sing four songs. The Festival will close Wednesday evening, the orchestra playing the First Symphony, Mr. Schnabel the Piano Concerto in D minor and the male chorus and orchestra giving the Rhapsody, with Margaret Matzenauer as soloist.

INCORRECT PAGINATION

72

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
MAR 24

A Brahms Festival

Devoting a week to six concerts consisting wholly of the music of Brahms, the Boston Symphony Orchestra bears witness to the notable growth and change of a musical reputation. Written during the last half of the last century, the music of Brahms was first performed in the United States in the years between 1880 and 1900, a period when the established orchestras of today were first being organized and when the musical taste of the public was first being fashioned. In those days of bustles and side-burns, the symphonies of Beethoven were respected and admired, as they are today, but aside from a few of the symphonies of Mendelssohn and of Mozart they were virtually the Alpha and Omega of symphonic music to the audiences of the time. In the West, Theodore Thomas was instructing his hearers in the beauties of Tschaikowsky's symphonies, but for the most part the overtures of Rossini and the like were held in higher favor. The Italian tradition, deriving from the operas, was strongly implanted. In the ears of most music-lovers save such audacious upstarts as Henry Kriehbel and Walter Damrosch, the music of Wagner was outlandish and barbaric stuff.

Granting the taste of the time, the young generation that hears the music of Brahms can only with difficulty understand how their elders came to form such a strange initial impression of it. Many of the elders themselves may wonder how they believed and averred that the romantic and lyric music which they hear today was "austere" and "harsh." Listening to the translucent and clear phrases of the Third Symphony they may well wonder how they ever agreed that it was "repellent," not to say "obscure." Yet in passing such judgments, they were not without authority. When the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first performance of the Second Symphony, so learned a pundit as John S. Dwight declared coldly that even Sterndale Bennett—who is he?—could have written a better. The same symphony Mr. Lawrence Gilman now describes as "an open window into a poet's heart." For the right to hear the music of Brahms, those few who learned to admire it had to fight battles, journalistic and social, no less bitter than those of the minority today which insists that it be entitled occasionally at least to hear the music of Hindemith and Bartok.

The legend that Brahms wrote only dull music in which pedants could take delight persisted long, even down to the present, when the opinion seems wholly without justification, save perhaps when certain pages of his orchestra and pianistic variations are considered. With regard to the great bulk of his scores, however, such mists of misunderstanding have long since been burned away by the warm and sunny nature of the music itself. The man who could write the Academic Festival Overture around the drinking songs of university students, who could compose the stupendously dramatic first measures of the First Symphony, who could relax to the pastoral attitude of the Second Symphony is obviously no writer of dry notes on dry staves.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
GAZETTE
Rockland, Me.
3
MAR 25 1930

Inspired probably by the great popular and artistic success of the Beethoven festival given to mark the centenary of the composer's death in 1927, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday a series of festival performances of the music of Brahms, in which a number of that master's chief works will be presented. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society will assist the orchestra in choral numbers, as they did at the Beethoven festival. The celebrated pianist, Schnabel, noted particularly for his playing of Brahms, will come from Berlin to take part in the festival, and Margaret Matzenauer and other singers of note will assist.

The four extra concerts beginning tomorrow really constitute the festival. Tomorrow afternoon, March 23 (a pension fund concert) the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the Second Pianoforte Concerto and the Fourth Symphony in E Minor will be given, with Arthur Schnabel as soloist

* * * *

There is still dispute over the merits of the music of Brahms. To many he is one of the very greatest of composers, to be named with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner. To others he is a much overrated musician, whose work is often dull and labored. In France, Brahms has never won widespread popularity or high repute. But in Germany and wherever German musical influence has dominated, he is now recognized as a supreme genius. In this country the popularity of his music has been of slow but steady growth.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

Koussevitzky Offers Ravel's "Bolero" Here Next Tuesday

Long Awaited Presentation of New Work to Mark Close of Symphony Season by Boston Players in This City.—Second Symphony, Given Last Year, Also to Be on Final Program

With the appearance next Tuesday of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present season of symphony orchestra concerts comes to an end.

The program:

Handel....Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10
Overture; Air: Lento: Allegro moderato; Allegro

Moussorgsky .....
.....Prelude to "Khovantchina"
Ravel .....Bolero"

Brahms.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 73
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio non troppo
III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
IV. Allegro con spirito

The season itself, though by no means remarkable, cannot be called in any sense a lean one. From the symphony storeroom have been brought the Beethoven Fifth, the Beethoven Seventh, the Tschaikowsky Sixth, the Schumann First, the Brahms Second, and the Brahms Fourth. Wagner, as usual, contributed his share; the Faust Overture, the Excerpts from the Meistersingers, the Tannhauser overture; while for modern taste came offerings from Sibelius, Gruenberg, Stravinsky, Ravel, and McKinley; and among these a judicious sprinkling of celebrities from ages early and late.

The staple of the concert next week will be a borrowing from the Brahms festival in Boston. Of the music played in that Symphony Hall observance, Dr. [illegible]tzky has elected to play us the [illegible] which he gave us [illegible]e heard at Cleve[illegible]h ago at the [illegible]n Infantry [illegible]een long [illegible]eard with [illegible]usiasm in [illegible] would be [illegible]ounts of the new work tell [illegible]nted in the staid [illegible]sic there, while parts, at least, of other audiences have been voluble in their appreciation.

The Fourth Chance

The Brahms Second Symphony ought to be fairly familiar to those who give such things close attention; for it has been played here at brief intervals three times since 1927 (Feb. 15, 1927; Dec. 4, 1928; Feb. 18, 1930). Now this fourth adventure will give us an opportunity to meet once more an agreeable acquaintance and to compare the treatment it receives at the hands of two conductors closely related by national ties and characteristics at least.

Those who heard Nikolai Sokoloff's interpretation a month ago will recall his strongly drawn lines, his brilliant shadings, the lambent coloring of his strings and the sunshine of his reeds and woodwind in general, the precision of his attacks, the positiveness of his tempos, and the rugged strength of the whole performance. In what respect Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation differs from that of Dr. Sokoloff we shall soon learn if we do not know already.

The Symphony itself needs at this time no comment; it is sufficient to repeat Dr. Sokoloff's brief characterization: "Here the keynote is geniality, healthy, robust optimism; and it is only in the slow movement that there is any deviation from the path, and there it is only to ponder profoundly, humanwise, in the manner of a Bach, the deeper verities, and always with melody, eloquent, resourceful, and tenderly moving, as the infallible guide."

On a Classic Form

Ravel, the finished composer, French of the French, the artist so skilled that he can conceal his art at will, we might hear more often with profit, regardless of the date or type of composition heard; for his earliest works, like his latest, display wit, subtlety, emotional restraint and an irony beneath which he more or less successfully conceals his emotional intent.

His form is classical in its symmetry, no matter with what trappings of modern harmonies he may happen to drape it; and his lyricism is colored with dashes of humor, malice, comedy, irony and a cynicism that always falls just short of malevolence. For his ability to compress much into the smaller forms, we might turn to his Trio—simple and solid, with its classical outlines, whatever may be said of its harmonies—and his sonata for violin and violoncello, a whole symphonic circle, reduced to the minimum orchestration.

Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovantchina" we heard in company with the Brahms Second Symphony at the concert of the Cleveland orchestra. "It is to Rimsky-Korsakoff—that noble rescuer of the unfinished works of his gifted but wayward and short-lived contemporaries—to whom we are indebted for this excerpt from Moussorgsky's second opera."

Just how much of the work is Moussorgsky's we shall never know. Rimsky-Korsakoff says, "Much had to be altered, abridged and added. In acts I and II there turned up much that was superfluous, musically ugly and a drag on the scene. In act V, on the contrary, much was lacking altogether, while a good deal existed only in the roughest of rough draft records. The parts of the opera that the composer had instrumentated I re-orchestrated and, I hope, for the better. All the rest was instrumentated by me, too; I, again, made the arrangement for the piano. By the end of the summer the entire work on Kovantchina could not be finished and I wrote the last of it in St. Petersburg." There is more, but let it rest. Poor Moussorgsky!

Handel's concerto is the sixth of the 12 grand concertos for strings. It consists of a dialogue between a group of soloists and the chorus of instruments. The Boston Symphony Orchestra played here the fifth of the series on March 20, 1928.

M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

Borrowing from the Brahms Festival

Koussevitzky Will Bring the Second Symphony Again and Offer Ravel's Noisily Heralded "Bolero" Here for the First Time.—Season's End

With the appearance next Tuesday of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present season of symphony orchestra concerts comes to an end.

The season itself, though by no means remarkable, cannot be called in any sense a lean one. From the symphony storeroom have been brought the Beethoven Fifth, the Beethoven Seventh, the Tschaikowsky Sixth, the Schumann First, the Brahms Second, and the Brahms Fourth. Wagner, as usual, contributed his share; the Faust Overture, the Excerpts from the Meistersingers, the Tannhauser overture; while for modern taste came offerings from Sibelius, Gruenberg, Stravinsky, Ravel, and McKinley; and among these a judicious sprinkling of celebrities from ages early and late.

The staple of the concert next week will be a borrowing from the Brahms festival in Boston. Of the music played in that Symphony Hall observance, Dr. Koussevitzky has elected to play us the Second Symphony, which he gave us last season and which we heard at Cleveland hands only a month ago at the Music Association concert in Infantry Hall.

The Ravel "Bolero" has been long awaited by many here who heard with wistfulness the tales of enthusiasm in distant halls and wished it would be offered them too. The accounts of the Boston premiere of this new work tell of cheering unprecedented in the staid precincts of music there, while parts, at least, of other audiences have been voluble in their appreciation.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

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Ravel .....'Bolero"

Brahms.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 73
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M. C. W.

SYMPHONY BY SIBELIUS IS REPEATED

By MOSES SMITH

HAVING spent much labor on the preparation and performance of the Brahms Festival, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, present for this week's regular symphony concerts a program that consists mostly of repetitions of works heard earlier in the season.

The single exception is Walter Piston's "Suite for Orchestra;" and, as if to lighten Mr. Koussevitzky's work the more, the piece is conducted by the composer. This piece consists of three movements, the first of which recalls jazz and blues often, the second is slow and atmospheric, and the third is a sort of march fugue.

As presented at yesterday's matinee the music is often inspiriting; the fast sections are markedly rhythmical. It is often "derivative." We detected—or thought we did—traces of Ravel, Honegger and, believe it or not, George Gershwin. When the classic shades of Harvard (where Mr. Piston teaches) reflect even mildly the light of Tin Pan Alley, jazz has become very respectable indeed.

Yet we were not greatly stirred by the music. There was a tendency to anemia, except in the third movement which had an interesting thematic basis and was well, though briefly, worked out. In fact, brevity is the most respected virtue today. The performance seemed to us excellent, and Mr. Piston, a conductor of unusual capacity.

The other numbers were Haydyn's symphony in D major (with the horn call), Sibelius' sixth symphony and Schorberg's orchestration of a Bach prelude and fugue in E-flat for organ. Our principal interest was in the Sibelius. Hearing it for the third time, we regard it as a little masterpiece.

Plays Remaining

INCORRECT PAGINATION

72

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
MAR 4

A Brahms Festival

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Granting the taste of the time, the young generation that hears the music of Brahms can only with difficulty understand how their elders came to form such a strange initial impression of it. Many of the elders themselves may wonder how they believed and averred that the romantic and lyric music which they hear today was "austere" and "harsh." Listening to the translucent and clear phrases of the Third Symphony they may well wonder how they ever agreed that it was "repellent," not to say "obscure." Yet in passing such judgments, they were not without authority. When the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first performance of the Second Symphony, so learned a pundit as John S. Dwight declared coldly that even Sterndale Bennett—who is he?—could have written a better. The same symphony Mr. Lawrence Gilman now describes as "an open window into a poet's heart." For the right to hear the music of Brahms, those few who learned to admire it had to fight battles, journalistic and social, no less bitter than those of the minority today which insists that it be entitled occasionally at least to hear the music of Hindemith and Bartok.

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Final proof of the change that the reputation of Brahms has undergone in thirty years is the circumstance that the musician who, critics declared, could never become popular is now honored at a six days' festival, arranged not perfunctorily in celebration of some anniversary, but out of wide respect and deep liking for his rich and colorful music. For Johannes Brahms, that stout, querulous Germanic composer, has become as popular as the revered Beethoven, a genius acclaimed.

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The season itself, though by no means remarkable, cannot be called in any sense a lean one. From the symphony storeroom have been brought the Beethoven Fifth, the Beethoven Seventh, the Tschaikowsky Sixth, the Schumann First, the Brahms Second, and the Brahms Fourth. Wagner, as usual, contributed his share: the Faust Overture, the Excerpts from the Meistersingers, the Tannhauser overture; while for modern taste came offerings from Sibelius, Gruenberg, Stravinsky, Ravel, and McKinley; and among these a judicious sprinkling of celebrities from ages early and late.

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The Fourth Chance

The Brahms Second Symphony ought to be fairly familiar to those who give such things close attention; for it has been played here at brief intervals three times since 1927 (Feb. 15, 1927; Dec. 4, 1928; Feb. 18, 1930). Now this fourth adventure will give us an opportunity to meet once more an agreeable acquaintance and to compare the treatment it receives at the hands of two conductors closely related by national ties and characteristics at least.

Those who heard Nikolai Sokoloff's interpretation a month ago will recall his strongly drawn lines, his brilliant shadings, the lambent coloring of his strings and the sunshine of his reeds and woodwind in general, the precision of his attacks, the positiveness of his tempos, and the rugged strength of the whole performance. In what respect Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation differs from that of Dr. Sokoloff we shall soon learn if we do not know already.

The Symphony itself needs at this time no comment; it is sufficient to repeat Dr. Sokoloff's brief characterization: "Here the keynote is geniality, healthy, robust optimism; and it is only in the slow movement that there is any deviation from the path, and there it is only to ponder profoundly, humanwise, in the manner of a Bach, the deeper verities, and always with melody, eloquent, resourceful, and tenderly moving, as the infallible guide."

On a Classic Form

Ravel, the finished composer, French of the French, the artist so skilled that he can conceal his art at will, we might hear more often with profit, regardless of the date or type of composition heard; for his earliest works, like his latest, display wit, subtlety, emotional restraint and an irony beneath which he more or less successfully conceals his emotional intent.

His form is classical in its symmetry, no matter with what trappings of modern harmonies he may happen to drape it; and his lyricism is colored with dashes of humor, malice, comedy, irony and a cynicism that always falls just short of malevolence. For his ability to compress much into the smaller forms, we might turn to his Trio—simple and solid, with its classical outlines, whatever may be said of its harmonies—and his sonata for violin and violoncello, a whole symphonic circle, reduced to the minimum orchestration.

Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovantchina" we heard in company with the Brahms Second Symphony at the concert of the Cleveland orchestra. "It is to Rimsky-Korsakoff—that noble rescuer of the unfinished works of his gifted but wayward and short-lived contemporaries—to whom we are indebted for this excerpt from Moussorgsky's second opera."

Just how much of the work is Moussorgsky's we shall never know. Rimsky-Korsakoff says, "Much had to be altered, abridged and added. In acts I and II there turned up much that was superfluous, musically ugly and a drag on the scene. In act V, on the contrary, much was lacking altogether, while a good deal existed only in the roughest of rough draft records. The parts of the opera that the composer had instrumentated I re-orchestrated and, I hope, for the better. All the rest was instrumentated by me, too; I, again, made the arrangement for the piano. By the end of the summer the entire work on Kovantchina could not be finished and I wrote the last of it in St. Petersburg." There is more, but let it rest. Poor Moussorgsky!

Handel's concerto is the sixth of the 12 grand concertos for strings. It consists of a dialogue between a group of soloists and the chorus of instruments. The Boston Symphony Orchestra played here the fifth of the series on March 20, 1928.

M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

Borrowing from the Brahms Festival

Koussevitzky Will Bring the Second Symphony Again and Offer Ravel's Noisily Heralded "Bolero" Here for the First Time.—Season's End

With the appearance next Tuesday of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra, the present season of symphony orchestra concerts comes to an end.

The season itself, though by no means remarkable, cannot be called in any sense a lean one. From the symphony storeroom have been brought the Beethoven Fifth, the Beethoven Seventh, the Tschaikowsky Sixth, the Schumann First, the Brahms Second, and the Brahms Fourth. Wagner, as usual, contributed his share: the Faust Overture, the Excerpts from the Meistersingers, the Tannhauser overture; while for modern taste came offerings from Sibelius, Gruenberg, Stravinsky, Ravel, and McKinley; and among these a judicious sprinkling of celebrities from ages early and late.

The staple of the concert next week will be a borrowing from the Brahms festival in Boston. Of the music played in that Symphony Hall observance, Dr. Koussevitzky has elected to play us the Second Symphony, which he gave us last season and which we heard at Cleveland hands only a month ago at the Music Association concert in Infantry Hall.

The Ravel "Bolero" has been long awaited by many here who heard with wistfulness the tales of enthusiasm in distant halls and wished it would be offered them too. The accounts of the Boston premiere of this new work tell of cheering unprecedented in the staid precincts of music there, while parts, at least, of other audiences have been voluble in their appreciation.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Handel....Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10
Overture; Air: Lento: Allegro moderato; Allegro

Moussorgsky .....
.....Prelude to "Khovantchina"

Ravel .....Bolero"

Brahms .....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 73
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio non troppo
III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
IV. Allegro con spirito

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M. C. W.

SYMPHONY BY SIBELIUS IS REPEATED

By MOSES SMITH

HAVING spent much labor on the preparation and performance of the Brahms Festival, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, present for this week's regular symphony concerts a program that consists mostly of repetitions of works heard earlier in the season.

The single exception is Walter Piston's "Suite for Orchestra;" and, as if to lighten Mr. Koussevitzky's work the more, the piece is conducted by the composer. This piece consists of three movements, the first of which recalls jazz and blues often, the second is slow and atmospheric, and the third is a sort of march fugue.

As presented at yesterday's matinee the music is often inspiriting; the fast sections are markedly rhythmical. It is often "derivative." We detected—or thought we did—traces of Ravel, Honegger and, believe it or not, George Gershwin. When the classic shades of Harvard (where Mr. Piston teaches) reflect even mildly the light of Tin Pan Alley, jazz has become very respectable indeed.

Yet we were not greatly stirred by the music. There was a tendency to anemia, except in the third movement which had an interesting thematic basis and was well, though briefly, worked out. In fact, brevity is the most respected virtue today. The performance seemed to us excellent, and Mr. Piston, a conductor of unusual capacity.

The other numbers were Haydyn's symphony in D major (with the horn call), Sibelius' sixth symphony and Schorberg's orchestration of a Bach prelude and fugue in E-flat for organ. Our principal interest was in the Sibelius. Hearing it for the third time, we regard it as a little masterpiece.

Plays Remaining

INCORRECT PAGINATION

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

The Observer

By Walter Brown

Brahms and His Second Symphony.

Johannes Brahms was in his early forties when he composed the second of his symphonies—the one chosen for performance here by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra on April 3. His first symphonic work had been triumphantly performed the preceding year (1876) and had even been hailed—though mistakenly, it would seem,—as "at last a Tenth Symphony." Certainly Brahms himself did not regard his First as going on where Beethoven stopped though undoubtedly he was grounded on Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven in his classic form.

But the new symphonist of fifty-odd years ago did not hold himself bound absolutely to the old in music; he had feeling for the poetic, the imaginative, the dramatic — feeling that he let his music portray; but he did not seek the unusual, the bizarre, in expressing himself—rather he treated the imaginative, the dramatic, the poetic in earnestness and in truth as his musical genius revealed it to him. He was a conservative of loftiest ideals, who believed in an orderly and sure progress rather than any seemingly brilliant advances that might prove fruitless or worse.

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That Brahms was a melodist despite his reputation for severity of form and absolutism in expression seems to have been overlooked in many of the earlier commentaries on his music. But certainly in the present that fact is stressed, as it is enjoyed, by all who listen to his music. His first symphony was full of passion and unrest, with strong emotional content that melts in the final allegro into a spirit of joyousness; the second symphony may, perhaps, be said to begin in cheerfulness where the first closes—it has repose and a pastoral simplicity and charm as well.

But it never lacks in dignity though it may find some expression of humor; it has beauty of theme, melodies, strength of contrasts, and it bespeaks attention in its absolute unity to the skill of the composer in the technique of his art as well as in power of expression of thought.

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The four movements of the symphony are undivided—that is each is played under one heading, while in the Brahms First, for example, the opening and closing movements are divided—with an allegro used for the ending of each. The beginning of the symphony to which we shall listen on April 9 is Allegro ma non troppo, with a first theme beautifully set for the wind instruments, with the horns sounding most festive strains. The strings sing the second theme gracefully and sweetly but the working out disturbs, in no inconsiderable measure, the quiet, pastoral scene; for as the brasses are admitted in strength stormy effects are produced that are, in turn, to be quieted before the Coda by the first theme given fine effect in the oboes; and the movement ends tranquilly and beautifully.

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The second Adagio has been termed "sphinx-like" by some of the analysts. Unique in form, with themes less clearly stated than in the first movement perhaps, still there is the perfection of workmanship in the standard that Brahms set for himself and maintained; Hermann Deiters—biographer of Brahms in 1880—states that in this second movement the composer has "intentionally striven to express the hesitation and fearfulness experienced on beholding a weird apparition which still irresistibly entices and beckons us onward." Present-day hearers may not get this feeling out of the music; the tendency nowadays is rather against any idea of "programming." Possibly in a case like this each music-lover who listens may do well to think out his own explanation of the music—if he needs one.

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But if the hearers must dream their own dreams of fear, or horror, or what they will, in the Adagio of Brahms's Second the third movement, Allegretto grazioso, calls for no individual thought—merely the enjoyment of melody, grace and charm, with a sort of rustic dance, full of humor and honest gayety, thrown in for good measure. Here is one of the joyous examples of Brahms as melodist.

The Finale of the symphony, not infrequently termed Mozartian—not in an imitative sense but in its general manner of treatment—revels in variations of preceding themes or reminiscences of them, handled with amazing skill and in constantly shifting calues of tone-color; with a spirited, brilliant and sonorous ending. And so closes the second of the four symphonies of Johannes Brahms—of which Professor Pratt, in his monumental "History of Music" says that they were "notably different from each other, displaying the complex structure, rhythmical and melodic fertility, sustained energy and disdain of merely superficial effect that mark his whole style."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

FINE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Brahms' second symphony, which was one of the high points of the Brahms Festival celebrated in Boston by the Boston symphony orchestra in the last few days (March 21-26), will also be performed by the famous orchestra in its visit to Hartford for a concert in Bushnell Memorial hall, on Wednesday evening, April 9, at 8:15. The Brahms Festival, consisting of six programs of the orchestral, choral and chamber music of the German master, had a capacity attendance and was praised as one of the most important occasions in the history of musical performance in Boston.

Into the second symphony, Brahms concentrated his rarest expression of that poetic and tender lyricism which runs recurrently through his entire works. Its pastoral, idyllic mood prevails, for the veiled sadness of the adagio is only a cloud passing over the sun's face. Felix Weingartner, (unless he has changed his mind since 1905), considers this symphony Brahms' master work—"In none of his other works does Brahms' spring of invention flow so freshly and spontaneously as in this one; never before or afterwards did he handle the orchestra so sonorously."

Ravel's "Bolero," which is the novelty upon this program, has been performed this season by the principal symphony orchestras of the country and has each time excited a demonstration from the audience. The Spanish melody repeated again and again with accumulative intensity by various instruments of the orchehtra makes this piece one long crescendo, the climax of which is irresistible.

Dr. Sere Koussevitzky will also present the prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina." This is a charming mood picture illustrating the coming of dawn over the Red Square in the Kremlin in Moscow. Before its close the cathedral chimes are heard ringing softly in the distance.

The program will open with Handel's Voncerto Grosso, Opus. 6, No. 10. This music, written for the string orchestra, reveals with exceptional effects the supreme tonal beauty and perfection of ensemble which has made the Boston Symphony orchestra's strings famous.

The program will open with Vivaldi's concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ, (edited by A. Siloti). This music reveals with exceptional efects the supreme tonal beauty and perfection of ensemble which has made the Boston Symphony orchestra's strings famous.

Good seats are still available for the concert at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street.

PISTON'S SUITE AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston Composer's Work in First Performance

Dr Koussevitzky Repeats Music by Haydn and Schoenberg

A suite for orchestra by Walter Piston, a Boston-born composer, now teaching music in Harvard University, was performed for the first time at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr Piston conducted his own work. Dr Koussevitzky filled the rest of the program with repetitions of music already heard in this series of concerts during the current season. Haydn's Symphony "With the Horn Call," Sibelius' Sixth Symphony and Schoenberg's arrangement of an organ prelude and fugue by Bach, in E flat, were the chosen numbers.

Mr Piston's new suite, written last Summer, has three movements, allegro, andante, allegro. His brief and modest description of it in the program book follows the admirable current musical fashion of avoiding any attempt at ascribing to music a pictorial or dramatic function it does not possess. He has written "absolute music," and not "program music," to use the cant terms.

It is with the younger and not the elder generation of American composers that Mr Piston must be ranked, not merely by his years, but by the style of his music. A pupil of Nadia Boulanger, he has undergone in Paris the same musical influences that have helped shape the creative imagination of Aaron Copland. He has assimilated the work of such modern French writers as Ravel and Honegger, and of such modern Russians as Stravinsky and Prokofieff. Like Mr Copland, he has listened to American popular pieces of the "jazz" type with a respectful curiosity, though probably with less hope than Copland once displayed of finding in them the inspiration for genuinely "American" music.

Musical Background

This musical background, and a high degree of skill in writing and scoring musc for orchestra, have enabled Mr Piston to produce in the suite heard yesterday a work deserving more than the single hearing too often allotted by the musical powers-that-be to the compositions of American writers.

He has something of his own to say in musc, and he has said it in the language of the present musical day with considerable point and power. There is far more imaginative power in this suite than in earlier works of Mr Piston heard here. Its ingenious rhythms and individual tone color adorn without blurring a firmly knit musical texture.

If one thought, hearing an ejaculatory outburst in the first allegro of Ravel's "La Valse," and if listening to an episode in Mr Piston's fugue finale, one recalled a well known sonorous passage for brass in Debussy's "Fetes," these reminiscences were unimportant in view of the originality and effectiveness of the suite as a whole. What composer old or new, great or minor, has ever succeeded in avoiding in his work all hints of the music of other writers?

Mr Piston, it should be added, conducted his suite wtih a skill not given to most composers. One felt that he was securing from the orchestra just about what he wanted. The players applauded him more heartily at the close than did the majority of an audience notoriously cool to modern pieces. This suite should be heard again in Boston. It is on the program of the next Cambridge concert.

Neglected Work

There is no need to speak at length of the other numbers, all commented upon in these columns within a few weeks. A rehearing confirmed one's notion that the Haydn symphony is a charming and unjustly neglected work. The purists object to transcriptions of Bach, but if a great prelude and fugue were to be arranged for orchestra it could hardly be more skilfully done than it has been by Schoenberg.

Sibelius' Sixth Symphony again seemed an utterly original work, with a finely imaginative and powerful musical content which the composer has not wholly disengaged from some awkwardness of his medium of expression.

Next week we are to have a Beethoven program, with Schnabel as soloist in the G-minor concerto, the "Pastoral Symphony," and "Leonore No. 3" overture.

P. R.

TURDAY, MARCH 29, 1930

MUSIC

Herald

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra arranged this program for the 20th concert in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon: Haydn, Symphony, D major, with the horn call piston. Suite for Orchestra (first performance). Sibelius, Symphony, No. 6. Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg.

Mr. Piston conducted his Suite. The symphonies by Haydn and Sibelius and Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's music had all been recently performed.

It was pleasant to find Haydn and Piston, the old and the new, as neighbors; and it was pleasant to hear again the charming music of the 18th century and interesting to learn the tendency of a contemporary, one who has had advantages here and in France and now occupies an honorable position in the music department of Harvard University.

Again the freshness and charm of the symphony, the performance by virtuosi of the orchestra in the Finale, delighted the audience. There is a curious resemblance between the theme of the Minuet and the song once lustily roared when good men got together: "The Dutch Company." The tune for those words is supposed to be of German origin. Is it not possible that it was Croatian, familiar to Haydn's ears? It should not be forgotten that Haydn made a free use of Croatian folksongs, so much so that books and articles have been wirtten treating of Haydn as "a Croatian composer."

Mr. Piston's Suite was written last summer. In his modest account of it he says that the first movement of light character contains some "Americanisms" but he in no way attempted to write jazz; the second movement is calm; a development of two motives. (It has a Nocturne's character). The third movement is a fugue.

It would be foolish for an American composer in these years to write in the manner of Haydn and endeavor at the same time to express his own individuality. His musical ideas would hardly adapt themselves to the old forms; or he would only be a sedulous ape; that is if he had any ideas at all. Prokofieff wrote a "classical" symphony, and it is delightful; but he is a man of uncommon talent. Stravinsky tried to go back to Bach, and wrote music of Saharan barrenness—not one oasis for refreshment. No, a composer should be a man of his own generation, also country, but not possessed by a Chauvinistic demon so that his compositions would only have parochial interest. Just what Mr. Piston means by "Americanisms" in his first movement is not easy to understand. Mr. Chadwick has shown more than once that a composition, not containing a national air, not having a set program, can yet be charged with the spirit that is accepted here as in Europe as distinctively American, a certain reckless, devil-me-care, snapping -of-fingers-at -the-eternal-verities spirit. One fails to find this spirit, this flavor in Mr. Piston's first movement. There is occasional fury, a use of devices also employed by ingenious makers of jazz, but these can hardly be called Americanisms. In the slow movement there are some truly musical ideas that suggest a poetic feeling and a personal note, yet here one wishes a surer authorative — not aggressive — carrying out of the musical sentiments and a still more pronounced mood. Then there is the fugue.

Composers having made daring or loose experiments, caring little for euphony, disdaining, as is the fashion today, "obvious" tunes, harmonic progressions, enchanting combinations of instruments, suddenly thinking that the Philistines may be disconcerted by what they have done, write a fugue for a sonorous ending. They think that a fugue sanctifies what has gone before. There is safety in a fugue. The very word "fugue" impresses an audience; assures it that the composer knows his trade. And yesterday Mr. Piston's fugue was apparently the one movement honestly enjoyed. It was lively, it kept the attention, it even excited, and without any pedantic discussion as to its technical merit. It provoked hearty applause: that was the answer.

It is easy to see why the sixth symphony of Sibelius has never gained wide-spread popularity—the music is singularly self-restrained for him; an intimate brooding music, as if Sibelius, like Buddha, were lost in omphalic contemplation. No defiant outbursts, no bitter melancholy, no warring against Fate—as in the symphonies that made him famous; in pictorial or dramatic pages, as in the tone-poems inspired by the legends of Finland. The symphony is by no means negligible; but it has only a faint emotional appeal. The quiet ending is of an autumnal sunset beauty. We prefer Sibelius the man of storm and stress, raging or gloomy in his own peculiar manner of preceding years.

The transcription of Bach's prelude and fugue, vexing to the respecters of Bach and the lovers of his organ music, again aroused vigorous applause.

The concert will be repeated tnioght. The program of next week consists of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony; piano concerto, G major, No. 4 (Mr. Schnabel, pianist), and the "Lenore" overture, No. 3.

y air to New York for their Easter v

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SYMPHONY PLAYS WORK BY PISTON

Cambridge Composer Conducts Own Suite

Boston Pst Mar 29

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With the Brahms Festival and the daily rehearsals for it occupying the attention of Dr. Koussevitzky, and the Symphony Orchestra through last Wednesday evening, scant time was left for the preparation of a regular Symphony programme.

Accordingly Dr. Koussevitzky placed upon his list for yesterday and this evening three pieces already heard within the past few weeks and added to them a new suite by the resident composer, Walter Piston, which Mr. Piston himself conducted.

THREE REPEATS

The three repeated pieces were Haydn's early Symphony of the Horn Call, with the difficult first horn part again admirably played by Mr. Boettcher, Sibelius' Symphony Number Six and Schoenberg's brilliantly sonorous orchestration of Bach's E-Flat Major Organ Prelude and Fugue. All three were new to Boston this season; all three were excellently played yesterday, conductor and orchestra as much on their mettle as though there had been no festival to tax and tire them.

In the case of music so baffling and rarified as is much of this Symphony of Sibelius, a speedy repetition was almost imperative if the composer's message were to be fully comprehended, while in Bach's Prelude and Fugue there is so much of musical substance and complexity that the average listener could make little complaint at hearing it so soon again. Only Haydn's Symphony music of surface charm, interesting chiefly for its orchestral effects and its frequent solo passages for horn, flute, violin and 'cello, seemed superfluously repeated after so short an interval.

Piston's Suite

At the outset Mr. Piston's Suite proved none too inviting. The first movement, leaning heavily upon Honegger and Stravinsky, seemed barren o salient ideas, although the orchestra treatment was on occasion ingenious. For a time too, the succeeding Andante moved in dreary, monotonous fashion, although at the end a not unpleasing mood of calm and resignation was established. The final Fugue is, however, a capital piece of contrapuntal writing in the modern style with a well-marked rhythm to hold the attention and overide the frequent dissonance. But the music itself suggested a spaciousnes that its too speedy termination contradicted. Mr. Piston conducted wit authority and was much applauded.

Sibelius' Symphony grows on one, bu even on a rehearing the barren firs movement suggests an almost pervers avoidance of musical charm. The tw succeeding movements have in the more that can be readily grasped, an the familiar Sibelius returns in th Finale. As to the relative merits o Sibelius' earlier and later symphonies we are still too close to the composer t decide with any finality.

INCORRECT PAGINATION

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

The Obser

By Walter Brown

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The four movements of the symphony are undivided—that is each is played under one heading, while in the Brahms First, for example, the opening and closing movements are divided—with an allegro used for the ending of each. The beginning of the symphony to which we shall listen on April 9 is Allegro ma non troppo, with a first theme beautifully set for the wind instruments, with the horns sounding most festive strains. The strings sing the second theme gracefully and sweetly but the working out disturbs, in no inconsiderable measure, the quiet, pastoral scene; for as the brasses are admitted in strength stormy effects are produced that are, in turn, to be quieted before the Coda by the first theme given fine effect in the oboes; and the movement ends tranquilly and beautifully.

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The second Adagio has been termed "sphinx-like" by some of the analysts. Unique in form, with themes less clearly stated than in the first movement perhaps, still there is the perfection of workmanship in the standard that Brahms set for himself and maintained; Hermann Deiters—biographer of Brahms in 1880—states that in this second movement the composer has "intentionally striven to express the hesitation and fearfulness experienced on beholding a weird apparition which still irresistibly entices and beckons us onward." Present-day hearers may not get this feeling out of the music; the tendency nowadays is rather against any idea of "programming." Possibly in a case like this each music-lover who listens may do well to think out his own explanation of the music—if he needs one.

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But if the hearers must dream their own dreams of fear, or horror, or what they will, in the Adagio of Brahms's Second the third movement, Allegretto grazioso, calls for no individual thought—merely the enjoyment of melody, grace and charm, with a sort of rustic dance, full of humor and honest gayety, thrown in for good measure. Here is one of the joyous examples of Brahms as melodist.

The Finale of the symphony, not infrequently termed Mozartian—not in an imitative sense but in its general manner of treatment—revels in variations of preceding themes or reminiscences of them, handled with amazing skill and in constantly shifting values of tone-color; with a spirited, brilliant and sonorous ending. And so closes the second of the four symphonies of Johannes Brahms—of which Professor Pratt, in his monumental "History of Music" says that they were "notably different from each other, displaying the complex structure, rhythmical and melodic fertility, sustained energy and disdain of merely superficial effect that mark his whole style."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

FINE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Brahms' second symphony, which was one of the high points of the Brahms Festival celebrated in Boston by the Boston symphony orchestra in the last few days (March 21-26), will also be performed by the famous orchestra in its visit to Hartford for a concert in Bushnell Memorial hall, on Wednesday evening, April 9, at 8:15. The Brahms Festival, consisting of six programs of the orchestral, choral and chamber music of the German master, had a capacity attendance and was praised as one of the most important occasions in the history of musical performance in Boston.

Into the second symphony, Brahms concentrated his rarest expression of that poetic and tender lyricism which runs recurrently through his entire works. Its pastoral, idyllic mood prevails, for the veiled sadness of the adagio is only a cloud passing over the sun's face. Felix Weingartner, (unless he has changed his mind since 1905), considers this symphony Brahms' master work—"In none of his other works does Brahms' spring of invention flow so freshly and spontaneously as in this one; never before or afterwards did he handle the orchestra so sonorously."

Ravel's "Bolero," which is the novelty upon this program, has been performed this season by the principal symphony orchestras of the country and has each time excited a demonstration from the audience. The Spanish melody repeated again and again with accumulative intensity by various instruments of the orchehtra makes this piece one long crescendo, the climax of which is irresistible.

Dr. Sere Koussevitzky will also present the prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina." This is a charming mood picture illustrating the coming of dawn over the Red Square in the Kremlin in Moscow. Before its close the cathedral chimes are heard ringing softly in the distance.

The program will open with Handel's Voncerto Grosso, Opus. 6, No. 10. This music, written for the string orchestra, reveals with exceptional effects the supreme tonal beauty and perfection of ensemble which has made the Boston Symphony orchestra's strings famous.

The program will open with Vivaldi's concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ, (edited by A. Siloti). This music reveals with exceptional efects the supreme tonal beauty and perfection of ensemble which has made the Boston Symphony orchestra's strings famous.

Good seats are still available for the concert at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street.

PISTON'S SUITE AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston Composer's Work in First Performance

Dr Koussevitzky Repeats Music by Haydn and Schoenberg

A suite for orchestra by Walter Piston, a Boston-born composer, now teaching music in Harvard University, was performed for the first time at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr Piston conducted his own work. Dr Koussevitzky filled the rest of the program with repetitions of music already heard in this series of concerts during the current season. Haydn's Symphony "With the Horn Call," Sibelius' Sixth Symphony and Schoenberg's arrangement of an organ prelude and fugue by Bach, in E flat, were the chosen numbers.

Mr Piston's new suite, written last summer, has three movements, allegro, andante, allegro. His brief and modest description of it in the program book follows the admirable current musical fashion of avoiding any attempt at ascribing to music a pictorial or dramatic function it does not possess. He has written "absolute music," and not "program music," to use the cant terms.

It is with the younger and not the elder generation of American composers that Mr Piston must be ranked, not merely by his years, but by the style of his music. A pupil of Nadia Boulanger, he has undergone in Paris the same musical influences that have helped shape the creative imagination of Aaron Copland. He has assimilated the work of such modern French writers as Ravel and Honegger, and of such modern Russians as Stravinsky and Prokofieff. Like Mr Copland, he has listened to American popular pieces of the "jazz" type with a respectful curiosity, though probably with less hope than Copland once displayed of finding in them the inspiration for genuinely "American" music.

Musical Background

This musical background, and a high degree of skill in writing and scoring musc for orchestra, have enabled Mr Piston to produce in the suite heard yesterday a work deserving more than the single hearing too often allotted by the musical powers-that-be to the compositions of American writers.

He has something of his own to say in musc, and he has said it in the language of the present musical day with considerable point and power. There is far more imaginative power in this suite than in earlier works of Mr Piston heard here. Its ingenious rhythms and individual tone color adorn without blurring a firmly knit musical texture.

If one thought, hearing an ejaculatory outburst in the first allegro of Ravel's "La Valse," and if listening to an episode in Mr Piston's fugue finale, one recalled a well known sonorous passage for brass in Debussy's "Fetes," these reminiscences were unimportant in view of the originality and effectiveness of the suite as a whole. What composer old or new, great or minor, has ever succeeded in avoiding in his work all hints of the music of other writers?

Mr Piston, it should be added, conducted his suite wtih a skill not given to most composers. One felt that he was securing from the orchestra just about what he wanted. The players applauded him more heartily at the close than did the majority of an audience notoriously cool to modern pieces. This suite should be heard again in Boston. It is on the program of the next Cambridge concert.

Neglected Work

There is no need to speak at length of the other numbers, all commented upon in these columns within a few weeks. A rehearing confirmed one's notion that the Haydn symphony is a charming and unjustly neglected work. The purists object to transcriptions of Bach, but if a great prelude and fugue were to be arranged for orchestra it could hardly be more skilfully done than it has been by Schoenberg.

Sibelius' Sixth Symphony again seemed an utterly original work, with a finely imaginative and powerful musical content which the composer has not wholly disengaged from some awkwardness of his medium of expression.

Next week we are to have a Beethoven program, with Schnabel as soloist in the G-minor concerto, the "Pastoral Symphony," and "Leonore No. 3" overture. P. R.

TURDAY, MARCH 29, 1930

MUSIC

Herald

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra arranged this program for the 20th concert in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon: Haydn, Symphony, D major, with the horn call piston. Suite for Orchestra (first performance). Sibellus, Symphony, No. 6. Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg.

Mr. Piston conducted his Suite. The symphonies by Haydn and Sibelius and Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's music had all been recently performed.

It was pleasant to [illegible] Haydn and Piston, the old and the new, as neighbors; and it was pleasant to hear again the charming music of the 18th century and interesting to learn the tendency of a contemporary, one who has had advantages here and in France and now occupies an honorable position in the music department of Harvard University.

Again the freshness and charm of the symphony, the performance by virtuosi of the orchestra in the Finale, delighted the audience. There is a curious resemblance between the theme of the Minuet and the song once lustily roared when good men got together: "The Dutch Company." The tune for those words is supposed to be of German origin. Is it not possible that it was Croatian, familiar to Haydn's ears? It should not be forgotten that Haydn made a free use of Croatian folksongs, so much so that books and articles have been wirtten treating of Haydn as "a Croatian composer."

Mr. Piston's Suite was written last summer. In his modest account of it he says that the first movement of light character contains some "Americanisms" but he in no way attempted to write jazz; the second movement is calm; a development of two motives. (It has a Nocturne's character). The third movement is a fugue.

It would be foolish for an American composer in these years to write in the manner of Haydn and endeavor at the same time to express his own individuality. His musical ideas would hardly adapt themselves to the old forms; or he would only be a sedulous ape; that is if he had any ideas at all. Prokofieff wrote a "classical" symphony, and it is delightful; but he is a man of uncommon talent. Stravinsky tried to go back to Bach, and wrote music of Saharan barrenness—not one oasis for refreshment. No, a composer should be a man of his own generation, also country, but not possessed by a Chauvinistic demon so that his compositions would only have parochial interest. Just what Mr. Piston means by "Americanisms" in his first movement is not easy to understand. Mr. Chadwick has shown more than once that a composition, not containing a national air, not having a set program, can yet be charged with the spirit that is accepted here as in Europe as distinctively American, a certain reckless, devil-me-care, snapping -of-fingers-at -the-eternal-verities spirit. One fails to find this spirit, this flavor in Mr. Piston's first movement. There is occasional fury, a use of devices also employed by ingenious makers of jazz, but these can hardly be called Americanisms. In the slow movement there are some truly musical ideas that suggest a poetic feeling and a personal note, yet here one wishes a surer authorative — not aggressive — carrying out of the musical sentiments and a still more pronounced mood. Then there is the fugue.

Composers having made daring or loose experiments, caring little for euphony, disdaining, as is the fashion today, "obvious" tunes, harmonic progressions, enchanting combinations of instruments, suddenly thinking that the Philistines may be disconcerted by what they have done, write a fugue for a sonorous ending. They think that a fugue sanctifies what has gone before. There is safety in a fugue. The very word "fugue" impresses an audience; assures it that the composer knows his trade. And yesterday Mr. Piston's fugue was apparently the one movement honestly enjoyed. It was lively, it kept the attention, it even excited, and without any pedantic discussion as to its technical merit. It provoked hearty applause: that was the answer.

It is easy to see why the sixth symphony of Sibelius has never gained wide-spread popularly—the music is singularly self-restrained for him; an intimate brooding music, as if Sibelius, like Buddha, were lost in omphalic contemplation. No defiant outbursts, no bitter melancholy, no warring against Fate—as in the symphonies that made him famous; in pictorial or dramatic pages, as in the tone-poems inspired by the legends of Finland. The symphony is by no means negligible; but it has only a faint emotional appeal. The quiet ending is of an autumnal sunset beauty. We prefer Sibelius the man of storm and stress, raging or gloomy in his own peculiar manner of preceding years.

The transcription of Bach's prelude and fugue, vexing to the respecters of Bach and the lovers of his organ music, again aroused vigorous applause.

The concert will be repeated tnioght. The program of next week consists of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony; piano concerto, G major, No. 4 (Mr. Schnabel, pianist), and the "Lenore" overture, No. 3.

[illegible] to New York for their Easter v[illegible]

SYMPHONY PLAYS WORK BY PISTON

Cambridge Composer Conducts Own Suite

Piston 73 Mar 29

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With the Brahms Festival and the daily rehearsals for it occupying the attention of Dr. Koussevitzky, and the Symphony Orchestra through last Wednesday evening, scant time was left for the preparation of a regular Symphony programme.

Accordingly Dr. Koussevitzky placed upon his list for yesterday and this evening three pieces already heard within the past few weeks and added to them a new suite by the resident composer, Walter Piston, which Mr. Piston himself conducted.

THREE REPEATS

The three repeated pieces were Haydn's early Symphony of the Horn Call, with the difficult first horn part again admirably played by Mr. Boettcher, Sibelius' Symphony Number Six and Schoenberg's brilliantly sonorous orchestration of Bach's E-Flat Major Organ Prelude and Fugue. All three were new to Boston this season; all three were excellently played yesterday, conductor and orchestra as much on their mettle as though there had been no festival to tax and tire them.

In the case of music so baffling and rarified as is much of this Symphony of Sibelius, a speedy repetition was almost imperative if the composer's message were to be fully comprehended, while in Bach's Prelude and Fugue there is so much of musical substance and complexity that the average listener could make little complaint at hearing it so soon again. Only Haydn's Symphony, music of surface charm, interesting chiefly for its orchestral effects and its frequent solo passages for horn, flute, violin and 'cello, seemed superfluously repeated after so short an interval.

Piston's Suite

At the outset Mr. Piston's Suite proved none too inviting. The first movement, leaning heavily upon Honegger and Stravinsky, seemed barren of salient ideas, although the orchestral treatment was on occasion ingenious. For a time too, the succeeding Andante moved in dreary, monotonous fashion, although at the end a not unpleasing mood of calm and resignation was established. The final Fugue is, however, a capital piece of contrapuntal writing in the modern style with a well-marked rhythm to hold the attention and override the frequent dissonance. But the music itself suggested a spaciousness that its too speedy termination contradicted. Mr. Piston conducted with authority and was much applauded.

Sibelius' Symphony grows on one, but even on a rehearing the barren first movement suggests an almost perverse avoidance of musical charm. The two succeeding movements have in them more that can be readily grasped, and the familiar Sibelius returns in the Finale. As to the relative merits of Sibelius' earlier and later symphonies we are still too close to the composer to decide with any finality.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

Boston Symphony Presents Ravel's "Bolero" Tuesday

Orchestral Sensation of the Year Uncanny in Its Crescendo

(Written for the Sunday Journal)
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

One of the pieces included by Dr. Koussevitzky in the program to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Albee Theatre next Tuesday evening, namely Ravel's "Bolero," may justly be regarded as the orchestral sensation of the year. Possibly it is a sign of the musical poverty of our times that a piece so slight from the purely musical standpoint should be the one to merit this description. Concert audiences, however, are but human, and Ravel has in this composition played upon their susceptibilities with a skill that, whatever else may be said for "Bolero," commands the warmest admiration.

It is a well established musical principle that the prolonged reiteration of a rhythm acts directly upon the listener's nervous system, and properly handled this device can be productive of intense excitement. It is well known, too, that a long orchestral crescendo, a gradual piling-up of instrumental sonorities, will produce a powerful nervous reaction. And in "Bolero," which he wrote, incidentally, as vehicle for the art of the dancer Ida Rubinstein, Ravel has combined these two methods of appeal—or perhaps assault is the accurate word.

A single rhythmic design two measures in length runs through "Bolero," announced first by a snare-drum and never relinqushed until the final chord has sounded. A single melody of two well-defined sections is many times repeated; a single chord, the chord of C major, serves the accompaniment until, just before the close, it is replaced for a few measures by the chord of E major and then resumed.

But the remarkable feature of "Bolero" is not the employment of this principle of organized monotony or the use of the long crescendo—a trick as old as Rossini, or older. It is the uncanny ingenuity with which this crescendo is effected, the adding of instrument after instrument, choir after choir, until the progress from the faintest pianissimo to a thunderous fortissimo has been achieved. And the modulation above referred to, of electrifying effect, is a stroke of genius. The first audience to hear "Bolero" in Boston found release for its pent-up excitements in a veritable storm of applause, stamping and cheers.

The remainder of next Tuesday's program is not of a sensational nature, but it is lacking neither in diversity nor in directness of appeal. For those who care for music in the pure classic style that attains a beauty untroubled by emotion, there is a Concerto Grosso of Handel, in D minor, for strings, one of the set of twelve which he wrote within the brief space of a month for an English publisher. For those who prefer that music should represent some extraneous idea or situation, there is the Prelude to Moussorgsky's opera "Khovantchina" that would suggest the coming of dawn over the Red Square in Moscow. And here the creative genius of Moussorgsky, most original of the Russians, is supplemented and reinforced by the rare orchestral cunning of this confrere Rimsky-Korsakov, who scored Moussorgsky's work.

Finally, for those who cherish most of all the combined formal and emotional appeal to be found in the modern symphony, there is the Symphony in D major of Brahms, the second of his four great masterworks in that genre. Coming after the imposing iFrst Symphony in C minor Brahms' Second, with its almost Mendelssohnian grace and clarity, surprised and even disappointed the critics of that day, who were looking for more profundity, for epic breadths. But the most popular of the four. Only in the grave and brooding Adagio is there a lapse from the warmth and geniality, the lyric flow, the rhythmic life that particularly characterize this Symphony. And this slow movement is itself preferred by some Brahmsites to any other that the composer gave us.

In Boston, by the way, the music of Brahms has lately filled five Festival programs, with Dr. Koussevitzky as the motivating force and presiding genius. And the popular enthusiasm with which this liberal dose of Brahms was received bore witness to the general affection in which that composer, once found crabbed the austere, is now held.

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BROOKLYN
CITIZEN

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHRONICLE

Boston Orchestra Concludes Festival

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conductor, has just concluded a festival of the music of Johannes Brahms, which includes daily concerts from March 21 to 26. The works performed were the four symphonies, the "Academic Festival" Overture, the "Haydn Variations," the two Piano Concerti, the Violin Concerto, the Piano Quintet, and choral works including the "German Requiem" and the "Song of Destiny."

Assisting artists were the choruses of Harvard University and Radcliffe College, directed by Archibald Davison and Wallace Woodworth; the Burgin String Quartet; Arthur Schnabel, pianist; Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Audiences were capacity.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

$10,000 SOUGHT AS MUSIC FUND

Providence Association Sends Out Plea to Insure Continuance of Concerts.

GREATER PROGRAM PLANNED

Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, President of Organization, Points Out Other Cities Raise Bigger Sums

An appeal for a fund of $10,000 to keep the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts coming to Providence, to finance at least two other major music attractions during the 1930-1931 season and aid in the development of a community appreciation of important music, was sent out yesterday by the Providence Music Association.

Of the total amount needed, $4500 is to be used for the Boston Symphony concerts, to be held in the Albee Theatre. For two or three other concerts, probably two visiting symphonies or three great artists, the Music Association's budget calls for $4750. The balance of the $10,000 is needed to recoup a deficit suffered during the 1929-1930 season because of the fact that the underwriting of the concert series did not come up to expectations.

Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, President of the Music Association, in a letter to a number of Providence supporters of good music, points out that "other cities are raising similar funds to a far larger extent—from Hartford's $12,000 to Detroit's $250,000 yearly."

"Situated as we are in Providence," Mrs. Sharpe's letter continues, "we are in the very fortunate position of being able to bring here the great orchestras and artists who regularly go to Boston and New York."

Because of the successful Cleveland and Detroit orchestra concerts during the past season, the Music Association is developing plans for an extension of its program in this city, particularly for the purpose of interesting children in excellent music, officers of the association said yesterday. It is hoped that children's music can be played by visiting orchestras on the afternoon of the day on which the evening concert is to be played and the expectation is that such attractions can be made entirely self-supporting if a nominal charge is made for children's tickets.

Subscriptions to the Music Association's 1930-1931 fund are being sent to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer at the offices of the association, 313 Gas Company building. All subscriptions will be acknowledged in the newspapers.

Officers of the Music Association for

Continued on Page 7, Column 5.

Continued from Page 1, Col. 2.

1930-1931 are: President—Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe; Vice President—William S. Innis; Secretary—Hugh F. MacColl; Treasurer—Mrs. William Gammell, Jr.; Assistant Secretary—Berrick Schloss; Executive Committee—The officers and William L. Sweet, Harry Parsons Cross and Maurice Joy.

Members of the Music Association advisory committee for 1930-1931, including a number of new members, are: John B. Archer, Mrs. Clarence A. Barbour, Mrs. Dwight K. Bartlett, Nathaniel D. Brown, Walter H. Butterfield, Mrs. Gilbert C. Carpenter, Mrs. Murray S. Danforth, Mrs. Paul C. DeWolf, Roswell H. Fairman, Albert Fenner, C. Walter Fraleigh, Mrs. R. H. Ives Goddard, Mrs. Lucy Marsh Gordon, Theodore Francis Green, Mrs. Harold J. Gross, Mrs. George Hail, Miss Annette Mason Ham, Andrew L. Intlehouse, Mrs. George H. Lomas, Mrs. Edgar J. Lownes, Carl B. Marshall, Mrs. Caesar Misch, Miss Margaret S. Morriss, Mrs. Elisha Capron Mowry, Miss Edith Nichols, Mrs. Walter P. Peirce, Mrs. G. W. H. Ritchie, Ellsworth Sisson, Elmer G. Wilson Smith, J. D. Tamarkin, Mrs. Ashbel T. Wall, Jr., and Rev. Walter Williams.

And still they come. Says The Chesterian in the latest mail from London: "Arthur Honegger is engaged upon the completion of his ballet 'Amphion' after Paul Valery's poem, and is working on a Symphony which is to be performed in Boston upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, CONDUCTOR, BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Dr. Koussevitzky, world acclaimed as one of the great conductors of the present time, will conduct the Boston Symphony program to be given at Bushnell Memorial Hall on the evening of April 9, under the auspices of Frank A. Sedgwick.
(C) Caro

THE PROVIDENCE SUNDAY

Serge Koussevitzky

Conductor of Boston Symphony in farewell concert of season Tuesday night.

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GREATER PROGRAM PLANNED

Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, President of Organization, Points Out Other Cities Raise Bigger Sums

An appeal for a fund of $10,000 to keep the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts coming to Providence, to finance at least two other major music attractions during the 1930-1931 season and aid in the development of a community appreciation of important music, was sent out yesterday by the Providence Music Association.

Of the total amount needed, $4500 is to be used for the Boston Symphony concerts, to be held in the Albee Theatre. For two or three other concerts, probably two visiting symphonies or three great artists, the Music Association's budget calls for $4750. The balance of the $10,000 is needed to recoup a deficit suffered during the 1929-1930 season because of the fact that the underwriting of the concert series did not come up to expectations.

Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, President of the Music Association, in a letter to a number of Providence supporters of good music, points out that "other cities are raising similar funds to a far larger extent from Hartford's $12,000 to Detroit's $250,000 yearly."

"Situated as we are in Providence," Mrs. Sharpe's letter continues, "we are in the very fortunate position of being able to bring here the great orchestras and artists who regularly go to Boston and New York."

Because of the successful Cleveland and Detroit orchestra concerts during the past season, the Music Association is developing plans for an extension of its program in this city, particularly for the purpose of interesting children in excellent music, officers of the association said yesterday. It is hoped that children's music can be played by visiting orchestras on the afternoon of the day on which the evening concert is to be played and the expectation is that such attractions can be made entirely self-supporting if a nominal charge is made for children's tickets.

Subscriptions to the Music Association's 1930-1931 fund are being sent to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer at the offices of the association, 313 Gas Company building. All subscriptions will be acknowledged in the newspapers.

Officers of the Music Association for

Continued on Page 7, Column 5.

Continued from Page 1, Col. 2.

1930-1931 are: President, Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe; Vice President, William S. Innis; Secretary, Hugh F. MacColl; Treasurer, Mrs. William Gammell, Jr.; Assistant Secretary, Berrick Schloss; Executive Committee, The officers and William L. Sweet, Harry Parsons Cross and Maurice Jo[illegible]

Members of the Music Association ad[illegible] 1930-1931, includ[illegible] numbers of the new members, are John B. Acker, Mrs. Clarence A. Barbour, Mrs. Dwight K. Bartlett, Nathaniel D. Brown, Walter H. Butterfield, Mrs. Gilbert C. Carpenter, Mrs. Murray S. Danforth, Mrs. Paul C. DeWolf, Roswell H. Fairman, Albert Fenner, C. Walter Fraleigh, Mrs. R. H. Ives Goddard, Mrs. Lucy Marsh Gordon, Theodore Francis Green, Mrs. Harold J. Gross, Mrs. George Hall, Miss Annette Mason Ham, Andrew L. Intlehouse, Mrs. George H. Lomas, Mrs. Edgar J. Lownes, Carl B. Marshall, Mrs. Caesar Misch, Miss Margaret S. Morriss, Mrs. Elisha Capron Mowry, Miss Edith Nichols, Mrs. Walter P. Peirce, Mrs. G. W. H. Ritchie, Ellsworth Sissor, Elmer G. Wilson Smith, J. D. Tamarkin, Mrs. Ashbel T. Wall Jr., and Rev. Walter Williams.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHRONICLE

Boston Orchestra Concludes Festival

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conductor, has just concluded a festival of the music of Johannes Brahms, which includes daily concerts from March 21 to 26. The works performed were the four symphonies, the "Academic Festival" Overture, the "Haydn Variations," the two Piano Concerti, the Violin Concerto, the Piano Quintet, and choral works including the "German Requiem" and the "Song of Destiny."

Assisting artists were the choruses of Harvard University and Radcliffe College, directed by Archibald Davison and Wallace Woodworth; the Burgin String Quartet; Arthur Schnabel, pianist; Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Audiences were capacity.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, CONDUCTOR, BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Dr. Koussevitzky, world acclaimed as one of the great conductors of the present time, will conduct the Boston Symphony program to be given at Bushnell Memorial Hall on the evening of April 9, under the auspices of Frank A. Sedgwick.
(C) Caro

THE PROVIDENCE SUNDAY

Serge Koussevitzky

Conductor of Boston Symphony in farewell concert of season Tuesday night.

And still they come. Says The Chesterian in the latest mail from London: "Arthur Honegger is engaged upon the completion of his ballet 'Amphion' after Paul Valery's poem, and is working on a Symphony which is to be performed in Boston upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Trans Apr

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

BOSTON SYMPHONY

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Speaking of the First Symphony in C as played by the Boston Symphony orchestra, the Boston Transcript said, in part:

"The light, misty orchestral tone was veil of beauty upon the intermezzo-like Allegretto. Neither Nikisch nor Dr. Muck himself wrought more suspensive the slow introduction to the finale; received from the horns more sonorous tone. And the finale itself? There are some of us who love not Beethoven's jigging, shouting Ode to Joy to climax the Ninth Symphony, would fain have it end with the Adagio. For them, be it prejudice or blasphemy, Brahm's finale touches a spare and exultant grandeur—Dr. Koussevitzky has reason for his added horns and trombones—while Beethoven's blindly flails the air. And this a a Bramsian [illegible] Dr. Koussevitzky [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

THIS CLIPPING FROM
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LOVERS OF MUSIC CONTRIBUTE $795

Local Association, Seeking $10,000, Plans to Bring Noted Artists Here

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Last year's total subscription amounted to $7740. This year the Music Association is planning a more extensive programe and has budgeted its needs at $10,000 to pay for the Boston Symphony and two or three other concerts by famous orchestras or great artists. Subscriptions are being mailed to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer of the Music Association, and addressed to 313 [illegible]

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives Season's Final Program

Familiar Brahms And New Ravel Sensation Charm Large Audience.—Failure of Concerto of Handel To Draw Much Applause Not Surprising. Moussorgsky Prelude Brilliant.

With the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening the season of symphonic music came to an end. The usual large audience attended, charmed alike by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's mature technique of the baton and the crisp, clean playing of the followers of the wand; for both conductor and orchestra were in the most animated moods, the one to lead where few could follow, and the other to follow in despite of chasm or climb. So whether one spent his time in watching the intricacies of the conductor's art or listening to his followers trying to build anew the tower of Babel or once more pile Ossa upon Pelion, he had his reward, and a brilliant reward it was. For flushed with the successes of the Brahms Festival and intent upon the cry of the closing season, the players put themselves into their play with more than their wonted ardor, making their performance memorable, in spite of the rather tenuous nature of some of the media with their incidental lack of charm.

The program:

Handel....Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10
Overture; Air; Lento: Allegro moderato; Allegro
Moussorgsky .....Prelude to "Khovantchina"
Ravel ......"Bolero"

Brahms.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 73
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio non troppo
III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
IV. Allegro con spirito

Bolero Creates Sensation.

As was to be expected, the much bruited Bolero of Ravel made its proper sensation. Critics had told us already in language more or less guarded that this composition was an ill-disguised musical joke perpetrated to show the susceptibility of a sophisticated music public. After it is played and done with it seems hardly to be that. One might liken it to a dame of uncertain years robed in multi-hued gunny sack, leaping and shrieking in hysterical frenzy in an inane endeavor to prove that she is the belle of the ball, for all the satin and silk and cloth-of-gold-clad rivals that contend for the honor. Half as long, it might be tolerable, and less than that by half, it might be interesting; but as it stands it is sheer wantonness and mockery. The fact that the crowd goes wild over such stuff is not at all surprising, for that is the business of the crowd; but down in its heart the crowd knows that it has been cheated, and it sends up its roar merely to show that it is a good sport. Moreover, it is pleasant to see a great orchestra put through its paces, whether the paces lead to Paradise or the Pit. After which one is tempted to cry Hurrah for Duke Ellington!

On the other hand it is not surprising that the Concerto of Handel failed to elicit the applause that is its musical due. Handel is not quite a la mode at present, so there are few who stop to note the moral significance of his manner, his sense of order, balance, moderation, measure—"in short, a certain easily recognizable manner of conceiving and rendering life." Ours now "is a susceptibility to irregular beauty, a fondness for the striking and the unusual even at the expense of regularity and order, a preference for fascinating detail above symmetry and proportion, a predilection for the coruscations of style—for the glittering phrase, for the exotic turn, for everything that thrills and dazzles, a hunger for sensation, even when these desires lead to a dissipation of the attention—" such are the external qualities that charm and hold us at the present time.

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The performance of the Moussorgsky-Rimsky-Korsakov Prelude was more brilliant than that given recently by the Cleveland Orchestra; a greater light flooded the dawning of day over the Red Square in Moscow, but with the light there went not a corresponding warmth. Perhaps it was not so intended by either composer or expositor. The orchestral

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Before beginning the regular program Dr. Koussevitzky came out ond paid a touching tribute to the memory of the late Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, speaking of him as a devoted patron of music and of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; after which he asked the audience to stand while the orchestra, standing, played a funeral march in memory of him who had gone to rest.

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JOURNAL

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BULLETIN

DR. FAUNCE PAID TRIBUTE IN MUSIC

Dr. Koussevitzky Leads Boston Symphony in Unexpected but Moving Threnody.

A threnody to the memory of Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, offered by the conductor and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the language of music, in which they are articulate and expressive, called the concert audience at the Albee Theatre to its feet last night to join in homage to the man who had been honorary president of the Providence Music Association since its organization. The playing of a funeral march came as an unexpected but moving tribute to Dr. Faunce. It was followed by the last concert of the Boston Symphony's 1929-1930 series in this city.

The customary applause greeted Dr. Serge Koussevitzky as he made his first appearance upon the stage and moved toward the conductor's stand. Instead of turning immediately to lead his musicians, however, he faced the audience, and the house lights were turned up again. He spoke, phrasing his sentences with effort, and for most of the audience it was the first time they had heard his voice.

Dr. Koussevitzky referred to the absence of President Faunce from his usual place and said he missed the welcome the latter usually gave him.

The loss, he said, was a personal one because he had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from him.

"Brown University was the first," the conductor added, "to appreciate my efforts for music in this country."

He asked the audience to stand while the orchestra played a funeral march.

When Mr. Koussevitzky was made doctor on Feb. 24, 1926, he resorted to music to make his acknowledgment. At that time he played his double bass, his first public appearance in America as a soloist on that instrument. Again last night he turned to music to express his sentiments.

The audience heard the march in silence, only a few scattering, well-meant bursts of applause greeting its conclusion. When Dr. Koussevitzky returned to his stand a minute later, however, he was given a rousing reception.

Announcement was made to the audience that dates are being held at the Albee Theatre for four concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season. Those dates are Nov. 18, Dec. 16, Jan. 20 and April 14. The Music Association, which is sponsor for those Providence appearances, inserted in each program last night a printed appeal for subscriptions for next winter. The subscriptions should be forwarded to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer, 313 Gas Company building, Providence, the notice stated.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER

[illegible]

DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston Symphony accomplished their ambitious tribute to Johannes Brahms in a festival that occupied the major part of the last week of March. The four symphonies were played as well as the Academic Festival overture with its gay student song themes, which made rousing prelude to the whole festival. Arthur Schnabel came from Berlin to play the two concertos and the piano intermezzi opus 119. Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, Margaret Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano, and Frazer Gange, baritone, were the vocal soloists.

The choral works given were the "Song of Destiny," the German Requiem and the "Liebeslieder." Mme. Matzenauer did four of the more celebrated songs and Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin String Quartet presented the piano quintet. The reaction of the public to this admittedly heavy diet was described to me by Guy Maier as "enthusiastic enough for a Milan audience at a performance of 'Aida' under Toscanini."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

-:- MUSIC -:-

SYMPHONY SEASON CLOSES

The last symphony concert of the season by the Boston Orchestra was given in the Albee Theatre last night. It was marked by an act of graciousness on Mr. Koussevitzky's part that is deserving of all praise. Coming before his audience, the famous conductor recalled the fact that Brown University was the first in this country to give him an honorary degree. Recalling also his friendship with the late Dr. Faunce and what Dr. Faunce had done to help the symphony concerts along, Dr. Koussevitzky asked the audience to rise while the orchestra played the funeral march. It was a finely impressive moment, and the rendition of the famous march was more than creditable alike to the sincerity of Mr. Koussevitzky's feeling and his musicianship.

* * *

After that preliminary, the programme proper began with Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 10, a composition which neither sears the soul nor brings any wild joy to the spirit but which is pleasant and orderly and full of melodic phrasing. It has the quality of chamber music and it was so received by the audience, with true early Victorian deference and praise free of all excitability. Next came Moussorsky and that, if we may be pardoned the slightly frivolous phrase, was a horse of another color. Moussorsky is now recognized by the discriminating as the greatest of Russian musicians; there is no need to stress the eminence of his opera "Boris Goudonov." But his irregular life caused him to be long neglected, nor would his fame be what it is today had not Rimsky Korsakov, with rare devotion, given himself to the organizing of the material Moussorsky left behind him.

It would be difficult to imagine a more curiously brilliant work of musical interpretation than the Prelude to Khovantchina, the Moussorsky work played last night. The opera to which it belongs deals with the struggle between the old and the new Russias in the days of Peter the Great. But Moussorsky saw these things differently from the average composer; there is no sound and fury in his picture of the battle. Rather, did he bring us down to the cold truth that at bottom the quarrel was intellectual and spiritual. He portrayed the internal, not the external aspects of it. No wonder he is called the most Russian of all the Russian composers.

* * *

Mr. Koussevitzky followed this with Ravel's "Bolero" which we heard played elsewhere and by another conductor not so long ago. It was really the most brilliant feat of the evening, an achievement which was as Spanish as Spain itself. Of Ravel we need say little, for he is becoming more and more familiar to us. But it seems we ought to say of him that this Frenchman is the cleverest and most colorful composer of our time. Old fogies and others whose minds passed into a condition of decomposition a decade and a half ago dislike this "Bolero." It is a joke on the public, we are told. We wish somebody would write some more jokes of the same kind. Can there be no humor in music? Must the world and his wife always be treated by musicians as if they were a pair of wall-eyed sentimentalists sitting through a concert as they might sit beside the biers of their grandfathers or grandmothers. The light of the arts—all of the arts—must not always be expected to shine ever "like a tall candle before the Holy Rood." Some people who go to concerts or picture exhibitions, in which new ideas are expressed, would do better to stay at home and read the poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Eddie Guest. They belong with the spiritually dead. They understand not irony, and therefore look at life with unseeing eyes.

* * *

The concert closed with Brahms's Second Symphony in which Mr. Koussevitzky did not shine particularly. We do not know just what it is in Brahms that continues to defy Mr. Koussevitzky. Last night, however, he seemed to be very much in a hurry so that passages whose strength was needed to give the full substance of the symphony were almost lost in the rush. But not even this finished wielder of the baton can be expected to do all things equally well.

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Before beginning the regular program Dr. Koussevitzky came out ond paid a touching tribute to the memory of the late Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, speaking of him as a devoted patron of music and of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; after which he asked the audience to stand while the orchestra, standing, played a funeral march in memory of him who had gone to rest. M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

-:- MUSIC -:-

SYMPHONY SEASON CLOSES

The last symphony concert of the season by the Boston Orchestra was given in the Albee Theatre last night. It was marked by an act of graciousness on Mr. Koussevitzky's part that is deserving of all praise. Coming before his audience, the famous conductor recalled the fact that Brown University was the first in this country to give him an honorary degree. Recalling also his friendship with the late Dr. Faunce and what Dr. Faunce had done to help the symphony concerts along, Dr. Koussevitzky asked the audience to rise while the orchestra played the funeral march. It was a finely impressive moment, and the rendition of the famous march was more than creditable alike to the sincerity of Mr. Koussevitzky's feeling and his musicianship.

* * *

After that preliminary, the programme proper began with Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 10, a composition which neither sears the soul nor brings any wild joy to the spirit but which is pleasant and orderly and full of melodic phrasing. It has the quality of chamber music and it was so received by the audience, with true early Victorian deference and praise free of all excitability. Next came Moussorsky and that, if we may be pardoned the slightly frivolous phrase, was a horse of another color. Moussorsky is now recognized by the discrminating as the greatest of Russian musicians; there is no need to stress the eminence of his opera "Boris Goudonov." But his irregular life caused him to be long neglected, nor would his fame be what it is today had not Rimsky Korsakov, with rare devotion, given himself to the organizing of the material Moussorsky left behind him.

It would be difficult to imagine a more curiously brilliant work of musical interpretation than the Prelude to Khovantchina, the Moussorsky work played last night. The opera to which it belongs deals with the struggle between the old and the new Russias in the days of Peter the Great. But Moussorsky saw these things differently from the average composer; there is no sound and fury in his picture of the battle. Rather, did he bring us down to the cold truth that at bottom the quarrel was intellectual and spiritual. He portrayed the internal, not the external aspects of it. No wonder he is called the most Russian of all the Russian composers.

* * *

Mr. Koussevitzky followed this with Ravel's "Bolero" which we heard played elsewhere and by another conductor not so long ago. It was really the most brilliant feat of the evening, an achievement which was as Spanish as Spain itself. Of Ravel we need say little, for he is becoming more and more familiar to us. But it seems we ought to say of him that this Frenchman is the cleverest and most colorful composer of our time. Old fogies and others whose minds passed into a condition of decomposition a decade and a half ago dislike this "Bolero." It is a joke on the public, we are told. We wish somebody would write some more jokes of the same kind. Can there be no humor in music? Must the world and his wife always be treated by musicians as if they were a pair of wall-eyed sentimentalists sitting through a concert as they might sit beside the biers of their grandfathers or grandmothers. The light of the arts—all of the arts—must not always be expected to shine ever "like a tall candle before the Holy Rood." Some people who go to concerts or picture exhibitions, in which new ideas are expressed, would do better to stay at home and read the poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Eddie Guest. They belong with the spiritually dead. They understand not irony, and therefore look at life with unseeing eyes.

* * *

The concert closed with Brahms's Second Symphony in which Mr. Koussevitzky did not shine particularly. We do not know just what it is in Brahms that continues to defy Mr. Koussevitzky. Last night, however, he seemed to be very much in a hurry so that passages whose strength was needed to give the full substance of the symphony were almost lost in the rush. But not even this finished wielder of the baton can be expected to do all things equally well.

M. J.

...y Ravel Sensation Char... ...e of Concerto of Handel ...plause Not Surprising. ...relude Brilliant.

With the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening the season of symphonic music came to an end. The usual large audience attended, charmed alike by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's mature technique of the baton and the crisp, clean playing of the followers of the wand; for both conductor and orchestra were in the most animated moods, the one to lead where few could follow, and the other to follow in despite of chasm or climb. So whether one spent his time in watching the intricacies of the conductor's art or listening to his followers trying to build anew the tower of Babel or once more pile Ossa

The program:

Handel....Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10
Overture; Air; Lento: Allegro moderato; Allegro
Moussorgsky ....
......Prelude to "Khovantchina"
Ravel ....""Bolero"

Brahms......Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 73
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio non troppo
III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
IV. Allegro con spirito

upon Pelion, he had his reward, and a brilliant reward it was. For flushed with the successes of the Brahms Festival and intent upon the cry of the closing season, the players put themselves into their play with more than their wonted ardor, making their performance memorable, in spite of the rather tenuous nature of some of the media with their incidental lack of charm.

Bolero Creates Sensation.

As was to be expected, the much bruited Bolero of Ravel made its proper sensation. Critics had told us already in language more or less guarded that this composition was an ill-disguised musical joke perpetrated to show the susceptibility of a sophisticated music public. After it is played and done with it seems hardly to be that. One might liken it to a dame of uncertain years robed in multi-hued gunny sack, leaping and shrieking in hysterical frenzy in an inane endeavor to prove that she is the belle of the ball, for all the satin and silk and cloth-of-gold-clad rivals that contend for the honor. Half as long, it might be tolerable, and less than that by half, it might be interesting; but as it stands it is sheer wantonness and mockery. The fact that the crowd goes wild over such stuff is not at all surprising, for that is the business of the crowd; but down in its heart the crowd knows that it has been cheated, and it sends up its roar merely to show that it is a good sport. Moreover, it is pleasant to see a great orchestra put through its paces, whether the paces lead to Paradise or the Pit. After which one is tempted to cry Hurrah for Duke Ellington!

On the other hand it is not surprising that the Concerto of Handel failed to elicit the applause that is its musical due. Handel is not quite a la mode at present, so there are few who stop to note the moral significance of his manner, his sense of order, balance, moderation, measure—"in short, a certain easily recognizable manner of conceiving and rendering life." Ours now "is a susceptibility to irregular beauty, a fondness for the striking and the unusual even at the expense of regularity and order, a preference for fascinating detail above symmetry and proportion, a predilection for the coruscations of style—for the glittering phrase, for the exotic turn, for everything that thrills and dazzles, a hunger for sensation, even when these desires lead to a dissipation of the attention—" such are the external qualities that charm and hold us at the present time.

Prelude Brilliant

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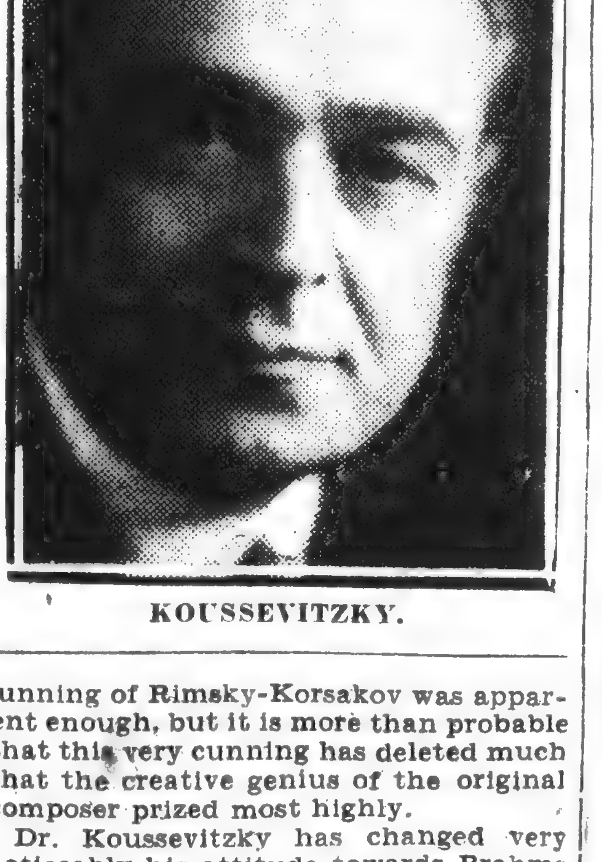

KOUSSEVITZKY.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

...AUNCE PAID TRIBUTE IN MUSIC

Dr. Koussevitzky Leads Boston Symphony in Unexpected but Moving Threnody.

A threnody to the memory of Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, offered by the conductor and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the language of music, in which they are articulate and expressive, called the concert audience at the Albee Theatre to its feet last night to join in homage to the man who had been honorary president of the Providence Music Association since its organization. The playing of a funeral march came as an unexpected but moving tribute to Dr. Faunce. It was followed by the last concert of the Boston Symphony's 1929-1930 series in this city.

The customary applause greeted Dr. Serge Koussevitzky as he made his first appearance upon the stage and moved toward the conductor's stand. Instead of turning immediately to lead his musicians, however, he faced the audience, and the house lights were turned up again. He spoke, phrasing his sentences with effort, and for most of the audience it was the first time they had heard his voice.

Dr. Koussevitzky referred to the absence of President Faunce from his usual place and said he missed the welcome the latter usually gave him.

The loss, he said, was a personal one because he had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from him. "Brown University was the first," the conductor added, "to appreciate my efforts for music in this country."

He asked the audience to stand while the orchestra played a funeral march.

When Mr. Koussevitzky was made doctor on Feb. 24, 1926, he resorted to music to make his acknowledgment. At that time he played his double bass, his first public appearance in America as a soloist on that instrument. Again last night he turned to music to express his sentiments.

The audience heard the march in silence, only a few scattering, well-meant bursts of applause greeting its conclusion. When Dr. Koussevitzky returned to his stand a minute later, however, he was given a rousing reception.

Announcement was made to the audience that dates are being held at the Albee Theatre for four concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season. (Those dates are Nov. 18, Dec. 16, Jan. 20 and April 14. The Music Association, which is sponsor for those Providence appearances, inserted in each program last night a printed appeal for subscriptions for next winter. The subscriptions should be forwarded to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer, 313 Gas

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER

Dr. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston Symphony accomplished their ambitious tribute to Johannes Brahms in a festival that occupied the major part of the last week of March. The four symphonies were played as well as the Academic Festival overture with its gay student song themes, which made rousing prelude to the whole festival. Arthur Schnabel came from Berlin to play the two concertos and the piano intermezzi opus 119. Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, Margaret Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano, and Frazer Gange, baritone, were the vocal soloists.

The choral works given were the "Song of Destiny," the German Requiem and the "Liebeslieder." Mme. Matzenauer did four of the more celebrated songs and Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin String Quartet presented the piano quintet. The reaction of the public to this admittedly heavy diet was described to me by Guy Maier as "enthusiastic enough for a Milan audience at a performance of 'Aida' under Toscanini."

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THIS CLIPPING FROM

HARTFORD, CONN.

COURANT

The Brahms First Symphony.

Tuesday morning Mr. Sedgwick telephoned me that Dr. Koussevitsky had consented to a change from the announced Second Symphony of Brahms for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert here next Wednesday, to the Brahms "First"—and Mr. Sedgwick seemed duly elated. For it seemed to him that the substitution meant a strengthening of the program that Hartford music-lovers will enjoy—and he called attention particularly to the manner in which the rendition of the Brahms First Symphony was acclaimed by the Boston music critics last week.

Among them Mr. Parker, in the Transcript of March 27 wrote:

"Event belied anticipation. Not last Sunday afternoon, with the Second Piano-Concerto and the Fourth Symphony, but last evening with the First Piano-Concerto and the First Symphony, came the climax of the Brahms Festival. Applause ran full tide at the close of the First Symphony, the concert, and the festival. The house rang with the plaudits. By the new Bostonian custom, feet now stamped for the conductor as they had for Mr. Schnabel. Shouts rose besides. Flowers were handed upward. Time and again Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled until at last the whole audience was on its feet for better acclamation. In his years at Symphony Hall, he has known many such scenes; but not one, to the best recollection, of equal ardor. Even the ends of seasons were no comparison."

From this account of the First Symphony's recent reception in Boston one may well imagine that the same work by the same orchestra, under the same direction, may prove highly acceptable to the great audience that will assemble in the Bushnell Memorial Hall on April 9.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

JOURNAL

SYMPHONY HONORS LATE DEAN OF BROWN

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Apr. 2.—(AP)—A funeral march in memory of the late Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, president emeritus of Brown University, was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra before the start of its last concert of the season here. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, received the honorary degre of doctor of music from Dr. Faunce in 1926.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK TELEGRAM

Music Notes.

Remembering the recent Brahms festival in Boston sponsored by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky and his Bostonians will offer only Brahms to their Carnegie Hall audiences of next week. For Thursday evening, April 10, the program comprises the "Academic Festival" overture, the second piano concerto (in B flat) and the fourth symphony (in E minor); for Saturday afternoon, April 12, the "Academic Festival" overture, the first piano concerto (in D minor) and the first symphony (in C minor). Artur Schnabel, who appeared here previously eight seasons ago, will be the soloist of both concerts.

Schnabel's Way With Beethoven

Jour & Trans

AFTER all, it takes a classicist to play the classics. The proof of it was given at Sanders Theater in Cambridge last evening, when Mr. Artur Schnabel, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played Beethoven's fourth piano concerto, in G major. Mr. Schnabel believes in the classics as the greatest achievement that musical art has produced. Music, pure music, unmixed by the extraneous or programmatic, proportioned as perfectly as the man can proportion it and obeying only its own laws, this is the pinnacle around which he centers all else. Thus he idealizes an art which is like unto the gods on Mount Olympus. For him no figure probably stands higher on this pinnacle than the figure of Beethoven. Thus he was interpreting an ideal last evening in Cambridge. That his skill as an executant approaches closely the purity of his idealism has become evident to Bostonians through the concerts of the recent Brahms festival; had been suspected for some years through the report of artist pupils, who in ever increasing numbers flock to him, subsequently spreading the gospel of his insight and skill. The vehicle chosen for further acquainting his hearers with that insight and skill, Beethoven's concerto in G minor, came to some with a loftiness and authority which made them question whether they had ever really heard it before. The Olympian calm one felt in superlative degree. Subordinate to it all were decorative effects, however charming; all lyricism, however telling or expressive in itself. This is not the place for more detail. The concerto is part of today's program at Symphony Hall, the review of which is occasion for more extended comment. Suffice it to say that the concerto as a whole rather than any of its specific features made last evening's performance what it was. And in that whole the work of Dr. Koussevitzky and his men is not to be forgotten.

For the rest of the program, the orchestra played Schubert's two movements called the Unfinished Symphony, Mr. Walter Piston's Suite for Orchestra, Brahms's "Academic Festival" Overture, all recently heard or well established in the repertory. Mr. Piston conducted his own suite. The impressions of last Friday were renewed. His conducting is above that of many a composer-conductor. His music shows the growing composer who has made a long step forward. An opening movement indicates skill in the handling of his material; and material that is pleasing to the receptive ear and mind. An Andante brings a gentle mood that satisfies. The positive character of the theme of the final fugue and its powerful handling gives this movement a feeling of great vitality, makes it a worthy climax to what has gone before. Not as dry dust and ashes is this fugue. A finale for the suite could hardly be better conceived. One looks forward with interest and anticipation to the future work of Walter Piston.

With Schubert's symphony Dr. Koussevitzky revealed beauties in his wonted manner. Dr. Koussevitzky, when opportunity offers, is with his orchestra a singer of songs even as is Schubert with his symphony. Once again the melodies sang themselves out to their heart's content. Once again they combined to build larger structures of symphonic proportions. Once again they gave pleasure.

The Germanic humors of the "Academic" overture are almost as well known as the melodies of Schubert. With them, too, Dr. Koussevitzky gave revealing performance. It, too, is a work of tunes, but tunes of far different import than the lyric melodies of Schubert. Each was sharpened, aptly charactered. Brahms and his "academic" tunes made splendid final number for a pleasurable evening.

A. H. M.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK

EVENING POST

Boston Symphony

Its New York Season Ends—Philadelphia and Philharmonic Programs Next Week—Stadium Concert Plans

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, who recently gave a Brahms Festival in Boston, will present two programs of Brahms at the closing New York concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening, April 10, and Saturday afternoon, April 12. Artur Schnabel, who came to America for the special purpose of appearing in the Brahms Festival, will likewise play with this orchestra, presenting the two concertos of Brahms. Mr. Schnabel is little known in America except by repute, having made but one brief visit here several seasons ago. In Europe, however, his reputation is of the highest. He has long been particularly known there as an interpreter of Brahms music.

Thursday's program will consist of the "Academic Festival" Overture, the Second Pianoforte Concerto in B flat and the fourth Symphony in E minor. The Saturday afternoon program presents the "Academic Festival" Overture, the First Pianoforte Concerto in D minor and the First Symphony in C minor.

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Herald Apr 3

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

These works of Beethoven's were performed yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall at the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor: the "Pastoral" Symphony; the Piano Concerto in G major, No. 4 (Artur Schnabel, pianist), and the Leonora Overture No. 3.

The performance of the symphony was one of remarkable beauty; remarkable also for technical excellence. There have been performances in the past under other conductors when, by reason of sluggish tempi, sentimentalism, and a lack of spirit in the third movement (even in the thunderstorm), the symphony seemed even to the fanatical worshippers of Beethoven, a bore; so that one was tempted to say of the composer what George Moore years ago wrote of a famous novel by Thomas Hardy: "We are invited to assist at a sheep-shearing scene or at a harvest supper . . . because Mr. Hardy is anxious to show how jolly country he is."

Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was conspicuous not only for the fortunate choice of tempi: There was continuity of the musical thought in not a succession of detached episodes. There was no attempt to "megaphonize" flowing measure, simple in their beauty—there was always exquisite proportion, incomparable euphony.

So much for the first movement. We have heard the "Scene by the Brookside" played in so lazy, so perfunctory a manner by conductors more anxious for rigid precision than for poetic expression that it seemed as if the audience would join the composer in sleeping, lulled by the monotonous stream. The "Jolly Gathering of Country Folk" was for once really jolly in an appropriately boisterous manner; the thunder storm was no tuppeny sheet-iron affair; the Shepherd's Song of Gratitude was not so majestic as to be out of character. There have been conductors here who fearing that the audience was somnolent if not fast asleep, and not wishing to be reproached for undue realism in the approach and fury of the storm, have treated the finale in a bombastic manner; but, Beethoven's shepherds are simple folk.

Dr. Koussevitzky has given many eloquent interpretations of music by Beethoven. No conductor of past seasons here has rivaled him in this field, much less surpassed him. Never has he been more musically poetic than in the performance yesterday of the "Pastoral." Nor has the superb orchestra, which is his creation, played this symphony with finer sentiment, tonal beauty, and poetic feeling.

On the other hand there was the gloriously dramatic performance of the familiar overture, in itself a condensation of what is dramatic in an opera that has commonplace, yes bourgeois pages. Hearing this overture as it was played yesterday, one was spared the sight of a Bulbous and shrieking prima donna; of a tenor whose throat had been seriously affected by long confinement in a "demed, moist" dungeon; of the operetta young man and woman chatting with a flat-iron among the stage properties; of four persons, each with an individual sentiment, singing the same tune in an approved scholastic form.

Mr. Schnabel was loudly applauded for his performance of the concerto; a polished performance thoughtfully and musically planned, finely phrased, technically superior as in the brilliant treatment of runs and trills. It is to be regretted that he introduced any cadenza, no matter by whom it was composed. The performance was an excellent, compelling example of his own school of piano playing.

It was not an emotional reading; not even deeply emotional in the marvelous slow movement, though near the end of it there were memorable measures. An absence of legato contributed to many effects that were metallic. An absence of nuances gave too often the impression of uniform sonority in spite of the necessary alternations of forte and piano.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Hartford, New York and Brooklyn. The program of the concerts in Symphony hall on April 18 and 19th will be as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses." Samuel Gardner, "Broadway" (first performance); Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor (with Organ) No. 3.

puppies.

SCHNABEL ONCE MORE SOLOIST

Eminent Pianist Adds Much to Program by Symphony

Jour Apr 3

To an all Beethoven program, Dr. Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony orchestra added yesterday the delight of again hearing the eminent pianist, Arthur Schnable, as soloist. The program held the "Pastorale" symphony, the G major concerto and the overture to "Leonore."

In the sixth of his symphonies, Beethoven chose to discourse on nature, her intimate beauties and her simplicity. The program notes are highly descriptive, but perhaps it can more correctly be said that this music reflects rather than depicts the rustic scenes brought to the composer's mind during his sojourns in the country. The key-note of the sixth, differing from the lofty spiritualism of its predecessors, is simplicity. Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of it yesterday made of it the superbly lovely expression of music it is.

Following the intermission, Mr. Schnabel once again took his place at the piano. Acclaimed by his audiences during his recent appearances with the Brahms festival group, Mr. Schnabel was warmly received. Surely there is no greater artist at the piano, particularly playing with orchestra, on the concert stage today. Not alone to Brahms can he give his best. The clarity of his tone, the warmth and feeling, the repose of his legato, the brilliant ease of his technique, his masterly use of the often abused pedal, at once set Mr. Schnabel apart as the greatest of artists. The scale passenges in the concerto's allegro emerged as dazzling pyramids of sound and color. Seldom does Boston have the privilege of such a rarely beautiful performance.

The program closed with the familar and exciting overture to "Leonore," martial in strain with the off-stage trumpet call. It is perhaps once in a season that we have such a superb concert program.

Fathers and mothers are writing to us to make sure that [illegible]

charms the playgoer.

BEETHOVEN IS FEATURE AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

FESTIVAL programs have been so common at the Symphony concerts this year that they have almost become the rule rather than the exception, as they should be. After the Brahms orgy—and a most delectable orgy it was—of a little more than a week ago comes this week's all-Beethoven program.

The connecting link is the appearance as soloist of Artur Schnabel, extraordinary German pianist, who was the great light of the Brahms Festival. In Beethoven's G major Concerto he had a "vehicle" even less virtuoso-piece than the two Brahms Concertos. For here is more of the serene, musing, melodic Beethoven than the composer of heroic heights and passionate depths.

Mr. Schnabel played this music in what we conceive to be Beethoven's spirit, with measured pace, infinite care and with ravishingly beautiful touch. The section of thrills in the slow movement was rendered so poetically, yet so unsentimentally, that, a sort of ethereal sigh went up from the audience when he had finished the movement.

The pianist was recalled by applause several times at the close of the concerto. The demonstration was not stormy, as he has experienced several times recently in Boston. But then, one does not shout after this concerto. Mr. Koussevitzky, who contributed notable efforts, shared in the last round of this applause.

The balance of the program consisted of the "Pastorale" Symphony and the Third "Leonore" Overture. Although all this music was finely played by the orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky, the program was unsufficiently varied. Only the overture at the end relieved an hour and a half of mostly "quiet" Beethoven.

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A Balanced Mind Plays Over Music

As He Takes Leave of Boston, Artur Schnabel Speaks Warmly and Wisely

ARTUR SCHNABEL. No name has been more in the mind of the musical public during the last few weeks. Much Brahms and a little Beethoven have been enthusiastically received from him. In his Brahms and in his Beethoven the master mind has been apparent. Further, his students praise him as a musician of great resource, as a musical thinker of comprehensive scope. To this man, then, went the interviewer, to see what he might have to say for an American newspaper.

There are interviews and interviews. There is the question-and-answer interview, in which the questioner seems to catechize the subject, almost as an attorney questions a witness. There is the interview in which the famous subject is modest, or shy, or devoid of ideas, in which the interviewer finds it necessary to tell him what to say and then to convince him that he has said it. And finally there is the ideal interview in which the interviewer simply listens, while from the richness of the mind of the interviewed there flows a full stream of the reactions of that mind upon the many experiences that have come to it. This paragraph could never have been written had the interview with Artur Schnabel not fallen into the last of those three classes. The interviewer was most cordially received; conversation began, as if by magic, almost out of nothing, continued interestingly for more than an hour, which seemed far less than half that time, when the exigencies of a schedule made a break necessary—with many matters not touched upon that the interviewer would gladly have discussed.

Artur Schnabel the pianist of the concert hall is also the human being of closer, more intimate contact. When the pianist who is Schnabel strides with firm, swift steps the considerable distance to the front of the platform at Symphony Hall, one reads determined purpose into his every move. This masterfulness of personality one feels also in the intimacies of personal converse. It is not a pose of the concert hall; it is the man. In fact, after conversation with him, one cannot imagine that this man would assume a pose upon any occasion or for any purpose. He is what he is, just so.

But this purposiveness of character does not make the man in the least forbidding. His seriousness upon the platform might arouse such fears for one who had not met him. The granite in the character is overlaid with a geniality that puts the visitor at his ease the first moment. The eyes twinkle; the face is wreathed with the smiles of good nature; one suspects a fund of humor, wonders whether one can bring it out. And one finds soon that he does not want to try to bring anything out, that merely to listen is better.

He discovers that Mr. Schnabel is a philosopher who happens to express himself through the medium of an art. A typical German, he thinks deeply and conclusively upon the things which interest him most. Being a musician, he reasons closely concerning esthetics, and historical currents, and values which may be expressed by his art. Those who have been so fortunate as to hear him in the past few weeks know that this philosophizing does not result in dryness or in unemotionalized interpretation. From his conversation as from his playing, one feels that with him head does not stifle heart, nor does heart run away with head. The geniality which makes the visitor at once so much at home is witness of a love of mankind, a warmth and a richness of emotional personality which, in playing, results in those marvellously well-rounded readings of the great masters. Mr. Schnabel is man and musician in whom a large, warm heart and a deep, active, penetrating mind are at work in a condition of almost perfect equilibrium.

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Talking of Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Schnabel said, "He has given you a marvelous picture of Brahms in these few days. He has grown tremendously since I last saw him. That was in Moscow in 1914, just before the war. He was playing with his own orchestra then. It was very fine. But he has grown much. Yes, I have been in Russia since the time, four times for concerts since the war."

Here was a subject upon which to secure information if possible. Mr. Schnabel disclaimed ability to give an opinion upon the social and political experiment in Soviet Russia. "It is evident that something colossal is going on. Whether it will be fruitful or not, who can say? The so-called proletariat is probably living on a higher level than before. But even one else is being dragged down. The present Russia is no place for a tourist. He will discover nothing. Moreover, there is nothing in Russia for me. Political Communism is not the least concerned with the art-life or with the artistic side of life. It deals with art chiefly as a part of its propaganda. And art itself has no relation to Communism or to any other political theory. Art and propaganda do not have anything to do with one another. There is nothing in common between them.

"I am reminded of a tour into Italy since the beginning of Fascist times. There also one finds an attempt to use art as a part of political propaganda. I had given a few concerts when I was notified by my manager that the Italians were glad to have me play, that they liked my playing, but that if I wanted to play in Italy I would be obliged to make up my programs so that they contained no less than 50 per cent of Italian works. Imagine a pianist making programs 50 per cent Italian. A singer could, and perhaps a violinist—but a pianist!

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Knowing the many and various, loose and incorrect uses of the word "modern," and hoping to get a reaction upon it; knowing further Mr. Schnabel's love for the "classics," one asked him a question about his attitude toward "modern" music. The reaction came swiftly in the demand for a definition of "modern." "What does it mean? A quality or a quantity? A time or a type?" And without waiting for an answer Mr. Schabel launched into a philosophic discussion of musical history and esthetics.

"If you mean contemporary music, I will say that the problem of the twentieth century is to get rid of the nervousness which the nineteenth century created." Upon that somewhat startling statement followed another broadside. "Music grew and developed from about 1650 until about 1830. Since then there has been decline. The twentieth century must concern itself with arresting the decline. The situation at present is hopeful." And in explanation of those positive views, Mr. Schnabel began with an equally startling statement. "I don't see a particle of difference between a piece by Mozart and a piece by Beethoven. What differences may be discovered are differences in the means which the composers used, and [emphatically] means don't count. Take Mozart, for example. The means which he uses in the making of his music are so simple that with him means don't count at all as a part of his music. And yet there is a freshness and a vitality there which makes us feel that it is music not of today, let alone of the past, but that it is always the music of tomorrow. No, means don't count. It is what is behind that counts.

"Every great piece of music, every great work of art, is a balance between affirmation and revolt. Earth, heaven and hell, each must find its place in the equilibrium of a great synthesis. The great art work must transcend everything that is incidental or specialized. If it uses the incidental or the specialized it must find something with which to balance it. For the equilibrium of forces must be maintained. Thus a great transcendental calm will result. This calm is the perfect opposite of everything that tends toward nervousness. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert wrote such transcendental music, music in which the percentage of equilibrium of the various forces is unusually high. Handel, on the other hand, seems to me merely decorative. In the nineteenth century, with its introduction of specialization, with its introduction of things essentially extraneous to music, the percentage of equilibrium within a given work is much lower. The materialistic advances of the nineteenth century were not favorable to advance in art. Nervousness, tension, rather than elemental power too often was the result. The work in itself does not offer the release from the tension which it creates. Wagner, for example, may in some ways be considered roughly analogous to the baroque period in art as compared with the great period which preceded it.

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Continued on Page Six

Artur Schnabel

Continued from Page Five

vinsky, Krenek are writing works of genuine power, works in which the percentage of equilibrium of the opposing forces is growing higher and higher.

"Stravinsky began by writing music as a specialist, like most of the nineteenth century composers. I personally never cared much for 'Le Sacre.' His latest works show that he is at work on the fundamental problem of the art-work, that of a well-balanced synthesis. 'Oedipus Rex' and 'Apollon Musagete' go far in this direction. These works are not nervous, they are not specialized, they are headed in the direction of universality. They show less of the personal than his previous work. They are free from the impurities of the musically extraneous."

But while these matters were under discussion an ogre appeared to carry the artist away (—really the charming hostess who had to keep Mr. Schnabel's schedule in mind; still for the purposes of the interview an ogre), announcing to us that we might talk just five minutes more. "I would like to say more of the present if there were time," Mr. Schnabel continued. The talent of the twentieth century is strong, sound, and clear. It is not nervous. It does not believe in authorities. It must find the best balance for itself. It is striving for the absolute.

"My pupils? They are the gifted from all nations. They know the seriousness of work. They know that they can not mix their pleasures with their work and they give work its just preference. America? America sends me some of the best of my pupils. Their talent is incomparable. They are as well prepared as any others; but sometimes their outlook is a bit more naive than that of some of the others. They themselves have excellent poise, an excellent personal equilibrium, in that they have a strong sense of seriousness which carries with it nothing that is depressing. It is a great combination of qualities, this combination of the young Americans."

But the five minutes must have elapsed, and reluctantly but gratefully the interviewer surrendered the musician-philosopher to his next engagement.

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Mr Schnabel's unusually sensitive feeling for the line of Beethoven's melody, his ability to make even the least pianistic measures sound felicitously written for his instrument, his way of revealing the broad outlines of a musical composition without slighting any individual detail again distinguished his playing of this concerto.

One might feel that he and Dr Koussevitzky chose too slow a pace for the andante con moto, one might deplore a slight tendency to hardness of tone in several bold fortissimo passages, but in general one could only admire and delight in a remarkably fine performance of a concerto which by common consent is a masterpiece.

Dr Koussevitzky's reading of the "Pastoral Symphony" struck one as the finest he has yet given here of any Beethoven symphony. He avoided the excessive loudness, the violent contrasts of tempi and of tonal masses which have disfigured some of his previous interpretations of Beethoven. There were still a few pianissimi that verged on the inaudible, but otherwise the performance had a balance, a sense of proportion, a clarity and fluency of style that were thoroughly in keeping with the music. Seldom has the present Boston Symphony regained as much of the tonal beauty of the vanished prewar orchestra, still so bitterly regretted by many musicians, as it did yesterday in this symphony.

Beethoven, let for once to speak with his own eloquence, his own fervors, in the Sixth Symphony, could not fail to prove once more his title to rank among the two or three greatest masters of music, by touching a listener's heart as well as stirring his imagination. It is easy enough now to note that there are weak spots in this symphony, too many repetitions of the same musical ideas in every movement, a failure to maintain in the third movement the standard of creative power attained in the other three, and so on.

One may admit that the bird calls at the end of the slow movement and the thunder storm err by excess of imitation of actual sounds. And yet there is in this symphony a creative power, an imaginative splendor to which Brahms, for example, never attained.

The great familiar overture, too, is still superb, still triumphant, even in a noisy and ill-coordinated performance such as yesterday's. Beethoven may have failed to make Leonore's story enthralling in the opera "Fidelio," but nobody has yet written music more truly dramatic than this third "Leonore" overture.

Some musicians these days make a boast of their weariness with Beethoven. It is true that he belongs heart and soul to the 19th century, of which the 20th century has grown tired. He is intense, idealistic, eloquent, profound. He has none of the cleverness, the irony, the skepticism, the sophistication of the moderns. He ventures to wear his great heart on his sleeve. It is their boast that they are heartless, disillusioned, world weary.

Beethoven is popular, and when at his best invariably essentially simple. His style, once audaciously original, has been imitated by a century of lesser men until its procedures are all thrice familiar. But who has written music more genuinely noble, m profoundly heart-searching than hi

Consider how many defects of century he avoided. He is never in greater works sentimental, nev bombastic, never shallow, never ove ornamented.

Is not the real proof of Beethoven genius the fact that even lifelon familiarity and endless repetitions ca not weary most people of his work?

Next week the orchestra goes to Ne York. The program now announced f April 18 and 19 includes the suite fro Stravinsky's "Apollo," Samuel Gar ner's new tone poem "Broadway," ar Saint-Saens' organ symphony. P. R.

PRES EMERITUS HADLEY'S BODY ARRIVES AT NEW HAVE

NEW HAVEN, April 4 (A. P.)—The body of Arthur Twining Hadley, president emeritus of Yale University, arrived here today at the end of a journey from Kobe, Japan, where he died on March 5.

SEVERIN M. LAMARRE

FALL RIVER, April 4—The funeral of attorney Severin M. Lamarre, acting city solicitor during the first months of the administration of former Mayor W. Harry Monks, was held today at St Roch's Church in the presence of city officials, justices and other court officials, members of the bar and many relatives and friends.

Rev Charles Clerk celebrated solemn high mass of requiem, assisted by Rev Joseph Bourque as deacon and Rev Arthur Gagnon as subdeacon. Mayor Talbot headed the group of city officials in attendance.

Burial was in Notre Dame Cemetery.

ABNER KINGMAN

MONTREAL, April 4—Abner Kingman, capitalist, philanthropist director of many of Montreal's important financial and industrial corporations, as well as its benevolent and educational institutions, died today at his residence, 4469 Redpath st

Mr Kingman was a native of ton, having been born there on 27, 1856, a son of Abner Kingman well known banker and mercha Boston, of English ancestry, Sarah Anderson, who was of Sc descent. The family were desc from the original Mayflower sto have lived in New England sin landing of the Pilgrim fathers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

...e Contributors to Current Music

...role of Carmen, Saturday night; Artur Schnabel, ... Beniamino Gigli, who sings tonight in Carnegie H...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK SUN

ELIMINARY GLIMPSE

...phony;

The Boston Symphony, which gave a Brahms festival in Boston two weeks ago, will give all-Brahms programs for its last two Carnegie Hall concerts of the season under Serge Koussevitsky's direction next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Arthur Schnabel, a soloist in the Boston festival, will play the second piano concerto in B flat on Thursday, and the first, in D minor, on Saturday. On Friday evening at the Brooklyn Academy of Music he will play Beethoven's G major concerto in a Beethoven-Brahms program, replacing the originality announced all-Beethoven list.

Mr. Schnabel, who has not been heard here for some years, was born in Lipnik, Czeckoslovakia, in 1882, began his piano study at the age of six with Hans Schmitt in Vienna, and was accepted as a pupil by Leschetizky three years later, in a class of which Ossip Gabrilowitsch was also a member. He first played in America in December, 1921.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

A Balanced Mind Plays Over Music

As He Takes Leave of Boston, Artur Schnabel Speaks Warmly and Wisely

ARTUR SCHNABEL. No name has been more in the mind of the musical public during the last few weeks. Much Brahms and a little Beethoven have been enthusiastically received from him. In his Brahms and in his Beethoven the master mind has been apparent. Further, his students praise him as a musician of great resource, as a musical thinker of comprehensive scope. To this man, then, went the interviewer, to see what he might have to say for an American newspaper.

There are interviews and interviews. There is the question-and-answer interview, in which the questioner seems to catechize the subject, almost as an attorney questions a witness. There is the interview in which the famous subject is modest, or shy, or devoid of ideas, in which the interviewer finds it necessary to tell him what to say and then to convince him that he has said it. And finally there is the ideal interview in which the interviewer simply listens, while from the richness of the mind of the interviewed there flows a full stream of the reactions of that mind upon the many experiences that have come to it. This paragraph could never have been written had the interview with Artur Schnabel not fallen into the last of those three classes. The interviewer was most cordially received; conversation began, as if by magic, almost out of nothing, continued interestingly for more than an hour, which seemed far less than half that time, when the exigencies of a schedule made a break necessary—with many matters not touched upon that the interviewer would gladly have discussed.

Artur Schnabel the pianist of the concert hall is also the human being of closer, more intimate contact. When the pianist who is Schnabel strides with firm, swift steps the considerable distance to the front of the platform at Symphony Hall, one reads determined purpose into his every move. This masterfulness of personality one feels also in the intimacies of personal converse. It is not a pose of the concert hall; it is the man. In fact, after conversation with him, one cannot imagine that this man would assume a pose upon any occasion or for any purpose. He is what he is, just so.

But this purposiveness of character does not make the man in the least forbidding. His seriousness upon the platform might arouse such fears for one who had not met him. The granite in the character is overlaid with a geniality that puts the visitor at his ease the first moment. The eyes twinkle; the face is wreathed with the smiles of good nature; one suspects a fund of humor, wonders whether one can bring it out. And one finds soon that he does not want to try to bring anything out, that merely to listen is better.

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"If you mean contemporary music, I will say that the problem of the twentieth century is to get rid of the nervousness which the nineteenth century created." Upon that somewhat startling statement followed another broadside. "Music grew and developed from about 1650 until about 1830. Since then there has been decline. The twentieth century must concern itself with arresting the decline. The situation at present is hopeful." And in explanation of those positive views, Mr. Schnabel began with an equally startling statement. "I don't see a particle of difference between a piece by Mozart and a piece by Beethoven. What differences may be discovered are differences in the means which the composers used, and [emphatically] means don't count. Take Mozart, for example. The means which he uses in the making of his music are so simple that with him means don't count at all as a part of his music. And yet there is a freshness and a vitality there which makes us feel that it is music not of today, let alone of the past, but that it is always the music of tomorrow. No, means don't count. It is what is behind that counts.

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—SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1930

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One may admit that the bird calls at the end of the slow movement and the thunder storm err by excess of imitation of actual sounds. And yet there is in this symphony a creative power, an imaginative splendor to which Brahms, for example, never attained.

The great familiar overture, too, is still superb, still triumphant, even in a noisy and ill-coordinated performance such as yesterday's. Beethoven may have failed to make Leonore's story enthralling in the opera "Fidelio," but nobody has yet written music more truly dramatic than this third "Leonore" overture.

Some musicians these days make a boast of their weariness with Beethoven. It is true that he belongs heart and soul to the 19th century, of which the 20th century has grown tired. He is intense, idealistic, elopuent, profound. He has none of the cleverness, the irony, the skepticism, the sophistication of the moderns. He ventures to wear his great heart on his sleeve. It is their boast that they are heartless, disillusioned, world weary.

Beethoven is popular, and when at his best invariably essentially simple. His style, once audaciously original, has been imitated by a century of lesser men until its procedures are all thrice familiar. But who has written music more genuinely noble, m... profoundly heart-searching than hi...

Consider how many defects of ... century he avoided. He is never in h... greater works sentimental, neve... bombastic, never shallow, never over ornamented.

Is not the real proof of Beethoven's genius the fact that even lifelon... familiarity and endless repetitions ca... not weary most people of his work?

Next week the orchestra goes to Ne... York. The program now announced f... April 18 and 19 includes the suite fro... Stravinsky's "Apollo," Samuel Gar... ner's new tone poem "Broadway," an... Saint-Saens' organ symphony. P. R.

PRES EMERITUS HADLEY'S BODY ARRIVES AT NEW HAVE...

NEW HAVEN, April 4 (A. P.)—The body of Arthur Twining Hadley, president emeritus of Yale University, arrived here today at the end of a journey from Kobe, Japan, where he died on March 5.

SEVERIN M. LAMARRE

FALL RIVER, April 4—The funera... of attorney Severin M. Lamarre, acting city solicitor during the first months of the administration of former Mayor W. Harry Monks, was held today at St Roch's Church in the presence of city officials, justices and other court officials, members of the bar and many relatives and friends.

Rev Charles Clerk celebrated solemn high mass of requiem, assisted by Rev Joseph Bourque as deacon an... Rev Arthur Gagnon as subdeaco... Mayor Talbot headed the group of ci... officials in attendance.

Burial was in Notre Dame Cemete...

ABNER KINGMAN

MONTREAL, April 4—Abner Ki... man, capitalist, philanthropist ... director of many of Montreal's m... important financial and indust... corporations, as well as its benevo... and educational institutions, died t... at his residence, 4469 Redpath st...

Mr Kingman was a native of ... ton, having been born there on ... 27, 1856, a son of Abner Kingm... well known banker and mercha... Boston, of English ancestry, ... Sarah Anderson, who was of Sc... descent. The family were desc... from the original Mayflower sto... have lived in New England sin... landing of the Pilgrim fathers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

...e Contributors to Current Music

...role of Carmen, Saturday night; Artur Schnabe... Beniamino Gigli, who sings tonight in Carnegie H...

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK SUN

...ELIMINARY GLIMPSE

...ation or ...phony;

The Boston Symphony, ... Brahms festival in Boston ... ago, will give all-Brahms progr... ...or its last two Carnegie Hall concerts of the season under Serge Koussevitsky's direction next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. Arthur Schnabel, a soloist in the Boston festival, will play the second piano concerto in B flat on Thursday, and the first, in D minor, on Saturday. On Friday evening at the Brooklyn Academy of Music he will play Beethoven's G major concerto in a Beethoven-Brahms program, replacing the originality announced all-Beethoven list.

Mr. Schnabel, who has not been heard here for some years, was born in Lipnik, Czeckoslovakia, in 1882, began his piano study at the age of six with Hans Schmitt in Vienna, and was accepted as a pupil by Leschetizky three years later, in a class of which Ossip Gabrilowitsch was also a member. He first played in America in December, 1921.

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METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

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BEETHOVEN CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Artur Schnabel Plays Fourth Concerto for Piano

Post Apr 5

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The one-composer programme suggests an occasion, and Dr. Koussevitzky loves occasions. With the musical air still vibrating with the last echoes of the recent Brahms Festival, Dr. Koussevitzky prepared for the concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening a Beethoven programme with Artur Schnabel, co-star of the Festival, for piano soloist.

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For his piece Mr. Schnabel chose the Fourth Concerto with which, by the way, he had made his debut here seven years ago. Since this Concerto is a slender piece, Dr. Koussevitzky wisely prefaced it with one of the lesser symphonies, to wit, the "Pastoral," and supplied the otherwise missing heroics with the Overture to Leonora, No. 3, which served as concluding number.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR

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"Johannes Brahms, the great classic-romanticist, born in Hamburg in 1833 and died in Vienna in 1897, was honored by a six-day festival of his music by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra and assisting soloists the last week of March in Boston.

"As the center of the controversy over his music, first aroused when Schumann hailed him as Beethoven's successor; when Liszt was ready to recognize in him an apostle of the music of the future; when Europe was divided between romanticists and classicists, each eager to welcome him to their camp, Brahms maintained the even tenor of his way, content to work as best he might, and with little regard for the opinion of his cotemporaries.

"One of the outstanding works to be heard (because of the proportions of the performers necessary for its presentation) was 'A German Requiem,' in six movements, sung by Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Fraser Gange, baritone, the Harvard Glee Club, Radcliff Choral Society and the full symphony orchestra. It has often been said that Brahms wrote his 'Deutches Requiem' as a tribute to his mother, but there is abundant proof that the requiem was intended 'as a last great funeral rite for Robert Schumann.' Lack of space forbids adequate description of this noble, melancholy and powerful music.

"It was not until the age of 43 that Brahms gave his first symphony to the world. After Beethoven's towering ninth, his first sketches seemed unworthy to this inwardly modest and self-exacting artist. 'I shall never compose a symphony!' he wrote to Levi. 'You have no conception of how the likes of us feel when we hear the tramp of a giant like him behind us.'

"That the symphonies of Brahms could ever be classed as general favorites would have been the last prediction of Brahms' most extravagant champions, not so very long ago. 'Brahms is not, even in the best sense of the word, a 'popular' composer,' wrote Markham Lee in 1916. 'To the ordinary amateur ...

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

The Observation Post

By Walter Brown, Dramatic Editor

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

The Boston Symphony's Fine List

The program selected by Dr. Koussevitzky for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in the Bushnell Memorial next Wednesday evening has been the subject of discussion, especially in relation to the Brahms symphony and the Ravel "Bolero." But not very much has been said of the Vivaldi Orchestral Concerto, which comes first on the program.

And this week, as re-edited by Alexander Siloti, the Russian composer, will be one of the notable features of the concert, and perhaps may be thought of with peculiar interest in that it was the first number on the first program conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky in America—when he began his conductorship of the Boston orchestra in 1924.

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Vivaldi was one of the most illustrious composers of the golden age of instrumental music in Italy at the end of the 17th century. He also was a famous violinist and long held the position of violinist at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, his native city. Vivaldi was a priest and known as "il prete rosso," according to some on account of his red hair, and according to others from his custom of wearing a semi-clerical habit of red. Many legends cluster about this picturesque figure of early Italian music. Ernst Gerber wrote in 1890 the following description of Vivaldi in his old age:

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A few seats for the Boston Symphony concert are still available at McCoy's Music Store, Asylum Street. The orchestra is coming to Hartford under the local management of Frank A. Sedgwick who has sponsored the annual concerts here for many years.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
CITIZEN

Music in Brooklyn

The Second Symphony of Brahms in D Major will be the closing number of the program and the Brooklyn season when the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays in the Academy of Music on Friday evening. This symphony figured importantly in the Brahms Festival recently given by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Orchestra in Boston, March 21-26. The Festival which embraced the principal symphonic, choral and chamber music of Brahms, had an immense success and has been described as one of the finest achievements to date of the illustrious Russian conductor.

Artur Schnabel came to America for the special purpose of appearing in the Brahms Festival. He is little known in America except by repute, having made but one brief visit here several seasons ago. In Europe, however, his reputation is of the highest. He has long been particularly known there as an interpreter of Brahms' music. This artist likewise holds an enviable fame for his reading of the music of Beethoven. His performance of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto in G major at the Brooklyn concert is anticipated as a rare event in our world of music.

The concert will open with Beethoven's Overture to Leonore, No. 3.

Into his second symphony, composed shortly after the first, Brahms concentrated his rarest expression of that poetic and tender lyricism which runs recurrently through his entire works. Its pastoral, idyllic mood prevails, for the veiled sadness of the adagio is only a cloud passing over the sun's face. Felix Weingartner (unless he has changed his mind since 1905) considers this symphony Brahms' master work. "In none of his other works does Brahms' spring of invention flow so freshly and spontaneously as in this one; never before or afterwards did he handle the orchestra so sonorously."

Concert-Chronicle

Trans Apr 7

Adieux of Mr. Schnabel

FOR a sixth and last time in his present visit, a Bostonian audience heard Mr. Schnabel, the pianist, at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening. This week he goes with the orchestra to New York to play in Carnegie Hall the two concertos of Brahms; in the Academy of Music at Brooklyn the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven. A few days later he takes ship for Berlin, with the likelihood of no distant return for a considerable tour. To have brought him hither, with a Brahms Festival for occasion, is large credit to Dr. Koussevitzky and the management of the Symphony Orchestra in a field that they seldom enter. In his earlier visits to America, in 1921 and 1923, Mr. Schnabel came and went as an able but relatively unheeded pianist. More recently he has risen to European note, now at zenith. Symphony Hall was quick to see an opportunity and improve it. It would present an illustrious, but in America strangely overlooked, pianist to its public in Boston and New York. Through a Brahms Festival and other concerts in regular course he should be wholly—and reasonably—its own.

So far the event has justified every anticipation. Mr. Schnabel became the new and impressive figure in the Brahms Festival. From his hands and Dr. Koussevitzky's the composer's two Piano Concertos rose unclouded, undiminished, in very voice and stature. At the chamber-concert, Mr. Schnabel was no less the masterly Brahmsian. Naturally, subscribers to the regular series of concerts in Boston and in Cambridge would have him also. They heard him, last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto and covered him with applause. Not until he had reappeared four times on Saturday evening—once with the conductor—did they give him leave to go. Sometimes Mr. Schnabel fears that he may not advance in his work, which progress is the artist's ambition and reason for being. There was no cause on Saturday for such misgivings in the voluptuous richness of the trills; the cool, limpid, even runs; the sense, through the first movement, of a music called note by note and phrase by phrase into new and vivid life measured upon our ears; the hushed beauty of the slow movement breaking at last—and with what jet of power!—into its one moment of wild outburst; the fire, as of improvisation, driving the rhythms of the finale. On the stage and in the auditorium, there might hardly have been more characteristic and auspicious leave-taking.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR

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BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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"Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, at the top of her powers, also was accorded hearty appreciation when she sang a group of four songs and the alto solo in the rhapsody from Goethe's 'Harzreise im Winter," for alto solo, male chorus and orchestra.

"These notes, taken, in part, from Philip Hale's program annotations, offer only a meager bit of observation of six days of musical feasting by an ardent pilgrim from Washington. We are promised a Beethoven festival by Dr. Koussevitzky and his great orchestra next season."

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Artur Schnabel came to America for the special purpose of appearing in the Brahms Festival. He is little known in America except by repute, having made but one brief visit here several seasons ago. In Europe, however, his reputation is of the highest. He has long been particularly known there as an interpreter of Brahms' music. This artist likewise holds an enviable fame for his reading of the music of Beethoven. His performance of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto in G major at the Brooklyn concert is anticipated as a rare event in our world of music.

The concert will open with Beethoven's Overture to Leonore, No. 3.

Into his second symphony, composed shortly after the first, Brahms concentrated his rarest expression of that poetic and tender lyricism which runs recurrently through his entire works. Its pastoral, idyllic mood prevails, for the veiled sadness of the adagio is only a cloud passing over the sun's face. Felix Weingartner (unless he has changed his mind since 1905) considers this symphony Brahms' master work. "In none of his other works does Brahms' spring of invention flow so freshly and spontaneously as in this one; never before or afterwards did he handle the orchestra so sonorously."

Concert-Chronicle

Adieux of Mr. Schnabel

FOR a sixth and last time in his present visit, a Bostonian audience heard Mr. Schnabel, the pianist, at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening. This week he goes with the orchestra to New York to play in Carnegie Hall the two concertos of Brahms; in the Academy of Music at Brooklyn the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven. A few days later he takes ship for Berlin, with the likelihood of no distant return for a considerable tour. To have brought him hither, with a Brahms Festival for occasion, is large credit to Dr. Koussevitzky and the management of the Symphony Orchestra in a field that they seldom enter. In his earlier visits to America, in 1921 and 1923, Mr. Schnabel came and went as an able but relatively unheeded pianist. More recently he has risen to European note, now at zenith. Symphony Hall was quick to see an opportunity and improve it. It would present an illustrious, but in America strangely overlooked, pianist to its public in Boston and New York. Through a Brahms Festival and other concerts in regular course he should be wholly—and reasonably—its own.

So far the event has justified every anticipation. Mr. Schnabel became the new and impressive figure in the Brahms Festival. From his hands and Dr. Koussevitzky's the composer's two Piano Concertos rose unclouded, undiminished, in very voice and stature. At the chamber-concert, Mr. Schnabel was no less the masterly Brahmsian. Naturally, subscribers to the regular series of concerts in Boston and in Cambridge would have him also. They heard him, last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto and covered him with applause. Not until he had reappeared four times on Saturday evening—once with the conductor—did they give him leave to go. Sometimes Mr. Schnabel fears that he may not advance in his work, which progress is the artist's ambition and reason for being. There was no cause on Saturday for such misgivings in the voluptuous richness of the trills; the cool, limpid, even runs; the sense, through the first movement, of a music called note by note and phrase by phrase into new and vivid life measured upon our ears; the hushed beauty of the slow movement breaking at last—and with what jet of power!—into its one moment of wild outburst; the fire, as of improvisation, driving the rhythms of the finale. On the stage and in the auditorium, there might hardly have been more characteristic and auspicious leave-taking.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN,
TIMES

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Six Pullman Cars Will Bring Unit to Hartford.

A special train of six Pullman cars will bring the Boston Symphony orchestra, with its celebrated Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitsky, to this city for its concert Wednesday evening at 8:15 at Bushnell Memorial hall. Following the concert, the orchestra of 110 men will board the special train as a unit. The train will carry two baggage cars, for the larger instruments, such as double basses, 'cellos, harps, tympanies, drums, the larger brass instruments and trunks of music, etc.

On the arrival of the train at the Union depot Wednesday afternoon Mr. Koussevitsky and his manager will go directly to the Hotel Heublein while the members of the orchestra will disperse to various other hotels. The men will be at leisure until the hour for the beginning of the concert.

Many of the musicians will stroll about the city and seek out its historic places of interest, as has been their custom in the past. Others, immediately upon arrival, will make their way to the hall and practice a difficult passage or two on their instruments before dinner.

Soon after dinner the men will, as a rule, retire to their dressing rooms at the hall for individual practice and to tune their instruments to the proper pitch before they appear on the stage.

Patrons are especially requested to be seated by 8:15 as no one is seated during the rendition of the first number on the program. Ticket sale at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE

Symphony Concert Fund Gets $3427 Toward Endowment

To keep the Boston Symphony concerts coming to this city and to finance several other nationally known orchestra visits a total of $3427 has already been subscribed in answer to the Music association's appeal for a fund of $10,000 to finance its program for the 1930-31 season.

Letters to music lovers in this city were sent out by the Music associa- are received daily at the association's offices, 313 Gas Co. building. Officers of the association reports that there is an increase of $1187 over the sum received from the same subscribers last year, an encouraging sign, it is said, because this year's goal is slightly higher and the sum to be raised must also meet a $750 de- tion a week ago and subscriptions ficit incurred last season.

A subscription of $10,000 from the public will insure appearance of the Boston Symphony in this city next season and make possible two or three other concerts by important music organizations.

Subscriptions not previously announced are:

$500, Mrs. Robert Ives Gammell. $125, Herbert W. Rice. $100, Arthur M. Allen, Mrs. Daniel Beckwith, Walter R. Callender, Mrs. Zechariah Chafee, James C. Collins, R. Clinton Fuller, William Gammell, Mrs. Peter Gerry, Mrs. John W. Knowles, Hugh MacColl, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Matteson, Marsden J. Perry, Dorothy Sturges.

$50, Wallace W. Dempster, Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. DeWolf, William C. Fry, Mrs. S. Foster Hunt, Emma M. Schott. $25, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Barbour, Mrs. Richard B. Comstock, Walter J. Comstock, Dr. and Mrs. Frank A. Cummings, Edith W.X Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. William Ely, Mrs. Florence Cole Lanpher, Mrs. Kate A. Richardson, William A. Viall.

$20, Mrs. Emma DeRussey Baker, Frederick C. Freeman. $10, Mary Green Chapin, E. Lindsey Cummings, Elmer S. Hosmer, Mrs. Alice M. Johnson, Alice Loraine Johnson, Max A. Langy, MacDowell club, Margaret I. Morriss, George F. Phillips, Belle C. Russell, Mrs. M. E. Simmons, Mrs. George B. Waterhouse, Mrs. George H. Webb. $5, Miriam Hosmer, the Rev. Henry M. Saville, Carrie Lee Smith, Mary Carver Smith, Ruth Whippel. $2, Deaconess Frances Semle.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

It is rather a matter to be deplored that it is necessary to think of the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its concert at the Bushnell Memorial on Wednesday evening, as an unusual event—but with only one concert a year in Hartford at most, Dr. Koussevitzky's players that concert assumes the proportions of the unusual.

It is hoped and expected that a capacity audience will greet the orchestra.

* * *

And there is yet another event of the week, too, that isn't the most common in dramatic history here—the coming of Mrs. Fiske in "The

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY.

Music == Dance == Films

After Brahms An Afternoon Of Beethoven

Festival in Miniature with Mr. Schnabel Again Compelling Figure

To a Brahms Festival in extenso succeeded, yesterday at Symphony Hall, a Beethoven Festival in brief. It consisted of three numbers—a Symphony, a Concerto, an Overture—as though Dr. Koussevitzky had returned to the most orthodox prescriptions of mid-nineteenth-century program-making. The Symphony was "The Pastoral," to which the audience listened placidly, upon which it bestowed more dutiful than eager applause. The Concerto was the Fourth, in G major, for Piano and Orchestra, with Mr. Schnabel playing the solo-part. The house heard him in a silence that first quivered with expectation and excitement; then drew tense with rapturous listening; burst at pause and close into a storm of plaudits. The Overture was the Third "Leonora," which most seemed to hear as complacently as they had the "Pastoral Symphony."

The gentle, musing, Beethoven of that piece; the improvising, romantic Beethoven of the Concerto; the dramatizing, puissant Beethoven of the Overture. For all three an audience that listened as to the regular thing in the regular way, to be stirred only when a keen musical mind and a fine-strung musical imagination pervaded the performance of the Concerto. Time was when many were agog to discover what way Dr. Koussevitzky would take with this or that Symphony of Beethoven. Now most know that he will lead this "Pastoral" with light and flowing hand; take it simply and sympathetically; illuminate it with a tranquil clarity; pace it animatedly; shade it with pastel-colors from a virtuoso-orchestra. Likewise, most are aware that he will dramatize to his utmost the Third "Leonora" Overture, loosing upon it and measuring with it the plasticity, poignancy and power of his responsive instrument.

All of which circumstance is no reproach to the conductor's prowess and devotion. He played the Symphony and the Overture, yesterday, as at all times he plays every other piece—as though for the while there is nothing else in the world, as though he would penetrate the audience with his own mood. The obstacle is Beethoven, the accustomed and too familiar classic. Only the youngest and the newest in that habituated audience of Friday afternoons, "sitting in" year after year at twenty-four symphonic matinées, may hear him with fresh and opening ears. To many an elder, if we really search ourselves, he is "just Beethoven." Being lazy-minded, we let him go at that—until some newfound personality, like Mr. Schnabel, comes along to set us every one alert.

There is no moral—unless it is that Beethoven should be played seldom in these days, and always with the renewed vitality with which Dr. Koussevitzky impregnates the more stirring symphonies. Or unless it is pardon for those restless spirits whose thoughts would wander from pastoral peasants and pieties to those bedevilled and berated Variations of Schönberg, which the conductor announced but is not likely to attempt this season. Or in the third place, unless it is to extenuate those surly souls who—with Dvorák behind them, "The Pastoral" before them, and Saint-Saëns ahead of them—have heard enough "nice" symphonies for one year and crave leave-taking in music of sharper tang.

For, as it seemed once more yesterday, the "Pastoral Symphony" parts in the middle, leaving the last three divisions minor and outmoded Beethoven. If a less illustrious name were signed to it, many might find little more than a jocund ballet-scene in the scherzo of the dancing peasants and the rustic band; than a realistic thundershower within the orchestral limitations of Beethoven's day; than final and tedious pieties that the graces of neither flute nor clarinet may much lighten. Indeed, there are cynics who remember that Rossini was a Viennese vogue in Beethoven's day; that the great Ludwig frequented his operas; then hint that these final moralizings are prettily Rossinian—without, of course, the composer's tongue in cheek.

The first two movements are another thing. The brookside song is a lengthening chain of limpid and fragrant music which Dr. Koussevitzky neither slackened nor hurried nor dulled, letting it charm with those ingenuous imitations of woodland sounds as naive and fresh to this day as though good Papa Haydn were setting them into his oratorio of "Creation." Far as is the eighteenth-century notion of nature from ours, a simple-hearted, upswelling joy in the delights of wood and field, sun, sky and air fills the first movement. It possessed Beethoven and he writes a music as artless, with its smiling phrases, as it is happy, lovely and enduring. But, be it noted, we are always justifying this "Pastoral Symphony" in the terms of a Beethoven who lived according to a particular habit in a particular time; whereas who thinks of his better part as anything but universal and timeless?

The one place and time in which to hear the Third "Leonora" Overture is the opera house, in a performance of "Fidelio," at the pause before the final scene. Then and there the course of the drama is fresh in every mind; in visible and audible presence the personages have come and gone. We have known them, however, in such semblance and speech as tangible and also imperfect men and women of the singing theater may give them. We have also shared in an action more or less confined within the conventions and exigencies of the stage.

Forthwith the orchestra passes to the Third "Leonora" Overture. The drama is enacted in sound; the stage is limitless; the passions, the situations, the stress and the suspense,emerge at the heights and depths, in the epic voice, that Beethoven could gain in symphonic music, but that in theater-music struggles constrained. Then this Overture seems music-drama concentrated, clarified, intensified as nowhere else. The concert-hall is not its seat; the summarizing program-book but poor substitute for an action heard and seen. Therefore the conductors outdo themselves to dramatize, and the "Third Leonora" becomes a music of pointed paragraphs, sharpened contrasts, well-wrought transition and climax. Dr. Koussevitzky succeeds as well as do most. But away from the opera house and "Fidelio," the epic splendor lessens; the drama, passioned into music, inevitably wanes.

The Fourth Piano-Concerto escapes nearly every handicap upon Symphony or Overture. Like all Beethoven's Concertos, it is a virtuoso-music, designed in degree to display the performer, submitting readily to Mr. Schnabel's inserted cadenza. Therefore to this day pianists seek it out and profit by it. Like its fellow, the Fifth Concerto in B-flat, it is also a quasi-symphonic music, according to Beethoven's contentious habit. In the slow movement of the Fourth, piano and orchestra are at persistent odds. In the first movement, they are prone to snatch subject and development one from the other. Only in the finale do they march hand in hand—not too contentedly.

The Fourth Concerto is also romantic music. In the first movement, the piano-part is often expressive, as we should say nowadays, even rhapsodic as with sudden upspringing energy. The slow movement contains the celebrated contrast of the pleading, single-voiced piano against the united, relentless strings. A gentle gravity of mood haunts even the light-paced finale. Atmosphere is not exactly characteristic of piano-concertos ancient or modern. Yet a distinctive improvising air, now musing, now animated, pervades and preserves this Fourth Concerto of Beethoven. For atmosphere Schumann's is its only compeer.

Of Mr. Schnabel's playing of the piano-part it is hard to write temperately, yet convey all that he wrought upon his hearers. In the slow movement, he attained the very poetry and beauty of musical sound. The piano interceded for itself against the implacable orchestra, but without hint of mawkish sentiment. It was tender; it was dreamful; it whispered and sighed and saddened and submitted. Yet every note had its just musical value; every phrase stood shapen and poised; every period came rounded. Here was music imparted in its full and living self, thereby gaining poesy.

In the finale, light hand, alert rhythm, quick transition, bright and fluid tone. Yet always the unfolding of the whole design in musical integrity. The first movement is a web of interwoven motives, as though the musing Beethoven might hardly sort out his quick-coming fancies; between piano and orchestra distribute them. Mr. Schnabel was as clear as the day with the patterns; kept the improvising vein; shaded from sonority into sonority, from euphony into euphony; while under the surface-smoothness went the measured propulsive energy. Therein is the secret of all that he has done during his stay in Boston. He takes thought, and it warms into emotion. He makes music so vitally and completely that out of it, granted the composer, spring pathos and poetry, gravity or gayety, beauty, power, and strangeness, and illusion.

H. T. P.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

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It is hoped and expected that a capacity audience will greet the orchestra.

* * *

And there is yet another event of the week, too, that isn't the most common in dramatic history here—the coming of Mrs. Fiske in "The Rivals." She is scheduled to make her assault

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

79

$3427 SUBSCRIBED TO SYMPHONY FUND

Music Association Seeks $10,000 to Finance Program for 1930-31 Season.

To keep the Boston Symphony concerts coming to this city and to finance several other nationally known orchestra visits, a total of $3427 already has been subscribed in answer to the Music Association's appeal for a fund of $10,000 to finance its program for the 1930-1931 season.

Letters to music patrons in this city were sent out by the Music Association a week ago and subscriptions are being received daily at the offices of the association, 313 Gas Company building. Officers of the association reported yesterday that there is an increase of $1187 over the amount received from the same subscribers last year, an encouraging sign, it is said, because this year's goal is slightly higher and the amount to be raised must also meet a $750 deficit incurred last season.

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$50—Wallace W. Dempster, Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. DeWolf, William C. Fry, Mrs. S. Foster Hunt, Emma M. Schott; $25—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Barbour, Mrs. Richard B. Comstock, Walter J. Comstock, Dr. and Mrs. Frank A. Cummings, Edith W. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. William Ely, Mrs. Florence Cole Lanpher, Mrs. Kate A. Richardson, William A. Viall.

$20—Mrs. Emma DeRussey Baker, Frederick C. Freeman; $10—Mary Green Chapin, E. Lindsey Cummings, Elmer S. Hosmer, Mrs. Alice M. Johnson, Alice Loraine Johnson, Max A. Langy, MacDowell Club, Margaret I. Morriss, George F. Phillips, Belle C. Russell, Mrs. M. E. Simmons, Mrs. George B. Waterhouse, Mrs. George H. Webb; $5—Miriam Hosmer, Rev. Henry M. Saville, Carrie Lee Smith, Mary Carver Smith, Ruth Whipple; $2—Deaconess Frances Semle.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

* * *

Stars in the Orchestra.

Not long ago on the occasion of my trip to New Haven with Frank Sedgwick to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra, we naturally talked about the orchestra and its personnel, as well as its conductor. And I asked Mr. Sedgwick how many of the string players in the orchestra could step to the front as soloists if occasion required; and he said "Oh, a dozen or so, anyway." However some information about the individual players that reached me a little later raises that number by doubling it! Which shows, in some measure at least, a reason for the quality of the string tone of the orchestra.

Mr. Burgin the concert-master, has been heard as soloist and also has acted as conductor of the orchestra here on one or two occasions. He had very fine notices this season for his solo work with the orchestra. Mr. Theodorowidz, senior among the violinists, played here many times with the Kneisel Quartet and also has been heard as soloist and Jean Bedetti, the first 'cellist, is well known in his art in Hartford.

The leader of the violas is Jean Lefranc; George Laurent is famous as flautist; Fernand Gillet plays first oboe. Georges Hamelin first clarinet. Abdon Laus, first bassoon, and Louis Speyer is responsible for the elegant tones of the English Horn.

Georg Boettcher came last season to be leader of the French Horns in the orchestra; George Mager is first trumpet and Johannes Rochut is first trombone while Bernard Zighera plays first harp.

These names are listed in the programs issued for the orchestra's concerts but they may be of interest here in advance of this evening's program. Of course not all the fine playing that is heard in answering phrases from choir to choir in the orchestra comes from the "first" players—but in compositions where there are solo passages the players named above will be heard.

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COURANT
APR 10 1930

Orchestra Is Greeted With Enthusiasm

Boston Symphony At Concert in Bushnell Hall Plays Magnificently Under Koussevitzky

BY WALTER BROWN.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA —Directed by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky; in concert under management of Frank A. Sedgwick; at Bushnell Memorial Hall last evening.

Program.

Vivaldi, Concerto in D minor for Orchestra
Maestoso-Largo-Allegro
Moussorgsky, Prelude to "Khovantchina"
Ravel, Bolero
Brahms, Symphony No. 1 in C minor
Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
Andante sostenuto.
Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

A brilliant audience, testing the capacity of the Bushnell Memorial, gave Dr. Koussevitzky a hearty welcome as he made his appearance on the stage last evening, and applauded each and every numoer on the program in most enthusiastic and sincere fashion. And the comments heard as the crowd dispersed were mainly expressive of regret that the concert might not have been longer—although certainly a full program had been played.

The orchestra was in very fine form—and having said that of the Boston Symphony not much more need be said of the quality of the playing; and Dr. Koussevitzky led with most intense enthusiasm and gave brilliant and satisfying readings of all the scores. Aside from the symphony the numbers played were unfamiliar to most of the music-lovers present—and the symphony itself has been too seldom heard; the occasion presented an orchestra not enjoyed here in concert for more than a year; Dr. Koussevitzky making his first appearance in Hartford in two years; and the delights of the great organization's playing in the new hall—surely a fine combination of circumstances.

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The Vivaldi work begins with a tremendous boldness of unison violin tone, opening out into delightful harmonies and the tonal values of the orchestra's string sections were at once made apparent. The Largo in lovely sustained melody, sang to a beautifully made and played ending and the final Allegro was delightful in color effects of tone.

Mossorgsky, painting in his Prelude the 'coming of dawn over the Red Square in the Kremlin at Moscow,' finds exquisite tone for his effects as well as melody very Russian, very lovely indeed. In the measure that this work may come under the head of "program music" it shows the composer's skill in the use of suggestion in tone, and in the finer, higher fields of music for music's sake it is a delight to the imaginative, with playing such as we heard last evening and a reading that brought out every grace of each measure.

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The audience took the Ravel work to its heart with great enthusiasm; and the really magnificent piling up of tone on one brief melody repeated and re-repeated for fourteen minutes of playing time, found its customary response in the thunder of applause that began almost before that remarkably surprising change of key and crashing tone brought the wild dance to an end. It is quite likely that several hearings of this work may dull the edge of the hearer's joy in it. The present reviewer has heard it three times and it seems as remarkable as ever in the way Dr. Koussevitzky and his men play it; but its first effect on its own account has faded not a little.

Last evening's playing was done with all the fire and sprit that could have been asked of a first performance, and certainly the audience took its thrill in the playing—which is practically evenly divided, in point of elapsed time, from the whisper of the first measures to a moderate forte; from that to a big one; and finally, through the complication of masses of tone, to the wildly tremendous crashing of the final measures.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Brahms Symphony No. 1 is a gorgeously beautiful and effective work as the orchestra unfolds it before us. Its stormy opening passages give way to a beautifully melodic calm. There is exquisite tone called for, and given by, each of the choirs of the orchestra; the reading that Dr. Koussevitzky offers is poignantly beautiful, with splendid effects alike of power and repression.

The second movement shines in heart-searching melodies, eloquently rendered, and the quality of conductor and players was fully apparent in the delightful ease of the tricky tempo of the beginning of the Scherzo. And finally the noble tones of barss and woodwind and strings in the Adagio as the chorale returns in its beauty, and the almost overwhelming force and splendor of the full orchestra in the Allegro bring a truly remarkable performance of a great symphony to an end.

The audience made no move to go until Dr. Koussevitzky had been brought back to the stage several times to bow his appreciation of its enthusiasm, and to call on his players to rise and share it with him.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN,
TIMES
APR

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES FINE RECITAL

Famous Orchestra, Koussevitzky Leading, Wins New Laurels.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, always a favorite with the Hartford music-loving public, gave its annual concert last evening in the large auditorium at the Bushnell Memorial. The event was under the local management of Frank A. Sedgwick. The famous Serge Koussevitzky conducted and the audience was the largest to attend a Boston Symphony concert here. The program follows:

Vivaldi .....
Concerto in D minor for Orchestra (edited by A. Siloti)
I. Maestoso
II. Largo
III. Allegro
Moussorgsky .....
..... Prelude to "Khovantchina"
Ravel ..... Bolero
Brahms .....
Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op 68
I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
II. Andante sostenuto
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

Dr. Koussevitzky presented his usual well-trained and capable orchestra. Ranking with the great orchestras of the world, the Boston orchestra has always been a decided favorite with Hartford audiences. The players last evening seemed inspired. Dr. Koussevitzky, himself a super-musician and a showman of remarkable calibre, was an ideal leader. His talents as a dramatist were in evidence and as a director his work was ideal.

In the lovely Vivaldi number Dr. Koussevitzky seemed to devote even more than his usual care to the presentation of this gem of orchestral writing. The strings sang with lovely cantilenes and there was a splendid blending of tone. The orchestra gave one of its most effective performances in the exquisite "Largo". The concluding "Allegro" was also splendidly given and the entire "Concerto" proved an ideal introduction.

Unique in its writing, yet showing a variety of tone which had an instant appeal was the Moussorgsky number. Dr. Koussevitzky gave examples of tone painting which were of indescribable beauty. The wood winds had ample opportunity for display and the reeds, delicate in their voicing, carried a melody, typically Russian, yet with a comprehensive appeal to all.

Undoubtedly the outstanding popular offering was the Ravel "Bolero," the most generally discussed and most popular novelty composition played by any American orchestra during the present season. "Bolero" has taken New York and Boston by storm, and its first presentation in Hartford found receptive hearers. Strange and at times weird in its character, the original melody, simple yet effective in its context, is taken on by the various choirs, and carried to a triumphant climax. The audience was quick to show its appreciation and Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled many times until he graciously called on his orchestra to rise and share in the applause.

The Brahms "Symphony" was given a triumphant and wonderfully effective appeal. Here again Dr. Koussevitzky gave a truly sublime presentation. The orchestra recently gave a Brahms festival at Boston and this symphony was one of the most popular features of the various programs. The "Andante" was given with a delicacy and a depth of [illegible] which was notable. The noble

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COURIER CITIZEN
APR 10 1930

While thus venting some of my ill nature this morning may I confess to a minor nuance of irritation over the repetition of "Dr. Koussevitzy" in the public prints of Boston. I somehow wish they wouldn't. I understand that some university has made a doctor of laws or something of the able and emotional conductor of the Boston Symphony. That is all right, if he can stand it. I don't particularly hold its against an honest musician or other self-respecting artist that when he was bidden walk up for an honorary degree he responded. It might have been ungracious not to accept the academic distinction, even though one knows what awful tripe of a linguistic sort goes usually with the conferring of such degrees. After the ordeal, however, the victim does not ordinarily continue to wear his cap and gown in the streets. I for one could wish he would not continue to sport his "Dr.," or encourage others to sport it for him. I must confess to a feeling that "Mr. Koussevitzy" is a shade more dignified than "Dr. Koussevitzky." The latter title has been cheapened, anyway, by advertisements of Old Dr. So-and-So and by the jocular "Doc."

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
AMERICAN
APR

BRAHMS PROGRAM SUPERBLY DONE BY BOSTON ORCHESTRA

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra is being dedicated these days to communion with the music of Brahms.

Conductor Serge Koussevitzky and his men have just finished a Brahms Festival in Boston for which Artur Schnabel was specially imported from Berlin to play two piano concertos of the master.

Last evening the orchestra, Koussevitzky, and Schnabel, journeyed here with some of the choice selections from the recent Brahms Festival and served them at a concert of their regular series in Carnegie Hall. The programme comprised the "Academic Festival Overture," the B flat piano concerto, and the fourth symphony in E minor.

No doubt specialized and intensive rehearsing had been undergone for the celebration in Boston, and the result showed in as superb a brand of orchestral performance as New York has heard in many moons.

Precision in attack, fastidious balance of choirs, polished technique and taste in dynamics, and rich beauty of tone, distinguished all the orchestral playing last evening. Koussevitsky commands an orchestra that takes second place to none.

The Russian conductor was irreproachable at this concert in the fine spirit of his interpretations and the seeming self-effacement with which he projected them. He read the overture with moodal variety and effective display of its sumptuous orchestration. The familiar strains of "American" college songs must have smitten strangely upon ears that did know those melodies were made in Germany.

In the symphony, Koussevitzky sounded devotedly its earnestness, beauty and depth of feeling.

Artur Schnabel returns here after an absence of about eight years, during which he has become one of the pianistic favorites of Europe, particularly in Germany and England.

He played the Brahms concerto, in large styles, with epically drawn design. It was a musicianly and authoritative presentation. There were some highly impressive moments of dignity and might. The lyrical line of the work receded somewhat in the handling of Schnabel, who occasionally forgot beauty in the insistence upon dramatic intention.

The Schnabel tone is clear and precise rather than sensuously lovely. It was on the whole an intellectual and musically superior version of a gigantic and great composition.

In spite of the three-quarters of an hour of listening, the audience applauded Schnabel with quite uncommon enthusiasm and he had to bow his thanks repeatedly.

Koussevitzky furnished a truly devoted and close-knit orchestral background for the symphonic concerto. He might, however, have seen to it that the piano and the orchestra were in better tune. Sensitive ears were offended at the discordant differences of pitch.

Three great orchestras were heard here in as many successive days—the Philadelphia on Tuesday, the Philharmonic on Wednesday, and the Boston on Thursday. Comparisons are tempting, but dangerous.

The dying season goes out in a blaze of Brahms, for next Saturday afternoon the Carnegie Hall audience will hear the brave Boston Symphonists play that composer's first symphony, C minor; the "Academic Overture" again, and the D minor piano concerto, with Schnabel repeating as soloist.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

Mr. Koussevitzky Orders More Firmament, and the Heavens Sing of Brahms

Fifth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Carnegie Hall; piano soloist, Artur Schnabel.

ALL-BRAHMS PROGRAM

1. "Academic Festival" overture, Op. 80
2. Piano Concerto No. 2, in B flat major, Op. 83
Artur Schnabel, pianist
3. Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98

IT may be recalled by those who have been privileged to witness or to read Mr. Connelly's inimitable "Green Pastures" that the Lawd, complaining of an insufficiency of firmament in the seasoning of his custard, is informed that Paradise is at the moment all out of firmament. "Dey ain't," reports the custard-maker, "a drap in de jug." Whereupon the Lawd determines to make good the deficiency by passing a miracle. "Let it be some firmament!" he commands. "An' when I say let it be some firmament I don't want jest a little bitty dab o' firmament . . . Let it be a whole mess o' firmament!"

Mr. Koussevitzky, Lawd of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appears to have concluded that both musical Boston and musical New York lacked an ingredient essential to their symphonic diet, and he decreed a while ago, "Let it be some Brahms!" Apparently he added the warning, "Not jest a little bitty dab o' Brahms. Let it be a whole mess o' Brahms!"

And Brahms there was forthwith—a whole mess o' Brahms, a firmament of Brahms, in fact, filled with choiring stars and glorious with symphonic suns.

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APPARENTLY Mr. Koussevitzky, like Mr. Connelly's Lawd, is a benevolently despotic individualist, satisfying his own taste when he feels impelled to do so. There was, admittedly, firmament in the Lawd's custard. And, indisputably, there was Brahms in our musical custard. Was there enough? Ah, that was for the imperious Mr. Koussevitzky to say. But apart from the suiting of his taste, there was really no particular occasion for a Brahms Festival, either in Boston or in New York. There is at the moment no Brahmsian anniversary to celebrate (though there will be one in 1933, when Mr. Koussevitzky may regret that he came in a few bars too soon). And certainly our condition differs from that of the heavenly larder; for there is plenty of Brahms in the jugs of our conductors, and they add it freely to our musical food.

But no matter: Mr. Koussevitzky wanted more Brahms, and he provided it. For the Bostonians, he contrived six all-Brahms concerts, exhibiting samples of the Olympian Johannes as composer of orchestral, choral and chamber works, with the aid of the Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses and such lustrous soloists as Mme. Matzenauer and the fabulously fashionable Mr. Artur Schnabel, the imported pianist who has made intellectualism in music almost as popular (for the moment) as ankle-length skirts.

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IN New York we are not being quite so lavishly provided by Mr. Koussevitzky with Brahmsian firmament. Yet the Lawd of the Bostonian heaven is doing very well by us. Last night in Carnegie Hall he set before his people if not a whole mess of Brahms, certainly much more than a little bitty dab. He gave us one of the greatest of the symphonies, an overture, and the most persuasive, if not the weightiest of the piano concertos, with Mr. Schnabel as the pianistic Gabriel, sounding his clarion through Johannes's keyboard evocation of a vernal earth.

That every one was happy there can be little doubt. Brahms is proper Festival material, with or without an anniversary pretext. He has the fullness and variety of content, the volume, the power, the greatness of style, the imaginative reach and depth, to justify and reward an unqualified disclosure of his works. A first-rate genius, a Maker (as the mystically daring Emerson might have called him), he is fecund and inexhaustible. Like Whitman, Brahms could have said, "I am large, I contain multitudes."

Last night we had him in two of his major phases: the Brahms who in the B-flat Concerto is chiefly the poet of Southern amplitudes and fervors, radiant, expansive, sensitive and magical, and the austerer Brahms of the E minor Symphony, the Northern Brahms, bardic, magistral, and prevailingly dark hued.

It was the first of these manifestations that counted most in the sum of the evening's pleasure—not because the B-flat Concerto is a greater work than the E minor Symphony (though the point is debatable), but because we have less frequent opportunities to hear it, and because it involved last night the participation of Mr. Schnabel.

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MR. SCHNABEL illustrates what Arnold called the application of ideas to life—which, by extension and inclusion, means the application of ideas to poetry. He has pre-eminently that "high seriousness" which issues from absolute sincerity. The crowd, as a thing to be tickled or enticed or overawed, apparently does not exist for him. He is concerned only with the music before him; all else is irrelevant.

Against this background of belief and practice he shows us the application of ideas to poetry—of the shaping, governing, proportioning will exerting itself upon the emotional stuff of beauty, under the conditions fixed by the laws of its own nature and its own imperial domain. Naturally, like any Court, legal or aesthetic, the artist interprets these laws as he sees fit. But always they constitute an exhibition of reason confederate with loveliness, of logic warmed with sensibility.

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This abidingly wonderful music Mr. Schnabel helped us to understand in all its moods, from the vernal horn-call of the opening, with its keyboard echo that is the very voice of prodigality and fervor, as of some magnetic southern noontide made articulate, to the exquisite musing of the piano at the close of the magical Andante, where the music seems to drift upward into a hovering silence, reminding us of that woman of whom Conrad wrote, "in whose precise saying there were enigmatical prolongations that vanished somewhere beyond the reach."

After this, the Fourth Symphony, for all its blend of Gothic magnificence and bardic speech, was an experience necessarily less revealing. The evening was Mr. Schnabel's, and the Brahms that he conveyed to us. For this our thanks, however, are really due to Mr. Koussevitzky. It was he, let it not be forgotten, who ordained this beneficent enrichment of our Brahmsian skies. If there were any who murmured, like the Paradisaical witnesses in "The Green Pastures," "Now, look, Lawd, dat's too much firmament," their voices were not audible.

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Very Likely

Sir—On the editorial page of your distinguished contemporary appears this statement: "If the people had by vote expressed a preference in the matter of the orchestras, we feel that a majority would have desired precisely the three that had been engaged: The Philadelphia, the Boston, and the Cleveland Symphonies."

I am not so sure of that. If the people had by vote expressed a preference, it would probably have been for the orchestras of Rudy Vallee, Vincent Lopez and Paul Whiteman.

S. K. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
APR 10 1932

Orchestra Is Greeted With Enthusiasm

Boston Symphony At Concert in Bushnell Hall Plays Magnificently Under Koussevitzky

BY WALTER BROWN.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA —Directed by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky; in concert under management of Frank A. Sedgwick; at Bushnell Memorial Hall last evening.

Program.

Vivaldi, Concerto in D minor for Orchestra
Maestoso-Largo-Allegro
Moussorgsky, Prelude to "Khovantchina"
Ravel, Bolero
Brahms, Symphony No. 1 in C minor
Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
Andante sostenuto.
Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

A brilliant audience, testing the capacity of the Bushnell Memorial, gave Dr. Koussevitzky a hearty welcome as he made his appearance on the stage last evening, and applauded each and every number on the program in most enthusiastic and sincere fashion. And the comments heard as the crowd dispersed were mainly expressive of regret that the concert might not have been longer—although certainly a full program had been played.

The orchestra was in very fine form—and having said that of the Boston Symphony not much more need be said of the quality of the playing; and Dr. Koussevitzky led with most intense enthusiasm and gave brilliant and satisfying readings of all the scores. Aside from the symphony the numbers played were unfamiliar to most of the music-lovers present—and the symphony itself has been too seldom heard; the occasion presented an orchestra not enjoyed here in concert for more than a year; Dr. Koussevitzky making his first appearance in Hartford in two years; and the delights of the great organization's playing in the new hall—surely a fine combination of circumstances.

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The Vivaldi work begins with a tremendous boldness of unison violin tone, opening out into delightful harmonies and the tonal values of the orchestra's string sections were at once made apparent. The Largo in lovely sustained melody, sang to a beautifully made and played ending and the final Allegro was delightful in color effects of tone.

Mossorgsky, painting in his Prelude the 'coming of dawn over the Red Square in the Kremlin at Moscow,' finds exquisite tone for his effects as well as melody very Russian, very lovely indeed. In the measure that this work may come under the head of "program music" it shows the composer's skill in the use of suggestion in tone, and in the finer, higher fields of music for music's sake it is a delight to the imaginative, with playing such as we heard last evening and a reading that brought out every grace of each measure.

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The audience took the Ravel work to its heart with great enthusiasm; and the really magnificent piling up of tone on one brief melody repeated and re-repeated for fourteen minutes of playing time, found its customary response in the thunder of applause that began almost before that remarkably surprising change of key and crashing tone brought the wild dance to an end. It is quite likely that several hearings of this work may dull the edge of the hearer's joy in it. The present reviewer has heard it three times and it seems as remarkable as ever in the way Dr. Koussevitzky and his men play it; but its first effect on its own account has faded not a little.

Last evening's playing was done with all the fire and spirit that could have been asked of a first performance, and certainly the audience took its thrill in the playing—which if practically evenly divided, in point of elapsed time, from the whisper of the first measures to a moderate forte; from that to a big one; and finally, through the complication of masses of tone, to the wildly tremendous crashing of the final measures.

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The Brahms Symphony No. 1 is a gorgeously beautiful and effective work as the orchestra unfolds it before us. Its stormy opening passages give way to a beautifully melodic calm. There is exquisite tone called for, and given by, each of the choirs of the orchestra; the reading that Dr. Koussevitzky offers is poignantly beautiful, with splendid effects alike of power and repression.

The second movement shines in heart-searching melodies, eloquently rendered, and the quality of conductor and players was fully apparent in the delightful ease of the tricky tempo of the beginning of the Scherzo. And finally the noble tones of barss and woodwind and strings in the Adagio as the chorale returns in its beauty, and the almost overwhelming force and splendor of the full orchestra in the Allegro bring a truly remarkable performance of a great symphony to an end.

The audience made no move to go until Dr. Koussevitzky had been brought back to the stage several times to bow his appreciation of its enthusiasm, and to call on his players to rise and share it with him.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN,
TIMES
APR

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES FINE RECITAL

Famous Orchestra, Koussevitzky Leading, Wins New Laurels.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, always a favorite with the Hartford music-loving public, gave its annual concert last evening in the large auditorium at the Bushnell Memorial. The event was under the local management of Frank A. Sedgwick. The famous Serge Koussevitzky conducted and the audience was the largest to attend a Boston Symphony concert here. The program follows:

Vivaldi .....
Concerto in D minor for Orchestra (edited by A. Siloti)
I. Maestoso
II. Largo
III. Allegro
Moussorgsky .....
..... Prelude to "Khovantchina"
Ravel ..... Bolero
Brahms .....
Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op 68
I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
II. Andante sostenuto
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

Dr. Koussevitzky presented his usual well-trained and capable orchestra. Ranking with the great orchestras of the world, the Boston orchestra has always been a decided favorite with Hartford audiences. The players last evening seemed inspired. Dr. Koussevitzky, himself a super-musician and a showman of remarkable calibre, was an ideal leader. His talents as a dramatist were in evidence and as a director his work was ideal.

In the lovely Vivaldi number Dr. Koussevitzky seemed to devote even more than his usual care to the presentation of this gem of orchestral writing. The strings sang with lovely cantilenes and there was a splendid blending of tone. The orchestra gave one of its most effective performances in the exquisite "Largo". The concluding "Allegro" was also splendidly given and the entire "Concerto" proved an ideal introduction.

Unique in its writing, yet showing a variety of tone which had an instant appeal was the Moussorgsky number. Dr. Koussevitzky gave examples of tone painting which were of indescribable beauty. The wood winds had ample opportunity for display and the reeds, delicate in their voicing, carried a melody, typically Russian, yet with a comprehensive appeal to all.

Undoubtedly the outstanding popular offering was the Ravel "Bolero," the most generally discussed and most popular novelty composition played by any American orchestra during the present season. "Bolero" has taken New York and Boston by storm, and its first presentation in Hartford found receptive hearers. Strange and at times weird in its character, the original melody, simple yet effective in its context, is taken on by the various choirs, and carried to a triumphant climax. The audience was quick to show its appreciation and Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled many times until he graciously called on his orchestra to rise and share in the applause.

The Brahms "Symphony" was given a triumphant and wonderfully effective appeal. Here again Dr. Koussevitzky gave a truly sublime presentation. The orchestra recently gave a Brahms festival at Boston and this symphony was one of the most popular features of the various programs. The "Andante" was given with a delicacy and a depth of feeling which was notable. The noble "Chorale" of the final movement was remarkable for its effectiveness and its dramatic fervor. The climax was taken with a tremendous outburst of sound. At the conclusion Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled several times.

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S. K. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK SUN

Boston Symphony Plays Brahms

Arthur Schnabel Is Pianist for 'Academic Festival' in Last Concert for Season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Over in Boston they have been in the throes of a Brahms festival. Therefore Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, saw no reason why we should not have our share of it when the Brahmins came to New York for their final concerts of this season. Last night in Carnegie Hall they presented us with the "Academic Festival" overture (presumably included in the Boston scheme to honor fair Harvard), the B flat concerto for piano and orchestra and the fourth symphony. The pianist was Arthur Schnabel, who was brought from Europe especially for the festival.

His share in the evening's total was noteworthy. He was always known here as an interpreter of intellectual grasp and a pianist who excelled in firmly drawn outline. He has undoubtedly grown since he last visited us. His performance of the B flat concerto last night was memorable. It had all his former merits and some added ones. It would be difficult to conceive of an exposition in which soloist and conductor were more closely united in delivering to an audience not only the large moods but all the details of the composition and the deeply significant relation of the solo instrument to the whole and the orchestra as an equal partner in the drama.

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NEW YORK WORLD

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

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The performance which made the greatest impression, at the same time that it aroused curiously opposed opinions and estimates in the audience, was the interpretation by Messrs. Koussevitzky and Schnabel of the B-flat piano concerto. By and large this was the greatest performance of that work that the writer has heard—the greatest in its grasp of a score which towers mountain-high, in the justness of its proportions and the richness and salience of its detail, and, above all, in the vision and imagination which informed the whole achievement. The performance was singularly unified. The masterly playing of Mr. Schnabel showed him not only as a consummate musician and technician of his instrument, but as one who conceived the whole work from the symphonic standpoint and with the keenest appreciation and the most detailed knowledge of the orchestral score.

It was not only a pianist and interpreter of symphonic intent who sat before us but a colorist who matched every tint of Brahms's orchestration with one of his own; or, better say, a musician who realized with unexampled felicity the harmoniousness of Brahms' palette, and made his instrument take its place, with infallible inuition for the right nuance in the color scheme. In view of the result it is easy to believe that Mr. Schnabel and Mr. Koussevitzky had labored with special care and mutual enthusiasm to achieve the best possible coherence and balance of all the elements of a work which is less a piano concerto in the accepted sense of the term than it is one of Brahms's greatest symphonies. Mr. Koussevitzky's exposition of the score and the manner in which he supplemented, as it were, every thought and wish of the solist, was a lesson from a master of interpretation.

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Hartford Courant
Apr 11th 1930

The Observation Post

By Walter Brown, Dramatic Editor

a lot of other excellent music impends; of which it seemingly behooves me to speak shortly if not at full length now.

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But a pause of just a moment may not be out of order in thinking how well the orchestra looked Wednesday evening in the new arrangement of stage levels at the Bushnell Memorial. Some conductors prefer to have ther men seated on a level stage but Dr. Koussevitzky was glad to use the various platforms that brought his players up in a sort of ampitheatre formation with the double basses and the percussion on the highest level and brasses, woodwind and strings coming downstage in the order named—the first violins, violas and a few of the seconds and 'cellos being at the regular stage level. Certainly the effect as a stage picture was greatly enhanced in this arrangement—which is similar to that obtained in Carnegie Hall, and Symphony Hall, Boston.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK SUN
APR 11 1930

Boston Symphony Plays Brahms

Arthur Schnabel Is Pianist for 'Academic Festival' in Last Concert for Season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

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a lot of other excellent music impends; of which it seemingly behooves me to speak shortly if not at full length now.

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But a pause of just a moment may not be out of order in thinking now well the orchestra looked Wednesday evening in the new arrangement of stage levels at the Bushnell Memorial. Some conductors prefer to have ther men seated on a level stage but Dr. Koussevitzky was glad to use the various platforms that brought his players up in a sort of ampitheatre formation with the double basses and the percussion on the highest level and brasses, woodwind and strings coming downstage in the crder named—the first violins, violas and a few of the seconds and 'cellos being at the regular stage level. Certainly the effect as a stage picture was greatly enhanced in this arrangement—which is similar to that obtained in Carnegie Hall, and Symphony Hall, Boston.

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METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TELEGRAM
APR 11

Artur Schnabel Is Applauded for Playing Brahms Concerto

Boston Symphony Orchestra Gives Season's Fifth Evening Concert.

By PITTS SANBORN.

Over in Boston the symphony orchestra of New England's Athenian capital recently sponsored a Brahms Festival. The orchestra is now treating New York to a diminished edition of the feast it set before the Boston Brahmins.

For the fifth and last evening concert of its Carnegie Hall series for the present season, it offered yesterday a program that comprised these works of Brahms: the "Academic Festival" overture, the second piano concerto (in B flat), and the fourth symphony (in E minor).

Tomorrow afternoon, in the same hall, it will bid farewell to New York until next autumn with a second Brahms program, made up of the "Academic Festival" overture again, the first piano concerto (in D minor), and the first symphony (in C minor).

To act as pianist of both occasions the Bostonians brought over with them that laureate pianist of the German-speaking countries, Artur Schnabel, who, by the way, had played previously in New York, some eight years ago.

If anybody had doubted that Brahms is still a name to conjure with in our city of much music, the sight of Carnegie Hall last evening was an eye-opener. An eager throng packed it to utmost capacity. And the applause provoked by each number was long and loud. For Mr. Schnabel in particular there was a tremendous ovation at the end of the concerto. And so the popular verdict ran.

Yet, ungracious as it may seem to insist on the point, dissent did, if never so little, sour the cup. There were obstinate souls who remembered in the B flat concerto the ministrations of Joseffy, Paderewski, Harold Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, and consequently were little moved by Mr. Schnabel's showing.

Modest and musicianly of mien, the pianist of the evening played the solo part in a correct, incisive, sometimes brilliant fashion, but with little that could be denominated warmth, color, or feeling, and a conspicuous absence of singing tone. His performance had a kind of dash and impetus that unquestionably could stir up enthusiasm, but it was a superficial, academic affair of cold definitions which quite failed to unlock the heart of the andante and scarcely suggested the capriciousness of the scherzo and the finale.

The orchestral performance, presided over by Mr. Koussevitzky, was, both in the concerto and elsewhere, prevailingly chilly and surprisingly rude.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES
APR 11

MUSIC

BOSTON FINALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Serge Koussevitsky made its last bow of the season before a Brooklyn audience at the Academy of Music last night. The Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto, with Arthur Schnabel as soloist; Brahm's Second Symphony, and Beethoven's "Third Leonore" overture comprised the concluding program of the orchestra's Brooklyn season.

For some six years Mr. Schnabel has enjoyed the plaudits of music lovers in middle Europe, where his art has been highly appraised. Following his performance Thursday night of a Brahms concerto and his rendition last evening of the Beethoven work, this critic, at least, has come to the conclusion that the adulaton accorded him abroad was fully deserved. For seldom have we heard such a vivid, clean cut performance, with such scintillant harmony achieved between pianist and strings. The concerto proved a succession of tonal highlights, with every note, thrill and run brought into crystal-clear relief. The andante and rondo movements, in particular, proved effective.

Having heard Mr. Schnabel's performance Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall, we feel that last night's concerto was given an even more successful interpretation than the Brahms piece. Certainly, music in the absolute can hardly be brought to a higher point of perfection than was the Beethoven concerto last night.

Mr. Koussevitsky evoked prolonged applause from his Brooklyn audience with the Brahms "Second." Could the last of the great symphonists have heard the work last night, there is no doubt but that he would have been highly gratified at the result. For seldom has such painstaking care gone into the rendition of a symphony or has such attention been paid to the building up of a tonal climax.

The Boston completed its Brooklyn season with as nearly a perfect concert as music lovers can hope for. As a result, the impatience one must feel in awaiting the return of Mr. Koussevitsky next year, is consequently redoubled. A. R. L.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
APR 13

Music

By FELIX DEYO

ARTUR SCHNABEL SOLOIST IN BROOKLYN WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FOR THE season's concluding Brooklyn programme of the Boston Symphony series, at the Academy of Music last night, Serge Koussevitzky made it a Beethoven and Brahms affair, including the "Leonore" No. 3 Overture, the Concerto in G (No. 4), for piano with orchestra, and the Second Symphony of Brahms. In a sense, the concert was a repercussion of Dr. Koussevitzky's recent Brahms Festival held in Boston, for the soloist was the German pianist, Artur Schnabel, especially imported for that occasion.

We begin with Herr Schnabel's participation in the Beethoven concerto, for this artist, who has appeared in America but once before when he gave a series of recitals several seasons past, commands the most respectful attention of the intelligent American concerteer. He is a transcendent pianoforte pedagogue, the teacher of many virtuosi, among them the recently acclaimed Iturbi. As solo pianist, Herr Schnabel is German to the core, and his version of Beethoven's G major concerto last night was a thoroughgoing piece of super-intellectual pianism. His best most certainly accumulated and entered into a resplendent delivery of the music's printed score. His performance was the epitome of sincerity, which partially atoned for moments of apparents lack of variety of tone color and dangerous inclination to hard touch and a viewpoint so severely classical as to limit imaginative vision. None the less, it was superb playing, such as we always would be glad to hear. The orchestra fell quite in the mood of the strictly Beethovenesque interpretation vouchsafed by Herr Schnabel, and molded its accompaniment accordingly.

In the first movement of the Brahms symphony, Dr. Koussevitzky seemed more to be marking the beats than unfolding the reposeful idyllic charm which lies in the music, like a peaceful landscape hazily unfolding its length to dreamy contemplation, accented by the fleck of sunshine and shade over its beauty. In the following three movements, however, the conductor merged more into the inner recesses of the music, bringing intensification to the veiled sadness of the adagio, intimate lyricism to the allegretto and spirited energy to the finale.

In the audience we noted several prominent artists and many new personalities of interest, who evidently had pilgrimaged from Manhattan to Brooklyn for the express purpose of hearing the evening's soloist. All of which tends to show that a master musician, in the person, does not go unheeded or unappreciated in this day of radio and mechanicalized music.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
APR 13

KOUSSEVITZKY WINS BRAHMS TRIUMPH

Artur Schnabel, Pianist, Also Receives Ovation at End of D Minor Concerto.

HIS PLAYING IS SPIRITED

One of Notable Climaxes of Season —First Symphony Played With Cumulative Power.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The predominant fact which emerges from the two remarkable concerts of Brahms music which have been given this week by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall is the immense popularity of Brahms. Both programs, of last Thursday night and of yesterday afternoon, have been what the Germans would designate as "formidable" and what we would have called, a few years ago, "heavy." Each concert commenced with the "Academic" overture. This is not "academic," but very lively. But each concert also presented one of the piano concertos, which are nothing less than great symphonies with a tremendous piano part, and, in addition, a symphony. On Thursday the symphony was the Fourth; yesterday it was the First. The symphonies came after the long and very substantial concertos. On Thursday Mr. Schnabel had a triumph with the B flat concerto. This triumph was but the half of the ovation he received when he finished the D minor concerto yesterday afternoon, when he was cheered and applauded and called back to the stage many times. At the end of the concert Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra received an even more tumultuous demonstration. All this was testimony to the powers of a magnificent orchestra, conductor, and pianist, but above all it was testimony to the amazing and the increasing appeal to the public imagination of Brahms. In the past programs of Wagner or Tchaikovsky have been the sure drawing cards for an orchestral concert. It is now shown that Brahms exerts an equal attraction—although he is more difficult to interpret than either of the other two composers.

Mr. Schnabel's second performance naturally furnished a better perspective of his qualities as an artist than a single performance could have done. It also explains why some listeners, although they were evidently in the minority, took issue with his performance on Thursday evening. Their objections are probably contingent upon their reaction, consciously or otherwise, to Mr. Schnabel's frequently bearish piano style. Only occasionally does he deign to play beautifully. Otherwise, when the music is cast in a heroic or dramatic vein, Mr. Schnabel is first of all a heroic-spirited interpreter, and secondly a pianist. It may be assumed that his piano style would have been in itself more agreeable if his instrument had been better tuned and more responsive to fortissimo attacks, but we believe that in any event Mr. Schnabel's piano-playing would be prevailingly austere, commanding, stirring in the last degree by virtue of its splendid spirit, rather than playing distinguished by opalescent tints or twilight shades of beauty, or a legato of the kind Mozart described when he said that singing passages on the instrument should flow like oil. When this element of sensuous beauty is abandoned by an artist aflame with the spirit of some very masculine and powerful music—whose playing is in fact tonally harder and more ugly in quality than it need be—many listeners will logically turn against him. They demand that music should first of all have sensuous beauty. If prophetic grandeur and loftiness of expression are without this sensuous envelope they feel that the art itself has been mutilated and injured.

Perhaps they are right. Mr. Schnabel tends to be forthright rather than beautiful and to project musical ideas rather than court the ear with the lusciousness of music. And yet we do not think that Brahms, any more than Mr. Schnabel, thought of his art in purely sensuous terms, and Brahms was after all a man who loved beauty and poetry as well as power and grandeur. And Mr. Schnabel again showed that he could play beautifully when he chose, as in the slow movement yesterday. It is worth while to remember this, and also to place by it in the memory the gigantic proclamation over roaring drums and in response to different instruments of the orchestra, of the theme that flashes like lightning through the instruments. When that passage came —at the beginning with the orchestra, and at the outset of the recapitulation, with all the power and grandeur of which piano and orchestra were capable—it conferred something to remember.

There was again a tendency to italicize and to leave no detail to chance or the imagination. On the whole, we were not quite so deeply impressed by this performance as by that of Thursday night, although the great majority in the audience obviously felt the contrary. But the fire and nobility of Mr. Schnabel's interpretation and his complete contempt for any device merely calculated to please an audience or provoke applause could hardly be gainsaid. His performances will remain one of the notable climaxes of the season that is drawing to an end. This writer is frank to say that Mr. Schnabel and Mr. Koussevitzky, by their performances of the two concertos, have changed and have materially broadened his understanding of them.

The performance of the First Symphony was admirably proportioned and had the fine sustained line that the performance of the much more unpretentious "Academic" overture had not. Reservations concerning the overture were recorded here after the first performance. These reservations gained strength yesterday. There was the tendency which is possibly a recurrent weakness of Mr. Koussevitzky to over-refine the music, dress up a very simple and vigorous spirited piece with a series of nuances which make it episodic and deprive it of a measure of its movement, spontaneity and vigor. Owing to the same cause, the peroration of the overture, when it came, was not sufficiently imposing. The symphony, however, was played with a fine continuity and cumulative power.

The listener might or might not agree with certain details. The final measures of the last movement were taken at a rather sensational pace, but the whole effect was extremely noble and sustained, and the finale, with the exception just remarked upon, had a unity which few conductors ever succeed in giving it. Familiar as the symphony is, it is not easy, even for the oldest hands, to present it so powerfully and coherently. The testimony of the audience showed how deeply this performance was felt and appreciated. The orchestra, with the conductor, rose and acknowledged the applause. These two concerts have been for Mr. Koussevitzky and his men a special triumph.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
APR 12 1930

Music of the Day

CUSHING

Its Last Brooklyn Concert, nabel as Soloist

Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussewitsky conducting, at the Academy of Music last evening.

THE PROGRAM

Beethoven.Overture, "Leonora" No. 3
Beethoven.....Piano Concerto in G
Brahms.....Second Symphony
Assisting artist: Arthur Schnabel, pianist.

and a quarter ago. It was an assorbin gand revealing performance, a singularly cogent and convincing restatement of Beethoven's thought, and it led one inevitably to a conclusion already half formed as the result of the experience afforded by Mr. Schnabel's playing of Brahms an evening earlier at Carnegie Hall —the conclusion that Mr. Schnabel is indeed a commanding expositor of those masterpieces which lie within the scope of classical German tradition. However limited Mr. Schnabel's talent or genius may be, however closely confined to music of a certain period and tradition—and this we have yet to learn—his authority as an interpreter of Brahms and of Beethoven is beyond question And even those who cannot share Mr. Schnabel's conception of this music, must perceive its justification in the music itself, must allow Mr. Schnabel his right to see Brahms and Beethoven as he sees them, and admit that his approach to their work is that of a pianist soundly grounded in the science and the art of music.

* * *

In pianism such as was heard at the Academy of Music last evening the listenere does not detect a spontaneous inspiration. Mr. Schabel's understanding of Beethoven has, one feels, been reached by patient analysis of his music, his understanding of the concert's content achieved trough the intellect rather than throug the institutions of the heart. He lacks imagination and does not sse beyond the score, but his mind comprehends all that is to be found therein, grasps the subtlest significace of its symbols. His playing is reasoned, literal; its logic is clear and incontrovertible. He is, in the best sense of the phrase, a pianist who "plays the notes" — plays them with flawless accuracy, with a meticulous regard for their indicated temporal, rhythmic and dynamic values, envisioning them singly and together, in the patterns to which they contribute. His grasp of music's printed page embraces its form and desing, and justly evaluates the importance of all embellishment. But Mr. Schanbel does not permit his imagination to play any role in this process: he adds nothing and subtracts nothing from the music, eschews all interpretative license. He is content to present the music of Brahms and Beethoven for what it is, and not for what is might be.

* * *

Mr. Koussewitsky presented no such literal reading of the Brahms D major Symphony, with which, for the second consecutive year, he concluded an annual series of Brooklyn concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Yet the D major Symphony is a work which Mr. Koussewitsky presents sympathetically enough, with less flagrant divigations from the composer's intentions than usually mark ris performance of classic works. His treatment of the first movement lacks subtlety, especially in its dynamic adjustments, which last evening were often too abrupt, for hehe he indulges an inclination to dramatize Brahms, though the Second Symphony offers little justification for this procedure. But of the Adagio and of the succeeding scherzo Mr. Koussewitsky gives an admirable account — especially to be remarked is his treatment of the concluding pages of the third movement, wherein the mood of the music suddenly expands tnd softens. Even Mr. Toscanini neglects to give this coda its due value, which Mr. Koussewitsky and his orchestra last evening so beautifully stressed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Schnabel Again Soloist With Boston Symphony

All-Brahms Program Includes Pianist in D Minor Concerto

At the fifth matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky again conducted an all Brahms program. Arthur Schnabel, last Thursday's soloist, once more appeared as high priest of the Brahmsians, this time lending his ministrations to an exposition of the D minor piano concerto. The Academic Festival Overture was held over from the previous program, and the First Symphony in C minor supplanted the Fourth.

The D minor concerto, written in the composers' twenty-fifth year, antedates the one in B flat by twenty-two years. The works are antipodal in conception. The only similarity is the utter disregard for mere display. There is no passage work not germane to the ideas expressed. Brahms never thought of the performer or his problems. Thus in the final rondo, he introduces violinistic arpeggios in the solo part, and lets the executant worry over the fact that he is not playing a bowed instrument. It is none the less difficult to understand how the reviewer of the Leipzig "Signalen" on the occasion of its first hearing in 1859, could find this noble piece "a three-quarter hour long strangling and burrowing," an "unfermented paste with a desert of shrieking dissonances and cacaphonies."

Mr. Schnabel, of course, made light of the stupendous technical difficulties. For once the truly orchestral piano part did not sound puny when contrasted with the tuttis. The chain octav trills in the first movement were delivered with Herculean energy. His reading altogether was cast in an Olympian mold.

The aristocratic phrasing, the absolute faithfulness to the spirit of the composer, the undeviating fidelity of good taste, revealed once more the great stature of the Austrian pianist. There are those who find his playing cool and intellectual, without the glow of imagination. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the integral masculinity of Mr. Schnabel's style. His art has none of those androgynous elements often to be found in interpretive as well as creative talents. The audience showed their appreciation of his efforts with prolonged and enthusiastic applause. J. D. B.

THE WORLD: SUN

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 2.30. Soloist, Artur Schnabel, pianist.

Brahms Program

Academic Festival Overture.
Piano Concerto in D Minor.
Mr. Schnabel.
Symphony No. 1, in C Minor.

The Bostonians concluded their present New York season and their miniature Brahms festival with a matinee at Carnegie Hall yesterday. As at last Thursday's concert Mr. Arthur Schnabel was the soloist. The eminent pianist was heard in the D minor concerto, and Mr. Koussevitzky led the "Academic Festival Overture" and the C minor symphony. The audience was a large one and demonstrative.

Mr. Schnabel treated the D minor in much the fashion he had the B flat on Thursday, that is, with stark precision and a great lustiness. The driving gusto of his performance was interrupted in the "adagio" of the concerto by some excursions into the realm of piano and pianissimo, but these were small ones in an unrelenting forte and fortissimo desert. There are places in the concerto that scream defiance to some oppressive destiny, but there are also as many that do not—passages whose importance in the scheme of the work cannot be denied. The first entrance of the piano is one of these. Mr. Schnabel played this theme in sixths with a metallic tone and a rude exactitude. The exposition of the form and structure of the concerto was clear and concise and in manner, heated. For this reporter it resembled a scientific lecture by a passionate scientist. Throughout the afternoon the Boston orchestra was, tonally, on a high plane, with the exception, perhaps, of the sounds unrolled by the tympanist, which were noisy and indefinite, and acted like a "loud" piano pedal on the playing of the rest of the band. Percussions, when not expertly managed, are an intrusion among the harmonious ingredients of an orchestra and refuse to mix, like a piano manipulated with no regard to tone.

Mr. Koussevitzky cherishes an inordinate love for ritards. Yesterday it led him into slowing up the first movement of the symphony to meet the "Poco Sostenuto" that finishes the section. This he did by launching his ritard seventeen measures before the "Poco Sostenuto." The score holds no such indication, for the simple reason that Brahms prepares for the reserved pace of the finishing measures of the movement by altering the character of the pizzicato accompaniment in the cellos three bars before the "Poco Sostenuto." But even allowing for Mr. Koussevitzky's own feeling in the matter, his enormous ritard stretched the license permitted to the interpreter of a master work.

N.Y. WORLD APR 13 '30

82

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES

APR 13

WILL ACCUSE 4 BISHOPS.

Georgia Pastor Will Charge Cannon and Others With Playing Politics.

WASHINGTON, April 12 (AP).—The Rev. Rembert G. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Church here, announced today that he expects to prefer charges at the Dallas general conference next month against four leading bishops of the Church. He said in part:

"It is my present purpose to prefer charges at the general conference of

One of Notable Climaxes of Season—First Symphony Played With Cumulative Power.

By OLIN DOWNES.

The predominant fact which emerges from the two remarkable concerts of Brahms music which have been given this week by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall is the immense popularity of Brahms. Both programs, of last Thursday night and of yesterday afternoon, have been what the Germans would designate as "formidable" and what we would have called, a few years ago, "heavy." Each concert commenced with the "Academic" overture. This is not "academic," but very lively. But each concert also presented one of the piano concertos, which are nothing less than great symphonies with a tremendous piano part, and, in addition, a symphony. On Thursday the symphony was the Fourth; yesterday it was the First. The symphonies came after the long and very substantial concertos. On Thursday Mr. Schnabel had a triumph with the B flat concerto. This triumph was but the half of the ovation he received when he finished the D minor concerto yesterday afternoon, when he was cheered and applauded and called back to the stage many times. At the end of the concert Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra received an even more tumultuous demonstration. All this was testimony to the powers of a magnificent orchestra, conductor, and pianist, but above all it was testimony to the amazing and the increasing appeal to the public imagination of Brahms. In the past programs of Wagner or Tchaikovsky have been the sure drawing cards for an orchestral concert. It is now shown that Brahms exerts an equal attraction—although he is more difficult to interpret than either of the other two composers.

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The listener might or might not

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE

APR 12

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

The Boston Symphony Gives Its Last Brooklyn Concert, With Arthur Schnabel as Soloist

Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussewitsky conducting, at the Academy of Music last evening.

THE PROGRAM

Beethoven. Overture, "Leonora" No. 3
Beethoven......Piano Concerto in G
Brahms...........Second Symphony
Assisting artist: Arthur Schnabel, pianist.

Appearing as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last evening, Arthur Schnabel played the fourth of Beethoven's piano concertos—that in G major, which Ludwig wrote in Vienna nearly a century and a quarter ago. It was an absorbin gand revealing performance, a singularly cogent and convincing restatement of Beethoven's thought, and it led one inevitably to a conclusion already half formed as the result of the experience afforded by Mr. Schnabel's playing of Brahms an evening earlier at Carnegie Hall—the conclusion that Mr. Schnabel is indeed a commanding expositor of those masterpieces which lie within the scope of classical German tradition. However limited Mr. Schnabel's talent or genius may be, however closely confined to music of a certain period and tradition—and this we have yet to learn—his authority as an interpreter of Brahms and of Beethoven is beyond question And even those who cannot share Mr. Schnabel's conception of this music, must perceive its justification in the music itself, must allow Mr. Schnabel his right to see Brahms and Beethoven as he sees them, and admit that his approach to their work is that of a pianist soundly grounded in the science and the art of music.

* * *

In pianism such as was heard at the Academy of Music last evening the listenere does not detect a spontaneous inspiration. Mr. Schabel's understanding of Beethoven has, one feels, been reached by patient analysis of his music, his understanding of the concert's content achieved trough the intellect rather than throug the institutions of the heart. He lacks imagination and does not sse beyond the score, but his mind comprehends all that is to be found therein, grasps the subtlest significace of its symbols. His playing is reasoned, literal; its logic is clear and incontrovertible. He is, in the best sense of the phrase, a pianist who "plays the notes" — plays them with flawless accuracy, with a meticulous regard for their indicated temporal, rhythmic and dynamic values, envisioning them singly and together, in the patterns to which they contribute. His grasp of music's printed page embraces its form and desing, and justly evaluates the importance of all embellishment. But Mr. Schanbel does not permit his imagination to play any role in this process: he adds nothing and subtracts nothing from the music, eschews all interpretative license. He is content to present the music of Brahms and Beethoven for what it is, and not for what is might be.

* * *

Mr. Koussewitsky presented no such literal ~~reading~~ of the Brahms D major Symphony, with which, for the second consecutive year, he concluded an annual series of Brooklyn concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Yet the D major Symphony is a work which Mr. Koussewitsky presents sympathetically enough, with less flagrant divigations from the composer's intentions than usually mark ris performance of classic works. His treatment of the first movement lacks subtlety, especially in its dynamic adjustments, which last evening were often too abrupt, for hehe he indulges an inclination to dramatize Brahms, though the Second Symphony offers little justification for this procedure. But of the Adagio and of the succeeding scherzo Mr. Koussewitsky gives an admirable account — especially to be remarked is his treatment of the concluding pages of the third movement, wherein the mood of the music suddenly expands tnd softens. Even Mr. Toscanini neglects to give this coda its due value, which Mr. Koussewitsky and his orchestra last evening so beautifully stressed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Schnabel Again Soloist With Boston Symphony

All-Brahms Program Includes Pianist in D Minor Concerto

At the fifth matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky again conducted an all ~~Brahms~~ program. Arthur Schnabel, last Thursday's soloist, once more appeared as high priest of the Brahmsians, this time lending his ministrations to an exposition of the D minor piano concerto. The Academic Festival Overture was held over from the previous program, and the First Symphony in C minor supplanted the Fourth.

The D minor concerto, written in the composers' twenty-fifth year, antedates the one in B flat by twenty-two years. The works are antipodal in conception. The only similarity is the utter disregard for mere display. There is no passage work not germane to the ideas expressed. Brahms never thought of the performer or his problems. Thus in the final rondo, he introduces violinistic arpeggios in the solo part, and lets the executant worry over the fact that he is not playing a bowed instrument. It is none the less difficult to understand how the reviewer of the Leipzig "Signalen" on the occasion of its first hearing in 1859, could find this noble piece "a three-quarter hour long strangling and burrowing," an "unfermented paste with a desert of shrieking dissonances and cacaphonies."

Mr. Schnabel, of course, made light of the stupendous technical difficulties. For once the truly orchestral piano part did not sound puny when contrasted with the tuttis. The chain octave trills in the first movement were delivered with Herculean energy. His reading altogether was cast in an Olympian mold.

The aristocratic phrasing, the absolute faithfulness to the spirit of the composer, the undeviating fidelity of good taste, revealed once more the great stature of the Austrian pianist. There are those who find his playing cool and intellectual, without the glow of imagination. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the integral masculinity of Mr. Schnabel's style. His art has none of those androgynous elements often to be found in interpretive as well as creative talents. The audience showed their appreciation of his efforts with prolonged and enthusiastic applause. J. D. B.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

Music

By FELIX DEYO

ARTUR SCHNABEL SOLOIST IN BROOKLYN WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FOR THE season's concluding Brooklyn programme of the Boston Symphony series, at the Academy of Music last night, Serge Koussevitzky made it a Beethoven and Brahms affair, including the "Leonore" No. 3 Overture, the Concerto in G (No. 4), for piano with orchestra, and the Second Symphony of Brahms. In a sense, the concert was a repercussion of Dr. Koussevitzky's recent Brahms Festival held in Boston, for the soloist was the German pianist, Artur Schnabel, especially imported for that occasion.

We begin with Herr Schnabel's participation in the Beethoven concerto, for this artist, who has appeared in America but once before when he gave a series of recitals several seasons past, commands the most respectful attention of the intelligent American concerteer. He is a transcendent pianoforte pedagogue, the teacher of many virtuosi, among them the recently acclaimed Iturbi. As solo pianist, Herr Schnabel is German to the core, and his version of Beethoven's G major concerto last night was a thoroughgoing piece of super-intellectual pianism. His best most certainly accumulated and entered into a resplendent delivery of the music's printed score. His performance was the epitome of sincerity, which partially atoned for moments of apparents lack of variety of tone color and dangerous inclination to hard touch and a viewpoint so severely classical as to limit imaginative vision. None the less, it was superb playing, such as we always would be glad to hear. The orchestra fell quite in the mood of the strictly Beethovenesque interpretation vouchsafed by Herr Schnabel, and molded its accompaniment accordingly.

In the first movement of the Brahms symphony, Dr. Koussevitzky seemed more to be marking the beats than unfolding the reposeful idyllic charm which lies in the music, like a peaceful landscape hazily unfolding its length to dreamy contemplation, accented by the fleck of sunshine and shade over its beauty. In the following three movements, however, the conductor merged more into the inner recesses of the music, bringing intensification to the veiled sadness of the adagio, intimate lyricism to the allegretto and spirited energy to the finale.

In the audience we noted several prominent artists and many new personalities of interest, who evidently had pilgrimaged from Manhattan to Brooklyn for the express purpose of hearing the evening's soloist. All of which tends to show that a master musician, in the person, does not go unheeded or unappreciated in this day of radio and mechanicalized music.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

MUSIC

BOSTON FINALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Serge Koussevitsky made its last bow of the season before a Brooklyn audience at the Academy of Music last night. The Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto, with Arthur Schnabel as soloist; Brahm's Second Symphony, and Beethoven's "Third Leonore" overture comprised the concluding program of the orchestra's Brooklyn season.

For some six years Mr. Schnabel has enjoyed the plaudits of music lovers in middle Europe, where his art has been highly appraised. Following his performance Thursday night of a Brahms concerto and his rendition last evening of the Beethoven work, this critic, at least, has come to the conclusion that the adulaton accorded him abroad was fully deserved. For seldom have we heard such a vivid, clean cut performance, with such scintillant harmony achieved between pianist and strings. The concerto proved a succession of tonal highlights, with every note, thrill and run brought into crystal-clear relief. The andante and rondo movements, in particular, proved effective.

Having heard Mr. Schnabel's performance Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall, we feel that last night's concerto was given an even more successful interpretation than the Brahms piece. Certainly, music in the absolute can hardly be brought to a higher point of perfection than was the Beethoven concerto last night.

Mr. Koussevitsky evoked prolonged applause from his Brooklyn audience with the Brahms "Second." Could the last of the great symphonists have heard the work last night, there is no doubt but that he would have been highly gratified at the result. For seldom has such painstaking care gone into the rendition of a symphony or has such attention been paid to the building up of a tonal climax.

The Boston completed its Brooklyn season with as nearly a perfect concert as music lovers can hope for. As a result, the impatience one must feel in awaiting the return of Mr. Koussevitsky next year, is consequently redoubled. A. R. L.

THE WORLD: SUN

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 2.30. Soloist, Artur Schnabel, pianist.

Brahms Program

Academic Festival Overture.
Piano Concerto in D Minor.
Mr. Schnabel.
Symphony No. 1, in C Minor.

The Bostonians concluded their present New York season and their miniature Brahms festival with a matinee at Carnegie Hall yesterday. As at last Thursday's concert Mr. Arthur Schnabel was the soloist. The eminent pianist was heard in the D minor concerto, and Mr. Koussevitzky led the "Academic Festival Overture" and the C minor symphony. The audience was a large one and demonstrative.

Mr. Schnabel treated the D minor in much the fashion he had the B flat on Thursday, that is, with stark precision and a great lustiness. The driving gusto of his performance was interrupted in the "adagio" of the concerto by some excursions into the realm of piano and pianissimo, but these were small oases in an unrelenting forte and fortissimo desert. There are places in the concerto that scream defiance to some oppressive destiny, but there are also as many that do not—passages whose importance in the scheme of the work cannot be denied. The first entrance of the piano is one of these. Mr. Schnabel played this theme in sixths with a metallic tone and a rude exactitude. The exposition of the form and structure of the concerto was clear and concise and in manner, heated. For this reporter it resembled a scientific lecture by a passionate scientist.

Throughout the afternoon the Boston orchestra was, tonally, on a high plane, with the exception, perhaps, of the sounds unrolled by the tympanist, which were noisy and indefinite, and acted like a "loud" piano pedal on the playing of the rest of the band. Percussions, when not expertly managed, are an intrusion among the harmonious ingredients of an orchestra and refuse to mix, like a piano manipulated with no regard to tone.

Mr. Koussevitzky cherishes an inordinate love for ritards. Yesterday it led him into slowing up the first movement of the symphony to meet the "Poco Sostenuto" that finishes the section. This he did by launching his ritard seventeen measures before the "Poco Sostenuto." The score holds no such indication, for the simple reason that Brahms prepares for the reserved pace of the finishing measures of the movement by altering the character of the pizzicato accompaniment in the cellos three bars before the "Poco Sostenuto." But even allowing for Mr. Koussevitzky's own feeling in the matter, his enormous ritard stretched the license permitted to the interpreter of a master work.

N. Y. World Apr 13 '30

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From Boston To New York Exceptionally

Dr. Koussevitzky Continues The Brahms Festival To Loud Plaudits

June 2 Apr 14

At the final concerts in New York for the season the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky were applauded by the audiences and praised by the reviewers beyond current custom or recent precedent. The concerts befell in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon last; were indeed a renewal, or a continuance, of the Brahms Festival lately ended in Boston. On Thursday the program essembled his "Academic Overture," his Piano-Concerto in B-flat, his Symphony in E Minor. On Saturday it again contained the "Academic Overture"; added to it, the Concerto in B minor and the Symphony in C minor. On both occasions Mr. Schnabel was the pianist. Another column records the praise, and also the dispraise, that his playing provoked. For the moment orchestra and conductor are the matter in hand. Writing in The Tribune, Mr. Gilman gave them adroit and amusing introduction.

"It may be recalled by those who have been privileged to witness or to read Mr. Connelly's inimitable 'Green Pastures' that the Lawd, complaining of an insufficiency of firmament in the seasoning of his custard, is informed that paradise is at the moment all out of firmament. 'Dey ain't,' reports the custard-maker, 'a drap in de jug.' Whereupon the Lawd determines to make good the deficiency by a miracle. 'Let it be some firmament!' he commands. 'An' when I say let it be some firmament, I don't want jest a little bitty dab o' firmament . . . Let it be a whole mess o' firmament!'

"Mr. Koussevitzky, Lawd of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appears to have concluded that both musical Boston and musical New York lacked an ingredient essential to their symphonic diet, and he decreed a while ago, 'Let it be some Brahms!' Apparently he added the warning, 'Not jest a little bitty dab o' Brahms. Let it be a whole mess o' Brahms!' . . . And Brahms there was forthwith—a whole mess o' Brahms, a firmament of Brahms, in fact, filled with choiring stars and glorious with symphonic suns.

"Apparently Mr. Koussevitzky, like Mr. Connelly's Lawd, is a benevolently despotic individualist, satisfying his own taste when he feels impelled to do so. There was, admittedly, firmament in the Lawd's custard. And, indisputably, there was Brahms in our musical custard. Was there enough? Ah, that was for the imperious Mr. Koussevitzky to say. But apart from the suiting of his taste, there was really no particular occasion for a Brahms Festival, either in Boston or in New York. There is at the moment no Brahmsian anniversary to celebrate (though there will be one in 1933, when Mr. Koussevitzky may regret that he came in a few bars too soon). And certainly our condition differs from that of the heavenly larder; for there is plenty of Brahms in the jugs of our conductors, and they add it freely to our musical food.

Consequently

"But no matter: Mr. Koussevitzky wanted more Brahms, and he provided it. For the Bostonians, he contrived six all-Brahms concerts, exhibiting samples of the Olympian Johannes as composer of orchestral, choral and chamber works, with the aid of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses and such luscious soloists as Mme. Matzenauer and the fabulously fashionable Mr. Artur Schnabel the imported pianist who has made intellectualism in music almost as popular (for the moment) as ankle-length skirts.

"In New York we are not being quite so lavishly provided by Mr. Koussevitzky with Brahmsian firmament. Yet the Lawd of the Bostonian heaven is doing very well by us. [Last] Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall he set before his people if not a whole mess of Brahms, certainly much more than a little bitty dab. He gave us one of the greatest of the symphonies, an overture, and the most persuasive, if not the weightiest of the piano-concertos, with Mr. Schnabel as the pianistic Gabriel, sounding his clarion through Johannes's keyboard evocation of a vernal earth.

"That everyone was happy there can be little doubt. Brahms is proper Festival material, with or without an anniversary pretext. He has the fullness and variety of content, the volume, the power, the greatness of style, the imaginative reach and depth, to justify and reward an unqualified disclosure of his works. A first-rate genius, a Maker (as the mystically daring Emerson might have called him), he is fecund and inexhaustible. Thursday we had him in two of his major phases: the Brahms who in the Concerto in B-flat is chiefly the poet of southern amplitudes and fervors, radiant, expansive, sensitive and magical, and the austerer Brahms of the Symphony in E minor, the Northern Brahms, bardic, magisterial, and prevailingly dark hued."

Having passed the Concerto in review, Mr. Gilman ventured this final reflection:

"After this, the Fourth Symphony, for all its blend of Gothic magnificence and bardic speech, was an experience necessarily less revealing. The evening was Mr. Schnabel's, and the Brahms that he conveyed to us. For this our thanks, however, are really due to Mr. Koussevitzky. It was he, let it not be forgotten, who ordained this beneficent enrichment of our Brahmsian skies. If there were any who murmured, like the Paradisaical witnesses in 'The Green Pastures,' 'Now, look, Lawd, dat's too much firmament,' their voices were not audible."

The Conductor's Share

The Times was like-minded as to Concerto and Symphony, saying: "It was not only a pianist and interpreter of symphonic intent who sat before us but a colorist who matched every tint of Brahms's orchestration with one of his own; or, better say, a musician who realized with unexampled felicity the harmoniousness of Brahms's palette, and made his instrument take its place, with infallible intuition for the right shading in the color scheme. In view of the result it is easy to believe that Mr. Schnabel and Mr. Koussevitzky had labored with special care and mutual zeal to achieve the best possible coherence and balance of all the elements of a work which is less a piano-concerto in the accepted sense of the term than it is one of Brahms's greatest symphonies. Mr. Koussevitzky's exposition of the score and the manner in which he suplemented, as it were, every thought and wish of the soloist was a lesson, from a master of interpretation."

And again: "The orchestral pieces were taken from the best Brahms—the 'Academic' Overture, which is youth itself and the wine of life, and the Fourth Symphony. Perhaps the reading of the Overture, played with balance and clarity by the magnificent orchestra, was a trifle deliberate and over-attentive to detail. Or, again, one might not agree with every tempo, nuance, crescendo and decrescendo of the symphony as the conductor contrived them; but on the whole these were great readings of works none the less great because they are familiar. Mr. Koussevitzky, who came here heralded as a virtuoso conductor not to be esteemed a reader of the classics, proved in this as in so many other concerts his innate understanding of the works of classic masters and his constantly ripening grip of his medium. [The Times

Climax

Once more, of the matinée on Saturday: "On Thursday Mr. Schnabel had a triumph with the Concerto in B-flat. This triumph was but the half of the ovation he received when he finished the Concerto in D minor Saturday afternoon, when he was cheered and applauded and called back to the stage many times. At the end of the concert Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra received an even more tumultuous demonstration. All this was testimony to the powers of a magnificent orchestra, conductor, and pianist, but above all it was testimony to the amazing and the increasing appeal to the public imagination of Brahms.

"The performance of the First Symphony was admirably proportioned and had the fine sustained line that the performance of the much more unpretentious 'Academic' Overture had not. Reservations concerning the Overture were recorded here after the first performance. These reservations gained strength under repetition. There was the tendency which is possibly a recurrent weakness of Mr. Koussevitzky to over-refine the music, dress up a simple and vigorous-spirited piece with a series of nuances which make it episodic and deprive it of a measure of its movement, spontaneity and vigor. Owing to the same cause, the peroration of the Overture, when it came, was not sufficiently imposing. The symphony, however, was played with a fine continuity and cumulative power . . . Familiar as the music is, it is no easy, even for the oldest hands, to present it so powerfully and coherently. The testimony of the audience showed how deeply this performance was felt and appreciated. These two concerts have been for Mr. Koussevitzky and his men a specific triumph."

Amusements

Schnabel's Brahms In New York Ears

Continued from Preceding Page

puny when contrasted with the tuttis. The chain octave trills in the first movement were delivered with Herculean energy. His reading altogether was cast in an Olympian mold. The aristocratic phrasing, the absolute faithfulness to the spirit of the composer, the undeviating fidelity of good taste, revealed once more the great stature of the Austrian pianist. There are those who find his playing cool and intellectual, without the glow of imagination. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the integral masculinity of Mr. Schnabel's style. His art has none of those androgynous elements often to be found in interpretive as well as creative talents. [The Tribune

Mr. Schnabel again showed [on Saturday] that he could play beautifully when he chose, as in the slow movement of the D-Minor Concerto. It is worth while to remember this, and also to place by it in the memory the gigantic proclamation over roaring drums and in response to different instruments of the orchestra of the theme that flashes like lightning through the instruments. When that passage came—at the beginning with the orchestra, and at the outset of the recapitulation, with all the power and grandeur of which piano and orchestra were capable—it conferred something to remember. But the fire and nobility of Mr. Schnabel's interpretation and his complete contempt for any device merely calculated to please an audience or provoke applause could hardly be gainsaid. His performances will remain one of the notable climaxes of the season that is drawing to an end. [The Times

Schnabel's Brahms In New York Ears

Praise and Also Question for His Playing Through The Concertos

Apr. 14 Sun

ELSEWHERE these columns report the warmth of public and press toward the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky at their final concerts, for the season, in New York. At both, Mr. Schnabel was the "assisting artist," playing the piano-part in each of Brahms's Concertos. Newcomer in his present note and powers, making inevitably large and deep impression, he shared with the conductor the laurels of the evening and the matinée. He encountered as well questioning and dissenting voices. He himself and his playing of Brahms are so fresh in Bostonian memory that both praise and blame deserve quotation.

Light and Leading

Mr. Schnabel's performance of the Concerto in B-flat was memorable. It would be difficult to conceive of an exposition in which soloist and conductor were more closely united in delivering to an audience not only the large moods but all the details of the composition and the deeply significant relation of the solo instrument to the whole and the orchestra as an equal partner in the drama.

Mr. Schnabel eschews sentimentality in all its forms, and this perhaps chills his tone, which is admirable for crystalline quality rather than for liquidity. On the other hand his delicate sense of the curve of every phrase and his fine perception of its place in the general scheme impel him to the use of nuances of ravishing gradation. Some of his crescendi and diminuendi were so unerringly placed and sa matchlessly executed as to lift the pages in which they occurred into an unusually beautiful and radiant glow of life. Particularly in the last movement did the pianist not only interpret Brahms but play the piano as only a master can.

The concerto was revealed in all its splendor, which is not the splendor of pageantry but of the last and most precious moments of the sunset. Here is beautiful music filled with nobility of thought and royalty of style. The applause was very warm and the pianist was recalled several times. The whole orchestra should have been recalled also. [The Sun

Mr. Schnabel . . . has pre-eminently that "high seriousness" which issues from absolute sincerity. The crowd, as a thing to be tickled or enticed or overawed, apparently does not exist for him. He is concerned only with the music before him; all else is irrelevant. Against this background of belief and practice he shows us the application of ideas to poetry—of the shaping, governing, proportioning will exerting itself upon the emotional stuff of beauty. Always they constitute an exhibition of reason confederate with loveliness, of logic warmed with sensibility.

The Concerto in B-flat gave Mr. Schnabel occasion and to spare for the influential exhibition of these traits. This abidingly wonderful music he helped us to understand in all its moods, from the vernal horn-call of the opening, with its keyboard echo that is the very voice of prodigality and fervor, as of some magnetic southern noontide made articulate, to the exquisite musing of the piano at the close of the magical Andante, where the music seems to drift upward into a hovering silence, reminding us of that woman of whom Conrad wrote, "in whose precise saying there were enigmatical prolongations that vanished somewhere beyond the reach." [The Tribune

Doubt and Dissent

It was not a performance, however, to alter materially critical valuations made when Mr. Schnabel was last here. With power, clarity and a prehensile mastery of structure went more than a little harshness, chill and practically. Though deep and intense absorption were not to be denied this playing, its effect only occasionally possessed atmosphere or romance, as in the closing measures of the slow movement. More often its earnestness seemed pedagogical, its emphasis heavily cerebral. Sturdy technical achievements were brought about in a manner that often implied subjugation of the music by main force rather than an unfoldment from within by means of the interpreter's imposing technique.

The concert otherwise was one which tended to the harshness of forced sonorities. In both the [Academic] Overture and the [Fourth] Symphony, there was which seemed to be a relentless questing after the sort of vitality which results from playing at once bright and edged, taut and loud. It was playing that smote the ear aggressively throughout—"energico e passionato," according to the letter of the passacaglia finale of the Fourth Symphony.

The impresison left on this reviewer was one of the most efficient performances of the concerto he had ever heard. This was, indeed, efficiency raised to art. Mr. Schnabel played every note of the music with unheard-of precision. Equally precise was the pianist's rhythm and his presentation of the themes and their developments. Employing a rather unyielding tone, Mr. Schnabel laid bare the concerto as uncompromisingly as a surgeon engaged in an important operation. When he relented at times for the expression of the lyrical element he gave one the feeling that he was inwardly chafing at the necessity, so grudging was he of the softer qualities of the work—the poetic flights, the tender interludes. It was a remorseless performance, one which placed the concerto in an entirely new light. [The World

The Ayes Again

In the Concerto in D minor, Mr. Schnabel, of course, made light of the stupendous technical difficulties. For once the truly orchestral piano-part did not sound

Continued on Following Page

In the World of Musi

New York and Boston Orchestras Play Two Symph Brahms in Masterly Fashion

N.Y. POST April 14/30

TWO great symphonies of Brahms were played by two chestras under two great conductors on Saturday, before audiences in Carnegie Hall. The two concerts were a triump Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Serge Koussevitzky, and Philharmonic-Symphony, led by Arturo Toscanini, and they we for the audiences.

They were far more than a treat. That word is too mild slight. They were memorable events. They were experiences to They were revelations in the art of music. Two interpret Teutonic composer, the one Russian, the other Italian, brought refreshment to thousands of men and women, quickened the standing and stirred their hearts to a new appreciation of raptures and yearnings.

The Boston orchestra played the First Symphony. It was a powerful performance. The sonorous measures had majesty and in others the strings sang divinely and the finale was brilliant. The New York orchestra played the Second Symphony. This performance contained subtleties without number. When the orchestra was subdued to that mysterious, haunting song in the second movement the tone was like golden sunshine.

Mr. Toscanini has been charged with giving an Italian character to Brahms. Surely that is not it. Without trying to prove that Mr. Tosconini is really an Irishman may it not be suggested that the veiled wonder and enchantment in his music are not unlike the shaken images of the heart's desire that may be found in the mysticism of Celtic literature?

On Saturday night Mr. Toscanini appeared a little annoyed because an adoring audience applauded with such gusto his incomparable performance of Mendelssohn's Nocturne and Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He should not be annoyed. It may be a slight thing to him, but it is a most exquisite bit of magic. We are glad to see that this number is on the orchestra's programs for London, Florence, Prague, Vienna and Dresden, in the forthcoming tour.

Artur Schnabel was again the soloist with the Boston orchestra on Saturday. This time it was the D minor Concerto of Brahms. This also was massive, even architectural, in manner.

HENRY BECKETT

Boston Symphony Ends Seas

Koussevitsky Continues Brahms Fest Program at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its series of York concerts Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. western postlude to Boston's Brahms festival as cont The "Academic Festival" overture was repeated and Artur Schnabel and the orchestra played the certo. It is not accurate to call this a piano co the work in D minor, performed on Thursday actually a symphony with piano obbligato.

It was delivered to a large audience in the fullness of its power. Again it was made plain that the pianist and Mr. Koussevitzky had studied the composition with loving care. In the grandeur of its outline and in the nice adjustment of every detail it was a noble interpretation.

Years ago some writers about music vexed themselves with the question, "Which of the two Brahms piano concertos is the greater?" Why settle such a question at all? For the artist the matter should long ago have been determined by the famous declaration of Franz Rummel. This writer foolishly asked him which of Beethoven's piano concertos he preferred. He answered quickly, "The one I am playing." That was a perfect reply. The interpretative artist lives in the work he is interpreting and during that time it is for him the greatest work.

The D minor concerto slips down a little in its last movement. The other two are too bold, so crushing in their challenge that the finale sounds tame. When Brahms was in an aggressive mood, the roar of the lion shook the jungle. And yet there was a time when many of us thought that Brahms indulged in too much sculptured stateliness. When Franz Kneisel gave the first New York performance of the violin concerto at a Boston Symphony concert on December 17, 1889, introducing his own cadenza, less was said about the work than some of us say now whenever it is repeated. We live and learn. We have lived to learn that Mr. Schnabel knows his Brahms. He is not a colonist, but a strong engraver, and he thinks in large terms. We hope he will come again. The concert concluded with the transcendant first symphony.

NEW YORK SUN
April 14, 1930

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IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC -:- -:- -:- By

LOOKING BACKWARD AND TODAY

When Georges Longy joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in October, 1898, as first oboist, his associate was Mr. Sautet, who had been soloist oboist for some years, for whom Mr. Arthur Foote had written some pleasing pieces. Mr. Gericke was the conductor. The concert masters were Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler; J. Akeroyd was the leader of the second violins; L. Svecinski of the violas; Alwin Schroeder of the violoncellos; S. Elkind of the double basses. The flutes were Messrs. A. Maquarre, Brooke and Fox; the clarinets, Messrs. Selmer and Metzger. F. Mueller played the English horn; F. H. Guenzel the double bassoon. The Litke brothers played the bassoons; Mr. Hackebarth was first horn; Mr. Kloepfel, the first trumpet; C. Hampe the first trombone. H. Schuecker was the harpist, A. Rettberg the kettle drummer.

The first oboist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Antoine L. De Ribas, who, born at Madrid in 1814, was a celebrated virtuoso, having made his first appearance in London in 1837; in New York in 1839. His associate at the oboe desk of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, 1881, was Paul Fischer. De Ribas died in 1907. His daughter married Mr. John C. Mullaly, excellent violinist and conductor.

Mr. Longy's musical activity was great: orchestral player, leader of a chamber music club of wind instruments that bore his name, conductor of orchestras, teacher and director of a school. Yet he never seemed hurried or nervous in public or in private—unlike Willy Hess, once concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who was always informing those whom he met that he was "so tired." The first members of the Longy club founded in 1900) were Messrs. Andre Maquarre, Longy, Selmer, Hackebarth, Hugo Litke, Heinrich Gebhard. The list of works performed at the club's concerts is long and varied. Music by Loeffler, d'Indy, Caplet, Lazzari, Wailly, Pierne, Widor, Hure, G. Faure, Woollett, Hahn, Lacroix, Mouquet, Wolf-Ferrari, Falconi—these were only a few of the contemporary composers in this field, and the older composers were liberally represented.

And as a leader of the orchestra generously supported by the late Mrs. Richard H. Hall, he introduced works hitherto unknown, as Debussy's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," music by Loeffler, Bruneau, Enesco, d'Indy, Rabaud, Moussorgsky, Balakirev, Augusta Holmes, Widor, Georges, Chausson, Hue, G. Faure, Bourgault-Ducoudray.

He was a great artist; for the oboe what Pourtaut—who went down with La Bourgogne—was for the clarinet. There was this difference: Longy was first of all and always devoted to music; Pourtaut, unrivalled clarinetist that he was, wished to devote himself wholly to painting, for which he had a decided talent; and he used to regret that fate obliged him to play the clarinet, if only because, as he once said to us: "A man looks so like a fool, blowing it."

When Henri Brod, first oboist of the Paris Conservatory orchestra and of the Grand Opera, died, Cherubini's only remark as the director of the conservatory when he was informed of the death, was: "Small tone." No one, not even a cool and dry Cherubini of today, could say this of Georges Longy.

Many musical instruments are associated with curious proverbs and popular sayings. There is little anecodatage about the oboe—hautbois. In furniture one finds the highboy and the lowboy. What is the lowboy in music; the bassoon or double bassoon? In the 16th century there was a family of oboes, a soprano, haut-contre, tailles and basses. It appears that the word "hautbois" was originally a generic term for different kinds of wooden instruments employed to play the soprano or upper parts. There was a hautbois de Foret, an earlier form of clarinet. It was said in 1862 that members of German military bands were called Hautboisten, no matter what was the instrument they played; for there were many years in all European countries in which oboes had an important part in a military band.

There was a French saying—perhaps it is still heard—That "to play the oboe was to be hanged." And so Justice was said to play that instrument, because Justice raises the gallows—The highwood on which the guilty are suspended. The hanged man also "danced the dance of bishops," because he gave the benediction with his feet to the lookers-on; while the hangman's rope was called the chanterelle, the E string of the violin.

The Symphony season is drawing to a close. The American composer cannot say that he has been wholly ignored. (This charge has been made against Mr. Toscanini in New York.) The native or adopted Americans who have been represented this season are Bloch Fairchild, Samuel Gardner, Gruenberg (twice), Josten, Loeffler, Piston, Wetzler, and Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta is announced for performance this week. Works by Bax, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston, Tournier (with orchestra) have been played for the first time anywhere, possibly Martelli's Assyrian Bas Reliefs should be included; while nearly twenty works have been played for the first time in Boston. No doubt there are still some highly respectable souls who are wounded to the quick when they see a work by an unknown—unknown to them—composer announced, and if they go to the concert, unprovided with ear-cups and gas masks, it is chiefly to confirm their suspicions.

The late Georges Longy, solo oboist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, October, 1898—May, 1925.

his way, let him go ahead always. Criticism follows its trade. It judge and it should judge according to the established rules.

"The artist, on the contrary, should look to the future and clearly see new worlds in the chaos, and if on the new path he sees a small light in the distance, let him not be frightened by the darkness around him, but go ahead, and if sometimes he stumbles and falls, let him get up and go ahead always. It is fine sometimes, even for a chief of a school to fall."

Apropos of "Apollon Musagetes" which was performed here at a symphony concert last week, Mr. Benjamin Collins Woodbury sends us his "Musagetes" ("with apology to Shakespeare's thirty-eighth sonnet") from his "Portsmouth and Other Poems," published in Boston in 1923:

"Who, jesting, would another Muse invoke,
Or desecrate the mantle of the Nine
Except in silly badinage and joke—
Or do alone men speak the truth in wine?
Doth not fair Clio her exploits relate,
Euterpe with her music's heavenly fire,
With comedy, gay Thalia satiate?
Doth not Polymnia thee with hymns inspire,
Terpsichore with choral dance and song,
Melpomene with tragedy consp[illegible]e
Stars[illegible] [illegible] with celestial throng,
Erato's verses or the sacred lyre,
Caliope, vain man, thy fancies please?—
I give you god of all—Musagetes."

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ENTY-EIGHT PAGES
TWO SECTIONS

Death of G. Longy
The Noted Oboist

Through Many Years Figure At Symphony Hall and In Boston Music

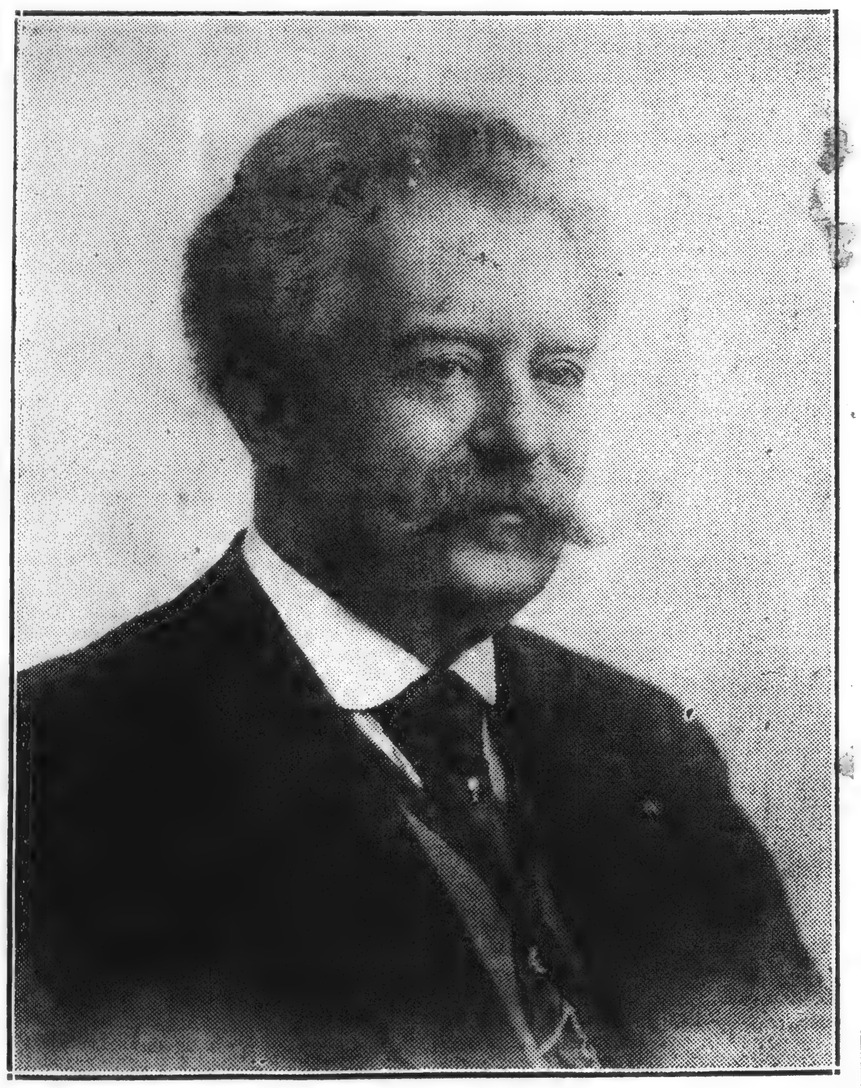
Trans Apr. 14

Word came today to Boston of the death at his farm near Abbeville in Normandy of Georges Longy, first oboe of the Symphony Orchestra from 1909 to 1925, one of the distinguished virtuosi of his time with that instrument. In a letter to Clément Lenom, now a teacher at the Conservatory, and Mr. Longy's former colleague in the wind-choir at Symphony Hall, Mme. Longy, the widow, reports her husband's death from a sudden seizure as he was walking with his little grandson about the farm. The letter does not fix the date of Mr. Longy's death but is itself dated March 30.

During the conductorship of Fiedler Mr. Longy came to Symphony Hall from

Continued on Page Seven

In His Prime



Georges Longy

First Oboe of the Symphony Orchestra, 1909-1925

Death of G. Longy
The Noted Oboist

Continued from Page One

the Opéra-Comique at Paris with no small reputation to herald him. Once established in Boston, he busied himself variously. He assembled the Longy Club from his colleagues in the orchestra to give chamber concerts of music for wind choir, under subsidy from Mr. Higginson. For a while he maintained a series of concerts to test new music. Through many years he was head of a flourishing music-school. In his prime he was indeed a considerable figure in the musical life of Boston. He resigned from the orchestra at his own wish and before any discoverable decay in his powers. His daughter, Mme Renée Longy-Miquelle, is now settled in Philadelphia as pianist and teacher.

BE—TUESDAY, APRIL 15

GEORGES LONGY DEAD IN FRANCE

Boston Symphony Orchestra Oboist Many Years

Distinguished Musician Considered Master of His Instrument

Globe

Word was received yesterday in Boston of the death at his farm near Abbeville, in Normandy, of Gustav Georges Leopold Longy, better known

GEORGES LONGY

as Georges Longy, who played first oboe in the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1909 to 1925, one of the most distinguished virtuosos of his time with that instrument.

In a letter to Clement Lenom, now a teacher at the Conservatory and Mrs Longy's former colleague in the wind-choir at Symphony Hall, Mme Longy reported her husband's death from a sudden shock as he was walking about the farm with his little grandson. The letter does not fix the date of Mr Longy's death, but is itself dated March 30.

Georges Longy was only five years old in his native Abbeville, on the Somme, when his obvious musical talent caused his father to let him try the violin. At the College d'Abbeville, where he received his general educatin, his talents soon led him to specialize in music. To the violin he added the piano. Then one day he heard the oboe played by a capable musician and his mind was made up.

At 14 he was ready for the Paris Conservatory, where he studied harmony under Taudou and began the advanced studies of the oboe under the famous oboist, Georges Gillet. Three years later, in 1885, he won second prize in the annual competition. The next year he easily captured first prize.

His professional musical life began in 1886, when he joined the famous Lamoureaux Orchestra, and from then on his rise was rapid. One after another, the Chatelet, the Folies Bergere and the Opera Comique claimed his talent. In 1888 he went to the Colonne as soloist, while still a member of the Opera Comique.

It was as a player in both of these that an accident found him and brought him to Boston. In a shipwreck, the Boston Symphony Orchestra lost its first oboist. Maj Henry L. Higginson, sponsor of the orchestra, wired Paris for the best oboist available to fill the gap. Longy was admittedly the best in Paris and he was induced to come to Boston.

Once in Boston, he busied himself variously. He assembled the Longy Club from his colleagues in the orchestra to give chamber concerts of music for wind-choir, under a subsidy from Maj Higginson. For a while he maintained a series of concerts to test new music. For many years he was the head of a flourishing music school. He resigned from the orchestra at his own wish in his very prime.

His daughter, Mme Renee Longy-Miquelle of Philadelphia is a pianist and teacher. Mr Longy had attained the reputation of being the supreme master of the oboe in America.

WILLIAM S LYNCH

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES

GEORGES LONGY DEAD.

Former First Oboe of Boston Symphony Stricken in France.

Special to The New York Times.

BOSTON, April 14.—Word came today from France of the sudden death at his farm near Abbeville, Normandy, of Georges Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1909 to 1925, and one of the distinguished virtuosi of his time with that instrument.

During the conductorship of Fielder Mr. Longy came to Symphony Hall with the Opéra Comique in Paris with no small reputation to herald him. Once established he assembled the Longy Club from his colleagues in the orchestra to give chamber concerts under subsidy from the late Thomas Higginson. For a while he maintained a series of concerts to test new music. Through many years he was head of a flourishing music school. He resigned from the orchestra before any discoverable waning of his powers. His daughter, Mme. Renée Longy-Miquelle, is a pianist and teacher in Philadelphia.

Mr. Longy was born in Abbeville in 1868. In 1866 he won first prize at the Paris Conservatory and joined the Lamoureux Orchestra. Two years later he was solo oboe of the Colonne Orchestra at the Opera Comique. In 1898 he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Two years later he founded his own music school and the Longy Club, which devoted itself to works for wood-wind instruments.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
APR 16 1930

With the surge and sweep of Ravel's "Bolero," as played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the inspired leadership of Dr. Koussevitsky still crashing in my ears, I can't begin this column without a word about last week's great concert. I am still bursting with pride in the achievement of the orchestra, the very start of which I remember and which used to delight me in the far away days when the insolent grace of Timothee Adamowski was potent in Boston, and when that slim wisp of fire, Bernhard Listemann, a violinist with a streak of absolute genius, was a leading figure in the world of music. Of course the delight in any music played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra must be all intermingled with the impact of Dr. Koussevitsky's personality, his magnetic, dynamic appeal, his sheer inspired greatness as a conductor. With the little finger of his magic left hand he sweeps his entire orchestra within the arc of a single gesture, his hands plead, encourage, sustain, control, dominate. When I first watched Dr. Koussevitsky conducting his orchestra, sitting close, as I like to be placed, in my beloved front lower box, which brought me within the actual range of the conductor's baton, he semed to me to embody the priesthood of music, differing not only in degree, but in kind, from all the other conductors known to me, having a different approach to his musicians, seeming to radiate an enveloping kindliness. It is amazing to me that any audience can maintain its self control when the "Bolero" is played by the Boston Symphony. Of course, aside from the technical perfection of the playing, the appeal of the "Bolero" is frankly animal, purely sensuous, more than that, purely sensual, but such as it is. I wish it might be my fortune to listen to it, played as I heard it last night, fifty-two times in the year.

Dr. Koussevitzky Balancing Moods

Trans Apr. 18

Last evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra played its eighth concert of the Cambridge series in Sanders Theater. The program comprised just three numbers—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Stravinsky's ba[...] Prelude [...] ner's op[...] pondered [...] upon the [...] works. [...] thought t[...] example o[...] ing. To [...] hoven, St[...] to be mer[...]

What could the three possibly have in common, or how coud they even be right foil for each other? The names of the composers raise the question; the actual works give the answer. Beethoven of the Pastoral Symphony is Beethoven almost unique. It is Beethoven objective. The symphony moves along placidly—yes, placidly in spite of the thunder storm. One fairly feels the golden sunlight—[...]lds perhaps of a yellowish green. [...]sants, the twittering birds, the shepherd, the religious song, incidents against the background [of p]eaceful landscape. There is no [...]ing, no self-revelation, no struggle[s with] cosmic problems. The mind is [...] the contemplation of this land[scape up]on which it sees these funny [peasants] now dancing, now caught and in the rain, then piously giving [thanks th]at it was no worse; this landscape upon which it hears the equally funny birds; the mind is lulled by the drowsy murmuring brook. For once Beethoven does not harrow the emotions; for once he soothes and quiets and heals. And the conductor gives him his free and gentle way.

One is still purring in the warm sunlight which this music spreads about one. Unless one's day has brought a very particular ax to grind, one is content. One would not, at least not yet, give up this somnolent mood. If only one could bask in the yellow sunshine a monment longer, dream out the dream of those sun-flooded fields. Nine pieces out of ten, indeed ninety-nine out of a hundred, would break in upon the reverie, would shatter the illusion. Dr. Koussevitzy found the hundredth piece which continues just enough of the essence of the mood not to disturb the dreamer, changes it just enough to interest him afresh. Rustic plains now become Olympian fields, funny peasants turn into gods and muses. But the gods (like Beethoven writing his pastoral) are having their day off. Not Olympian dignities and grandeurs are heaped about one. Stravinsky, writing about and for them, is not wracking his brain trying to fathom the unfathomable. The gods and muses are engaged in the pleasures of the dance, and the accommodating and versatile Stravinsky is writing suitable measures for their very human steps. Again the music is objective. Again it moves about in the outskirts of human emotion. Again it reaches the heart only by giving frank pleasure to the senses. After all, why try to "judge" Stravinsky writing in an unaccustomed style, by comparing "Apollo" with earlier works. "Apollo" is a thing in itself, in its way perfect, giving exquisitely its own kind of pleasure—pleasure thrice trebled coming right after that other work of a composer on a holiday from himself, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

But the hearer also would want his "thrill." Sunshine in the meadows of Austria or on the fields adjoining the mountains of the gods could hardly satisfy forever. Was there to be no searching of the heart this evening? Could such searching be subtly joined to the objectivities that had gone before? Along with the many pieces which could not accomplish this end was also at least one which would accomplish it. The hearer was exactly in the proper mellowed mood in which to listen receptively to the murmurings which so slowly and so insinuatingly grew in the heart of Tristan, in the heart of Isolde. It is by no means a far cry from the Epicurean languors of Olympian Dance to the "Slowly and languishingly" of the beginnings of the "Tristan" prelude. It is Wagner then who leads one on and on, deeper and yet more deeply into the recesses and the passions of one's heart. And there comes the thrill which is more than a thrill, which is the sum-total of the heights and the depths of that passion. And by paths well-nigh insensible the evening has gone a long way from the purling brook in the golden landscapes to the searing passion of two of the world's most ardent lovers.

One can only add that performance was superb in the restraint and the evenness of the flat emotional levels of Beethoven, in maintaining the finely chiselled and perfectly polished surfaces of Stravinsky, in the slowly accumulating forces that mounted and mounted, with Wagner, in the all-engulfing final release. Yes, a perfect program, perfectly given.

A. H. M.

Dr. Koussevitzky has changed his mind—for the better. At the Symphony Concerts of next week he will produce Mr. Dukelsky's long expected and lately finished Second Symphony. Furthermore: he will mark the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Chadwick's début in Boston as composer by a revival of his Sinfonietta of 1906. Skriabin's "Divine Poem" will round the whole—and to Skriabin, by sheer force of devotion, Dr. Koussevitzky can almost persuade an audience.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TELEGRAM

Mystery About Seats Before Doors Open and Later.

By Alfred Breslaw.

On the evening of April 10, at Carnegie Hall, the public was advised by a sign conspicuously displayed on the steps leading to the lobby that all standing room admissions had been sold out for the concert of the Boston Symphony. This would suggest that seats could not be obtained.

Those greatly desirous of hearing the concert were left to the conscienceless speculators, who were charging 75 cents and $1 above ticket prices.

When the doors were opened, however, standing room and reserved seats were put on sale by the box office.

An investigation would perhaps reveal some much needed light upon a rather hazy situation.

3,951 Gouverneur Ave., Bronx.

P. S.—Time would not permit a longer list of names and addresses than enclosed herewith.

We the undersigned hereby protest against the outrageous discrimination in the matter of ticket distribution for the Boston Symphony concert of April 10:—

Alfred Breslaw, 3,951 Gouverneur Ave., Bronx.
S. L. Bremer, 271 Goldsmith Ave., Newark, N. J.
Louis Clark, 580 W. 170th St.
Mabel Asrus, 1,825 Harrison Ave.
Sara Borden, 2,700 Bronx Park E.
Sam Kass, 1,500 St. John's Pl., Brooklyn.
J. Shliom, 35 W. 16th St.
Mark Shwartz, 1,541 Madison Ave.
M. Vosk, 1,826 Bryant Ave.
J. Skladman, 585 Union Ave.
Felix Schumann, 498 Seventh Ave.
Samuel Baker, 105 W. 112th St.
Max Schulman, 483 E. 96th St., Brooklyn.
Joseph Simonofsky, 483 E. 96th St., Brooklyn.
Louis Weber, 1,916 Eaby Ave., Bronx.
M. Temple, Hotel Manger.
Carl L. Newman, 228 W. 11th St.
Dr. J. Hirsch, 12 Perry St.
Philip Ferguson, 1,771 Madison Ave.
Reuben Dietz, 335 New Lots Ave., Brooklyn.
Julius Rimkat, 1,268 Grant Ave.
Robert Venus, 17-19 E. 107th St.
M. Veinus, 1,524 Saratoga Pl.
A. Powell, 90 Pinehurst Ave.
Mary Grenoble, 111 Bedford St.
A. F. Gagne, 140 E. 46th St.
John B. Gartner, 144 W. 94th St.
Kate Trita, 112 E. 98th St.

The Screen

Trans Apr. 17

More Around Than About "Broadway"

From the Reticent Composer Short-Breathed Interview On His New Piece

UPON the program of the Symphony Concerts for the present week-end Dr. Koussevitzky has placed as novelty Samuel Gardner's tone-poem, "Broadway." The performances here will be the first anywhere. The composer is in Boston to conduct this "world-première" He was born in Russia thirty-seven years ago; was brought to this country very young; received his entire education in America. Even in childhood he profited by excellent teachers. His own instrument is the violin. After some preliminary study, begun at the age of seven, he was taken, a ten-year-old, to Felix Winternitz, in Boston, and worked under him for five years. Then he went to New York, to continue his studies with Franz Kneisel through five years more. During the same period he studied theoretical subjects and composition with Dr. Percy Goetschius. Thereafter he went on living and working in New York. Asked for biographical matter, he modestly replied: "Oh, I teach and I give concerts, and I compose and conduct, what more is there to say?"

Other sources fill some of the gaps. . . . In 1918 Mr. Gardner's String Quartet in D minor won the Pulitzer Prize of $1500 awarded by Columbia University. His symphonic poem, "The New Russia," won the Loeb Prize, and has been played by leading American orchestras. He has also written a violin-concerto. As violinist, he has played concertos with various orchestras; was for a time a member of the Letz Quartet. For daily occupation he is now a teacher at the Institute of Musical Art in New York.

About "Broadway," and in an honest reticence, Mr. Gardner was chary of particulars. It was written in 1924 and it is scored for a very large orchestra—three flutes and piccolo; two oboes and English horn; an E-flat clarinet, an A-clarinet, a bass-clarinet; two bassoons and double-bassoon; six horns; three alto saxophones; five trumpets; three trombones and tuba; the usual strings; a battery of percussion to vie with that of Respighi's "Roman Festivals"; two harps and celesta; an organ to point the climax; finally and most unusually, a banjo.

Mr. Gardner affirmed that there was no program other than that indicated by the title. "Anyone who has spent all his life on or near Broadway, will know the program without being told. And for anyone who does not know Broadway a detailed program would be meaningless." The Interviewer was turning the leaves of the huge score as he listened to Mr. Gardner defending his reluctance to explain or comment. As he thus passed the new work in casual review, a sonorous beginning caught his eye, followed by a slight, refreshingly scored waltz section. This developed its climax, then gave way to another tune—"popular," if you will—which went a similar way. Eventually a fox-trot found place. "This seems to be a series of episodes, Mr. Gardner?" "Yes, it is a series of dramatic episodes born of the various phases of life one encounters on Broadway. But those episodes would be hard to name or describe. They are emotion as it is felt. And the emotion is in the music. 'Broadway,' just 'Broadway,' is all the programmatic indication that it is really possible to give."

From glances at the score and from further casual conversation with the composer the Interviewer gathered that Mr. Gardner takes his Broadway seriously. For him, it seems to be synonymous with a rather large cross section of life. "There is jazz, of course," but jazz in this "Broadway" is the merest incident, the Interviewer judged from the manner of the composer. There is flirtation and love. There are the bright lights together with grinding routine. And there were hints of deep tragedy, a crushing hurt somehow connected with Broadway. "When I need an organ to point my climax, something has hit me pretty hard," Mr. Gardner commented. And then back into his shell. "But it is not for us youngsters to talk of what is in our music before we have heard it." And almost shyly: "If I tell a lot of things that are in this piece, and then no one hears or feels those things, people will be justified in laughing at me. Let the music tell it if it can. . . . When I took a piece to Mr. Goetschius as a student, and was all aflame with enthusiasm to tell him about it, he always put his finger over his lips, 'Let me hear what you have written, not what you have to say.' I never learned a better lesson from him."

Another chance remark may be cited: "Why should we youngsters try to talk so much about life" (it was the moment in which the Interviewer gathered that "Broadway" cut rather deeply), "when we are too young to have really lived? When we are old men, if we have discovered that we have something to say, if we have lived interestingly and deeply, then we may be entitled to philosophize about life." Mr. Gardner's very reticences give clues to his work.

The conversation drifted into general lines, about Stravinsky, about the classics. "I thing 'Le Sacre' a very great work. 'Apollon Musagète' I do not know. I have never made it a point to know too much of other people's music. The composer who wants to know intimately all the work of all the great men is very much in danger of falling more or less into the style of previous composers. I have preferred to try to work out my own style without too much study of others." But after a moment, "There is just one man from whom I can't cut loose, and that is Brahms." Then musingly, "Brahms and Bach, they are my two loves. . . . I am going to give a recital of all Bach some time next year."

The Interviewer had returned the score, was standing, prepared to leave. Mr. Gardner's last words were as characteristic as any: "You have looked over the score. Don't say too much. I am not a publicity hound." A. H. M.

Obiter Dicta

Picked Up Here and There in Recent Talk with Schnabel

WAGNER exploited the great nineteenth-century invention of nervousness. Nervousness was unknown before the nineteenth century. Wagner's music was made possible by this great invention. And as nervousness is something altogether inferior to spirituality, Wagner's music, in comparison with Beethoven's, is cheap. The last of the really great musicians was Schubert.

A MAN knows when he is working in the region of art. A jazz composer, such as Irving Berlin, knows perfectly well that he is not an artist. His ability may be greater than that of some genuine artists, but he knows he is not employing it in the region of art.

MUSIC is the one original contribution that Europe has made to the mind of the world. Painting, sculpture, literature, all existed before. So did science. But music, what we understand by music, is a new thing. It has opened up a world that was never known before. It is very important.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL & TIMES
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
APR 18 1930

A HOPEFUL SIGN

Among the more interesting items in the news of lesser importance is the great hit made by Mr. Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony orchestra in certain compositions of Brahms in a performance at Carnegie hall, New York city, which the New York Times reviewer describes as among the great climaxes of the season, and in summing up, declares the tumultuous demonstration of the audience, above all, a "testimony to the amazing and the increasing appeal to the public imagination of Brahms." Has the music pendulum at last started back from the jungles? Patient lovers of good music, who have endured the assault on their finer senses and the lowering of standards brought about by the jazz invasion, will hope that it has, and that its swing will restore musical sanity to the masses.

THE REPUBLICAN OUTLOOK

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

Music lovers in Boston and elsewhere will hear with regret of the death at his home in France of Georges Longy, who was first oboe in the Boston Symphony orchestra from 1909 to 1925, and was one of the most distinguished orchestral musicians in the country. While in Boston he formed the Longy club of players on wind instruments which won a high reputation by its concerts of chamber music. He is survived by Mme Longy and by a daughter, Renee Longy-Miquelle, a pianist and teacher, now resident in Philadelphia.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

APR 16 1930

With the surge and sweep of Ravel's "Bolero," as played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under [the in]spired leadership of Dr. Koussevitsky still crashing in my ears, I can't begi[n] this column without a word abou[t] last week's great concert. I am b[ursting] bursting with pride in the achieve[ment] of the orchestra, the very sta[r]t of which I remember and which use[d] to delight me in the far away day[s] when the insolent grace of Timothe[e] Adamowski was potent in Boston, an[d] when that slim wisp of fire, Bernhar[d] Listemann, a violinist with a strea[k] of absolute genius, was a leadi[ng] figure in the world of music. Of cour[se] the delight in any music played b[y] the Boston Symphony Orchestra mu[st] be all intermingled with the impact of Dr. Koussevitsky's personality, his magnetic, dynamic appeal, his sheer inspired greatness as a conductor. With the little finger of his magic left hand he sweeps his entire orchestra within the arc of a single gesture, his hands plead, encourage, sustain, control, dominate. When I first watched Dr. Koussevitsky conducting his orchestra, sitting close, as I like to be placed, in my beloved front lower box, which brought me within the actual range of the conductor's baton, he semed to me to embody the priesthood of music, differing not only in degree, but in kind, from all the other conductors known to me, having a different approach to his musicians, seeming to radiate an enveloping kindliness. It is amazing to me that any audience can maintain its self control when the "Bolero" is played by the Boston Symphony. Of course, aside from the technical perfection of the playing, the appeal of the "Bolero" is frankly animal, purely sensuous, more than that, purely sensual, but such as it is. I wish it might be my fortune to listen to it, played as I heard it last night, fifty-two times in the year.

Dr. Koussevitzky Balancing Moods

Trans Apr. 18

Last evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra played its eighth concert of the Cambridge series in Sanders Theater. The program comprised just three numbers—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollon Musagète," the Prelude and "Love-Death" out of Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde." One pondered chiefly, as one sat listening, upon the happy juxtaposition of the three works. Again and again came the thought that here was a particularly fine example of the high art of program making. To be sure, the mere names, Beethoven, Stravinsky, Wagner, might seem to be merely snatched out of a grab-bag. What could the three possibly have in common, or how coud they even be right foil for each other? The names of the composers raise the question; the actual works give the answer. Beethoven of the Pastoral Symphony is Beethoven almost unique. It is Beethoven objective. The symphony moves along placidly—yes, placidly in spite of the thunder storm. One fairly feels the golden sunlight—upon fields perhaps of a yellowish green. The peasants, the twittering birds, the storm, the shepherd, the religious song, are but incidents against the background of this peaceful landscape. There is no soul-painting, no self-revelation, no struggle with cosmic problems. The mind is at rest in the contemplation of this landscape upon which it sees these funny peasants, now dancing, now caught and drenched in the rain, then piously giving thanks that it was no worse; this landscape upon which it hears the equally funny birds; the mind is lulled by the drowsy murmuring brook. For once Beethoven does not harrow the emotions; for once he soothes and quiets and heals. And the conductor gives him his free and gentle way.

One is still purring in the warm sunlight which this music spreads about one. Unless one's day has brought a very particular ax to grind, one is content. One would not, at least not yet, give up this somnolent mood. If only one could bask in the yellow sunshine a monment longer, dream out the dream of those sun-flooded fields. Nine pieces out of ten, indeed ninety-nine out of a hundred, would break in upon the reverie, would shatter the illusion. Dr. Koussevitzy found the hundredth piece which continues just enough of the essence of the mood not to disturb the dreamer, changes it just enough to interest him afresh. Rustic plains now become Olympian fields, funny peasants turn into gods and muses. But the gods (like Beethoven writing his pastoral) are having their day off. Not Olympian dignities and grandeurs are heaped about one. Stravinsky, writing about and for them, is not wracking his brain trying to fathom the unfathomable. The gods and muses are engaged in the pleasures of the dance, and the accommodating and versatile Stravinsky is writing suitable measures for their very human steps. Again the music is objective. Again it moves about in the outskirts of human emotion. Again it reaches the heart only by giving frank pleasure to the senses. After all, why try to "judge" Stravinsky writing in an unaccustomed style, by comparing "Apollo" with earlier works. "Apollo" is a thing in itself, in its way perfect, giving exquisitely its own kind of pleasure—pleasure thrice trebled coming right after that other work of a composer on a holiday from himself, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

But the hearer also would want his "thrill." Sunshine in the meadows of Austria or on the fields adjoining the mountains of the gods could hardly satisfy forever. Was there to be no searching of the heart this evening? Could such searching be subtly joined to the objectivities that had gone before? Along with the many pieces which could not accomplish this end was also at least one which would accomplish it. The hearer was exactly in the proper mellowed mood in which to listen receptively to the murmurings which so slowly and so insinuatingly grew in the heart of Tristan, in the heart of Isolde. It is by no means a far cry from the Epicurean languors of Olympian Dance to the "Slowly and languishingly" of the beginnings of the "Tristan" prelude. It is Wagner then who leads one on and on, deeper and yet more deeply into the recesses and the passions of one's heart. And there comes the thrill which is more than a thrill, which is the sum-total of the heights and the depths of that passion. And by paths well-nigh insensible the evening has gone a long way from the purling brook in the golden landscapes to the searing passion of two of the world's most ardent lovers.

One can only add that performance was superb in the restraint and the evenness of the flat emotional levels of Beethoven, in maintaining the finely chiselled and perfectly polished surfaces of Stravinsky, in the slowly accumulating forces that mounted and mounted, with Wagner, in the all-engulfing final release. Yes, a perfect program, perfectly given.

A. H. M.

cooking at this season, are 18 cents [a] pound; McIntosh reds 75 cents a doz[en] Delicious 85 cents a dozen, winesaps 75 cents a dozen. Bananas, yellow [...] cents a dozen, red 75 cents a doz[en]. Grapefruit 15-25 cents each. Califor[nia] oranges 75 cents to $1.20 a dozen. Flor[ida] oranges 75 cents to $1 a dozen. Lemo[ns] 50 cents a dozen. Limes 50 cents [a] dozen. Red grapes 35 cents a pou[nd], white grapes 60 cents a pound; impor[ted] hothouse grapes $1.50 a pound. Pe[...] $1.50 a dozen; [illegible] pears [...]

Trans Apr. 17

More Around Than About "Broadway"

From the Reticent Composer Short-Breathed Interview On His New Piece

UPON the program of the Symphony Concerts for the present week-end Dr. Koussevitzky has placed as novelty Samuel Gardner's tone-poem, "Broadway." The performances here will be the first anywhere. The composer is in Boston to conduct this "world-première" He was born in Russia thirty-seven years ago; was brought to this country very young; received his entire education in America. Even in childhood he profited by excellent teachers. His own instrument is the violin. After some preliminary study, begun at the age of seven, he was taken, a ten-year-old, to Felix Winternitz, in Boston, and worked under him for five years. Then he went to New York, to continue his studies with Franz Kneisel through five years more. During the same period he studied theoretical subjects and composition with Dr. Percy Goetschius. Thereafter he went on living and working in New York. Asked for biographical matter, he modestly replied: "Oh, I teach and I give concerts, and I compose and conduct, what more is there to say?"

Other sources fill some of the gaps. . . . In 1918 Mr. Gardner's String Quartet in D minor won the Pulitzer Prize of $1500 awarded by Columbia University. His symphonic poem, "The New Russia," won the Loeb Prize, and has been played by leading American orchestras. He has also written a violin-concerto. As violinist, he has played concertos with various orchestras; was for a time a member of the Letz Quartet. For daily occupation he is now a teacher at the Institute of Musical Art in New York.

About "Broadway," and in an honest reticence, Mr. Gardner was chary of particulars. It was written in 1924 and it is scored for a very large orchestra—three flutes and piccolo; two oboes and English horn; an E-flat clarinet, an A-clarinet, a bass-clarinet; two bassoons and double-bassoon; six horns; three alto saxophones; five trumpets; three trombones and tuba; the usual strings; a battery of percussion to vie with that of Respighi's "Roman Festivals"; two harps and celesta; an organ to point the climax; finally and most unusually, a banjo.

Mr. Gardner affirmed that there was no program other than that indicated by the title. "Anyone who has spent all his life on or near Broadway, will know the program without being told. And for anyone who does not know Broadway a detailed program would be meaningless." The Interviewer was turning the leaves of the huge score as he listened to Mr. Gardner defending his reluctance to explain or comment. As he thus passed the new work in casual review, a sonorous beginning caught his eye, followed by a slight, refreshingly scored waltz section. This developed its climax, then gave way to another tune—"popular,' if you will—which went a similar way. Eventually a fox-trot found place. "This seems to be a series of episodes, Mr. Gardner?" "Yes, it is a series of dramatic episodes born of the various phases of life one encounters on Broadway. But those episodes would be hard to name or describe. They are emotion as it is felt. And the emotion is in the music. 'Broadway,' just 'Broadway,' is all the programmatic indication that it is really possible to give."

From glances at the score and from further casual conversation with the composer the Interviewer gathered that Mr. Gardner takes his Broadway seriously. For him, it seems to be synonymous with a rather large cross section of life. "There is jazz, of course," but jazz in this "Broadway" is the merest incident, the Interviewer judged from the manner of the composer. There is flirtation and love. There are the bright lights together with grinding routine. And there were hints of deep tragedy, a crushing hurt somehow connected with Broadway. "When I need an organ to point my climax, something has hit me pretty hard," Mr. Gardner commented. And then back into his shell. "But it is not for us youngsters to talk of what is in our music before we have heard it." And almost shyly: "If I tell a lot of things that are in this piece, and then no one hears or feels those things, people will be justified in laughing at me. Let the music tell it if it can. . . . When I took a piece to Mr. Goetschius as a student, and was all aflame with enthusiasm to tell him about it, he always put his finger over his lips, 'Let me hear what you have written, not what you have to say.' I never learned a better lesson from him."

Another chance remark may be cited: "Why should we youngsters try to talk so much about life" (it was the moment in which the Interviewer gathered that "Broadway" cut rather deeply), "when we are too young to have really lived? When we are old men, if we have discovered that we have something to say, if we have lived interestingly and deeply, then we may be entitled to philosophize about life." Mr. Gardner's very reticences give clues to his work.

The conversation drifted into general lines, about Stravinsky, about the classics. "I thing 'Le Sacre' a very great work. 'Apollon Musagète' I do not know. I have never made it a point to know too much of other people's music. The composer who wants to know intimately all the work of all the great men is very much in danger of falling more or less into the style of previous composers. I have preferred to try to work out my own style without too much study of others." But after a moment, "There is just one man from whom I can't cut loose, and that is Brahms." Then musingly, "Brahms and Bach, they are my two loves. . . . I am going to give a recital of all Bach some time next year." The Interviewer had returned the score, was standing, prepared to leave. Mr. Gardner's last words were as characteristic as any: "You have looked over the score. Don't say too much. I am not a publicity hound."

A. H. M.

Obiter Dicta

Picked Up Here and There in Recent Talk with Schnabel

WAGNER exploited the great nineteenth-century invention of nervousness. Nervousness was unknown before the nineteenth century. Wagner's music was made possible by this great invention. And as nervousness is something altogether inferior to spirituality, Wagner's music, in comparison with Beethoven's, is cheap. The last of the really great musicians was Schubert.

A MAN knows when he is working in the region of art. A jazz composer, such as Irving Berlin, knows perfectly well that he is not an artist. His ability may be greater than that of some genuine artists, but he knows he is not employing it in the region of art.

MUSIC is the one original contribution that Europe has made to the mind of the world. Painting, sculpture, literature, all existed before. So did science. But music, what we understand by music, is a new thing. It has opened up a world that was never known before. It is very important.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK TELEGRAM

Mystery About Seats Before Doors Open and Later.

By Alfred Breslaw.

On the evening of April 10, at Carnegie Hall, the public was advised by a sign conspicuously displayed on the steps leading to the lobby that all standing room admissions had been sold out for the concert of the Boston Symphony. This would suggest that seats could not be obtained.

Those greatly desirous of hearing the concert were left to the conscienceless speculators, who were charging 75 cents and $1 above ticket prices.

When the doors were opened, however, standing room and reserved seats were put on sale by the box office.

An investigation would perhaps reveal some much needed light upon a rather hazy situation.

3,951 Gouverneur Ave., Bronx.

P. S.—Time would not permit a longer list of names and addresses than enclosed herewith.

We the undersigned hereby protest against the outrageous discrimination in the matter of ticket distribution for the Boston Symphony concert of April 10:—

Alfred Breslaw, 3,951 Gouverneur Ave., Bronx.
S. L. Bremer, 271 Goldsmith Ave., Newark, N. J.
Louis Clark, 580 W. 170th St.
Mabel Asrus, 1,825 Harrison Ave.
Sara Borden, 2,700 Bronx Park E.
Sam Kass, 1,500 St. John's Pl., Brooklyn.
J. Shliom, 35 W. 16th St.
Mark Shwartz, 1,541 Madison Ave.
M. Vosk, 1,826 Bryant Ave.
J. Skladman, 585 Union Ave.
Felix Schumann, 498 Seventh Ave.
Samuel Baker, 105 W. 112th St.
Max Schulman, 483 E. 96th St., Brooklyn.
Joseph Simonofsky, 483 E. 96th St., Brooklyn.
Louis Weber, 1,916 Eaby Ave., Bronx.
M. Temple, Hotel Manger.
Carl L. Newman, 228 W. 11th St.
Dr. J. Hirsch, 12 Perry St.
Philip Ferguson, 1,771 Madison Ave.
Reuben Dietz, 335 New Lots Ave., Brooklyn.
Julius Rimkat, 1,268 Grant Ave.
Robert Venus, 17-19 E. 107th St.
M. Veinus, 1,524 Saratoga Pl.
A. Powell, 90 Pinehurst Ave.
Mary Grenoble, 111 Bedford St.
A. F. Gagne, 140 E. 46th St.
John B. Gartner, 144 W. 94th St.
Kate Trita, 112 E. 98th St.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE

JOURNAL & TIMES
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

(1)

APR 18 1930

A HOPEFUL SIGN

Among the more interesting items in the news of lesser importance is the great hit made by Mr. Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony orchestra in certain compositions of Brahms in a performance at Carnegie hall, New York city, which the New York Times reviewer describes as among the great climaxes of the season, and in summing up, declares the tumultuous demonstration of the audience, above all, a "testimony to the amazing and the increasing appeal to the public imagination of Brahms." Has the music pendulum at last started back from the jungles? Patient lovers of good music, who have endured the assault on their finer senses and the lowering of standards brought about by the jazz invasion, will hope that it has, and that its swing will restore musical sanity to the masses.

THE REPUBLICAN OUTLOOK

THIS CLIPPING FROM

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

Music lovers in Boston and elsewhere will hear with regret of the death at his home in France of Georges Longy, who was first oboe in the Boston Symphony orchestra from 1909, to 1925, and was one of the most distinguished orchestral musicians in the country. While in Boston he formed the Longy club of players on wind instruments which won a high reputation by its concerts of chamber music. He is survived by Mme Longy and by a daughter, Renee Longy-Miquelle, a pianist and teacher, now resident in Philadelphia.

Herald

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1930

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses"; Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" (first performance, conducted by the composer); Saint-Saens's Symphony C minor, No. 3 op. 78 (with organ).

"Broadway" was composed in 1924. There is no sub-title to the work; no argument; no explanatory note about the character of the music. Mr. Gardner, a sensible and modest man, wrote to us that he does not like to talk about his music before it is performed. "My piece is not built on my program, but comes out of the emotions; emotions are purely personal affairs and are not good to discuss publicly. Then, again, a piece can mean a different thing to each individual. I would always say, let's hear it first."

In this instance "Broadway" may picture the street, express the spirit of its life, or even the spirit of New York (Harlem included and indeed, prominent). It is not the street that William Horace Lingard had in mind when he sang "Walking Down Broadway"; not the Broadway in the shadows of which N. P. Willis met the outcast woman that inspired his sentimental verses; not the Broadway on which Vance Thompson walked with the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe; nor Walt Whitman's Broadway of the Pageant: the poem suggested by the envoys from Niphon: "Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,
Leaning back in their open barouches,
bare-headed, impassive";
in whose honor "million-footed Manhattan serpent descends to her pavements." The Broadway of the roaring forties, the Great White Way so graphically described by Paul Morand, the spectacular, crashing, stimulating, distracting street, this seems to be the source of Mr. Gardner's inspiration, or he may look on Broadway as the symbol of America's jazz decade.

His music is panoramic, with a constant return to the most vivid of the pictures; yet it cannot be called wholly exterior music, for it has personal intensity. There is at times a flamboyancy about it indispensable to the subject; one might say there is also the expression of the civic boastfulness, the craze for amusement, the turning of night into day, the contempt for quiet methods of business; the apotheosis of materialism. There is at times thematically and harmonically welcome strains of sensuousness, and just before the final reckless outburst—which in spite of its fury is the least effective portion of the work, for there has been a too long succession of climaxes without satisfactory relief — there are strangely fascinating measures, as though the revelling were at an end; the street now peaceful, thoughtful, brooding. With these measures the symphonic poem—the musical panorama—what you will—should have closed. The final and commonplace dinr destroyed what would have been a poetic, haunting ending.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Gardner's jazz is not sandpapered and polished. Jazz does not allow sophistication. It should suggest the Congo; not the Conservatory. The work would gain by condensation; there is too little of the element of surprise; too few strongly contrasting sections; yet the composer might answer, if they were present, the music would not be Broadway, the mad street of the tumultuous city.

In recent years the amazing Stravinsky has attempted, not with great success, to go back to Bach; more fortunate in his return to Handel as in "Oedipus," still later favoring Tchaikovsky; and in "Apollo" having in mind the French ballets of the 18th century. It is not necessary to say that this music of "Apollo" would make a deeper impression if it accompanied the mimes and dancers. Stravinsky did not wish to make a "deep" impression. If he had wished it, he would have been false to the tradition he would follow. Furthermore, seeing a performance of dancers, one often forgets to hear the music. The sections are all interesting; some of the pages have genuine beauty in an uncommon form.

Of course the sonority of Saint-Saens's Finale, with the vociferous brass instruments, the frenzied strings, the wood-wind doing its utmost to have its say—all working in the "Hooray-boys" spirit excited thunderous applause; but there were many features of the performance before the Finale that deserved warm, if less demonstrative appreciation. The orchestra and the organ were in just proportion, which is not always the case; there were niceties in detail that would have satisfied even the not too easily pleased composer. He probably would have suggested that the long cantilena for the violins with organ accompaniment should have been taken at a little quicker pace. The long milodic line otherwise narrowly escapes sagging.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Dukelsky, Symphony No. 2, D flat major (first performance). Chadwick, Sinfonietta in D major. Scriabin, Symphony No. 3 "The Divine Poem."

LIGHTER MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Gardner's "Broadway" Played for First Time

Post Apr 19

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For the Symphony Concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening Dr. Koussevitzky prepared what he is unofficially said to have described as an Easter programme, in which the festive, rather than the more solemn, aspects of the season were suggested. The cynic might have called it a programme of music for the unmusical.

But, in any event, the audience of yesterday, in which were to be seen many unfamiliar faces, from first to last enjoyed it greatly.

ONE FIRST PERFORMANCE

There are but three pieces on this list of Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," for string orchestra; Samuel Gardner's "Broadway," in its first performance anywhere and conducted by the composer; and Saint-Saens Symphony in C minor, for orchestra with organ.

When Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete'" was first played here in the autumn of 1928 the music intrigued by reason of its utter unlikeness to any then known product of its author. But it hardly gains on renewed acquaintance. Its blandness, its innocuous melodiousness, suggestive in turn of the formal pomps of Lully, the saccharinities of Bellini, the graces of Chaminade and the showy brilliance of Delibes, become when the music is heard for a third time a trifle wearisome.

Gardner's "Broadway"

Although Mr. Gardner's "Broadway" has no published programme its purport and message seem definite enough. Quite obviously this young Russian-born but thoroughly Americanized composer would depict in this, the first of his orchestral pieces to be heard in Boston, not only the glitter and lure of the bright lights, the hurly-burly of Times square and the music of the American people at play; he would also hint at the undercurrent of sadness, of nostalgia even the tragedy that may underlie the feverish gaiety of a modern metropolis.

The scheme, if a bit unsubtle, is not without its potentialities for effective musical treatment, but Mr. Gardner, it would seem, has not as yet the musical resourcefulness to bring it to wholly successful and convincing fruition. The note of sadness; the hinto of tragedy, he does achieve in measure. But his jazz, which by right should have been either super-jazz or jazz fantastically parodied, proved for the most part to be merely ordinary jazz, no better and no worse than most of that which comes over the radio or enlivens our lighter lyric theatres and dance halls. And there is too much of it. Mr. Gardner has written for the most part a sort of jazz fantasia for full orchestra. Yet it is easy to believe that he had in mind something more distinctive.

The Organ Symphony

With searching analysis Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill has called Saint-Saens "a baffling, and even a pathetic, figure, in view of the absence of that conviction in utterance which produces a true classicist, and in the incommensurability of his rare technical resources and their expressive result." And nowhere does he appear in this light so clearly as in this symphony of yesterday. But for all its cold precision, its hollow artificiality, this symphony is still effective, in the conventional sense, through most of its course.

The not-too-exacting listener will still enjoy the suave, quasi-religious Adagio, still respond to the ad captandum close with its shrilling trumpets, its cumulative sonorities of orchestra and organ.

NEW TONE POEM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Performance of Gardner's "Broadway"

Saint-Saens' Organ Symphony and Stravinsky's "Apollo" on Program

Globe Apr 19

The novelty on yesterday's Symphony concert program was a tone poem by Samuel Gardner, entitled "Broadway," which the composer conducted brilliantly. It won and deserved applause markedly more cordial than is given to most new music by Boston Symphony subscribers. Dr Koussevitzky conducted Stravinsky's "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," first performed here in 1928, and Saint-Saens' Organ Symphony.

Mr Gardner, born in Russia in 1893, was brought as a child of six to Providence. He studied violin and composition in Boston and in New York, where he now resides. Well known as a concert violinist, he has also written several prize winning compositions.

"Broadway," composed in 1924, and, according to the program book, performed yesterday for the first time, is not, according to Mr Gardner, "built on any program." "My piece," he writes, "comes out of the emotions; emotions are purely personal affairs, and are not good to discuss publicly. Then again, a piece can mean a different thing to each individual." The title is the only clue vouchsafed as to what Mr Gardner had in mind. But many listeners no doubt amused themselves by choosing subtitles to characterize the various episodes.

One wondered why so striking and individual a piece as "Broadway" should have had to wait six years for its first performance. Was it, as some American musicians would allege, because the conductors of our leading orchestras are less kindly disposed to the work of American composers than they are to the compositions of Europeans?

Or was it merely because Mr Gardner demanded an unusually large orchestra, including, for instance, five trumpets, three alto saxophones, banjo, and a great array of percussion instruments?

Or was it because neither the composer nor anyone else was prepared to meet the considerable expense of copying the parts of a work still in manuscript? Some benefactor ought to provide a fund which should save American composers from paying for this costly copying out of their own pockets.

Mr Gardner in "Broadway" uses the rhythms and the tone color of American popular music with notable success. He comes as near as anyone has yet done to solving the problem of writing symphonic jazz. His score avoids the excessive polyphony of Carpenter and Copland, wisely shuns the overrefinement of Ravel and Stravinsky, and seldom lapses into the banality of the ordinary jazz piece.

Mr Gardner has kept the rhythmic vitality and not a little of the brilliant sonorities that fascinate so many serious musicans when they lsten to well-played jazz. Of all the countless attempts at "hghbrow jazz" made in the past decade only Gershwin's celebrated "Rhapsody in Blue," and the unjustly neglected "Clowns" of Charles Martin Loeffler, written for Leo Reisman, seem comparable in merit to "Broadway."

"Broadway" is not slavishly imitative of jazz. In its most effective episode, for instance, the organ is the chief, almost the only instrument used. Mr Gardner has assimilated the musical idiom of the present century; and blended its component elements; of which, even in America, jazz is only one, into a personal and authoritative style. He had something deeply felt and vividly imagined to say, and he has said it with a good deal of eloquence. The only real fault with "Broadway" is that it is too long, and too episodic. If the piece were condensed, the remarkably impressive final climax would gain in power.

There is no need to comment at length on Saint-Saens' grandiose symphony, theatrical music in the bad sense of the term, and yesterday played overemphatically. Stravinsky's "Apollo" still seemed relatively sterile, compared to his "Oedipus," or to the piano concerto, the works most like it in style. But one noticed at a second hearing more than before how very subtly it is written, despite its apparent simplicity.

P. R.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

APR 19 1930

87

Gardner's 'Broadway' Given On Hub Symphony Program

Providence Man's Tone Poem Wins Applause in First Performance

SAMUEL GARDNER.

The novelty on yesterday's Symphony concert program at Symphony Hall, Boston, was a tone poem by Samuel Gardner, entitled "Broadway," which the composer conducted brilliantly. It won and deserved applause margedly more cordial than is given to most new music by Boston Symphony subscribers. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted Stravinsky's "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," first performed here in 1923, and Caint-Saens's Organ Symphony.

Mr. Gardner, born in Russia in 1893, was brought as a child of six to Providence. He studied violin and composition in Boston and in New York, where he now resides. Well known as a concert violinist, he has also written several prize winning compositions.

The following story of the performance appeared today in the Boston Globe, written by P. R., the newspaper's musical critic.

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Mr. Gardner has kept the rhythmic vitality and not a little of the brilliant sonorities that fascinate so many serious musicians when they listen to well-played jazz. Of all the countless attempts at "highbrow jazz" made in the past decade only Gershwin's celebrated "Rhapsody in Blue," and the unjustly neglected "Clowns" of Charles Martin Loeffler, written for Leo Reisman, seem comparable in merit to "Broadway."

"Broadway" is not slavishly imitative of jazz. In its most effective episode, for instance, the organ is the chief, almost the only instrument used. Mr. Gardner has assimilated the musical idiom of the present century; and blended its component elements; of which, even in America, jazz is only one, into a personal and authoritative style. He had something deeply felt and vividly imagined to say, and he has said it with a good deal of eloquence. The only real fault, with "Broadway" is that it is too long, and too episodic. If the piece were condensed, the remarkably impressive final climax would gain in power.

There is no need to comment at length on Saint-Saens' grandiose symphony, theatrical music in the bad sense of the term, and yesterday played overemphatically. Stravinsky's "Apollo" still seemed relatively sterile, compared to his "Oedipus," or to the piano concerto, the works most like it in style. But one noticed at a second hearing more than before how very subtly it is written, despite its apparent simplicity.

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NEW YORK
TIMES

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NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE

Gardner's "Broadway" Played

BOSTON, April 18.—Samuel Gardner conducted the first public performance of his score "Broadway" at this afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Ochestra in Symphony Hall. The composer introduces saxophones and other jazz instruments in his score, which is of symphonic proportions, and was greeted with prolonged applause. Mr. Gardner, who is a native of Russia and lives in New York, is well known as a composer and violinist.

GARDNER LEADS OWN WORK.

New York Violinist Offers "Broadway" With Boston Orchestra.

Special to The New York Times.

BOSTON, April 18.—Samuel Gardner, New York violinist and member of the faculty of the Musical Art Institute, conducted the first public performance of his own orchestral score, "Broadway," this afternoon with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The work employs saxophones and jazz instruments in symphonic manner and proportion. The reception was warm.

Mr. Gardner was born in Russia and studied violin under Felix Winternitz of Boston and Franz Kneisel of New York. A few years ago he played his own violin concerto with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg. Of his shorter compositions, his violin solo, "In the Canebrake," is perhaps best known.

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Overture to "Mignon" .... Thomas
"Rosenkavalier" Waltzes .... R. Strauss
Fantasia, "Aida" .... Verdi
Siegfried's Rhine-Journey from "Götterdämmerung" .... Wagner
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Bolero .... Raval
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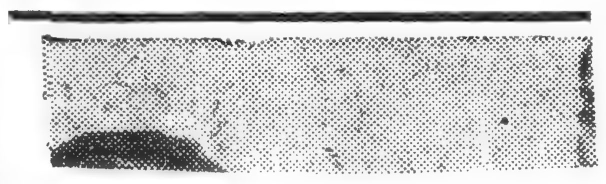

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Stravinsky, Saint-Saens, New American

Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" For Notable Piece at Symphony Hall

SUCH philosophers as frequent the Symphony Concerts might have observed last Saturday—unless, like many a subscriber, they were on week-end in the country—the working of the law of compensation. . . . The first number on the program was Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," played as concert-piece for string orchestra. Since it is plotless and nearly actionless, it loses little by transfer from theater to concert-hall. The listener is not distracted by the sight of a painted tree, hollow and far-spreading, whence Apollo is born; nor may he observe the god mounting toward the summit of Olympus in a chariot likewise of paint upon canvas. Without too much regret he may even forego dissolving views of Apollo and the three attendant Muses engaged in variations (as the old vocabulary of the dance named them) sometimes a trifle overtaxing by reason of crossed rhythms. If he thus fails to see "Apollo" as mythological ballet — they were once written for the court at Versailles—he may listen the more closely to a music in which Stravinsky is again trying all the styles that occur to him as suitable for his purpose.

Back to Lully in some of the rhythms, since it was Lully who bestowed the mythological ballet upon his august master, Louis XIV. Back to Bach once more —as it seems in the solo-measures for violin that begin Scene Two. Back to Bellini (as some say) in the smoothness and sweetness of many a melody. Back certainly to Delibes in the phrasing and the accent of the dances. Perish the thought that any sudden jet of rhythm or any swift breaking of the line should disturb unruffled flow. Here and now a Stravinsky who of purpose discards every choir but the strings; out of them searches no new and strange sonorities; prefers, for the most part, to use them as painters paint in monochrome, escaping monotony by subtle shadings or adroitly graduated volume. Here and now also a Stravinsky who somehow fuses this singular pastiche into coherence and unified impression. Every one's ears are interested and charmed, especially when Dr. Koussevitzky and the strings are in as good form as they were on Saturday. The connoisseurs are amused as they single out this, that, and the other in the skein, marvelling the while at the Stravinskian ingenuities and assimilations. The lay listener hears a Stravinsky poles away from the composer of "Petruschka," "Le Sacre" and "Noces," a Stravinsky who woos his ear and pleases his fancy.

At the other end of the program, the so-called Organ Symphony of Saint-Saëns. In the repertory of no other orchestra in America is it so firmly embedded. Hardly oftener, nowadays, in Paris itself do the bourgeoisie of the Colonne and the Lamoureux Concerts hear it. . (And at that bourgeoisie the young Saint-Saëns liked to gird.) Dr. Muck, who fancied the Symphony and who, in the composer's opinion, played it more eloquently than any French conductor, was its foster-father at Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux was no ungracious uncle; while Dr. Koussevitzky has been sufficiently assiduous guardian. If in these days Saint-Saëns must be taken down from the shelf on which the new musical generation has unanimously deposited him, better this Organ Symphony than the threadbare symphonic poems or the all too-neat concertos. Saint-Saëns was no mean craftsman — in fact he knew too much — and there are still interesting sonorities to echo out of thin-bodied or over-laden pages. And in the eighties to be grandiose and rhetorical, Lisztian-fashion, was no symphonic sin. Nor for most—witness the applause on both Friday and Saturday—is it such nowadays. And once more Dr. Koussevitzky persuades himself of the music before him. Early or late in the season, there shall be no routine.

With "the good, the true and the beautiful" thus distributed, there was room between for Mr. Samuel Gardner's long-promised "Broadway." The piece caught the conductor's eye when he sat as judge in the competition for American composers out of which Mr. Bloch won the prize. Last season he kept "Broadway" in mind; this season, almost at the end, found place for it. Mr. Toscanini may cleave to his Italians; Mr. Stokowski sort out his Russians; but for Dr. Koussevitzky, there are Americans, even young Americans, also deserving opportunity. This time, and reasonably, he entrusted performance to the composer. The orchestra worked for Mr. Gardner as well as applauded him. Seemingly, he made "Broadway" sound as he had imagined, felt and written. The audience of neither Friday nor Saturday heard it unimpressed. There was the ring of interest, pleasure and excitement in the recalls.

Possibly—to light first upon shortcomings—Mr. Gardner, being full of his matter, has overwritten it. Broadway may indeed be a street—mid-town and northward—of tumultuous jazz. But hardly, for the purposes of musical composition, of jazz and tumult so persistent and pervasive. Agreed that it is as rich-flavored, high-rhythmed, symphonic jazz as one may hear in a year of concert-going. Yet too much gives the piece a vehement monotony beyond even the prevalence of that quality along Broadway. Furthermore: Mr. Gardner scores this jazz for a super-orchestra—wood-winds in threes or fours, six horns, three saxophones, banjo, a variegated and busy percussion corner. Symphonic jazz must surely be sonorous; but it must also be sufficiently open for the hearer to catch the "quips and quirks and wanton wiles" with which separate instruments and separate choirs savor and diversify it. Oftener than need be Mr. Gardner's writing is so full-mouthed and in such turmoil that for the quickest ear (unless it be the composer-conductor's) there are no details, no arabesques—only large, onrushing sonorities.

Yet in contrasts, as it seemed to one and another hearer, lay the emotional and the imaginative virtue of Mr. Gardner's musical design. Throughout "Broadway" he would set up a background, infuse an atmosphere, of jazz. Therewith he characters street and scene. Within this atmosphere, against this background, he would also suggest, even enact—so far as tones may do that office—an individual fate. There are waltz-like measures, half-sensuous, playful, intoxicating, as of one who savors and enjoys a new-found environment. There are measures, again, as of one who draws from it restless stimulus and will to do. There are measures, finally, of something stilled and spent and crushed—maybe of the spirit that had toyed with this flaunting world, believed itself kindled and master, only to be drained, stripped and tossed aside. And again, in the last measures of all, the jazz-like tumult swells and clangs—iterum iter-

Continued on Following Page

Symphony

Continued from Preceding Page

umque, as it was in the beginning, so also at the end. . . .

One speculation is as good as another. There is no program, Mr. Gardner avers; nor would he sketch any emotional scheme. But emotional content there is, unmistakable if undefined. Mr. Gardner can manipulate tonal masses effectively and spiritedly. He knows the resources of an orchestra; plies them vigorously. He is alive to vivid rhythms; fertile in harmonic device. Sufficient for his purpose are the motivs whence his music springs. Better than most he writes symphonic jazz, and makes it not too symphonic. Above most young Americans he drives "Broadway" forward with unflagging creative will. Readily enough all this meets the ear—background, surface, method and means to Mr. Gardner's half-audible, half-implied tragedy. Call it man and his environment. Out of that conflict the romantic composers made symphonies and tone-poems and music-dramas. Out of it, in his turn, Mr. Gardner writes a jazzy piece. To every time—and every setting — its own musical speech for an unending struggle. No doubt Mr. Gardner is right. There is no need of explanation.

H. T. P.

Music and Musicians --- Plays and Players

New Dukelsky For Symphony Hall Hearing

His Second Symphony for First Times, with Chadwick in Anniversary Days

ON the twenty-third program of the season Dr. Koussevitzky places its last novelty, Vladimir Dukelsky's second Symphony, in D-flat. Mr. Dukelsky is no stranger to these concerts. Excerpts from his ballet, "Zephyr and Flore," as well as his first symphony have been played under Dr. Koussevitzky's baton. The key D-flat is an unusual one for a symphony. Memory does not recall another. Asked yesterday morning whether the key had any special significance, Dr. Dukelsky replied: "The key of D-flat has always fascinated me. I chose it because of the special color it has when played by orchestral instruments. Prokofiev's concerto in the same key first gave me the idea of a symphony in this key." The symphony, which is in manuscript, bears the date 1928. Yesterday at a rehearsal was the first time its young composer had ever heard it in other than his imagination—or his four-hand piano version. For this, if you please, is a world-première.

Mr. Dukelsky, with protesting upraised hands and horror in his eye, affirms the complete absence of any program. Which makes him neither more nor less than a child of his own day. Programs are decidedly not in the mode at present. The three movements of the Symphony in D-flat follow the orthodox symphonic plan: the first Allegro moderato is a sonata-form; it is followed by a minuet no more than two minutes in length which, ending somewhat tenuously, is also introduction for the finale, a lively Spanish Zapateado.

Mr. Dukelsky, the heavens be praised, is not afraid to write a melody. There is scarcely a single theme in the three movements which is not frankly and wholesomely melodic. Withal, there is a lightness and a buoyancy in its rhythms which this or that devotee or the good old has-been may consider lacking in the dignity suitable to so lofty a form as the symphony. Again, in his rhythm, Mr. Dukelsky is a child of his day. Harmonies of course draw upon all the resources which the last few decades have brought into existence.

After two introductory measures oboes sing the principal theme. This is developed and repeated extensively. With a slowing down of the tempo comes the second theme, warmly from the strings, quasi-religious in character. The exposition of themes ends quietly in D major. The working-out section follows immediately and begins by introducing a new theme, which serves as the subject of a fugue. But this new theme is used chiefly as a counterpoint to the main theme of the movement, which soon enters—as an episode in the fugue. The recapitulation is perfectly normal and regular. The second theme, however, has a new harmonic background and is somewhat abbreviated. The coda is of syncopated rhythmical design.

The short minuet, whose theme is also melodic, moves more slowly and in more melancholy mood than the minuet of classical symphonies. There is no trio. The chief theme of the finale is in the rhythm and the manner of the Spanish Dance for which it is named—the Zapateado. An English horn introduces the chief contrasting melodic idea. Through several rhythmic variants the chief theme moves. At least twice one hears the lyric, contrasting theme. There is a sonorous, hymn-like ending.

"Novelty" of 1904

Fittingly, since these are anniversary days for Mr. Chadwick, a work of his comes to hearing at these concerts. For "novel" old piece, his Sinfonietta in D, from 1904, has place on this program. Fittingly it may receive a few paragraphs here. Fittingly (for the third and last time), the reviewers who heard it in 1904 when Mr. Chadwick conducted it, and those who heard it in 1910 from Mr. Fiedler, may be called upon for descriptive phrases. Be it said first that the sinfonietta takes only about twenty minutes for performance, that it is cast into four short movements—Risolutamente, Canzonetta, Scherzino, Finale.

From the reviewers of 1904 and 1910, we learn then, that this sinfonietta is "masculine music—robust, elastic, a music of high spirits," that Mr. Chadwick "dared to write as man for man." From other hands we learn that it is "purling, babbling music, light and transparent. The prevailing character of the music, with its lively, snappy motives, is a little Scotch and more plain, home-brewed American." (And this in pre-Volsteadian days!!) One reads about the "free untrammeled vein" of the chief theme of the first movement, of "a subordinate theme that is one of the most charmingly Oriental bits imaginable," of another subordinate theme that "smacks of the soil" that (one presumes from its near-Negroid character) is "post-Dvorakian." Knowing Mr. Chadwick, one is sure that he must have appreciated "post Dvorakian."

One learns also that the song of the Canzonetta by the repetition and insistence upon its rhythms develops into a formidable march. But no reviewer called more than passing attention to the beautiful horn call, to be played very softly, at the end of this movement, a solo viola all the while sustaining a high harmonic above it. One finds still further that the piquantly rhythmed scherzo has a "pastoral trio," that the finale is "frankly tuneful, well rhythmed, full of vitality."—One looks upon the score and finds these several items of the reviewers graven upon its pages. In conclusion one may quote, "In the Sinfonietta, his latest work, Mr. Chadwick has probably reached his high water mark." And the Sinfonietta is by no means an early work: at least three symphonies and the Symphonic Sketches, as well as many things of smaller proportions, had been written.

A. H. M.

Concert-Chronicle

Old Hands, Young Audience

ANY THING may happen, not only once in a blue moon but toward the end of a concert-season. . . . The First Movement of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was the opening number, yesterday afternoon, of the Symphony Orchestra's concert for young people. Mr. Burgin was conductor and the routined adults, scattered among the youngsters, expected no more than a capable performance, "in repertory," that might give juvenile ears some notion of Beethoven as composer of power. Instead, Mr. Burgin put by the caution usually besetting him when he takes the conductor's stand. For once he let himself go, slashing out the "Fate Motiv," driving it hard at each return, whipping up the rhythms, launching the strings in masses of sound, keeping the whole progress in ferment, struggle and tumult until it clouds into the end. These vigors, sonority upon sonority, held the young audience fast to a music that might easily have gone over its head. It also were caught into Beethoven's power and splendor though—thank heaven!—it had no reviewer's words for either. And if Mr. Burgin can be bold when he conducts for children, he should not damp his courage when grown-ups sit behind him. The gap between the ages is not so wide as all that.

Recently in New York Mr. Toscanini set "The Ride of The Valkyrs" on a Philharmonic program, with audience and reviewers in transport over his renewal of a hackneyed piece. The feat is not impossible elsewhere. In fact, there was audible reason to believe that Dr. Koussevitzky accomplished it at the end of yesterday's concert. Agree to his fast pace, which is at least arguable when there is no stage to be considered, and Wagner's music sounded again as from the fires of his imagination — the hurtling rhythms, the clangorous phrases, the din of "the host of the heroes." Beyond the means of the theater, the skies were cloven and Wotan's daughters drove home to Valhalla warrior-laden. Fresh came the simplicity, heated to power, of the musical means, the driving strings, the clamant brass, the superbity of the whole illusion. Recall the Prelude to "Tristan," as Dr. Koussevitzky now plays it; add this Valkyrs' Ride and he also may pluck a Wagnerian laurel.

The rest, with one exception, was the order of the day at these concerts for young people and children of far tenderer years. (Yesterday, these infants of Euterpe filled many a row). Mr. Meyer informed and amused us all when he retold the tale of Beauty and The Beast à la Française and illustrated it with colored slides out of Dulac. Or aga when he took us over a round of T Eulenspiegel's jokes as a German illu trator had pictured them. The youn sters had an ear as well for Ravel' Beast in the bassoon and Beauty in th clarinet. Nor were they to be blame when Strauss's tonal humor, which altogether adult, baffled them. Mo gave it up, as not few of their senio

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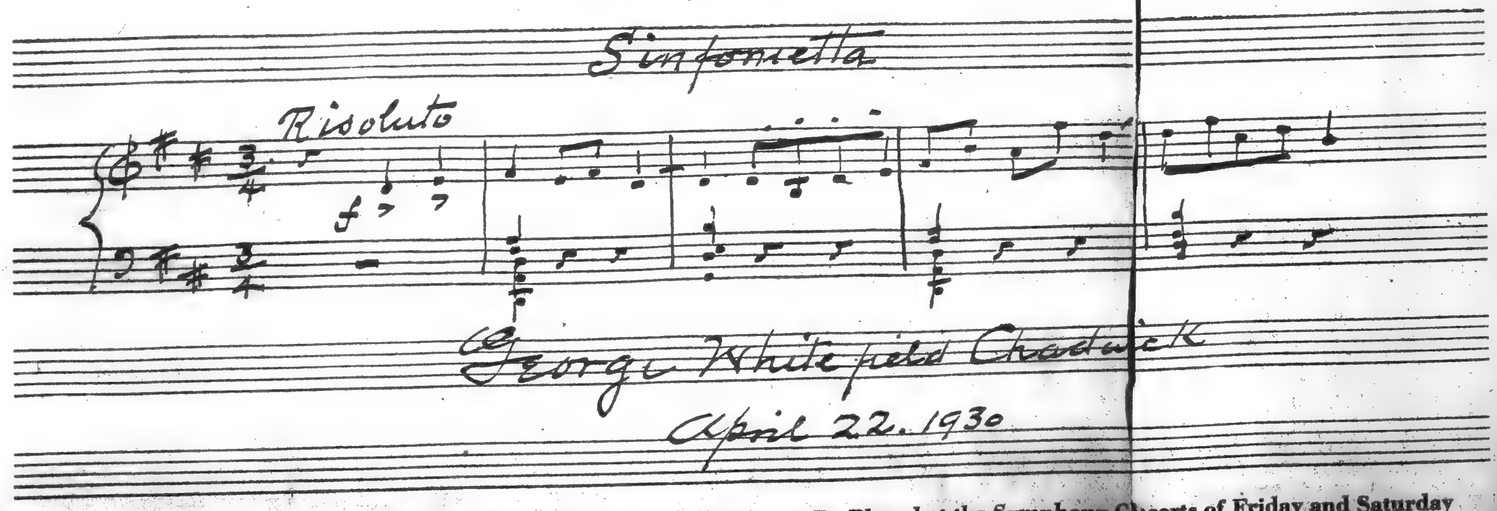
Amusements

Symphonic Stance

Vladimir Dukelsky

Whose New Symphony Will Be Produced at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday

The Hand Still Firm



Autographed Measures from Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta (1904), to Be Played at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday to Mark the Fiftieth Anniversary of His First Appearance in Boston as Composer and Conductor

Amusements Amusements

90

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mozart, Symphony, C major (K. 338). Chadwick, Sinfonietta in D major. Dukeysky, Symphony, E flat major, No. 2 (first performance). Strauss, tone poem, "Don Juan."

Mr. Chadwick's overture to "Rip Van Winkle" was performed at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association in December, 1879, at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society in May, 1880. His name first appeared on a program of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Jan. 13, 1883 (overture "Thalia"). It was eminently meet and proper that his jubilee should have been celebrated yesterday by the Boston Symphony orchestra, whose programs he has often enriched. The Sinfonietta, chosen for this occasion, was composed in 1904; the music is still fresh and pleasing by its firm structure, its melodic interest, its harmonic and orchestral expression, and above all by a musical enthusiasm that is kept within artistic bounds. This was no perfunctory work; the music was in the composer and it had to come out. Nor is the Sinfonietta too evidently of any school. There is individuality, which was rare among American composers at the time the Sinfonietta was written. And here, as in an earlier and famous Scherzo and in the earlier Symphonic Sketches there is more than the suggestion of the American spirit finding its voice in music. Perhaps today the first and second movements are the ones that command the most attention; the former by the thematic material—note the charming quasi oriental melody—and its development—Mr. Chadwick writing for orchestra has been especially happy in his use of the symphonic form; the second by the constant beauty of the musical thought, the melancholy that is poetic sentiment, and by the beautiful close with its exquisite orchestral invention.

Mr. Chadwick at the end of the Sinfonietta was most heartily applauded. One might borrow from newspaper jargon and say "he received an ovation," but this would do him an injustice, for among the ancient Romans an ovation was a lesser triumph, when the victorious general entered the city on horseback or on foot, not in a chariot, was crowned with myrtle, not with laurel, and only a sheep was sacrificed in his honor. Surely Mr. Chadwick for his musical activity during the 50 honorable years deserves the laurel.

Mr. Dukelsky, who was at the concert, is not a stranger here. Mr. Koussevitzky had already introduced a ballet-suite and a first symphony. Mr. Dukelsky has not yeached his 30th year—fortunate man! He has told in an amusing manner the story of his musical life from the time he was a boy; told the story in so ingenuous, modest, humorous way, that it should disarm one from severe, much less captious, criticism of his music. He undoubtedly has talent, which how seems to staid hearers with preconceived, or traditional ideals, wild and irregular. This symphony is a more mature work than his first, yet it is often yeasty. While the reproach of being a poseur, or of striving to make the bourgeois sit up and take notice, cannot justly be brought against him, the impression is made that the thematic treatment and the instrumentation are often experimental; that he too anxiously shuns what to him is the obvious that it might be said of him by his friends in defence, he hears music in his own way, not as even many of his colleagues hear it; that rhythm and curious orchestral effects, sudden and disconcerting contrasts, are more significant, more important to him, than even the orthodoxy of such widely differing geniuses as Strauss and Debussy.

At present Mr. Dukelsky belongs to the extreme radical wing, but there is a vigor, an intensity at times in this symphony that makes one forget the lack of emotional beauty as that beauty has long been and is now in certain quarters recognized. After all, music, as Mozart said, should "klingen." And what a delightful performance of Mozart's symphony was that of yesterday! As delightful as the performance of "Don Juan" was dramatically, superbly eloquent. Seldom is a conductor so sensitive and skilled as Dr. Koussevitzky in the interpretation of works by both composers, Strauss and Mozart. Seldom is an orchestra found that can so aid in the interpretation.

"Don Juan" and Till Eulenspiegel" are the two of Strauss's orchestral works that bid fair to live. When he wrote "Don Juan" musical blood was hot in his veins. He might say of his Sinfonia Domestica and his Alpine Symphony, as Lenau's Don Juan: "The fire of my blood has now burned out
Exhausted is the fuel."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week's concerts, the last of the season's, is announced as follows: Weber, overture to "Oberon;" Hill, "Lilacs" (after Amy Lowell); Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole, Brahms, Symphony C Minor, No. 1.

Symphony Concert

Age Honored, Youth Heard, Heights Won

Symphony Concert Full-Laden, Chadwick and Dukelsky, Mozart to Strauss

THE Symphony Concert, Friday afternoon, deserved its name. Thrice over it exhibited the symphonic form. (The end of the season draws near. Promised performances, anniversaries, unfulfilled purposes, what not, press upon conductors till program-making becomes less work of art than of necessity.) Fortunately, in two of the chosen instances, that form was shortened. Mr. Dukelsky's new Symphony contained no slow movement as such. Instead, in the Finale stood episodic slow measures; while the middle Minuet was by no means gay. In turn, Mozart's old Symphony—in C major (No. 34), last heard at Symphony Hall from Sir T. Beecham—omitted any Minuet gay or grave. Finally, Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta, though it arrayed all four of the orthodox divisions, kept each as short as the title suggested

There was other offset to surfeit. For the first time within recollection two composers graced with their presence a single matinée. From the balcony the youthful Dukelsky descended to the stage to take two or three recalls after the performance of his Symphony. Twice the venerable Chadwick rose from his seat to acknowlege still heartier plaudits. . . . Finally, conductor and orchestra outdid themselves in musics so wide apart as the slow division of Mozart's Symphony (Salzburg, 1780) and Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan" (Munich, 1888). The performance of the latter—and the piece itself is still thrilling stuff—would have whipped any stranger audience into tumults of applause. Our complacent matinée company merely patted its hands long enough to bring back Dr. Koussevitzky; then streamed through the doors. With sound reason the conductor seemed more disposed to return thanks to the players, still hot with their prowess, than to the retreating audience. If the history-book once written about the Symphony Concerts is extended to the approaching jubilee, it should contain an edifying chapter on the customs of their public.

By exception. Mr. Chadwick was honored in the program-book with four lines of bold, black type. They noted the fact that fifty years ago—come May 6—he made his first appearance in Boston as composer and conductor. To mark the anniversary Dr. Koussevitzky was reviving the Sinfonietta. It will be further marked by a concert of Mr. Chadwick's music at the Conservatory and by a dinner in his honor. The Sinfonietta itself was written in 1904; last heard at the Symphony Concerts in 1910. To most, therefore, it came new, strange and, as the event proved, surprising. For in these latter years—since there must be a devil's advocate at festal occasions—Mr. Chadwick's just quality and worth have been eclipsed. In his last productive days he chose to work in the symphonic poem—a form that neither quickened his imagination nor freed his hand. Most publics have short memories. The musical generation that sat before "Aphrodite," "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Angel of Death" tended to forget the composer of the "Melpomene" and the "Adonais" overtures, of the Second and the Third Symphonies, the Symphonic Sketches—the Chadwickian masterpiece—and the Sinfonietta. The maker of symphonic poems out of thought and will, care and pains, over-effaced the free-handed craftsman, the warm inventor, the quick and fertile spirit, the humorsome American, that an earlier time had applauded.

Hence the surprise, yesterday, of the Sinfonietta. It is short, especially in the last two movements—and pithy brevity is one of the modernistic virtues. It is written in high spirits; while to most of us Mr. Chadwick has long been a sage. As there were kings before Agamemnon, so there were composers of transparent scores before these current years of orchestral grace. One such is this Sinfonietta; dated 1904, Boston and New England; while Ravel himself might envy the fancy and felicity of the distant horns against the sustaining viola at the end of the slow movement. The beginning springs away—all elasticity and high spirits; a quasi-oriental motiv adds charm to vigor. There is no sense of the working of the musical ideas, so fertile is their course, so apt the instrumental vesture.

Rhythm—to believe some of our young lions—might almost be a twentieth-century invention. Yet, "'way back" in 1904, Mr. Chadwick evolves a broad and tingling march, as though for the game of it, out of the rhythms of his slow song; tosses about the rhythmic figures of his Scherzo—less lightly and brightly played than the other three movements—as to the manner born. And in the Finale—to crown the whole—enters the high-humored, robustious, honestly American Chadwick. He is flinging it off rondo-fashion; singing loud and unashamed; even dashing it here and there with sentiment—the more American he. Our composers go their several ways as Heaven, this life and the art of music have made them. Not one was, or is, so masculine as this Chadwick of his forties and fifties, before symphonic poems sapped him.

Over one of his piano-pieces Beethoven wrote "Sonata quasi una Fantasia." Not inappropriately, Mr. Dukelsky might have written over his Symphony in D-flat, heard for the first time yesterday in any concert-hall, "Sinfonia quasi una Fantasia." True, the first movement is orthodoxy itself—principal, second and third theme, fugato in the middle, reprise, coda—all that symphonic virtue may exact. Forthwith, however, Mr. Dukelsky begins to stray from the straight and narrow path. His second division is one of the shortest and least dance-like of symphonic Minuets. From a moody motiv it unfolds, short-breathed, through harmonies that turn it more melancholy. The first measures of the Finale mock it with snapping Spanish rhythms and high tonal colors. The English horn sobers and stays them. By grace of mercurial temperament, Mr. Dukelsky returns to melancholy and is songful—once and twice, as though to say to the recurring Spanish rhythm "Get thee behind me, Satan." So to a close in the full-mouthed sonorities dear to any and every young composer with a many-voiced orchestra for his playground.

By this evidence a symphony of clear individuality. Mr. Dukelsky has devised a design to please himself, filled and accomplished it. (Incidentaly the principal motiv of the first movement, returning in the Finale, holds it well together). No less, this design imposes itself upon hearers, interesting and pleasing them. For aught the listener knows, Mr. Dukelsky may "toil terribly" at his writing table; but in the concert-hall he sounds with abundant spontaneity and inciting animation. Unquestionably he has the gift of melodic invention. His motivs ripen, but not over-ripen, into songful measures. As yet this melody may not be too distinguished or bear a distinct Dukelskian trade-mark; but it is fresh, warm, ingratiating. There is music in it, and also mood. Being "twentieth century," Mr. Dukelsky is keen for rhythm; plies it variously and invigoratingly. The age for subtleties, unless a composer is over-cerebral—or a pupil of Schönberg—comes not at twenty-seven.

For harmonies and timbres Mr. Dukelsky is also "twentieth century," but with the harmonies he is more for mood and suggestion than for cerebration; while with the timbres he prefers warm clang to pale transparency. Possibly for its plangency out of a twentieth-century orchestra—piano and most of the usual window-dressing—he chose the unusual key of D-flat major—C-sharp minor in the slow episodes—for his Symphony. And he can be as changeful of feeling as the mixed blood in him and the wandering life he has led may warrant. A dignified young composer writes the first movement largely, warmly, vigorously. Melancholy streaks the fanciful intermezzo of the Minuet. In the Finale Mr. Dukelsky dances or dreams until the sonorities of the orchestra possess him. The eagerness, the glow, the zest of him commend his Symphony. Not for a while need he "settle down"—if his temperament ever permits. And if he does glance over his shoulder now and then at his admired Prokofiev, he less imitates than reacts—in his own way—to an influence.

There is one style after another in the little Symphony of Mozart that began the afternoon, as though through that summer of composition in Salzburg, he was "feeling himself out," now in one direction, again in another. For the most part, the first movement might be the suave, decorative, lightly ornate music that he "turned off" to please the Cardinal-Archbishop or such generous patrons as the bourgeois Haffners. Possibly, the performance yesterday a little over-weighted it. Yet in it are moments in which the cool Mozartean perfection, the exquisite Mozartean sensibility—a phrase shaped, a modulation made, a figure set in motion—come uppermost. The Finale, in turn, is a transparent bubble, blown, breaking, blown again, sparkling and gay.

Believably the slow movement preserves the little Symphony. For here is Mozart, pensive, melancholy, romantic (if the hearer likes) but unfailingly limpid, lucid and precise. Blend mood, matter, form and means and they coalesce into a cloudless loveliness that is the Mozartian perfection that most evades twentieth-century performance. With an infinite pains, Dr. Koussevitzky, the strings and the shadowing bassoons—the rest of the orchestra is silent—gained it. The tone was transparent; the shaping of every contour delicately clear and exact: the light flow of the music serenity itself. Yet underneath this gentle brightness as gentle a melancholy. At rehearsal Dr. Koussevitzky pursues the ideal that his imagination raises. Once and again in the concert he captures it—as yesterday in this Andante of Mozart.

In Strauss's "Don Juan," which was closing piece, what did conductor and orchestra not do? They were rich-toned and sensuous. They teemed with vitalizing energy; strode in splendor; sang passionately, deliriously; etched and colored; cut sharp and knife-like. Through a music that time and change and fashion may not dim, burned the Straussian flame. Once more Don Juan himself leaped into tonal being. This page and that, and he was full charactered and panoplied. Measures of passionate sensuousness and as passionate disillusion. The horns sounding the ceaseless quest, the quenchless desire, the interminable adventure; voluptuous tumult, voluptuous torment; at the last, the dissonance of extinction. Music more completely and potently accomplishing its end has not been written in our time. Seldom in Symphony Hall has it received such intensive and all-prevailing performance. And after that Andante of Mozart! Every conductor, every orchestra, must be as manifold as—music itself.

H. T. P.

Words to Prompt Acts

On Current Account the Symphony Orchestra Still Needs $15,000

THE program-book for the Symphony Concerts of this week contains, across two pages, this simple, clear and explicit table:

Operating Deficit estimated for year 1929-1930	$100,000
Subscriptions to date.	85,000
Balance unsubscribed.	$15,000

To the table a single sentence is appended:

That the orchestra may close the year (July 31) without a deficit, the Trustees hope that the remaining $15,000 will be subscribed promptly.

There seems no more to be said—but something to be done.

SYMPHONY HOMAGE TO CHADWICK

His "Sinfonietta" of 50 Years Ago Played

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Two composers were present to hear their music at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, one of them the other's senior by a matter of 49 years. This spring marks the 50th anniversary of George Whitfield Chadwick's American debut as composer, and Dr. Koussevitzky took cognizance of the fact in the performance of Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta while finding place on the same programme for the Second Symphony of Vladimir Dukelsky.

A Symphony of Mozart in C major and Strauss' "Don Juan" respectively began and ended a generally diverting concert.

CORDIAL TO CHADWICK

Even if he were avid of adulation, which distinctly he is not, Mr. Chadwick could not have failed to be pleased by the nature of his reception yesterday at the hands of his fellow-townsmen. Time and again he was compelled to rise from his seat and bow his acknowledgment. In his turn Mr. Dukelsky was liberally applauded and recalled to the stage whither, in accordance with the present custom, he had betaken himself when the last note of his Symphony in D flat major had sounded.

It was possible to wish that, having decided to take official note of Mr. Chadwick's anniversary Dr. Koussevitzky had chosen a score more characteristic, more completely representative of that composer than this Sinfonietta, composed for a student orchestra and purposely written with a certain brevity, preciseness, and economy of musical and orchestral means and resources—for example, the four Symphonic Sketches now generally held to be his masterpiece. But this Sinfonietta, for all its unpretending nature, is in many respects typical of its author. It is buoyant, straightforward and to the point. The invention is free and flowing, the handling always secure. In it, as in much else that Mr. Chadwick has written, there is both a lyricism and a humor that are subtly yet unmistakably American.

Music of Youth

No doubt the idea never entered Dr. Koussevitzky's mind, yet, Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta aside, the concert of yesterday was given over to the music of youth. Mozart's Symphony and Strauss' "Don Juan" were each written at the symphonically tender age of 24, and Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony was finished not long after his 25th birthday. The comparison is, of course, unfair; but the fact remains that Mozart's Symphony and "Don Juan" are the works of composers already matured, while Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony shows the 'prentice hand.

It is to Mr. Dukelsky's credit that he endeavors to write, so far as his thematic invention is concerned, simply and naturally, that he does not disdain melody. But the themes of this Symphony, like those of its predecessor already heard here, are without physiognomy. They are amiable but undistinguished, and they hardly bear the orchestral weight that they are asked to carry. Had Mr. Dukelsky moulded this same material into a Sinfonietta for chamber orchestra the result might have been happier.

LIGHT PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

First Performance of Dukelsky's Symphony

Chadwick's Sinfonietta Marks 50th Anniversary of Debut

Globe Apr 26

Dr Koussevitzky chose a program of light music for yesterday's Symphony concert, omitting from it Skriabin's "Divine Poem," originally announced, and adding an early Mozart symphony in C major, and Strauss' "Don Juan." The other numbers were as at first planned, a new symphony by Dukelsky, and a sinfonietta by George Whitefield Cradwick, performed to mark the 50th anniversary of Mr Chadwick's Boston debut.

Mr Dukelsky, who was present to hear his new symphony, came to the stage to bow his acknowledgments of the applause. Mr Chadwick, wishing, perhaps, to minimize the demonstration to be expected from the audience, contented himself with rising and bowing in his place midway on the floor of the hall. The audience applauded him heartily, and Dr Koussevitsky and the orchestra also clapped him.

"Light" is not the adjective one would commonly choose to describe a program including two symphonies and a sinfonietta. But neither Mozart, Chadwick nor Dukelsky wrote in the music heard yesterday with the ponderous intricacy and the considerable lengths one commonly expects of symphonies old and new.

Each in his own way composed ingratiating music, easy to listen to, making no great exactions upon mind or emotions. Strauss' "Don Juan" is much more intricate and much more intensely emotional than these three pieces of symphonic character. But Strauss' tone poem, too, is light compared to his "Ein Heldenleben" or "Zarathustra."

Mr Chadwick, born at Lowell in 1854, made his first public appearance as a musician at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, May 6, 1880, when he conducted a performance of his overture, "Rip Van Winkle." At the New England Concervatory, of which Mr Chadwick has long been the director, an anniversary concert of his music is announced for May 6, 1930, with the "Rip Van Winkle" overture on the program. At the Eastman School in Rochester, N Y, the anniversary was recently commemorated by the performance of some of Mr Chadwick's music.

The Sinfonietta in D major heard yesterday was written in 1904. Hearing it yesterday, one wished younger American composers might learn from Mr Chadwick the virtues of clarity, simplicity and sincerity of style. His music is always honestly and unpretentiously American. His Americanism owes nothing to the music of the redmen, or of the Negro, or of Broadway.

He, with a unique wisdom, faces the fact that we have not yet in this country a distinctively national type of music, and contents himself with the musical idiom natural to an American of his generation, brought up on the sort of thing to be heard when he was a young man in what Whitman would have called the "churches and parlors" and subsequently well grounded in European masterpieces.

It speaks volumes for Mr Chadwick's native originality that his music, unlike that of most Americans, never recalls the work of any one composer. His style is a personal one, and in this Sinfonietta he has something agreeable to say, which he says modestly and gracefully. It is hard to see how an American composer of his generation could have done more than Mr Chadwick has accomplished in all his chief works, unless he had been a genius of the very first rank, a Bach, a Beethoven or a Wagner, able to transcend the limits that condition the work of those lesser men who belong to but never originate schools or periods of music.

Dukelsky's Symphony in the unusual key of D flat, of which yesterday's was the first public performance, has something of the spontaneity that distinguishes Mr Chadwick's music. Like most of the young men born since 1900, Dukelsky is self-consciously clever in some of his musical devices. Unlike most of them, he is quite free from pedantry and priggishness.

This little symphony is full of jolly tunes, and without needless complexities of style. It convinced one hearer that, could he but find somebody to play Gilbert to his Sullivan, Dukelsky would help give the world something now greatly to be desired and not to be had, an operette that would appeal both to the general public and to fastidious tastes.

Prokofieff and Gershwin, to whom Mr Dukelsky is obviously indebted for helpful musical influence upon his budding talent, could probably do the same. But all our young Gilberts are sad young men, disillusioned sentimentalists, like Aldous Huxley and Noel Coward. Mr Coward's one commercially successful operetta, "Bittersweet," is not lively and amusing enough to have Dukelsky music. But he could do another, and a better, perhaps.

The Mozart symphony, which Koussevitzky had conducted here before, was again badly played yesterday. His version of "Don Juan" was again eloquent and thrilling. P. R.

AUDIT OF ROAD COSTS

Boston Orchestra

Boston Adv Apr 26

Even on his last program but one of the season, the indefatigable Koussevitzky must introduce a novelty. Thus the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at its concert of April 25, made public for the first time anywhere the Second Symphony of Vladimir Dukelsky, that young Russian expatriate whose First Symphony and whose Suite from the ballet, "Zéphr et Flore," had previously been unfolded to us by Dr. Koussevitzky. The composer is that irresistible young man who was "discovered" by Diaghileff, who writes "musical thrillers" under an assumed name, who has appeared in vaudeville and who has let it be known that he "hates all 'modernism,' but loves being modern." A very clever and very facile young man, you see, whose cleverness and facility are manifested in his symphonic scores. In a somewhat breath-taking career he has by no means overlooked what has been done by his predecessors. Indeed, he pays them the highest compliment. This new symphony is cast in three movements, of which the second is a very brief Menuetto. It has broad melodies which lack distinction, and it depends heavily upon dance rhythms. Tchaikovsky in Tin-Pan Alley.

In honor of George Whitfield Chadwick, the director of the New England Conservatory of Music, who is celebrating this spring the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance as composer and conductor, this musician's "Sinfonietta" was included in the program. Composed in 1904, it sounded remarkably fresh and charming. It abounds in melodic material, and it has a captivating Scherzino for its third movement. There was much applause for the distinguished composer, who was present to bow his acknowledgements.

The concert opened with a beautifully proportioned performance of Mozart's Symphony in C major, No. 34, and closed with a lambent proclamation of Strauss's "Don Juan."

L. A. S.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
APR 27

A PROTEST

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I HAVE addressed the management of the Philadelphia Orchestra in part as follows:

I note on the Philadelphia Orchestra circular that "the closing rule enforced during the past season will be continued." During the Winter there have been vigorous protests both by critics and the public against this very arbitrary ruling, which amounts to persons being locked out during the first part of the concert and locked in during the second. There can be no question as to the importance of the audience not being disturbed while music is going on, but it is carrying things much too far not to admit the few late-comers (for you must acknowledge that there are very few nowadays) when there are as many as three or four compositions with intervals and much applause between them. Some of the critics even object to a symphony being interrupted between the movements for applause and for seating of often unavoidable late-comers; but granting that a symphony must be played through without interruption, the same ruling should not apply to separate compositions. The Boston Symphony concerts are attended by an audience equal to either the Philadelphia or Philharmonic-Symphony in reverent attention and devotion to the music played in a completely sold-out house, but Mr. Koussevitzky allows not only a few minutes' leeway at the beginning of a concert but stops and allows a few late-comers to be seated during the numbers. I would like to remark here that at one concert Mr. Toscanini began one-and-a-half minutes before the time, which is absolutely inexcusable. I had just set my watch by the meridian, and I know that this is an absolute fact. Also, you cannot expect everybody's watch to be within ten seconds of each other—in other words, there must be some reasonable allowance made for some slight differences in time.

I feel strongly that the American public are the most willing, the most amenable, the most attentive of any audiences that it has been my privilege to be counted among, and I hope that managers and critics will get together and formulate some more reasonable ruling than such as exists at present.

LAURA d'O. ROOSEVELT.
New York, April 23, 1920.

MUSIC

D - 5

Music Notes and Comment

Dr Koussevitzky is not this season repeating his experiment of last year, when he allowed the subscribers to choose a request program for the final pair of symphony concerts, following a fashion set in Philadelphia by Mr Stokowski. Instead, he now plans a program including Brahms' C minor symphony, Prof Hill's "Lilacs," Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and Weber's "Oberon" overture. For the final Monday concert tomorrow night Dr Koussevitzky's program includes three numbers from recent programs in the regular series.

The programs of the final Tuesday concert of the Boston Symphony last week announce the 50th season of Boston Symphony concerts, Dr Koussevitzky, conductor, giving the first official word that he is to remain next season, as everyone has assumed he would. It is said that Dr Koussevitzky's present contract sets no definite limit to his term of service here, but the management of the orchestra has made no official announcement on that point. Nor is the salary paid him a matter of public record.

Globe Apr 27

"Normalcy" at the Pops

For the past three seasons the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall have been conducted by a musician of international eminence, Alfredo Casella, a composer, pianist and conductor of distinction. His programs included a wide variety of light music old and new, and an occasional more serious piece. He seldom conducted anything trivial or tawdry or sentimental.

This year the idealistic experiment of letting a celebrated musician choose programs to please fastidious tastes as well as the general public has been abandoned, to the deep regret of those who believe that the public has better taste than it is commonly given credit for possessing. Under the new conductor, Arthur Fiedler, whose first program is now announced, the Pops will return to what the late Warren G. Harding, denouncing Wilsonian idealism in politics, called "normalcy."

Here is Mr Fiedler's program for the opening night of the Pops, May 7. It might have been set by Mr Maquarre, the first Pops conductor the present writer recalls, or by any of his predecessors and successors, save only Mr Casella:

"Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar; overture to "Mignon," Thomas; "Rosenkavalier" waltzes, R. Strauss; fantasia, "Aida," Verdi; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Gotterdammerrung," Wagner; "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler; "Bolero," Ravil; selection, "New Moon," Romberg; "Whispering Flowers," Blon; "American Fantasy," Herbert.

Interesting the Public

Three of Mr Fiedler's 10 pieces for the opening night, to be sure, will interest the kind of audience Mr Casella was, perhaps slowly, but none the less surely attracting to the Pops. And of the new conductor's personal enthusiasm for the best music, old and new, there is, in view of his other activities hereabouts, and his musical background, no doubt. But will the people who come to hear the waltzes from Strauss' "Rosenkavalier," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," and Ravel's Bolero really enjoy listening to Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois" sandwiched between the Wagner and the Ravel?

When the orchestra plays "Whispering Flowers," they can, of course, go home, or converse with their friends while consuming Pops Punch and the excellent eatables from the Women's Industrial and Education Union. Some first-rate jazz, if the orchestra could be made to play it with the requisite gusto, and the difficulties of rescoring were overcome, would hold their interest. But "Whispering Flowers" will not.

They manage these things better, not perhaps in France, but certainly at the Stadium concerts in New York, where for weeks on end every Summer thousands of listeners come nightly to hear what are avowedly and actually symphony concerts by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.

In the bad old days before prohibition the reason for being of the Pops was not wholly, and for many not primarily, the music. But, excellent as the present refreshments are in their strictly Volsteadian way, they would hardly of their own merits fill Symphony Hall nightly. Only the music can now do that. If the programs are to be made up chiefly of pieces anybody can hope to hear any night anywhere on the radio, is there not danger that people will forget that no radio performance ever sounds as well as an actual Pop concert in Symphony Hall?

Let us hope that the progress of the season will confute these doubts, so far as box office success, which is now plainly to be the final test, is concerned.

Programme for First Pops Concert Full Of Promise--- Musical Notes

Post Apr 27

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With the announcement of the programme for the opening night of the Pops, a week from Wednesday, it becomes apparent that under Arthur Fiedler's direction these concerts are to return to the traditional ways from which Mr. Fiedler's predecessor, Mr. Casella, had in large measure diverted them. The operatic fantasia, in this opening instance "Aida," and the selection from a current light opera, in this case "New Moon," are, by token of this first programme, to be systematically restored to Pops audiences, and to the anticipatory pleasure of more than a few prospective members of those audiences. Ravel's Bolero, most striking new piece of the symphony season just ending, has a place on Mr. Fiedler's well balanced list.

* * * *

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Toscanini at its head, has actually departed for its much-heralded tour of European cities; a tour that is to include within a space of five weeks 23 concerts in 15 cities of nine different countries. And the party consists, according to reliable report, of 114 players, 38 wives, nine children, two dogs, and a considerable managerial staff.

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The departure has not been made without at least one protest, voiced by James P. Dunn in a letter to the New York Times, against the neglect of American composers in the programme tentatively prepared for these European concerts. An American orchestra touring Europe and playing no American music seems to that writer a sad spectacle. And in no flag-waving spirit it is to be regretted that Mr. Toscanini has found nothing to interest him in the work of our more representative American composers.

In this connection it might not be amiss to [illegible] those who deplore Dr. [illegible] music

SYMPHONY IN TRIBUTE TO CHADWICK

Amer Apr 26

By MOSES SMITH

The Romantics dominate the program for the current pair of Boston Symphony concerts, next to the last of the year. Even Mozart, who begins the program with a rarely heard C major Symphony, turns sentimental in the slow movement, violates the classical formula for the symphony by omitting the Minuet, and unburdens himself of a rough-coated finale.

This music of charm, charmingly played by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, is followed by George Whitfield Chadwick's Sinfonietta in F major. The piece is played in a sort of homage to the grand old man of American music, who made his first public appearance 50 years ago. Mr. Chadwick was present at yesterday's concert to hear his interesting and engrossing work, and to acknowledge the enthusiastic applause of the audience. It is romantic music, at times robust, at times almost operatic in flavor. And it is not merely a well made score: it has genuine melodic ideas, rhythmic piquancy, masterly development.

There was another composer present to hear his work—Vladimir Dukelsky, who is about a half century younger than Mr. Chadwick. Dukelsky's Second Symphony in D-flat major was given its first performance anywhere. Mr. Koussevitzky, who fancies the youthful Russian, having previously produced a Symphony and ballet-suite of his here, lavished his fondest efforts on the new piece. The music is essentially romantic, for all of Dukelsky's protesting modernism. A superficial piquancy and sophistication does not disguise its kinship with the 19th century emotional revolt.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPOKANE, WASH.
Spokesman Review

An Imported Pianist Fills Difficult Role

Importing a pianist for two performances is a thing an orchestra rarely does. Therefore, when the Boston Symphony appeared last week in New York with Arthur Schnabel presented to play two piano concertos on the all-Brahms programs we wondered at Manager Brennan's sudden extravagance.

After these performances, in which Conductor Koussevitzky displayed so much tenseness and staccato that one's nerves were left quivering, it was quite apparent that Schnabel fitted into the scheme of things in an eminent degree. For it would be difficult to imagine a more aggressive and physically brilliant playing of the Brahms B flat and the Brahms D minor concertos. Suavity and beauty of tone one never expects from Schnabel, and the absence of these qualities was consequently not disappointing.

But the minority listeners who did not feel compensated in Schnabel's accomplishments—among whom I was one—were made to feel out of place by the enthusiasm of the majority auditors who applauded the stocky, business looking Schnabel until their palms must have ached.

POPS PROGRAM

Arthur Fiedler announces the program for the opening night of the Pops season in Symphony hall, which will begin on Wednesday, May 7. This will be the 45th season of the Pops which, with the aid of refreshments and smoking at the tables, are the most social concerts in America. A greater success than ever is anticipated under the leadership of Arthur Fiedler, the new conductor. A member of the orchestra for a number of years, Mr. Fiedler has become particularly prominent recently as conductor of chamber concerts, as the organizer and conductor of the Esplanade concerts last summer, and as the leader of the Cecilia Society.

The opening program for May 7 follows:

Pomp and Circumstance	Elgar
Overture to "Mignon"	Thomas
"Rosenkavalier" Waltzes	R. Strauss
Fantasia, "Aida"	Verdi
Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Goetterdaemmerung"	Wagner
Tambourin Chinois	Kreisler
Bolero	Ravel
Selection, "New Moon"	Romberg
Whispering Flowers	Blon
American Fantasy	Herbert

SYMPHONY IN FINAL MONDAY CONCERT

Program of Stravinsky, Brahms and Wagner

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr Sergei Koussevitzky conducting, gave in Symphony Hall last evening the sixth and last concert of this season's Monday evening series.

The program comprised works from the standard Symphony repertory; Stravinsky's Ballet, "Apollon Musagete"; the Prelude and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"; and Brahms' Symphony No. 2, in D major.

Stravinsky's ballet music was meticulously patterned and excellently played. This deceptive and fascinating music holds a deal of cunning beneath a surface that seems to be relatively simple. The brilliance of the melody, on second examination, appears to be the glint from something as carefully and as strongly fashioned as chain armor. Of the applause that followed, Richard Burgin, concert-master, received especial acclaim for graceful and delicate playing of the solo violin part.

Dr Koussevitzky's reading of the "Tristan" excerpts was not, to one, the best in all respects that he has done here. There was eventual full emotional sweep and abundant tonal color, but the piece began rather lifelessly, without the high-powered dramatic undercurvent apparent in the opening measures. Tone became muddy in the climaxes.

The high water mark of orchestral transparency and euphony was found in the Brahms symphony. Dr Koussevitsky, at his best in this, evoked to the full the orchestral coloring and made the most of the concluding sonorities. The profusion of graceful, vital melodies that flowed from an orchestral Brahms in rare expansive mood were sung warmly and joyously.

A tabulation of the pieces played this season at the Monday evening concerts reveals the programs to have been very conservative. There were but two or three works which could be called "novelties." Honegger's Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra received at the fourth Monday concert its Boston premiere. With the exception of perhaps six or seven works, little was heard at these concerts that had not been written before the turn of the century.

Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra received from the listeners a final expression of the utmost approval and admiration.

As the Tuesday Symphonies End

Yesterday afternoon the Tuesday Symphony series, the last to begin in the season, was the first to come to a close. They ended with a concert that included Beethoven, even as they had begun with a concert that included Beethoven. In the first concert Beethoven was coupled with Bach and Mozart. Yesterday Beethoven was joined with Brahms. It has been a series, as the Tuesday series usually is, in which almost all of the great ones have contributed of their choicest works: Bach and Handel; Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; Schubert, Schumann and Wagner (of the Romanticists, Mendelssohn and Berlioz were omitted this year); Franck, Brahms and Chaikovsky; Strauss, Debussy and Ravel. Of the more recent moderns there were none. A single novelty—Ravel's "Bolero"—stood upon the season's program.

Yesterday afternoon the orchestra played two symphonies and an overture. The symphonies were Beethoven's sixth, called the "Pastoral"; Brahms's fourth. The overture was Beethoven's so-called "Leonore No. 3." The program, about five minutes short of two hours, would have been long enough without the overture. But the number of late-comers amply justified the presence of an overture at the beginning. Even with the overture for first piece, there were those who did not see fit to arrive until after the first movement of the symphony. And the continuity of the "Pastoral" prefers to remain unbroken.

Dr. Koussevitzky was entirely in the vein with this music. The gentle, placid "Pastoral" went its way through smiling fields; by the side of the purling brook; through the droll peasant dances; through the storm with the sunshine just around the corner, the storm which makes its point just as surely as though it had been set loose by Straussian or Stravinskian machinery, the storm, however, which would not drive many a hardy soul indoors; and finally, through the pious thanksgivings and rejoicing of the good peasant folk. Such qualities the conductor emphasizes in this score. The deeply emotional he does not seek there; the flashingly brilliant he does not superimpose upon this music; the aggressively stirring he does not distil out of it. The answer is that such things are not inherent in the music. Wisely, Dr. Koussevitzky does not read them into it. The more difficult thing he attempts—and eminently accomplishes—of allowing this symphony to run its restrained course on levels low in color, placid in emotional content. To give it interest in these uninflated planes is not much less than marvel of interpretation. Beethoven in good humor, contemplating Nature, that is the music, that is the conductor's way with it.

To the Beethoven in whom are mingled verdant spring and drowsy summer, succeeded the Brahms of mellow, darkening autumnal qualities. The programmist in his comprehensive researches discovered that Brahms once had doubts about the value of this, his last symphony. Such doubts the world has long since resolved. To us the towering outlines, the somber yet rich glowing moods are irresistible. In a second movement the long, supple melodies blend in unbelievable perfection moods of restained exaltation with moods of high and noble resignation. A third shows energies and activities beyond those of the conventional, yes, from some points of view beyond those even Beethovian scherzos. While the last, the passacaglia, combines tremendous difficulties of construction with sustained musical and emotional progress. Thus to character the movements of the symphony is no more than to hint at the beauties of the music as heard yesterday afternoon—as Dr. Koussevitzky conceives it, brings it to his hearers. Time was when Brahms's orchestration was considered drab and colorless. Yet no one has reasonably denied that that orchestration was highly suitable to the lofty thought of Brahms. And surely from Dr. Koussevitzky, no one yesterday afternoon, would have imagined that such adjectives could ever have been applied to the Brahmsian manner of handling an orchestra.

Even though Beethoven's overture was hardly more than curtain-raiser in yesterday's scheme of things, it was thrilling and exciting experience. That it is high drama in its most concentrated form, has been a commonplace of commentators these many years. The successive moods come with compelling force; the trumpet calls from back-stage are unexpected and unusual thrill for the uninitiated not much less for all but the most hopelessly blasé. And of the blasé there are few at the Tuesday afternoon concerts.

A. H. M.

Dr. Koussevitzky's Monday Farewell

At Symphony Hall last evening, the final concert of the Monday series for this season ascended through a slowly developing climax of applause. The upward trend began with Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," continued with the Prelude and Closing-Scene from Wagner's "Tristan" and came to a consummation at the end of the Second Symphony of Brahms. It was plain that the audience desired to manifest its appreciation for the six evenings of pleasure spent largely among accepted and standard works. Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled to the stage many times during the course of the concert, and after the concluding number, a lingering audience extended its expressions of approval. Those inclined to the study of psychology may have found convenient labels for the response to each number. Thus, the applause for Stravinsky's ballet music seemed inspired principally by admiration; that for the excerpt from "Tristan," by affection; and that for the Symphony of Brahms, by genuine love and enthusiasm.

The reactions to the "Apollo" music from a Monday audience no less than from a Saturday and a Tuesday audience are natural and to be expected. There are those who will not accept Stravinsky no matter what guise he appears in, and who, as far as this composer is concerned, imagine themselves as Little Red Riding Hoods before a wolf in grandmother's clothes. Then, too, even to his most enthusiastic disciples Stravinsky is not quite himself in this music. Of coure, it may be argued plausibly enough that he is never more himself than when writing like somebody else; yet in his more significant pieces, whether dealing in established or modern idioms, he has led us to expect an unmistakable indivuality. In the case of "Apollo," what individuality there is comes very close to dullness and monotony. The music is as sweet and as inoffensive as the ballet pieces of Delibes and Chaikovsky; yet in assiduously avoiding the frank melodies and clear contrasts which characterize the music of these earlier composers, he opens himself to the charge of insincerity. This apparent insincerity, however, is not so much in the avoidance of what is obvious as in the accompanying sweetness of his timbres and harmonies. The tonal effect is always pleasing, but it appears to have been made so unnaturally and deliberately. For his artifice and intellect the composer wins admiration but not genuine enthusiasm.

The Prelude and Closing-Scene from "Tristan" is familiar even to a Monday audience. Hence, it is affectionately received as an old and well-liked friend, however inappropriately the phrase may seem to apply to the music in question. Into these close-packed sonorities, Dr. Koussevitzky plunges with the all consuming fervor with which he approaches any composer from Frank to Stravinsky. There is no shading, no preparatory tenseness, no exotic surge or intoxicating quiver which escapes him. All efforts drive toward the ultimate in emotional exaltation. Orchesrtally, the performance is magnificent and perhaps beyond comparison. Whether it is overaccentuated in detail, we shall leave to those who can recall the accomplishments of Dr. Muck and other exponents of German master works.

From the enthusiasm of the audience, from the excited delight of individual disciples of Brahms and from the brightness, vigor and "aliveness" of the performance itself, one is inclined in the belief that Dr. Koussevitzky surpassed himself in the Symphony. Here were contrasts, piquancies and thematic vitalities which appeared lacking in the first two pieces. The "genial" Brahms is an apt term as far as the Second Symphony is concerned. And as for Dr. Koussevitzky, he whipped the final movement to a conclusion that was exhilarating beyond memory.

N. M. J.

== The Scr

...dents and Prospects

The Daily Telegraph of London hears that Dr. Koussevitzky has accepted for production in Boston next autumn a new Symphonic Concerto for Orchestra and Piano written by Arnold Bax of the successful Symphony last winter. Miss Harriet Cohen, whom Mrs. Coolidge is bringing to America for chamber concerts, will play the piano part.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
APR 29 1930

"BOLERO"

Mr. Duffy Praises Ravel's Much-Discussed Work

To the Editor of The Courant:—

About three weeks ago,—or, to be more exact, Wednesday evening April 9, the music-lovers of Hartford were given the thrill of our lives. We are still talking about it. Our guests of honor were the Boston Symphony Orchestra with its regular conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. Departing from its custom of giving Hartford concert-goers a program of chestnuts, Dr. Koussevitzky dared to thrust upon our ears, a piece by the modern Frenchman, Maurice Ravel, its title, "Bolero." The fortunate quality of this concert was that Hartfordites were quite too polite to hiss this work. They preferred to wait until our distinguished guests had departed, and then, some of us raved about the work, and others, many of whom are incompetent to judge, ripped the entire concert up the back! The important point is that Hartford was given the most unusual symphonic program perhaps in its history.

The "Bolero" of Ravel was given its first performance in this country only last November, with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Mr. Toscanini. So far as we can judge, New Yorkers went literally wild over this work. The Boston symphony gave Bostonians their first hearing of the same in December. The same organization played the work in New Haven early in March, and it is reported that it brought New Haveners to their feet! Certainly, to those attending the performance of "Bolero" in our own city, there was no evidence of dissatisfaction. Which means that Hartford differs from New York in that they are less cold-blooded during a performance of a work. We laugh with satisfaction when we are told that New Yorkers all but ousted George Antheil three years ago for daring to make such a noise as he did with his "Ballet Mecanique." Certainly, Hartford would have barred such a thing as this; in fact, there are those who are wont to believe that no composer alive would do such rank stunts.

Yet, here comes a very mild work,—a work by a very modern composer, which is very definitely in the key of C Major. "It's the same melody all the way through," cry the critics. "The same rhythm, too," they also cry out. "One hearing is enough." There are even some who listened for flaws in the various players. They usually find them; but they fail to examine the music to which they are listening.

Now, what is the significance of "Bolero"? Well, it's the rhythm, and, certainly, Ravel has given us the rhythm of the Spanish dance. But he has done more than this; he has given us a most perfect picture, musically, of the growing nervousness of the dance and the dancer. He has not simply written a piece of music with a Spanish guitar-sounding accompaniment. Rather, he has found a typical Spanish melody, and has used it over and over again, but continually adding to its sonority by his skillful use of orchestral coloring. Setting aside the fact that the players may not be able to "double" or even "triple"—in other words, realizing that not all symphony-players are jazz-hounds,—and considering the piece itself, it can truly be said that it is one of the most electrifying works that have been composed in many a year. As for a repetition of the melody, it would be interesting to ask many a music critic here to sing the melody exactly as he heard it! Will he be able to do this? Hardly. Why? Because the rhythm of the work has so captivated him that he lost sight of the melody, any more than to realize that it continually repeats itself.

Truth is, that the melody, or we may call it the Tune, if it sounds more appropriate, has several unique features about it, which make it impossible, except in the case of rare geniuses of which there are very, very few if any, existing nowadays, of memorization. In the first place, it is rhythmically distorted. And in the next place, it is different from almost any other melody extant, in that no portion of it is repeated,—in each half of the tune. For the which reason, the composer finds it advisable to repeat each half as each half is first played. There are, indeed, phrases that sound somewhat similar, but they differ. There is no one group of measures repeated in the melody proper which would cause it to be recognizable: and the melody as it stands is entirely too long for memorizing at a first, or even a second, hearing. If we examine almost any other melody, be it a folk-song or a theme of a symphony, or even a tune from any Ravel work, we find that somewhere, within the scope of from four to sixteen measures, a portion of the melody is repeated. But, here we have a theme of approximately thirty-three bars, with not a single phrase repeated. This, then, is unique, and it is strange that the world should literally go wild over a piece whose melody is so difficult of memorization. Is it any wonder, then, that Ravel, in this stunning "Bolero," repeats his first sixteen bars of melody,—literally,—and then repeats his remaining sixteen or so bars, also literally. But, with each recurrence of each portion of the theme, there is a different orchestral coloring. Is this, then, out of place, according to the formula of all true music?

Let Hartford critics not be content with a single hearing of one work before they knock it. Even such a work as Ravel's "Bolero" needs as much hearing as does Brahms' Symphony in C Minor to fully understand and appreciate it. As the present writer has once said, "If you don't like the moderns, be sure you know why you dislike them." Let no one be guided by dissonance alone.

The moderns are as scientific in their work as were the ancients; they have more to think about. Being not concerned primarily with set classical forms, but rather with the task of presenting as realistic a picture as is possible for them to conceive of in their minds, theirs is the greater task, we may well believe. And when the realistic element can combine with beauty of artistic design, as we find in all of Ravel's works, then and then only can we say that this so called modernism is really art.

JOHN J. DUFFY.

Hartford, April 28, 1930.

FINAL MONDAY CONCERT GIVEN

Wagner, Brahms, Stravinsky Pieces on List

The 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is drawing to a close. The supplementary series of Tuesday concerts ended last week, and last evening brought the sixth and final Monday concert of the year.

The recent Brahm's Festival has served Dr. Koussevitzky well in making his subsequent programmes. The Fourth Symphony of that composer re-appeared last Tuesday; next Friday and Saturday the First Symphony will bring the regular season to a close, and the Second Symphony was the final number on last evening's programme. Ahead of this, the most genial, most lyrical, if not the most considerable of the Brahms symphonies, came the Prelude and final scene from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," music in which Dr. Koussevitzky has ever excelled. And in turn the Wagnerian excerpts were preceded by the music of Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses."

However the critics may disagree as to the actual merit of this particular score of Stravinsky's, its bland tunefulness, its occasional brilliance, its felicitous scoring for string orchestra, win it favor with every audience that hears it, and that of last evening was no exception. The music of Brahms, and of Wagner, too, was likewise warmly applauded, as both pieces and performances well deserved.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPOKANE, WASH.
Spokesman Review

An Imported Pianist Fills Difficult Role

Importing a pianist for two performances is a thing an orchestra rarely does. Therefore, when the Boston Symphony appeared last week in New York with Arthur Schnabel presented to play two piano concertos on the all-Brahms programs we wondered at Manager Brennan's sudden extravagance.

After these performances, in which Conductor Koussevitzky displayed so much tenseness and staccato that one's nerves were left quivering, it was quite apparent that Schnabel fitted into the scheme of things in an eminent degree. For it would be difficult to imagine a more aggressive and physically brilliant playing of the Brahms B flat and the Brahms D minor concertos. Suavity and beauty of tone one never expects from Schnabel, and the absence of these qualities was consequently not disappointing.

But the minority listeners who did not feel compensated in Schnabel's accomplishments—among whom I was one—were made to feel out of place by the enthusiasm of the majority auditors who applauded the stocky, business looking Schnabel until their palms must have ached.

POPS PROGRAM

Arthur Fiedler announces the program for the opening night of the Pops season in Symphony hall, which will begin on Wednesday, May 7. This will be the 45th season of the Pops which, with the aid of refreshments and smoking at the tables, are the most sociable concerts in America. A greater success than ever is anticipated under the leadership of Arthur Fiedler, the new conductor. A member of the orchestra for a number of years, Mr. Fiedler has become particularly prominent recently as conductor of chamber concerts, as the organizer and conductor of the Esplanade concerts last summer, and as the leader of the Cecilia Society.

The opening program for May 7 follows:

Pomp and Circumstance	Elgar
Overture to "Mignon"	Thomas
"Rosenkavalier" Waltzes	R. Strauss
Fantasia, "Aida"	Verdi
Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Goetterdaemmerung"	Wagner
Tambourin Chinois	Kreisler
Bolero	Ravel
Selection, "New Moon"	Romberg
Whispering Flowers	Blon
American Fantasy	Herbert

SYMPHONY IN FINAL MONDAY CONCERT

Program of Stravinsky, Brahms and Wagner

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr Sergei Koussevitzky conducting, gave in Symphony Hall last evening the sixth and last concert of this season's Monday evening series.

The program comprised works from the standard Symphony repertory; Stravinsky's Ballet, "Apollon Musagete"; the Prelude and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"; and Brahms' Symphony No. 2, in D major.

Stravinsky's ballet music was meticulously patterned and excellently played. This deceptive and fascinating music holds a deal of cunning beneath a surface that seems to be relatively simple. The brilliance of the melody, on second examination, appears to be the glint from something as carefully and as strongly fashioned as chain armor. Of the applause that followed, Richard Burgin, concert-master, received especial acclaim for graceful and delicate playing of the solo violin part.

Dr Koussevitzky's reading of the "Tristan" excerpts was not, to one, the best in all respects that he has done here. There was eventual full emotional sweep and abundant tonal color, but the piece began rather lifelessly, without the high-powered dramatic undercurvent apparent in the opening measures. Tone became muddy in the climaxes.

The high water mark of orchestral transparency and euphony was found in the Brahms symphony. Dr Koussevitsky, at his best in this, evoked to the full the orchestral coloring and made the most of the concluding sonorities. The profusion of graceful, vital melodies that flowed from an orchestral Brahms in rare expansive mood were sung warmly and joyously.

A tabulation of the pieces played this season at the Monday evening concerts reveals the programs to have been very conservative. There were but two or three works which could be called "novelties." Honegger's Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra received at the fourth Monday concert its Boston premiere. With the exception of perhaps six or seven works, little was heard at these concerts that had not been written before the turn of the century.

Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra received from the listeners final expression of the utmost approval and admiration.

As the Tuesday Symphonies End

YESTERDAY afternoon the Tuesday Symphony series, the last to begin in the season, was the first to come to a close. They ended with a concert that included Beethoven, even as they had begun with a concert that included Beethoven. In the first concert Beethoven was coupled with Bach and Mozart. Yesterday Beethoven was joined with Brahms. It has been a series, as the Tuesday series usually is, in which almost all of the great ones have contributed of their choicest works: Bach and Handel; Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; Schubert, Schumann and Wagner (of the Romanticists, Mendelssohn and Berlioz were omitted this year); Franck, Brahms and Chaikovsky; Strauss, Debussy and Ravel. Of the more recent moderns there were none. A single novelty—Ravel's "Bolero"—stood upon the season's program.

Yesterday afternoon the orchestra played two symphonies and an overture. The symphonies were Beethoven's sixth, called the "Pastoral"; Brahms's fourth. The overture was Beethoven's so-called "Leonore No. 3." The program, about five minutes short of two hours, would have been long enough without the overture. But the number of late-comers amply justified the presence of an overture at the beginning. Even with the overture for first piece, there were those who did not see fit to arrive until after the first movement of the symphony. And the continuity of the "Pastoral" prefers to remain unbroken.

Dr. Koussevitzky was entirely in the vein with this music. The gentle, placid "Pastoral" went its way through smiling fields; by the side of the purling brook; through the droll peasant dances; through the storm with the sunshine just around the corner, the storm which makes its point just as surely as though it had been set loose by Straussian or Stravinskian machinery, the storm, however, which would not drive many a hardy soul indoors; and finally, through the pious thanksgivings and rejoicing of the good peasant folk. Such qualities the conductor emphasizes in this score. The deeply emotional he does not seek there; the flashingly brilliant he does not superimpose upon this music; the aggressively stirring he does not distil out of it. The answer is that such things are not inherent in the music. Wisely, Dr. Koussevitzky does not read them into it. The more difficult thing he attempts—and eminently accomplishes—of allowing this symphony to run its restrained course on levels low in color, placid in emotional content. To give it interest in these uninflated planes is not much less than marvel of interpretation. Beethoven in good humor, contemplating Nature, that is the music, that is the conductor's way with it.

To the Beethoven in whom are mingled verdant spring and drowsy summer, succeeded the Brahms of mellow, darkening autumnal qualities. The programmist in his comprehensive researches discovered that Brahms once had doubts about the value of this, his last symphony. Such doubts the world has long since resolved. To us the towering outlines, the somber yet rich glowing moods are irresistible. In a second movement the long, supple melodies blend in unbelievable perfection moods of restained exaltation with moods of high and noble resignation. A third shows energies and activities beyond those of the conventional, yes, from some points of view beyond those even Beethovian scherzos. While the last, the passacaglia, combines tremendous difficulties of construction with sustained musical and emotional progress. Thus to character the movements of the symphony is no more than to hint at the beauties of the music as heard yesterday afternoon—as Dr. Koussevitzky conceives it, brings it to his hearers. Time was when Brahms's orchestration was considered drab and colorless. Yet no one has reasonably denied that that orchestration was highly suitable to the lofty thought of Brahms. And surely from Dr. Koussevitzky, no one yesterday afternoon, would have imagined that such adjectives could ever have been applied to the Brahmsian manner of handling an orchestra.

Even though Beethoven's overture was hardly more than curtain-raiser in yesterday's scheme of things, it was thrilling and exciting experience. That it is high drama in its most concentrated form, has been a commonplace of commentators these many years. The successive moods come with compelling force; the trumpet calls from back-stage are unexpected and unusual thrill for the uninitiated not much less for all but the most hopelessly blasé. And of the blasé there are few at the Tuesday afternoon concerts.

A. H. M.

Dr. Koussevitzky's Monday Farewell

AT Symphony Hall last evening, the final concert of the Monday series for this season ascended through a slowly developing climax of applause. The upward trend began with Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," continued with the Prelude and Closing-Scene from Wagner's "Tristan" and came to a consummation at the end of the Second Symphony of Brahms. It was plain that the audience desired to manifest its appreciation for the six evenings of pleasure spent largely among accepted and standard works. Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled to the stage many times during the course of the concert, and after the concluding number, a lingering audience extended its expressions of approval. Those inclined to the study of psychology may have found convenient labels for the response to each number. Thus, the applause for Stravinsky's ballet music seemed inspired principally by admiration; that for the excerpt from "Tristan," by affection; and that for the Symphony of Brahms, by genuine love and enthusiasm.

The reactions to the "Apollo" music from a Monday audience no less than from a Saturday and a Tuesday audience are natural and to be expected. There are those who will not accept Stravinsky no matter what guise he appears in, and who, as far as this composer is concerned, imagine themselves as Little Red Riding Hoods before a wolf in grandmother's clothes. Then, too, even to his most enthusiastic disciples Stravinsky is not quite himself in this music. Of coure, it may be argued plausibly enough that he is never more himself than when writing like somebody else; yet in his more significant pieces, whether dealing in established or modern idioms, he has led us to expect an unmistakable indivuality. In the case of "Apollo," what individuality there is comes very close to dullness and monotony. The music is as sweet and as inoffensive as the ballet pieces of Delibes and Chaikovsky; yet in assiduously avoiding the frank melodies and clear contrasts which characterize the music of these earlier composers, he opens himself to the charge of insincerity. This apparent insincerity, however, is not so much in the avoidance of what is obvious as in the accompanying sweetness of his timbres and harmonies. The tonal effect is always pleasing, but it appears to have been made so unnaturally and deliberately. For his artifice and intellect the composer wins admiration but not genuine enthusiasm.

The Prelude and Closing-Scene from "Tristan" is familiar even to a Monday audience. Hence, it is affectionately received as an old and well-liked friend, however inappropriately the phrase may seem to apply to the music in question. Into these close-packed sonorities, Dr. Koussevitzky plunges with the all consuming fervor with which he approaches any composer from Frank to Stravinsky. There is no shading, no preparatory tenseness, no exotic surge or intoxicating quiver which escapes him. All efforts drive toward the ultimate in emotional exaltation. Orchesrtally, the performance is magnificent and perhaps beyond comparison. Whether it is overaccentuated in detail, we shall leave to those who can recall the accomplishments of Dr. Muck and other exponents of German master works.

From the enthusiasm of the audience, from the excited delight of individual disciples of Brahms and from the brightness, vigor and "aliveness" of the performance itself, one is inclined in the belief that Dr. Koussevitzky surpassed himself in the Symphony. Here were contrasts, piquancies and thematic vitalities which appeared lacking in the first two pieces. The "genial" Brahms is an apt term as far as the Second Symphony is concerned. And as for Dr. Koussevitzky, he whipped the final movement to a conclusion that was exhilarating beyond memory.

N. M. J.

== The Scr

...ents and Prospects

The Daily Telegraph of London hears that Dr. Koussevitzky has accepted for production in Boston next autumn a new Symphonic Concerto for Orchestra and Piano written by Arnold Bax of the successful Symphony last winter. Miss Harriet Cohen, whom Mrs. Coolidge is bringing to America for chamber concerts, will play the piano-part.

FINAL MONDAY CONCERT GIVEN

Wagner, Brahms, Stravinsky Pieces on List

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The recent Brahm's Festival has served Dr. Koussevitzky well in making his subsequent programmes. The Fourth Symphony of that composer re-appeared last Tuesday; next Friday and Saturday the First Symphony will bring the regular season to a close, and the Second Symphony was the final number on last evening's programme. Ahead of this, the most genial, most lyrical, if not the most considerable of the Brahms symphonies, came the Prelude and final scene from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," music in which Dr. Koussevitzky has ever excelled. And in turn the Wagnerian excerpts were preceded by the music of Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo Leader of the Muses."

However the critics may disagree as to the actual merit of this particular score of Stravinsky's, its bland tunefulness, its occasional brilliance, its felicitous scoring for string orchestra, will it favor with every audience that hears it, and that of last evening was no exception. The music of Brahms, and of Wagner, too, was likewise warmly applauded, as both pieces and performances well deserved.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
APR 29 1930

"BOLERO"

Mr. Duffy Praises Ravel's Much-Discussed Work

To the Editor of The Courant:—

About three weeks ago,—or, to be more exact, Wednesday evening April 9, the music-lovers of Hartford were given the thrill of our lives. We are still talking about it. Our guests of honor were the Boston Symphony Orchestra with its regular conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. Departing from its custom of giving Hartford concert-goers a program of chestnuts, Dr. Koussevitzky dared to thrust upon our ears, a piece by the modern Frenchman, Maurice Ravel, its title, "Bolero." The fortunate quality of this concert was that Hartfordites were quite too polite to hiss this work. They preferred to wait until our distinguished guests had departed, and then, some of us raved about the work, and others, many of whom are incompetent to judge, ripped the entire concert up the back! The important point is that Hartford was given the most unusual symphonic program perhaps in its history.

The "Bolero" of Ravel was given its first performance in this country only last November, with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Mr. Toscanini. So far as we can judge, New Yorkers went literally wild over this work. The Boston symphony gave Bostonians their first hearing of the same in December. The same organization played the work in New Haven early in March, and it is reported that it brought New Haveners to their feet! Certainly, to those attending the performance of "Bolero" in our own city, there was no evidence of dissatisfaction. Which means that Hartford differs from New York in that they are less cold-blooded during a performance of a work. We laugh with satisfaction when we are told that New Yorkers all but ousted George Antheil three years ago for daring to make such a noise as he did with his "Ballet Mecanique." Certainly, Hartford would have barred such a thing as this; in fact, there are those who are wont to believe that no composer alive would do such rank stunts.

Yet, here comes a very mild work,—a work by a very modern composer, which is very definitely in the key of C Major. "It's the same melody all the way through," cry the critics. "The same rhythm, too," they also cry out. "One hearing is enough." There are even some who listened for flaws in the various players. They usually find them; but they fail to examine the music to which they are listening.

Now, what is the significance of "Bolero"? Well, it's the rhythm, and, certainly, Ravel has given us the rhythm of the Spanish dance. But he has done more than this; he has given us a most perfect picture, musically, of the growing nervousness of the dance and the dancer. He has not simply written a piece of music with a Spanish guitar-sounding accompaniment. Rather, he has found a typical Spanish melody, and has used it over and over again, but continually adding to its sonority by his skillful use of orchestral coloring. Setting aside the fact that the players may not be able to "double" or even "triple"—in other words, realizing that not all symphony-players are jazz-hounds,—and considering the piece itself, it can truly be said that it is one of the most electrifying works that have been composed in many a year. As for a repetition of the melody, it would be interesting to ask many a music critic here to sing the melody exactly as he heard it! Will he be able to do this? Hardly. Why? Because the rhythm of the work has so captivated him that he lost sight of the melody, any more than to realize that it continually repeats itself.

Truth is, that the melody, or we may call it the Tune, if it sounds more appropriate, has several unique features about it, which make it impossible, except in the case of rare geniuses of which there are very, very few if any, existing nowadays, of memorization. In the first place, it is rhythmically distorted. And in the next place, it is different from almost any other melody extant, in that no portion of it is repeated,—in each half of the tune. For the which reason, the composer finds it advisable to repeat each half as each half is first played. There are, indeed, phrases that sound somewhat similar, but they differ. There is no one group of measures repeated in the melody proper which would cause it to be recognizable: and the melody as it stands is entirely too long for memorizing at a first, or even a second, hearing. If we examine almost any other melody, be it a folk-song or a theme of a symphony, or even a tune from any Ravel work, we find that somewhere, within the scope of from four to sixteen measures, a portion of the melody is repeated. But, here we have a theme of approximately thirty-three bars, with not a single phrase repeated. This, then, is unique, and it is strange that the world should literally go wild over a piece whose melody is so difficult of memorization. Is it any wonder, then, that Ravel, in this stunning "Bolero," repeats his first sixteen bars of melody,—literally,—and then repeats his remaining sixteen or so bars, also literally. But, with each recurrence of each portion of the theme, there is a different orchestral coloring. Is this, then, out of place, according to the formula of all true music?

Let Hartford critics not be content with a single hearing of one work before they knock it. Even such a work as Ravel's "Bolero" needs as much hearing as does Brahms' Symphony in C Minor to fully understand and appreciate it. As the present writer has once said, "If you don't like the moderns, be sure you know why you dislike them." Let no one be guided by dissonance alone.

The moderns are as scientific in their work as were the ancients; they have more to think about. Being not concerned primarily with set classical forms, but rather with the task of presenting as realistic a picture as is possible for them to conceive of in their minds, theirs is the greater task, we may well believe. And when the realistic element can combine with beauty of artistic design, as we find in all of Ravel's works, then and then only can we say that this so called modernism is really art.

JOHN J. DUFFY.

Hartford, April 28, 1930.

Music and Musicians --- Plays and Player

Koussevitzky's Sixth Year at Symphony Hall

Tireless Pains, No Routine, New Courses, Few Regrets, Americans Fostered

As parsons set texts before their sermons, so shall Dr. Koussevitzky's final programs for the current series of Symphony Concerts give cue for casual, rambling retrospect. . . . Opening number on the list, a week ago, was a little Symphony of Mozart in C major. The first and the third of the three movements are bright and gallant. With them conductor and orchestra gained remarkable lightness and plasticity of motion, resiliency and transparency of tone. The intervening slow movement was played with rare felicity of pace and accent, grace of phrasing and transition, delicacy and sweetness of voice. Throughout, the lighter Mozartian quality in general, the particular quality of this Symphony in C major, ran unclouded and unalloyed. Neither was intensified because neither will bear that process; but each was preserved, clarified, animated. Throughout, again, the orchestra was adept, refined, immediately responsive, instrument. Without re-traversing the record—a tedious business—often in the course of the year, it has given proof of such merit.

Now, inspiration is a pretty, if rather weary, word, as easy to knock about in the commerce of the concert-hall as a ball in the tennis court. But inspiration does not bring these things to pass. Insistent, exacting rehearsal accomplishes them, continuing until every detail of performance is shaped and fixed in the conductor's mind, conveyed to the orchestra, there established and enlivened. In the concerts themselves, ease and surety are born of this prepared confidence. Inspiration enters only when the stimulus of public and testing occasion spurs such spontaneity. Most hearers think of Dr. Koussevitzky as the ardent, imperious master of the orchestra, firing it to his will, whipping it to his intensities, out of it, through himself, giving the composer voice and life. They forget the other Koussevitzky, tireless in the mutual work of rehearsal, ceaseless in the pursuit of perfection, discovering the means thereto, imposing them to the utmost of human limitation. Yet it is this Koussevitzky who achieves such performances as that of Mozart's little Symphony or, with Mr. Schnabel, of Brahms's full-freighted Piano-Concertos. Oftener than most, conductor and orchestra gain this adeptness. At the will of the composer into beauty it flowers. When they fall short, remember the human variability of creative or re-creative work.

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At the other end of the program last week stood Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan." Repertory piece—said the knowing—always half-ready after thirty years of performance at Symphony Hall, convenient to fill a gap in the list. Yet when the final dissonance sounded, one and all had heard the poem with the first fires renewed, the passion of proclamation and progress fresh-heated, the power intensified, the sensuous and the charactering quality deep-bitten into listening imagination. Excitement done, admiration hesitated between the sweep, glow and pulse of the whole, the lucidity, significance and proportioning of each detail. Had the moment been the first performance of a new-found and acclaimed masterpiece, conductor and orchestra could not have been more on their mettle. Nor was this "Don Juan" a mere occasion, a tour de force springing out of nowhere, into it vanishing. In these years at Symphony Hall, it is custom to play "standard pieces" as though they were discoveries, not obligations or conveniences; to reanimate music long neglected. A new life gives the reason.

For Dr. Koussevitzky there is no routine. In his little book about acting Mr. Gillette insisted that the player must nightly create "the illusion of the first time." That is to say, his speech and action must seem the impulse and the expression of the given moment newly experienced. Dr. Koussevitzky is the perpetual embodiment of that illusion. How many times here and elsewhere has he conducted in the Symphonies of Chaikovsky, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, in miscellaneous pieces out of Ravel, Debussy, Strauss, other standard composers! The patient editor of the program-book, with a taste for statistics, might hardly count them. Yet each performance sees a new adventure for Dr. Koussevitzky, awakening and stretching his technic powers, quickening his insight, enlarging or correcting his imagination, stirring him to ampler or finer accomplishment. Even the "New World" Symphony of Dvořák, the "organ" Symphony of Saint-Saëns, the "Alpine Symphony" of Strauss, nothing daunt him.

A conductor has two imperative duties with the classics—to make them sound as fresh and vital, after years, as they did to the first audiences; to make them sound also as a new generation of listeners would hear them. (If the shade of Gericke were to revisit Symphony Hall and conduct in the First or the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, most of us might believe his version deplorably unemotional. If we listened to Weingartner in Beethoven, we should count the performance no better than mid-Victorian.) A conductor is equally bound to keep to his original conviction with the more enduring moderns—that from them proceeds new rhythm, new color, new manipulation of form and means, new outlet for musical thought and emotion. Lose that conviction and he is only following the symphonic fashion of the hour. Dr. Koussevitzky fulfills the double obligation to the classics; keeps his faith in the moderns. Hence the unabating vitality of the Symphony Concerts through the six years of his conductorship. The open mind, the tireless hand, the quenchless spirit have prevailed. There is new ripening and refining as well. Far above 1924, most sit before him, expectantly, confidently.

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Turn now to the program for the concerts of tomorrow and Saturday. The second number is Mr. Hill's tone-poem —on a hint from Amy Lowell—"Lilacs." Not long ago, it was "new: first times" and played a little tentatively. Like all music worth the name, it required to be heard—not read; to be performed publicly to make full effect. Its interest and merit were then plain; but so are the interest and the merit of other pieces newly produced. They crowd so fast one upon another that the best-balanced conductor tends to forget the old loves for the new. An approved "novelty"; then comparative oblivion. Little by little, Dr. Koussevitzky seems to be repairing this error in American orchestral courses. He returns to Mr. Hill's "Lilacs" and Mr. Walton's "Portsmouth Point." He repeats Mr. Bax's new Symphony and Sibelius's freshly heard Sixth; keeps Stravinsky's "Apollo" in the active repertory; remembers Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite"; finds room for de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." If there are to be perennial classics, there should also be repeated moderns and modernists. Dr. Koussevitzky has discovered the necessity; now sets the example.

Mr. Hill is an American composer. Above any other conductor, now practicing on this side of the Atlantic—unless it is Mr. Stock in Chicago—Dr. Koussevitzky gives them opportunity. Mr. Toscanini in New York seldom forsakes his fellow-Italians; Mr. Stokowski in Philadelphia wanders from field to field. Of late new Russians have enamored him. To discovered, rising or established Europeans Dr. Koussevitzky holds out, as he should, a welcoming hand. He is as warmly disposed (as again he should be) to Americans. This season, Mr. Chadwick is honored; Mr. Hill repeated; Mr. Loeffler remembered; Mr. Gardner disclosed; Mr. Josten and Mr. Piston tested; Mr. Eichheim called; Mr. Gruenberg given double room. On the conductor's table for performance next year—it is an open secret—lie a Second Symphony from Mr. Hill, a first Symphony from Mr. Copland. In a word, Dr. Koussevitzky holds American composers to the same standards, gives them also the same consideration and opportunity, as he follows with Europeans. There is no more to be asked; no more to be done. It is the way of a just, open, wisely fostering mind.

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At the Symphony Concerts, last week, Mr. Dukelsky's Second Symphony was produced. Again Dr. Koussevitzky as the friend of young abilities. No less to the American Gardner; the Hungarian Lazar; the Corsican Martelli. Various epitaphs are written for men when they finish their work, withdraw and die. Dr. Koussevitzky will deserve one of the choicest and rarest: friend and encourager of youth. And to no neglect of the preceding, semi-established but still ripening generation. Bax, Honegger, Prokofiev, are the proof. And the approved masters—there was the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius; his Violin-Concerto; Debussy's "Saint Sebastian" and "Blessed Damozel"; the whole Brahms Festival. Upon the reviewer's desk drop the programs of this, that and the other symphony orchestra. His eye runs casually down programs in London, Paris, Berlin. Scarcely a conductor chooses his new pieces more widely and deservingly than Dr. Koussevitzky; keeps better balance between ancients and moderns, classics and modernists; with one hand condescends (no oftener than he must) to his less sophisticated and curious public; with the other cultivates his larger, finer ambitions.

So to the final grumbling without which any restrospect of a symphonic year would be incomplete. . . . Last season, Dr. Koussevitzky bravely began the restoration of Bruckner and Mahler to warrantable place in the Symphony Concerts. The public was responsive; there was reason to continue; but neither composer returned. . . . Since the days of Dr. Muck, only transcriptions by Schönberg and his early "Verklarte Nacht" have been heard at Symphony Hall. As not a few believe, it is time to hear him at least once in his present theory and practice, singular, "cerebral" and forbidding though they be. Dr. Koussevitzky announced the recent "Variations"; then put them by. Philadelphia and New York heard them from Mr. Stokowski; but neither city is Boston; . . . Once more most listened gladly to the Strauss of "Don Juan," "Eulenspiegel," the "Domestica." But after six years of waiting why not "Don Quixote" —music in which Dr. Koussevitzky should excel? . . . At single hearing in a piano concerto, Toch seemed an engaging modernist. Is he a composer of one piece? If not, why not more of him? . . . There is Constant Lambert of "Rio Grande" which as symphonic jazz carried all before it in reluctant London. Shall we enjoy the piece next season? . . . For the orchestra, does Dr. Koussevitzky quite hear the clarinets as some hear them in a wind choir otherwise weekly pleasure? . . . But next year brings an all-absorbing fiftieth anniversary. And there you are. H. T. P.

"From the American"

Some of Our Plays May Soon Need Translation into English

THE TIME is coming nearer when American plays will be brought to London in a definitely English version, which will be at the same time a translation of the text and an adaptation of the setting. Already an American play of the racy, colloquial sort contains hundreds of words that are unknown to the English dictionary, and scores that are unknown to the cultivated American, say, of the Middle West. For the present these words pass current on the stage in their original shape, because they suggest fresh images and thus explain themselves; but they multiply so fast that they will have to be translated.

Not that the dictionary, as dictionary, will ever rule the theater. The rich blood of common speech, whether in Irish peasant huts or Broadway night clubs, will always renew the vitality of dramatic dialogue; but the American translator of English and the English translator of American will yet have their turn on the stage, and that before many years. [Ashley Dukes in "The World to Play With"

Dated Moscow—1914

Koussevitzky in Younger Years

From a Russian Postcard in The Archives of The Transcript

94

'he Guard": Gilbert's Text, Published with Illustrations by Messrs.

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN—*Largest Evening Circulation*

EL TO 'ALL QUIET

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SYMP

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A year ago the program of the final concert was arranged by popular vote. "Request" programs are amusing for they show the taste of the majority of the audience; in some instances, the poor taste, a conductor might say. Dr. Koussevitzky formed the program of yesterday to please himself. He at the same time gave the audience great pleasure, for enthusiasm reigned from the time he came on the platform, when the audience stood to do him honor, to the end of the magnificent performance of the symphony when he was recalled again and again. Nor was the orchestra forgotten in the tribute paid. The audience seemed loath to leave the hall.

This program was designed to suit all tastes. For the conservatives there was the brilliant overture with its poetic introduction and its chivalric Allegro with the characteristic Weberian flourishes of bravura; also the symphony dear to Dr. Koussevitzky and to many hearers, among them some who have been brought into the fold by the interpretative genius of the conductor. For those who, respecting the masters of past years, listen eagerly to the music of the contemporaneous school, there was Ravel's Rapsodie which in music, suggested as it is by Spanish pride, melancholy, rhythms, is as Maurice Barres's "Secret of Toledo" and Havelock Ellis's "Soul of Spain" in literature. There was also Hill's "Lilacs," a poetic composition, not too literal in its translation of Miss Lowell's free verse—for there were moments when to one demanding literalism the composer's lilac bushes were at least a hundred feet high—but music expressive of the spirit in which she wrote.

The season has been an interesting one, not "unusually" interesting, for all the seasons of the past half-dozen years have attracted marked attention as one concert followed another, and many have remained fast in the memory. Although the "die-hards," for there are still the poker-backed and those afraid of unfamiliar musical idioms, unwilling to admit that music is in a large measure inspired by the feelings, the sentiments, the materialism or the spirituality, of the years that give it birth—these "hearers"—if only they would hear!—are among us and are voluble in their non-appreciation. Fortunately for the general public, Dr. Koussevitzky is not shaken in his belief that audiences have a right to know what is going on in the musical world; that it is the duty of a conductor to acquaint them with it. No doubt some of the contemporaneous works will be short-lived, if they are not still-born; but prophecy is never safe in matters of art, and if death follows a performance or a few performances, the corpse shows as corpse, modern tendencies unskilfully worked out, or emotion sacrificed for experiments in form, or contrapuntal weavings, or rhythm.

Nearly 50 composers were represented with 88 performances. Beethoven led with six; Strauss followed with five; Brahms, Mozart, Ravel and Sibelius with four each; but the sixth symphony of Sibelius, heard here for the first time, was performed twice, as was Ravel's Bolero, Haydn's symphony (with the horn call, Schoenberg's orchestration of an organ prelude and Fugue by Bach, and the fine symphony by Bax. The names of Fairchild, Gruenberg, Gardner, Martelli, Pick-Mangiagalli, Fournier, Metzler were on the programs for the first time. Eight compositions—by Bax, Dukelsky, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston, Tournier were played for the first time. Seventeen compositions were performed for the first time in Boston. Povla Frijsh, soprano; Messrs. Burgin, Rabinoff, Thibaud, violinists; Iturbi, Prokofieff, Sanroma, Schnabel were the pianists. Mr. Salmond, 'cellist, and Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, made up the list of soloists.

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BOSTON'S MUSIC SEASON REVIEWED BY CRITIC

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FOR THE FIRST TIME, both Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts were sold out for the season in advance. This condition has continued. In addition, the orchestra has re-established itself, here and in the cities it visits, as one of the greatest in the world. Mr. Koussevitzky was intensely disliked here by many because of his persistence in featuring new and unheard scores on his programs. I was among those who felt that he was neglecting the classics in favor of shoddy modern musical material. I am glad to say that these six years have been an education for me. Many of the pieces that have been introduced are not worth playing a second time, and have not, in fact, been repeated. But this is inevitable; it is the penalty of an open mind. On the other hand, this catholicity has enabled us to hear and see in what way the modern musical speech is tending. It has given us an opportunity to hear some first-rate musical works, and some second-rate ones, too, that have been worth hearing.

Serge Koussevitzky

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MR. KOUSSEVITZKY has had faults, which his detractors have exaggerated, I regret to say. He still has some. But even his severest critics admit that in the six years he has been in Boston he has broadened as an interpreter, become riper and maturer.

There is no competitor of, or supplement to, the Boston Symphony Orchestra—and there should be. The People's Symphony Orchestra occupied that position for ten years—ever more hazardously. During the last years its concerts have become only occasional. Its attempt was perhaps brave; it was undoubtedly, on the other hand, poorly managed.

The chamber orchestra has been almost nonexistent here. One or two concerts through the whole season indicated that Boston doesn't want them. Other forms of chamber music have alternately flourished and suffered. On the whole, however, I should say that we have been fortunate. There have been more worthwhile concerts of string quartets and trios than in any previous season I can recall—and here numbers are significant.

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A right beginning is sometimes half the battle in a program. It disposes listeners the better to receive. No more propitious beginning could have been made than with this overture.

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A. H. M.

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EXPRESS

JUN 3 - 1930

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If satisfactory arrangements can be made, the first conductor of the orchestra, Sir George Henschel, will wield his old baton for a few moments to add to the glory of the commemoration. Sir Henschel, now living in London and in Scotland, enjoys splendid health, coaches prominent musicians, and receives well merited veneration.

An unofficial report has it that the jubilee programs will include a performance of Bach's Mass in B minor, with the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses.

Mr. Koussevitzky, who again has been scoring conductorial successes in Paris this spring, has not yet made definite program decision in that regard.

94

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 24th and last concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall; last night, with the exception of the repetition tonight. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon." Hill, "Lilacs" (after a poem by Amy Lowell). Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnolle. Brahms, Symphony No. 1.

A year ago the program of the final concert was arranged by popular vote. "Request" programs are amusing for they show the taste of the majority of the audience; in some instances, the poor taste, a conductor might say. Dr. Koussevitzky formed the program of yesterday to please himself. He at the same time gave the audience great pleasure, for enthusiasm reigned from the time he came on the platform, when the audience stood to do him honor, to the end of the magnificent performance of the symphony when he was recalled again and again. Nor was the orchestra forgotten in the tribute paid. The audience seemed loath to leave the hall.

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...ion in New England — Largest Evening Circulation

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
JUN 1 2 1930

MUSIC ASSOCIATION STILL NEEDS $950

Total of $9050 Reached to Support Symphony and Other Concerts.

YEAR'S PROGRAM EXTENDED

Organization Decides to Sponsor Concert by High School Orchestras Sunday

With plans for the Boston Symphony and Music Association concerts almost complete, Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, president of the Music Association, announced yesterday that $950 is still needed to complete the $10,000 sponsors' subscription necessary to finance the program for next season.

Subscriptions have been coming in steadily to the Music Association office in the Gas Company building until a total of $9050 has been reached, but officers of the association have been reluctant to approve the complete program for the coming season until financial support for the best in music has been assured.

Although not included in its original plans, the Music Association committee recently decided to sponsor the coming concert by the combined high school orchestras and bands under the direction of Walter H. Butterfield. Mrs. Sharpe said yesterday that this innovation is in line with the Music Association's desire to encourage good music throughout the city.

Want to Lay Foundations

"Some day," Mrs. Sharpe said, "the Masonic temple will be completed and Providence will have an appropriate place to which we can bring the outstanding persons in the field of music and other cultural pursuits. Until that time we are forced to underwrite the Boston Symphony appearances at the Albee Theatre and expend considerable energy in bringing worthwhile attractions to Infantry Hall.

"The Music Association is confident that the public in Providence wants to hear the best in music and for that reason we are continuing with our efforts to keep the Music Association actively interested in worth-while programs. It is our hope that this year's fund for the support of the Boston Symphony and other 1930-1931 concerts will be fully subscribed so that we can lay the foundations for the brilliant music future which we are sure is in store for the people of our city. Those of us who go to the Benedict Monument to Music next Sunday afternoon will, I am sure, be agreeably pleased and perhaps surprised by the wealth of music training and ability inspired by Mr. Butterfield and his corps of teachers. The Music Association is pleased to have this opportunity to bring to public attention the excellent work that is being done by the pupils in our high schools."

Additional Subscriptions

Recent subscriptions to the Music Association Fund not previously acknowledged are as follows:

$500—John Nicholas Brown: $300—Miss Ellen D. Sharpe; $100—Mrs. Jane R. Callender; Chaminade Club (for the Boston Symphony Concerts); Mr. and Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James R. MacColl, Helen A. C. Merriman, Mrs. Houghton P. Metcalf, Mrs. Fred L. Smith and the Mary C. Wheeler School.

$50—Mrs. G. Maurice Congdon, Harry Parsons Cross, Mrs. R. H. Ives Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. Livingston Kelley, Mrs. William Davis Miller, Mrs. Samuel M. Nicholson, Mrs. James Richardson, Mrs. Benjamin F. Stower and Dr. and Mrs. Henry A. Whitmarsh.

$25—Frances B. Boone, Helen G. Chase, Mrs. Robert Dresser, Arthur C. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene S. Graves, Miss Eleanor B. Green, Annette M. Ham, Mrs. Herbert I. Hinckley, Louise C. Hoppin, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Innis, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha C. Mowry, Mrs. Elizabeth Goff Wood, Mrs. E. R. Trowbridge and the Monday Morning Musical Club.

$20—Mrs. Albert A. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. James Elgar, Mrs. James F. Phetteplace; $10—Mrs. Walter S. Ball, Ida F. Bridgham, Mrs. Mildred E. Brown, Mary Green Chapin, B. Lindsey Cummings, the Dilletanti Club, Emily Diman, Mrs. Edith J. Green, Mrs. Sarah M. Green, Mrs. Mary Louise Gross, Elmer S. Hosmer, Mrs. Alice M. Johnson, Alice Loraine Johnson, Evangeline Larry, MacDowell Club, Margaret S. Morriss, George F. Phillips, Albert K. Potter, Belle C. Russell, Mrs. Frank D. Simmons, Mrs. George B. Waterhouse, Mrs. George H. Webb, L. C. B. McCullough, Mrs. Dexter B. Potter and Mrs. Archibald Silverman.

$5—Miss Janet Blinkhorn, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Edwards, Anna L. Evans, Marjorie W. Freeman, Miriam Hosmer, Mrs. Elisha H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Medbery, Emily S. Paddock, Mrs. Walter P. Pierce, Rev. Henry M. Saville, Carrie Schmitt, Carrie Lee Smith, Mary Caver Smith, Ruth Whipple, C. S. Wing and Ellis L. Yatman.

$2—Helen H. Hatch and Deaconess Frances Semle.

FINAL PROGRAM OF SYMPHONY SEASON

Dr Koussevitzky and Orchestra Cheered

Music by Prof Hill, Ravel, Weber and Brahms' First Symphony Played

Globe May 3

Dr Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were greeted with exceptionally cordial applause yesterday afternoon at the beginning of the final concert of the Friday series. At the end of the concert the audience remained for some minutes, stamping its feet, and finally cheering conductor and players. The program, to be repeated tonight, included Prof E. B. Hill's "Lilacs," Weber's overtuer to "Oberon," Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and Brahms' First Symphony.

The 50th season of Boston Symphony concerts, Dr Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin Oct 10. This season's subscribers, if they wish to retain their seats for next year, should apply promptly, as the lengthy visiting list will probably absorb all season tickets not reengaged by the present holders.

Yesterday's program contained a list of donors to the fund being raised to meet the deficit of the present season, estimated at $100,000. Its heading read: "The trustees thank all those who by their subscriptions have made these concerts possible." The sum of $14,264.35 is still needed to meet the estimated deficit.

Every season ticket for the 24 Friedays, 24 Saturdays and six Mondays was sold this year, and almost every ticket for the six Tuesdays. The inevitably great expense of the concerts, and not any lack of public support, is responsible for the deficit.

Dr Koussevitzky, now ending his sixth season as conductor, has won a popularity with the Symphony audiences unsurpassed by that of any of his predecessors. The eloquence, the imaginative intensity of his interpretations of music of all types, the enthusiasm and, what is equally important, the hard work he has lavished on his tasks of choosing programs and players, and rehearsing the music to be performed, have notably raised the artistic level of the concerts as well as strengthening their hold on the public.

Even those who not infrequently disagree with Dr Koussevitzky's conception of particular pieces of music, and object to his choice of programs, must respect him for the rare and notable qualities he brings to his task. The unusual tribute paid him by yesterday's audience was not undeserved. He has restored the Boston Symphony Orchestra to its old proud position of equality with the best orchestras in other American and European cities.

It is again unsurpassed in the entire world, and equalled by a mere handful of other celebrated bands.

Listening to Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" one could not but think how much finer it is than that other Spanish piece of his, the Bolero, which has lately made such a sensation with audiences the world over. This rhapsody, finely wrought out of original and ingratiating music material, and clothed in a delicate orchestral texture full of distinctive sonorotie, may lack the instantaneous popular appeal of the reiterated commonplace melody and conventional rhythm of the Bolero.

But at a 10th hearing Ravel's Bolero would prove intolerable to any sensitive listener, and the "Spanish Rhapsody" would be even more agreeable than at first hearing. Now it is the 10th, and not the first hearing of a piece of music, which establishes its claim to merit.

Dr Koussevitzky, in repeating Prof Hill's "Lilacs," paid to an American composition a compliment few such pieces have in the past received. Yet anything worth playing once at the Symphony concerts should be worth playing more than once. On the principle just stated, it is the repetitions that really test the value of a piece. One is sorry to have to add that the repetition of "Lilacs" confirmed the impression the piece made at a first hearing: that, though it is well written, it lacks the imaginative power of Amy Lowell's verses from which Mr Hill drew his inspiration.

Brilliant, if excessively noisy, performances of the familiar classics on the program, Weber's "Oberon" overture, and Brahms' C minor symphony, won hearty applause. Dr Koussevitzky is more successful with this first of Brahms' symphonies than he has been with the third and fourth. The intrinsic power of the splendid finale, in particular, was, as always, emotionally almost overwhelming.

With several details of Dr Koussevitzky's reading one disagreed, but on these enough has been written on previous occasions. The general effect was thrilling, and to the average listener that is enough.

P. R.

Post May 3

SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

Hill's "Lilacs" Creates Very Favorable Impression

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Musicians and listeners who, together, braved the untimely summer heat at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon might well have considered themselves martyrs in the cause of music. But there was no outward evidence that they did. The former played, so far as spirit was concerned, as though the season were beginning, not ending, and the latter were more than usually responsive.

BRAHMS' FIRST

It has become the custom at the final Symphony concerts for orchestra and audience to rise when Dr. Koussevitzky makes his initial entrance. It is usual, too, for the audience to display a certain enthusiasm at the end, but the hand-clapping, augmented by other signs of approval, that followed the playing of Brahms' First Symphony yesterday was directly attributable to the performance itself. For the performance, in which most of the points made by the composer were underlined, and even doubly underlined, was calculated, as the phrase goes, to knock an audience cold. The purist might complain that certain extravagances in the matter of tempo and dynamics, particularly in the Finale, savored of sensationalism, But Dr. Koussevitzky hears Brahms in his own way. Beyond question, he is chiefly responsible for having made Brahms a popular composer hereabouts, and he is well entitled to play the music in accordance with his own convictions.

Weber of the Overture to "Oberon," with which the concert began, was, like Brahms, somewhat "played up" yesterday; but the performance was generally exhilarating, and often marked by tonal beauty. Better, too, Weber pointed and underscored than Weber in lifeless routine. Here, at least, was orchestral virtuosity, and there was more of it in the Rhapsodie Espagnole of Ravel, a piece that of itself is wearing thin, and needs all the aid that its interpreters can give it.

Nor were the eloquence and fervor that marked so much of the playing yesterday denied to the music of Edward Burlingame Hill, whose tone poem, "Lilacs," after Amy Lowell, first played here three years ago, came yesterday between Overture and Rhapsodie. In "Lilacs," Mr. Hill has made music that is both beautiful and expressive, that summons a rapturous quality that matches Miss Lowell's verses, and suits the vernal season which inspired them. Here is music that moves the listener, music of an emotional quality, doubly welcome in a day when most composers avoid beauty and emotional expression as they would the plague. Mr. Hill, who was present yesterday, was warmly applauded, and, after he had bowed several times, standing at his place in the hall, he was summoned by Dr. Koussevitzky to the front of the auditorium, there to acknowledge further plaudits.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
MAY 4 -

95

RECORDED MUSIC

Bach's "Mass" Now Made Available to All —Ravel's "Bolero" Done by Bostonians

By COMPTON PAKENHAM.

Koussevitzky, Who Has Recorded Ravel's "Bolero."

ONE of the best signs of these days is that the record manufacturing companies are taking more careful thought as to what is going on in the world at large. The echoes from Carnegie Hall have penetrated to Camden, N. J., and thence to Boston, with the result that Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra issue a surprise Ravel's "Bolero" as an extra number between periodical catalogues. This is so much as it should be that one feels it is almost unfair to mention that it is a duplication. Koussevitzky proves himself more gramophonic than Ravel. Instead of taking four sides, he has jerked up the tempo throughout and worked the piece on to three. Where there is no large hall, no crowds and the performers are invisible, one is thankful for a little speed, particularly as the gramophone orchestra, though its proportions may have been identical, is not really the concert ensemble.

The "Bolero" was featured in New York in the same season that the uncut "Ring" is supposed to have surprised by demonstrating its drawing power, which signifies nothing. Neither is there any cause for speculation as to its popularity. Based on the simplest and most primitive passacaglia form, but that its one recurrent idea is rather long for a kanaka to have saved up, the "Bolero" might have come from the South Seas. A lonely side-drum is sneaked into the orchestra and immediately disclosed to introduce the rhythm, a solitary flute declares the melody, each solo instrument in succession takes its turn and retires into the nerve-racking accompaniment. The volume increases, the beat remains fixed. Koussevitzky has managed to get the precise result required.

On the fourth side the same orchestra plays "Gymnopedie No. 1," by a very subdued Erik Satie—if you are used to his "Le Fils des Etoiles" or "Danse maigre" (à la manière de ces messieurs). Debussy's orchestration, acknowledged on the record, has helped, and it is probably well that no attempt was made to back the "Bolero" with one of Satie's jokes. Ravel's own piece of wit has come off far better than any of them.

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REDUCTION

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Exeunt Omnes

THE matinée public, at the final Symphony Concert of the year 1929-30, manifested (as the French have it) at every opportunity. The evening public reserved its heavy firing (to write again in figures) until the end. True, the audience of Saturday hailed the entering Koussevitzky as eagerly as had that of Friday; rose more spontaneously; clapped not a whit less long and loud. Through the first half of the concert, however, it took music, performance, conductor and orchestra rather for granted. The superlative delivery of the Overture to "Oberon" kindled it to no excitement. It was interested rather than impressed with Mr. Hill's "Lilacs" and Monsieur Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," though the latter piece was played with more rhythmic "edge" and vivid color than on Friday. There was reason to note that, while from many of Mr. Hill's measures sound the blooming, blowing lilacs of his poet, others are finely touched with quiet affection for this flower of New England and for the soil that bred it, because as Miss Lowell wrote, "My roots are in it." Possibly, also, Ravel's music is too little sensuous by conventional Spanish prescriptions, immediately to impress the ear. His night-piece, for example, is restless and rough-coated; whereas Debussy's, in "Iberia,"' is smooth and perfumed. So adept and subtle is Ravel's workmanship that not a detail fails to "come through." Yet they are so many and often so scintillant that the ear is dazzled rather than illuded.

The second part of the program brought Brahms's First Symphony and, after three-quarters of an hour of rapt listening, the deluge. Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled time and again; the standing audience saluted him; he saluted the standing orchestra. A blue-ribboned wreath, with a gilt-lettered sentiment, was handed up, along with other flowers; while throughout the concert a bunch of deep-red roses had lain beside the conductor's platform. There were general shouts—twice over. The much-clasped hand of Mr. Burgin was again warmly grasped. One triumphant devotee—a member of the orchestra conniving—possessed herself of Dr. Koussevitzky's baton—new incident on such occasions. The time-keepers reported two minutes more than on Friday—and much louder.

H. T. P.

Keep Them Unlessened

With the end of the Symphony Concerts comes also the end, for the while, of the weekly lectures at the Public Library about the programs. They will be resumed next autumn; but it is not so certain that the accompanying "reference lists" will again be printed and distributed. The available appropriation for such purposes is limited and it may be applied elsewhere. If so, there will be general regret among the frequenters of the lectures, the studious at the concerts, the libraries and the private persons in other cities who have regularly received these lists. The prestige of the Brown Music Library as a source of information and encouragement has risen high and spread wide under the present curator, Mr. Richard Appel. It would be a pity to have it diminished by the abandonment of these bibliographies, in their kind little models of compilation.

Perhaps a summarizing note on the fly-leaf of the last was written with a thought of this possibility. It runs:

This lecture marks the conclusion of the sixth season of the lectures on the programs of the Boston Symphony Concerts. Begun in the year that marked the beginning of the Koussevitzky conductorship, these lectures have sought to fill a long-felt need in making familiar to the ever changing public the glories of symphonic music. Twenty-seven different instructors have co-operated in explaining the one hundred and twenty-four concerts. This does not count the eighteen composers who have presented their own works and some fourteen artists who have assisted.

The biographies listing the editions of the works to be played and critncisms thereon, together with a list of phonograph recordings and player-piano rolls have been prepared each week and distributed both at the library and by mail to all members of the class as well as to other libraries and interested individuals. . . . The number of enrollments for the six years was 2138.

to murder, and

Transcript May 7

At the second concert in Paris by Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, Ravel's "Bolero" was on the program. By word of the Paris Correspondent of the Herald Tribune, the composer "disagreed sharply" with the conductor's version, saying that he took it too fast—"at a tempo of 100, instead of the 70 indicated in the score." Monsieur Ravel "reserved his approbation for 'Bolero' as directed by Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1930

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 24th and last concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall; last with the exception of the repetition tonight. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon." Hill, "Lilacs" (after a poem by Amy Lowell). Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnolle. Brahms, Symphony No. 1.

A year ago the program of the final concert was arranged by popular vote. "Request" programs are amusing for they show the taste of the majority of the audience: in some instances, the poor taste, a conductor might say. Dr. Koussevitzky formed the program of yesterday to please himself. He at the same time gave the audience great pleasure, for enthusiasm reigned from the time he came on the platform, when the audience stood to do him honor, to the end of the magnificent performance of the symphony when he was recalled again and again. Nor was the orchestra forgotten in the tribute paid. The audience seemed loath to leave the hall.

This program was designed to suit all tastes. For the conservatives there was the brilliant overture with its poetic introduction and its chivalric Allegro with the characteristic Weberian flourishes of bravura; also the symphony dear to Dr. Koussevitzky and to many hearers, among them some who have been brought into the fold by the interpretative genius of the conductor. For those who, respecting the masters of past years, listen eagerly to the music of the contemporaneous school, there was Ravel's Rapsodie which in music, suggested as it is by Spanish pride, melancholy, rhythms, is as Maurice Barres's "Secret of Toledo" and Havelock Ellis's "Soul of Spain" in literature. There was also Hill's "Lilacs," a poetic composition, not too literal in its translation of Miss Lowell's free verse—for there were moments when to one demanding literalism the composer's lilac bushes were at least a hundred feet high—but music expressive of the spirit in which she wrote.

The season has been an interesting one, not "unusually" interesting, for all the seasons of the past half-dozen years have attracted marked attention as one concert followed another, and many have remained fast in the memory. Although the "die-hards," for there are still the poker-backed and those afraid of unfamiliar musical idioms, unwilling to admit that music is in a large measure inspired by the feelings, the sentiments, the materialism or the spirituality, of the years that give it birth—these "hearers"—if only they would hear!—are among us and are voluble in their non-appreciation. Fortunately for the general public, Dr. Koussevitzky is not shaken in his belief that audiences have a right to know what is going on in the musical world; that it is the duty of a conductor to acquaint them with it. No doubt some of the contemporaneous works will be short-lived, if they are not still-born; but prophecy is never safe in matters of art, and if death follows a performance or a few performances, the corpse shows as corpse, modern tendencies unskilfully worked out, or emotion sacrificed for experiments in form, or contrapuntal weavings, or rhythm.

Nearly 50 composers were represented with 83 performances. Beethoven led with six; Strauss followed with five; Brahms, Mozart, Ravel and Sibelius with four each; but the sixth symphony of Sibelius, heard here for the first time, was performed twice, as was Ravel's Bolero, Haydn's symphony (with the horn call, Schoenberg's orchestration of an organ prelude and Fugue by Bach, and the fine symphony by Bax. The names of Fairchild, Gruenberg, Gardner, Martelli, Pick-Mangiagalli, Fournier, Metzler were on the programs for the first time. Eight compositions—by Bax, Dukelsky, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston, Tournier were played for the first time. Seventeen compositions were performed for the first time in Boston. Povla Frijsh, soprano; Messrs. Burgin, Rabinoff, Thibaud, violinists; Iturbi, Prokofieff, Sanroma, Schnabel were the pianists. Mr. Salmond, 'cellist, and Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, made up the list of soloists.

Among the leading features of the season were the second symphony of Bax, Bloch's "Schelomo," Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" and "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," the concert conducted by Glazunov, the charming symphony by Haydn, Lazar's Concerto Grosso, Mr. Iturbi's performance of Liszt's Concerto No. 1, Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis," the performance of Mozart's little symphony in C major, the prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, Prokofieff's playing of his second piano concerto, Mr. Burgin's playing of the violin concerto by Sibelius, the "Apollon Musagete" by Stravinsky, and the remarkable performance of Strauss's "Don Juan" and of Brahm's first symphony. There were admirable performances of other works, led by Dr. Koussevitzky with great gusto and indisputable art.

The guest conductors were Messrs. Burgin, Glazounov, Goossens. Mr. Chadwick's jubilee was appropriately commemorated, nor should the Brahms festival, although only one of the five concerts came in the regular subscription series, be forgotten. The first concert of the 50th season will be on Oct. 10.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
MAY 5 - 1930

Paris Acclaims Philharmonic in Two Concerts

Orchestra Under Toscanini Hailed as Superlative in First European Hearings

Ravel Hears Own Work

Shares Ovation for 'Bolero'; Opera Seats Bring Bonus

From the Herald Tribune Paris Bureau
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PARIS, May 4.—In the second concert of its European tour, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with Arturo Toscanini again conducting, moved the audience in the crowded Opera tonight, to a demonstration even greater than on the previous evening.

The climax came at the end of the French numbers, when Toscanini's treatment of Claude Debussy's "La Mer" and Maurice Ravel's "Bolero," had thrilled the audience. At the conclusion of the Ravel number, the crowd noticed the composer in the audience, and compelled him to share the ovation to Toscanini and the orchestra.

Friends of M. Ravel noted that during the rendition of his composition his head moved in sign of disapproval. Following the concert he admitted to the correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune that he disagreed sharply with Toscanini's interpretation of his (Ravel's) latest creation, stating that the conductor directed too fast—in a tempo of 100, in place of the 70 indicated by the original manuscript. M. Ravel said that he admired and did not question the Italian director's genius as concerned the remainder of the program, reserving approbation of direction of his "Bolero" for Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who "created" it for an orchestra.

Seats Bring Record Premium

Following the performance last night, seats for tonight ranged at previously unheard-of premiums throughout Paris, and hundreds gathered on the steps of the Opera bargaining with ticket speculators. Even M. Ravel was unable to obtain a seat until the last minute, when Eva Gauthier, American soprano, had him seated beside her.

Music circles noted with curiosity that not one American selection figured in Toscanini's two programs.

"Toscanini's orchestra is utterly significant," said Louis Schneider, music critic of "The Paris Herald," European edition of The New York Herald Tribune, following the concert. "There is no further eulogy necessary. It is impossible to say more."

"For the first time in many years," said Miss Gauthier, "there is unbounded sincerity in the reaction of press and public alike on such an occasion. There is no claque and no bias, meerly admiration for greatness."

Third Concert Considered

Included in the audience tonight were Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, and his wife, who is Carlotta Monterey, the singer; Mme. Ganna Walska (Mrs. Harold F. McCormick), Pola Negri, motion picture actress, and James Joyce, author. There was a heavy representation of the diplomatic corps and of Americans.

There is talk of the possibility of a third concert by the orchestra here, following the scheduled end of its tour in London on June 4. From Paris the orchestra goes to Zurich for a concert on Tuesday.

The majority of Parisian critics have not had opportunity to review the orchestra's first concert, but indications of high praise are available.

The newspaper, "L'Intransigeant," this evening praises the orchestra's rendition of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony as "unforgettable," and declares the orchestra to be "of the first rank in the world."

Louis Schneider, of "The Paris Herald," hails the orchestra's performance as a "triumph." According to Parisian custom, other prominent journals will not publish reviews of the concert before tomorrow or the following day.

Tonal Beauties "Recreated"

"If ever it were a duty to pronounce the word 'triumph,'" says M. Schneider in "The Paris Herald," "it is a duty so to describe this soiree at the Opera where the great Maestro Toscanini presented to the public his 114 executants and where he himself revealed to us or, rather, created anew for our astonished, charmed and enraptured ears a program of compositions which are quite familiar but which he has made his own. The miracle of the concert was that Toscanini, who arrived in Paris only last Thursday, was obliged to adapt himself and his orchestra to a hall wherein neither he nor his executants had been accustomed to work.

"The moment Toscanini took his place on the podium we were won by his simplicity. While so many conductors go into theatrical gestures and flourishes, rising on tiptoe to the intensity of the sonorities, he barely raises his left arm. The nuances, the pianissimi, are the features of his art. Toscanini is not the maestro of tradition who impresses by breadth of shoulder or length of hair. His gestures are delicate and refined. His manner is energetic, but never cut and dried. He gives merely the impression of a fervent musician preoccupied solely with expression of the work he is conducting—almost seeking self-effacement before works which must emerge above the conductor and his executants.

"This simplicity, this sincerity, this lack of melodramatic attitudes, gives the exact image of how he distinguished his manner of conducting from that of others. We became aware of it as soon as he launched into the first measure of the 'Eroica.' What a lesson was conveyed by an adagio movement without heavy slowness, but with pathetic, poignant nobility! What lightness in the scherzo! The finale was conducted with a quivering ardor which was life itself. That is what Toscanini has understood and what he has inspired in his executants, what he conveys to his audience."

"Tristan" Excerpts Bring Tribute

Of the rendition of Mendelssohn's Scherzo from the incidental music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," M. Schneider says that it "seemed to be the height of orchestral perfection," continuing: "It required the really masterly execution of Prelude and 'Liebestod' from 'Tristan and Isolde,' to transport us into regions beyond whither this musical genius had wandered. The 'Leitmotif of Death,' as sung by the symphonic ensemble, will long echo in our enraptured memories."

According to the music critic of "L'Intransigeant": "Those who were present at the Opera last night never will forget the admirable interpretation of the 'Eroica' symphony. The style of execution is its simplicity. There is no vain searching, no stress upon details to the prejudice of the ensemble."

This critic adds: "With Toscanini the musical discourse unfolds clearly, luminously, with the nuances pathetic and with an accent of verity such that not for a moment does the listener say to himself, 'What an adroit man is Toscanini!' but solely, 'What beautiful music!' I would be much embarrassed to explain in what the funeral march of the 'Eroica' differed from those we have known in the most careful trans-

lations. Always it was that with Toscanini it attained a degree of nobility and emotion to which the most specialized leaders until now have not raised it."

The rendition of the Mendelssohn scherzo, according to "L'Intransigeant," "affirmed the splendid qualities of the New York orchestra. Composed of carefully selected virtuosi, it represents in the musical world an organization of the first rank. Toscanini has in it a most docile and intelligent interpreter of his thoughts."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TELEGRAM
MAY 9 - 19

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...BORN.

...Boston Sym... regarded as ... classical sym... is country. In ... since Serge Koussevitzky took up its baton, there has been a change. The Boston orchestra has become a particularly persistent and even daring purveyor of the new.

It has now completed its forty-ninth season, and the statistics of that season, as given by the authoritative Philip Hale in the Boston Herald, are of no less interest to us New Yorkers than to the citizens of the Hub.

On the twenty-four programs offered nearly fifty composers were represented in eighty-eight performances. Despite Mr. Koussevitzky's modernism, Beethoven heads the list with six. Next comes Richard Strauss with five.

Mozart, Brahms, Sibelius and Ravel scored four each; but the sixth symphony of Sibelius, a novelty in Boston, was performed twice, as were Ravel's "Bolero," Haydn's symphony "with the horn call," Schoenberg's orchestration of an organ prelude and fugue by Bach and the new symphony of Arnold Bax.

Composers whose names had not previously figured at Boston Symphony concerts were Fairchild, Gruenberg, Gardner, Martelli, Pick-Mangiagalli, Tournier and Metzler. Eight compositions by Bax, Dukelsky, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston and Tournier were played for the first time.

The valedictory program was certainly eclectic in makeup. It comprised Weber's "Oberon" overture, Hill's "Lilacs" (after a poem by Amy Lowell), Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and the first symphony of Brahms.

"Fortunately for the general public," says Mr. Hale, "Dr. Koussevitzky is not shaken in his belief that audiences have a right to know what is going on in the musical world; that it is the duty of a conductor to acquaint them with it. No doubt some of the contemporaneous works will be short-lived, if they are not still-born; but prophecy is never safe in matters of art."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
FILM DAILY
MAY 5 - 1930

Vernon Duke, who recently joined the Paramount New York studio music staff, to write special numbers for "Heads Up" and "The Sap From Syracuse," is known on the Continent as Vladimir Dukelsky. His latest symphony was given for the first ...mphony, last ...vation. Duke ...ssian aristoc... great deal of ...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LEWISTON, ME.
SUN

Musical Notes

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PRESENTS SEASON'S FINAL CONCERT IN CAMBRIDGE

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its last Cambridge concert of the season last Friday evening, the Boston Transcript comments that no work for the evening fared better than Mr. Hill's tone-poem "Lilacs," after a poem of the same name by the late Amy Lowell. "And the applause was more than tribute to a fellow townsman."

Lilacs was well received when it was first played three years ago. One could read that it marked a milestone in Professor Hill's career as a composer. Fresh hearing only confirms and strengthens those impressions. 'Lilacs' derives (as the phrase goes) from no other composer—though it might possibly have taken somewhat different form had not Debussy done his work. It is in an idiom that has its roots deeply in Mr. Hill's New England ancestry, which has since become more pronounced in the composer's more recent symphony. It is an almost perfect expression of subtle moods born of Miss Lowell's beautiful poem. It is well made beyond the surmise of the casual listener. In several seasons' "novelties" nothing has excelled it in the artistic certainty of its craftsmanship. Add to this craftsmanship a "musicality" to match, a highly poetic idea to be expressed, and the reason for the enthusiasm of the audience becomes apparent.

"It had been preceded by a particularly captivating performance of the overture to 'Oberon.' The mysterious horn call at once set the atmosphere. The lyric melodies sang expressively. The fairy measures tripped more lightly than most fairies (manipulated of course by mere humans) are wont to trip. The bustle and excitements of passage after passage made telling effect. Audience no less than orchestra were transported to the land of fairy make-believe in which Weber would have had them dwell. A right beginning is sometimes half the battle in a program. It disposes listeners the better to receive. No more propitious beginning have been made than with this overture.

"And after 'Lilacs' had in its subtler way sustained the high expectations roused by 'Oberon,' there followed the four divisions of Ravel's 'Spanish Rhapsody,'—the mysterious prelude, 'To the Night,' the dances Malaguena and Habanera, the final brilliant 'Feria.' Again, at the beginning, a study in subtleties and in perfumes, in impressions and in fleeting half-realized emotions. To follow it, Ravel, in his own personal manner with the Spanish dances the almost improvisational Malaguena the more definitely rhythmed Habanera. And finally all the brilliances, and the sparkle and verve of the 'Feria.' Again the orchestra responded with a will, the conductor illumined a score. And a rhapsodic suite rounded out a half-program that had auspiciously been brought thus far on its way.

"For the other half, Brahms's second symphony. In this Brahmsian year it is perhaps futile to add comment upon a brahms symphony. For the season Brahms has come into his own in a manner unpredictable even ten years ago. And the season is no more than culmination of Dr. Koussevitzky's way with Brahms. The composer is a high favorite with the conductor. To no other composer, not even the contemporaries whom he takes under his wing, has he done greater service. One could not imagine better performance of the symphony. That the audience was also thus persuaded was evident.

"No concert this season aroused more enthusiasm. Mingled with the enthusiasm were rites of the season's farewell. As has happened more than once, applause did not subside at the intermission until the conductor bade the men rise in acknowledgment. When the same scene was repeated at the end of the concert, the audience, to a man, rose with the orchestra. Those who were closely watching Dr. Koussevitzky must have noticed that this tribute more than casually affected him; as his listeners appreciated his work, so he deeply appreciated their expression of approval. Thus the Cambridge season of 1929-30 passed into history."

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ork Times

Concert-Chronicle

may 5 Trans

Exeunt Omnes

THE matinée public, at the final Symphony Concert of the year 1929-30, manifested (as the French have it) at every opportunity. The evening public reserved its heavy firing (to write again in figures) until the end. True, the audience of Saturday hailed the entering Koussevitzky as eagerly as had that of Friday; rose more spontaneously; clapped not a whit less long and loud. Through the first half of the concert, however, it took music, performance, conductor and orchestra rather for granted. The superlative delivery of the Overture to "Oberon" kindled it to no excitement. It was interested rather than impressed with Mr. Hill's "Lilacs" and Monsieur Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody,' though the latter piece was played with more rhythmic "edge" and vivid color than on Friday. There was reason to note that, while from many of Mr. Hill's measures sound the blooming, blowing lilacs of his poet, others are finely touched with quiet affection for this flower of New England and for the soil that bred it, because as Miss Lowell wrote, "My roots are in it." Possibly, also, Ravel's music is too little sensuous by conventional Spanish prescriptions, immediately to impress the ear. His night-piece, for example, is restless and rough-coated; whereas Debussy's, in "Iberia," is smooth and perfumed. So adept and subtle is Ravel's workmanship that not a detail fails to "come through." Yet they are so many and often so scintillant that the ear is dazzled rather than illuded.

The second part of the program brought Brahms's First Symphony and, after three-quarters of an hour of rapt listening, the deluge. Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled time and again; the standing audience saluted him; he saluted the standing orchestra. A blue-ribboned wreath, with a gilt-lettered sentiment, was handed up, along with other flowers; while throughout the concert a bunch of deep-red roses had lain beside the conductor's platform. There were general shouts—twice over. The much-clasped hand of Mr. Burgin was again warmly grasped. One triumphant devotee—a member of the orchestra conniving—possessed herself of Dr. Koussevitzky's baton—new incident on such occasions. The time-keepers reported two minutes more than on Friday—and much louder.

H. T. P.

Keep Them Unlessened

With the end of the Symphony Concerts comes also the end, for the while, of the weekly lectures at the Public Library about the programs. They will be resumed next autumn; but it is not so certain that the accompanying "reference lists" will again be printed and distributed. The available appropriation for such purposes is limited and it may be applied elsewhere. If so, there will be general regret among the frequenters of the lectures, the studious at the concerts, the libraries and the private persons in other cities who have regularly received these lists. The prestige of the Brown Music Library as a source of information and encouragement has risen high and spread wide under the present curator, Mr. Richard Appel. It would be a pity to have it diminished by the abandonment of these bibliographies, in their kind little models of compilation.

Perhaps a summarizing note on the fly-leaf of the last was written with a thought of this possibility. It runs:

This lecture marks the conclusion of the sixth season of the lectures on the programs of the Boston Symphony Concerts. Begun in the year that marked the beginning of the Koussevitzky conductorship, these lectures have sought to fill a long-felt need in making familiar to the ever changing public the glories of symphonic music. Twenty-seven different instructors have co-operated in explaining the one hundred and twenty-four concerts. This does not count the eighteen composers who have presented their own works and some fourteen artists who have assisted.

The biographies listing the editions of the works to be played and critnciams thereon, together with a list of phonograph recordings and player-piano rolls have been prepared each week and distributed both at the library and by mail to all members of the class as well as to other libraries and interested individuals. The number of enrollments for the six years was 2138.

6 murder,

Transcript May 7

At the second concert in Paris by Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, Ravel's "Bolero" was on the program. By word of the Paris Correspondent of the Herald Tribune, the composer "disagreed sharply" with the conductor's version, saying that he took it too fast—"at a tempo of 100, instead of the 70 indicated in the score." Monsieur Ravel "reserved his approbation for 'Bolero' as directed by Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1930

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 24th and last concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall; last with the exception of the repetition tonight. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon." Hill, "Lilacs" (after a poem by Amy Lowell). Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnolle. Brahms, Symphony No. 1.

A year ago the program of the final concert was arranged by popular vote. "Request" programs are amusing for they show the taste of the majority of the audience: in some instances, the poor taste, a conductor might say. Dr. Koussevitzky formed the program of yesterday to please himself. He at the same time gave the audience great pleasure, for enthusiasm reigned from the time he came on the platform, when the audience stood to do him honor, to the end of the magnificent performance of the symphony when he was recalled again and again. Nor was the orchestra forgotten in the tribute paid. The audience seemed loath to leave the hall.

This program was designed to suit all tastes. For the conservatives there was the brilliant overture with its poetic introduction and its chivalric Allegro with the characteristic Weberian flourishes of bravura; also the symphony dear to Dr. Koussevitzky and to many hearers, among them some who have been brought into the fold by the interpretative genius of the conductor. For those who, respecting the masters of past years, listen eagerly to the music of the contemporaneous school, there was Ravel's Rapsodie which in music, suggested as it is by Spanish pride, melancholy, rhythms, is as Maurice Barres's "Secret of Toledo" and Havelock Ellis's "Soul of Spain" in literature. There was also Hill's "Lilacs," a poetic composition, not too literal in its translation of Miss Lowell's free verse—for there were moments when to one demanding literalism the composer's lilac bushes were at least a hundred feet high—but music expressive of the spirit in which she wrote.

The season has been an interesting one, not "unusually" interesting, for all the seasons of the past half-dozen years have attracted marked attention as one concert followed another, and many have remained fast in the memory. Although the "die-hards," for there are still the poker-backed and those afraid of unfamiliar musical idioms, unwilling to admit that music is in a large measure inspired by the feelings, the sentiments, the materialism or the spirituality, of the years that give it birth—these "hearers"—if only they would hear!—are among us and are voluble in their non-appreciation. Fortunately for the general public, Dr. Koussevitzky is not shaken in his belief that audiences have a right to know what is going on in the musical world; that it is the duty of a conductor to acquaint them with it. No doubt some of the contemporaneous works will be short-lived, if they are not still-born; but prophecy is never safe in matters of art, and if death follows a performance or a few performances, the corpse shows as corpse, modern tendencies unskilfully worked out, or emotion sacrificed for experiments in form, or contrapuntal weavings, or rhythm.

Nearly 50 composers were represented with 88 performances. Beethoven led with six; Strauss followed with five; Brahms, Mozart, Ravel and Sibelius with four each; but the sixth symphony of Sibelius, heard here for the first time, was performed twice, as was Ravel's Bolero, Haydn's symphony (with the horn call, Schoenberg's orchestration of an organ prelude and Fugue by Bach, and the fine symphony by Bax. The names of Fairchild, Gruenberg, Gardner, Martelli, Pick-Mangiagalli, Fournier, Metzler were on the programs for the first time. Eight compositions—by Bax, Dukelsky, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston, Tournier were played for the first time. Seventeen compositions were performed for the first time in Boston. Povla Frijsh, soprano; Messrs. Burgin, Rabinoff, Thibaud, violinists; Iturbi, Prokofieff, Sanroma, Schnabel were the pianists. Mr. Salmond, 'cellist, and Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, made up the list of soloists.

Among the leading features of the season were the second symphony of Bax, Bloch's "Schelomo," Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" and "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," the concert conducted by Glazunov, the charming symphony by Haydn, Lazar's Concerto Grosso, Mr. Iturbi's performance of Liszt's Concerto No. 1, Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis," the performance of Mozart's little symphony in C major, the prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli, Prokofieff's playing of his second piano concerto, Mr. Burgin's playing of the violin concerto by Sibelius, the "Apollon Musagete" by Stravinsky, and the remarkable performance of Strauss's "Don Juan" and of Brahm's first symphony. There were admirable performances of other works, led by Dr. Koussevitzky with great gusto and indisputable art.

The guest conductors were Messrs. Burgin, Glazounov, Goossens. Mr. Chadwick's jubilee was appropriately commemorated, nor should the Brahms festival, although only one of the five concerts came in the regular subscription series, be forgotten. The first concert of the 50th season will be on Oct. 10.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

MAY 5 - 1930

First European Hearings

Ravel Hears Own Work

Shares Ovation for 'Bolero'; Opera Seats Bring Bonus

From the Herald Tribune Paris Bureau
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PARIS, May 4.—In the second concert of its European tour, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with Arturo Toscanini again conducting, moved the audience in the crowded Opera tonight, to a demonstration even greater than on the previous evening.

The climax came at the end of the French numbers, when Toscanini's treatment of Claude Debussy's "La Mer" and Maurice Ravel's "Bolero," had thrilled the audience. At the conclusion of the Ravel number, the crowd noticed the composer in the audience, and compelled him to share the ovation to Toscanini and the orchestra.

Friends of M. Ravel noted that during the rendition of his composition his head moved in sign of disapproval. Following the concert he admitted to the correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune that he disagreed sharply with Toscanini's interpretation of his (Ravel's) latest creation, stating that the conductor directed too fast—in a tempo of 100, in place of the 70 indicated by the original manuscript. M. Ravel said that he admired and did not question the Italian director's genius as concerned the remainder of the program, reserving approbation of direction of his "Bolero" for Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston [illegible] Orchestra, who "created" it for an orchestra.

Seats Bring Record Premium

Following the performance last night, seats for tonight ranged at previously unheard-of premiums throughout Paris, and hundreds gathered on the steps of the Opera bargaining with ticket speculators. Even M. Ravel was unable to obtain a seat until the last minute, when Eva Gauthier, American soprano, had him seated beside her.

Music circles noted with curiosity that not one American selection figured in Toscanini's two programs.

"Toscanini's orchestra is utterly significant," said Louis Schneider, music critic of "The Paris Herald," European edition of The New York Herald Tribune, following the concert. "There is no further eulogy necessary. It is impossible to say more."

"For the first time in many years," said Miss Gauthier, "there is unbounded sincerity in the reaction of press and public alike on such an occasion. There is no claque and no bias, meerly admiration for greatness."

Third Concert Considered

Included in the audience tonight were Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, and his wife, who is Carlotta Monterey, the singer; Mme. Ganna Walska (Mrs. Harold F. McCormick), Pola Negri, motion picture actress, and James Joyce, author. There was a heavy representation of the diplomatic corps and of Americans.

There is talk of the possibility of a third concert by the orchestra here, following the scheduled end of its tour in London on June 4. From Paris the orchestra goes to Zurich for a concert on Tuesday.

The majority of Parisian critics have not had opportunity to review the orchestra's first concert, but indications of high praise are available.

The newspaper, "L'Intransigeant," this evening praises the orchestra's rendition of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony as "unforgettable," and declares the orchestra to be "of the first rank in the world."

Louis Schneider, of "The Paris Herald," hails the orchestra's performas a "triumph." According to Parisian custom, other prominent journals will not publish reviews of the concert before tomorrow or the following day.

Tonal Beauties "Recreated"

"If ever it were a duty to pronounce the word 'triumph,'" says M. Schneider in "The Paris Herald," "it is a duty so to describe this soiree at the Opera where the great Maestro Toscanini presented to the public his 114 executants and where he himself revealed to us or, rather, created anew for our astonished, charmed and enraptured ears a program of compositions which are quite familiar but which he has made his own. The miracle of the concert was that Toscanini, who arrived in Paris only last Thursday, was obliged to adapt himself and his orchestra to a hall wherein neither he nor his executants had been accustomed to work.

"The moment Toscanini took his place on the podium we were won by his simplicity. While so many conductors go into theatrical gestures and flourishes, rising on tiptoe to the intensity of the sonorities, he barely raises his left arm. The nuances, the pianissimi, are the features of his art. Toscanini is not the maestro of tradition who impresses by breadth of shoulder or length of hair. His gestures are delicate and refined. His manner is energetic, but never cut and dried. He gives merely the impression of a fervent musician preoccupied solely with expression of the work he is conducting—almost seeking self-effacement before works which must emerge above the conductor and his executants.

"This simplicity, this sincerity, this lack of melodramatic attitudes, gives the exact image of how he distinguished his manner of conducting from that of others. We became aware of it as soon as he launched into the first measure of the 'Eroica.' What a lesson was conveyed by an adagio movement without heavy slowness, but with pathetic, poignant nobility! What lightness in the scherzo! The finale was conducted with a quivering ardor which was life itself. That is what Toscanini has understood and what he has inspired in his executants, what he conveys to his audience."

"Tristan" Excerpts Bring Tribute

Of the rendition of Mendelssohn's Scherzo from the incidental music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," M. Schneider says that it "seemed to be the height of orchestral perfection," continuing: "It required the really masterly execution of Prelude and 'Liebestod' from 'Tristan and Isolde,' to transport us into regions beyond whither this musical genius had wandered. The 'Leitmotif of Death,' as sung by the symphonic ensemble, will long echo in our enraptured memories."

According to the music critic of "L'Intransigeant": "Those who were present at the Opera last night never will forget the admirable interpretation of the 'Eroica' symphony. The style of execution is its simplicity. There is no vain searching, no stress upon details to the prejudice of the ensemble."

This critic adds: "With Toscanini the musical discourse unfolds clearly, luminously, with the nuances pathetic and with an accent of verity such that not for a moment does the listener say to himself, 'What an adroit man is Toscanini!' but solely, 'What beautiful music!' I would be much embarrassed to explain in what the funeral march of the 'Eroica' differed from those we have known in the most careful trans-

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK TELEGRAM

MAY 9 - 1930

Koussevitzky Mixes Periods

By PITTS SANBORN.

For decades the Boston Symphony Orchestra was regarded as the conservator of the classical symphonic tradition in this country. In the last few years, since Serge Koussevitzky took up its baton, there has been a change. The Boston orchestra has become a particularly persistent and even daring purveyor of the new.

It has now completed its forty-ninth season, and the statistics of that season, as given by the authoritative Philip Hale in the Boston Herald, are of no less interest to us New Yorkers than to the citizens of the Hub.

On the twenty-four programs offered nearly fifty composers were represented in eighty-eight performances. Despite Mr. Koussevitzky's modernism, Beethoven heads the list with six. Next comes Richard Strauss with five.

Mozart, Brahms, Sibelius and Ravel scored four each; but the sixth symphony of Sibelius, a novelty in Boston, was performed twice, as were Ravel's "Bolero," Haydn's symphony "with the horn call," Schoenberg's orchestration of an organ prelude and fugue by Bach and the new symphony of Arnold Bax.

Composers whose names had not previously figured at Boston Symphony concerts were Fairchild, Gruenberg, Gardner, Martelli, Pick-Mangiagalli, Tournier and Metzler. Eight compositions by Bax, Dukelsky, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston and Tournier were played for the first time.

The valedictory program was certainly eclectic in makeup. It comprised Weber's "Oberon" overture, Hill's "Lilacs" (after a poem by Amy Lowell), Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and the first symphony of Brahms.

"Fortunately for the general public," says Mr. Hale, "Dr. Koussevitzky is not shaken in his belief that audiences have a right to know what is going on in the musical world; that it is the duty of a conductor to acquaint them with it. No doubt some of the contemporaneous works will be short-lived, if they are not still-born; but prophecy is never safe in matters of art."

THIS CLIPPING FROM

FILM DAILY

MAY 5 - 1930

Vernon Duke, who recently joined the Paramount New York studio music staff, to write special numbers for "Heads Up" and "The Sap From Syracuse," is known on the Continent as Vladimir Dukelsky. His latest symphony was given for the first time by the Boston Symphony, last week, and received an ovation. Duke is a member of the Russian aristocracy and has spent a great deal of time in England.

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"And after 'Lilacs' had in its subtler way sustained the high expectations roused by 'Oberon,' there followed the four divisions of Ravel's 'Spanish Rhapsody,'—the mysterious prelude, 'To the Night,' the dances Malaguena and Habanera, the final brilliant 'Feria.' Again, at the beginning, a study in subtleties and in perfumes, in impressions and in fleeting half-realized emotions. To follow it, Ravel, in his own personal manner with the Spanish dances, the almost improvisational Malaguena, the more definitely rhythmed Habanera. And finally all the brilliances, and the sparkle and verve of the 'Feria.' Again the orchestra responded with a will, the conductor illumined a score. And a rhapsodic suite rounded out a half-program that had auspiciously been brought thus far on its way.

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4 M *NY World May 11/30

CONCERTS OF

Concert Pitch

Conductorial Caricatures

By Samuel Chotzinoff

STOKOWSKI

BEFORE you know it he has emerged from backstage, skirted the first violins, jumped lightly on to the podium, inclined his head hastily toward the applause of those in the audience who had perceived his swift progress from the wings and who had time to bring their palms together in greeting, raised his stick and evoked the opening sounds of the overture, symphony or what-not he has elected to play first. Only a second has elapsed between his not being there at all and his active assumption of leadership, but in that second his personality had registered on his admirers as effectively as an image on a photographic plate. The tall, lithe figure, with its firmly poised blond head and small, sensitive mouth hastens toward his platform with the self-conscious stride of one who cannot feel himself at ease until he has his back toward us and his eyes on his orchestra. This walk from the seclusion of the greenroom to the haven of the podium is obviously a trial, a running of the gantlet. Yet he knows that the several thousand pairs of eyes that will follow him will reflect admiration, not censure. What is it, then, that he fears? Why is he so eager to plunge his chattering, unconscious audience into music, without the customary moment for adjustment?

Now the music is on and the audience is technically free to regard the steely grace of the leader in action. His actions are exigent and passionate and his profile, when he turns toward the first fiddles or the cellos, burns not only with the emotion of the moment but also with a consciousness of the scene in which he is the chief actor: The house packed with smart people, the splendor of his orchestra, his power over his men, his imperial exactions in the cause of beauty and the spectacular harmony existing between his person and his high calling.

His gestures, rapierlike, or suave with the flexibility of velvet-covered steel, visibly enhance the music, yet they are not without the suspicion of artifice; as if, in the very moment of their release, the brain that conceived them had wondered what impression they would make on a beholder. His bow, when the music is over, is a baffling genuflection. It seems to say in one breath "I thank you—thank you for nothing—you are very kind—what can you know of what I have accomplished—I am grateful—I have been casting pearls—thank you."

* * *

KOUSSEVITZKY

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY was once the wonder of the world. At the end of the late war it was listed in the class of the maimed and wounded. Frenchmen were imported to cure it, but their ministrations proved to be the medicine of diplomacy. The directors decided to try something Russian and engaged Mr. Serge Koussevitzky. Mr. Koussevitzky was celebrated as a phenomenal virtuoso on the double bass who, having acquired wealth, assembled an orchestra, chartered a boat and sailed the Volga, bringing symphonic culture to the unlettered inhabitants of the banks of this famous stream. Mr. Koussevitzky arrived in Boston, captured the allegiance of the town without a struggle and, coming to Carnegie Hall, was greeted by the public and the press as the resuscitator of the comatose Bostonians.

And now again, as in pre-war days, the Boston Orchestra fills Carnegie Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky has turned the trick—and knows it. There is a unanimous rattle of applause as the elegant doctor makes his appearance, a tribute which has time to grow into a demonstration while he walks leisurely to his platform. He is sleek, and his form is tailored to perfection. He walks like a General who, after having achieved a colossal victory, is prevailed upon to exhibit himself to his grateful countrymen. He knows the psychology that actuates mobs; he also knows his own worth. Before mounting his stand he faces the adoring multitude and remains immovable, as if waiting for the applause to rise to proportions sufficiently magnificent to merit his acknowledgment. The thunder having grown large, the doctor lifts his head to the gallery and draws an arc by lowering it (the head) to the first row of the orchestra, a geometrical procedure which is repeated as often as the general enthusiasm warrants it.

The doctor expects a conscious silence from the auditorium before he gives his men the signal to begin. This signal is accomplished by his raising both arms very slowly, as if with this action he was actually drawing up the spirit of silence from the cellar to the ceiling. The atmosphere is that proper to a seance, and at the psychological moment the doctor, who is the medium, releases the scheduled phenomena. He addresses himself primarily to the instruments seated on his right and left; in consequence of which the listeners have always before them one or the other side of his face. These profiles are charged with unusual feeling, the outward expression of the doctor's consuming reactions to the music he invokes. His exhortations to the first and second fiddle sections are visible to the audience, yet there is that in his beseeching attitude that says: "My frenzy is being watched by a full house—give all that you can—press your fingers and draw your bows with all the strength you have—and do not omit to look up at me whenever convenient."

* * *

TOSCANINI

THE little maestro walks to his place with the unconcern of one who has been hired to do a job of work. He carries his stick under his arm, like a tool, hops with youthful agility onto his platform, takes his bow soberly, turns to his men and waits for silence. When he is ready to begin he gives the cello stand in front of him a resounding whack. His gestures are unmethodical and unpremeditated, seeming to be dictated by the musical demands of the moment. His right arm describes right angles and circles; his left does a variety of things, from indicating entrances to eliciting tone, the latter of which is achieved by the naive pressure of the thumb against the region of the heart.

At the conclusion of a movement the conductor puts his stick under his arm, takes out a large handkerchief and mops his face and the top of his head energetically. If the night is warm and the music exacting he extends the drying process to the back of his neck, which he rubs thoroughly and efficiently in full view of 3,000 people. At the end of the concert he takes as many recalls as he thinks his performance merited; then, though the acclaim is still at its peak, he surreptitiously pinches the concert master's arm, a prearranged signal which disperses the band, and the concert is over.

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Fiedler's programs for the Pops, printed today in this department, show that he wishes to keep something, as much, perhaps, as he can, of the spirit of musical progress imparted to these concerts in Mr Casella's regime. He is compelled to make the bulk of his programs of oldstandbys for box office purposes, but there will be a few crumbs of comfort for the musical highbrows. The Cecilia Society Chorus of which Mr Fiedler is the present conductor, will appear Wednesday night in music by Musorgsky, Borodin and Henschel. Some folk dances arranged by Bela Bartok are on Monday's program, some de Falla on Thursday's, and so it goes. Rolland Tapley, a Boston violinist who has for some years played in the Symphony orchestra, will play the finale of the Mendelssohn concerto Saturday night, and, in his capacity as musical director at a camp, direct the singing of a camp song. This, like the other special nights, is open to the public.

Russian Leader Sailed Wednesday; Returns October 10

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra has concluded its forty-ninth season. Dr. Serge Koussevitzky sailed for Europe Wednesday, and will return to open the fiftieth anniversary season of the orchestra, Oct. 10. This will be the seventh American season of the Russian conductor. Subsequent to the orchestral season, a summer season of "Pop" concerts in Symphony Hall will be given under the leadership of Arthur Fiedler.

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TOSCANINI I

Early Reactions to the phony Tour—Orchest

By OLIN DOWNES.

IT is not easy to separate the wheat from the chaff of cable reports of musical performances overseas. But the concerts given by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in Paris on May 3 and 4 appear to have elicited much the same enthusiasm from the general public and from discriminating sources in [illegible] press that the To[illegible]

Chicago Tribune May 8

Americans Lead In Music Appreciation, Says Koussevitsky

Boston Symphony Head In Paris For Concert; Orchestra Coming

The American people have a greater appreciation of music than any other race in the world. In no other country do artists find more appreciative audiences.

That is the opinion of Sergei Koussevitsky, the famous conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who arrived in Paris last night after crossing on the Mauretania. In a brief interview, in his home on the Rue Conseiller Collignon, last night, M. Koussevitsky told of the tremendous enthusiasm which dominates musical America today.

"The reception given to visiting artists and to new compositions by American musical audiences is really overwhelming," declared M. Koussevitsky. "It is not true that women make up the greater part of these audiences. In every audience, one sees an equally large group of men who are eagerly seeking to understand and to know music.

"There are twenty first class orchestras in America, isn't that astonishing? In those twenty orchestras, there are three that are perfect. Well, with so many excellent concerts being given every season, it is easy to understand what is taking place in America. The people are beginning to know and to appreciate the best in music. Every school has an orchestra, every city has its orchestra. The children are being educated to love and to understand the works of the great composers.

"In Europe one finds that the audiences are made up of a select group of people. In America, the audiences are made up of the mass of people. America is wealthy and with its wealth, it is establishing a culture among its people. The people have a great desire to know and to understand."

According to M. Koussevitsky, Igor Stravinsky has exerted a greater influence on American music than any other modern composer. He declared that the modern American school of composers was following in the footsteps of this great master.

M. Koussevitsky believes that jazz is a thing of the past. He declared that the compositions in syncopated music today were inferior to these works created in the past.

"American composers no longer find jazz a suitable medium of expression," he observed. " Jazz creations today are really mediocre compared to what has been done in syncopated music before."

M. Koussevitsky will conduct at the Opera on June 12. He will return to Boston in July for three days and come back to Paris again. Next season, the Boston Symphony orchestra will come abroad to make a six week's tour of the Continent.

Boston Symphony Programs

The program book of the final pair of Boston Symphony concerts each season contains elaborate lists and summaries of the works performed that year. Similar statistics are published in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York for the great orchestras in those cities. Some comparisons and comment on these programs may tend to show whether the current remarks about the music Boston is permitted by Dr Koussevitzky to hear have any justification. Do we hear too few classics? Is the American composer neglected? Do we hear too much modern music?

First, about the classics. A fair test of these is the performances of symphonies by Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms. In Boston we had in the subscription series of 24 Fridays and 24 Saturdays the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the Beethoven symphonies, the first, second, and third of the Brahms symphonies, and from Mozart the E flat and an early symphony in C.

In Philadelphia, in 30 pairs of concerts, the audiences heard the third, fifth, seventh and eighth of the Beethoven symphonies; the first, second, and fourth by Brahms, and by Mozart only an early one in D major (K 385).

In Chicago, in 28 pairs of concerts, the audiences heard only two Beethoven symphonies; and of the Mozart symphonies only the E flat.

A comparison more extended in scope of the programs in these three cities would only confirm what this brief one shows, that Dr Koussevitzky gave his audiences as much, if not more, music by the great classic composers than Mr Stock in Chicago, or Mr Stokowski and his colleagues in Philadelphia.

The New York concerts of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra are arranged in series much shorter than those in the other three cities, and do not lend themselves to exact comparison. In 10 different subscription series in New York and Brooklyn, including 99 concerts in all, Mr Tescanini, Mr Mengleberg, and guest conductors, gave 13 different works by Beethoven (not all symphonies) and nine works by Mozart, and six by Brahms.

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Provincial New York

New York, which hears much less music by American composers at its orchestral concerts than is played in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, not to mention several lesser musical capitals, can hardly claim to be the chief musical center of the United States judged by what in other Nations has always been the chief test, the performance of new works by the composers of the Nation.

It is not, by the way, always clear just which composers are to be counted as Americans. In the tables above resident composers like Bloch and Goossens, who grew up and won reputations abroad before coming here, are omitted and only Americans by birth or by residence for most of their lives in the United States are counted as American.

Finally, about modern music by foreigners. In Boston we had in the regular series performances of works by living composers not Americans as follows. If the title is given for a work that indicates the first Boston performance. Symphony No. 2 Bax (played at two pairs of concerts, "Schelomo," Bloch; two works by de Falla; Second Symphony, Dukelsky; three works by Glazunov (all conducted by the composer); Concertino, Goossens; Concerto grosso, Lazar; "Assylian Bas Reliefs," Martelli; Prelude and Fugue, Pick-Mangiagalli; Piano Concerto No. 2, and another work ("Scythian Suite") Prokofieff; Bolero (repeated) and three other works, Ravel; "Feste Romane," and another work ("Pines of Rome"), Respighi; Sixth Symphony and two other works, Sibelius; Interlude from "Intermezzo," and four other works, Richard Strauss. Two works by Stravinsky; "Feerie," Tournier; an overture by Walton; Symphonic Dance, Wetzler.

In Chicago the composers and number of works were as follows: Atterberg, 1; Bloch, 3; Bessi, 1; Dohnanyi, 1; Enesco, 1; Glazunov, 5; Gramatte, 2; Holst, 1; Honegger, 2; d'Indy, 2; Kodaly, 1; McEwen, 1; Miaskovsky, 2; Pederewski, 1; Pick-Mangiagalli, 1; Pizzetti, 1; Prokofieff, 2; Rachmaninoff, 1; Ravel, 5; Respighi, 2; Georg Schumann, 2; Richard Strauss, 5; Stravinsky, 1; Szymanowski, 1; Tansman, 2, Tommassini, 1; Walton, 1.

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To summarize, Boston heard 33 works, by 18 living foreign composers; Chicago heard 49 works by 27 living composers not Americans; and Philadelphia heard 28 works, by 18 such composers. It is Mr Stock in Chicago, and not Dr Koussevitzky, who offers his audiences the greatest amount, and one may add, the most wide ranging and impartial choice of modern pieces. Philadelphia heard less than any of the other cities enumerated. Again New York has no claim to be the principal musical center in the United States, since such cities as Cincinnati and Minneapolis listen each year to as much or more modern orchestral music as our beautiful metropolis hears at its orchestral concerts. Were it not that the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras perform some of their modern pieces, which their own cities hear beforehand, of course, at their respective series of 10 New York concerts, Manhattan would be even worse off. Like Washington it is at the mercy of visiting orchestras, since it has none of its own willing to play much modern music.

This is the list of modern novelties played by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, not including repetitions of works already given in New York. Under Mr Mengelberg, Sinfonietta, Bernard Wagenaar; under Mr Molinari, Suite from the opera "Guilietta e Romeo," Zandonai; under Mr Tescanini; excluding arrangements from the classics, Symphonic Variations, Castelnuovo, Tedesco; Sinfonietta, Goossens; "Summer Evening," Kodaly; Venetian Ronde, Pizzetti; Bolero, Ravel; Venetian Carnival, Tommassini or in all, only eight works by eight composers, as against, to count only novelties, 22 works by 22 composers in Boston.

Dr Koussevitzky's programs, judged by those of his rivals, have this season steered a careful middle course between the wide ranging moderns of Mr Stock and the hidebound conservation that rules in New York.

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CONCERTS OF THE W

Concert Pitch

Conductorial Caricatures

By Samuel Chotzinoff

STOKOWSKI

BEFORE you know it he has emerged from backstage, skirted the first violins, jumped lightly on to the podium, inclined his head hastily toward the applause of those in the audience who had perceived his swift progress from the wings and who had time to bring their palms together in greeting, raised his stick and evoked the opening sounds of the overture, symphony or what-not he has elected to play first. Only a second has elapsed between his not being there at all and his active assumption of leadership, but in that second his personality had registered on his admirers as effectively as an image on a photographic plate. The tall, lithe figure, with its firmly poised blond head and small, sensitive mouth hastens toward his platform with the self-conscious stride of one who cannot feel himself at ease until he has his back toward us and his eyes on his orchestra. This walk from the seclusion of the greenroom to the haven of the podium is obviously a trial, a running of the gantlet. Yet he knows that the several thousand pairs of eyes that will follow him will reflect admiration, not censure. What is it, then, that he fears? Why is he so eager to plunge his chattering, unconscious audience into music, without the customary moment for adjustment?

Now the music is on and the audience is technically free to regard the steely grace of the leader in action. His actions are exigent and passionate and his profile, when he turns toward the first fiddles or the cellos, burns not only with the emotion of the moment but also with a consciousness of the scene in which he is the chief actor: The house packed with smart people, the splendor of his orchestra, his power over his men, his imperial exactions in the cause of beauty and the spectacular harmony existing between his person and his high calling.

His gestures, rapierlike, or suave with the flexibility of velvet-covered steel, visibly enhance the music, yet they are not without the suspicion of artifice; as if, in the very moment of their release, the brain that conceived them had wondered what impression they would make on a beholder. His bow, when the music is over, is a baffling genuflection. It seems to say in one breath "I thank you—thank you for nothing—you are very kind—what can you know of what I have accomplished—I am grateful—I have been casting pearls—thank you."

* * *

KOUSSEVITZKY

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY was once the wonder of the world. At the end of the late war it was listed in the class of the maimed and wounded. Frenchmen were imported to cure it, but their ministrations proved to be the medicine of diplomacy. The directors decided to try something Russian and engaged Mr. Serge Koussevitzky. Mr. Koussevitzky was celebrated as a phenomenal virtuoso on the double bass who, having acquired wealth, assembled an orchestra, chartered a boat and sailed the Volga, bringing symphonic culture to the unlettered inhabitants of the banks of this famous stream. Mr. Koussevitzky arrived in Boston, captured the allegiance of the town without a struggle and, coming to Carnegie Hall, was greeted by the public and the press as the resuscitator of the comatose Bostonians.

And now again, as in pre-war days, the Boston Orchestra fills Carnegie Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky has turned the trick—and knows it. There is a unanimous rattle of applause as the elegant doctor makes his appearance, a tribute which has time to grow into a demonstration while he walks leisurely to his platform. He is sleek, and his form is tailored to perfection. He walks like a General who, after having achieved a colossal victory, is prevailed upon to exhibit himself to his grateful countrymen. He knows the psychology that actuates mobs; he also knows his own worth. Before mounting his stand he faces the adoring multitude and remains immovable, as if waiting for the applause to rise to proportions sufficiently magnificent to merit his acknowledgment. The thunder having grown large, the doctor lifts his head to the gallery and draws an arc by lowering it (the head) to the first row of the orchestra, a geometrical procedure which is repeated as often as the general enthusiasm warrants it.

The doctor expects a conscious silence from the auditorium before he gives his men the signal to begin. This signal is accomplished by his raising both arms very slowly, as if with this action he was actually drawing up the spirit of silence from the cellar to the ceiling. The atmosphere is that proper to a seance, and at the psychological moment the doctor, who is the medium, releases the scheduled phenomena. He addresses himself primarily to the instruments seated on his right and left; in consequence of which the listeners have always before them one or the other side of his face. These profiles are charged with unusual feeling, the outward expression of the doctor's consuming reactions to the music he invokes. His exhortations to the first and second fiddle sections are visible to the audience, yet there is that in his beseeching attitude that says: "My frenzy is being watched by a full house—give all that you can—press your fingers and draw your bows with all the strength you have—and do not omit to look up at me whenever convenient."

* * *

TOSCANINI

THE little maestro walks to his place with the unconcern of one who has been hired to do a job of work. He carries his stick under his arm, like a tool, hops with youthful agility onto his platform, takes his bow soberly, turns to his men and waits for silence. When he is ready to begin he gives the cello stand in front of him a resounding whack. His gestures are unmethodical and unpremeditated, seeming to be dictated by the musical demands of the moment. His right arm describes right angles and circles; his left does a variety of things, from indicating entrances to eliciting tone, the latter of which is achieved by the naive pressure of the thumb against the region of the heart.

At the conclusion of a movement the conductor puts his stick under his arm, takes out a large handkerchief and mops his face and the top of his head energetically. If the night is warm and the music exacting he extends the drying process to the back of his neck, which he rubs thoroughly and efficiently in full view of 3,000 people. At the end of the concert he takes as many recalls as he thinks his performance merited; then, though the acclaim is still at its peak, he surreptitiously pinches the concert master's arms, a prearranged signal which disperses the band, and the concert is over.

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LAYERS

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The Theatre Guild has acquired the merican rights of Max Mohr's com-y, "Die Welt der Enkel," which ight be translated as "Our Grand-ns' World." The piece has played th unusual success in Hamburg, urzburg and Vienna.

f you want to know how it feels act the same role in a play over 0 times, just ask Alec Harford, who s been doing just that with the t of Renfield, the lunatic in "Drac-." Only a man who has studied be a singer could possibly stand terrific strain on the vocal chords. the audiences heard only two Beet-ven symphonies; and of the Mozart symphonies only the E flat.

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Koussevitzky Ends Boston Season

Russian Leader Sailed Wednesday; Returns October 10

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra has concluded its forty-ninth season. Dr. Serge Koussevitzky sailed for Europe Wednesday, and will return to open the fiftieth anniversary season of the orchestra, Oct. 10. This will be the seventh American season of the Russian conductor. Subsequent to the orchestral season, a summer season of "Pop" concerts in Symphony Hall will be given under the leadership of Arthur Fiedler.

In the season past, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave forty-eight concerts in Boston, which with the Monday and Tuesday series increased to six each, a Pension Fund concert, four Young People's concerts, and four extra concerts in the Brahms Festival, has made a total of sixty-nine concerts. Each series, together with a series in New York, Cambridge and Providence, was fully subscribed.

A feature of the season was the Brahms Festival given in Symphony Hall, March 21 and 28, in which the four symphonies and the two piano concertos were played (Artur S[illegible]nabel, soloist), together with the German Requiem and smaller orchestral and choral scores, and a concert of chamber music. Debussy's incidental music to the "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" and his "Demoiselle Elue" was given in Boston with chorus.

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Modern Music Recorded

By EDWARD CUSHING

Reviewing Recorded Performances of Ravel's Bolero, Prokofiew's Classical Symphony, and Strawinsky's 'Sacre du Printemps'

WITHIN the past few months much modern music has been made available for the owner of a gramophone, the collector of a library of phonographic discs. The recording companies, having in three or four years well-nigh exhausted the standard symphonic repertory, have turned their attention from the classic to the living masters, with results which are, as we shall presently see, notable indeed. To be sure, the dead have not been wholly neglected in favor of the living—the winter has witnessed the release of further recordings of symphonies and concertos, suites, quartets, sonatas, solo instrumental and vocal music by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Moussorgsky, Schubert, Schumann and Strauss, and to a consideration of these publications we shall come in good time. But of greater significance are the achievements of various orchestras—notably those of Boston and Philadelphia—and certain conductors—notably Mr. Koussewitsky and Mr. Stokowski—in the recording of modern master works, the productions of contemporary composers; the recording, in other words, of such works as Ravel's Bolero, of Prokofiew's Classical Symphony, of Strawinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." In a sense, we suppose, these recordings were experimental, but so successfully have they been accomplished that we may reasonably conclude the recording process has attained maturity, that its technique has been, if not perfected, at least advanced to a degree that permits the reproduction of the most complex modern scores. Five years past a recorded "Sacre du Printemps" would have been unthinkable (indeed, almost that long ago Mr. Stokowski attempted to make records of this celebrated score); today the gramophone affords us a performance of this work scarcely less thrilling than one we might hear in the concert hall. . . . But let us turn to a more detailed consideration of the new records:

Ravel's Bolero

Two recordings of the season's most celebrated symphonic novelty are now available: one made by a European orchestra under the direction of the composer, and the other a domestic product (Victor), reproducing a performance of Ravel's ballet by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussewitzky conducting. Of these, only the second requires our attention.

The Bolero received its premiere in the United States at a concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, given at Carnegie Hall on Nov. 14 last, under the direction of Mr. Toscanini. It was not until some time afterward that Mr. Koussewitsky secured the work for performance in Boston; it was not until midseason that he included it on programs which the Boston Symphony played in Brooklyn and New York. Recent press dispatches, reporting the opening of the Philharmonic-Symphony's European tour with a concert given in Paris, quote Ravel's expression of a preference for Mr. Koussewitsky's reading of his work—especially his choice of a slower tempo than that at which Mr. Toscanini paces the music—and doubtless this sanction embraces the recorded performance. It is not our intention to discuss the comparative virtues of Mr. Toscanini's and Mr. Koussewitsky's interpretations of the Bolero; we feel called upon only again to felicitate Mr. Koussewitsky and his orchestra on this proof of their virtuosity, perpetuated on these records.

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is, in certain respects, a less scrupulous musician than Mr. Toscanini, quicker to take advantage of opportunities for the exhibition of his own and his orchestra's virtuosity. The results of this tendency are performances without exception brilliant, but not infrequently superficial in their penetration and revelation of the music's substance. But Ravel's Bolero is not musically significant; its salience may be traced to the virtuoso treatment of its musical material, and to its unique form, which is that of a series of variations on a theme of popular Spanish character. These variations are not, however, variations in the strict sense of the term: the theme itself (in two parts) is repeated without melodic, rhythmic or harmonic alteration; only the instrumentation changed with each repetition. At first the rhythm of the Bolero, a Spanish dance in triple time, is indicated by percussion, and over this accompaniment, which ... until the end of the piece, the ... e is first sung by a solo flute. ... ereafter it is given to other instruments in turn; later to groups of instruments. Almost imperceptibly the tempo is accelerated; almost imperceptibly a crescendo is built up to a dramatic climax in the concluding measures of the Bolero, for which Ravel reserves the only ... armonic modulation which he per... its himself in this work. This form ... nd treatment may be studied from ... he records made under Mr. Koussewitsky's direction: the acoustic qual... y of these discs is exceptionally ... ne, and the characteristic timbre ... each of the instruments to which ... melody of the Bolero is allotted ... recorded with unusual fidelity. ... orded in three parts, the Bolero ... ers only from the necessary in... uptions of its continuity, which ... ase the listener from the ob... ion created by the unceasing and ... dually intensified repetition of a ... monplace melodic and rhythmic ... ula.

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Classical Symphony

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
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An American Orchestra in Europe

Thus far, the tour of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society in Europe has been an unqualified artistic success. In France and in Italy, where popular musical culture is centuries older than it is in the United States and where critical standards are high, praise of the performance of the orchestra and of the interpretations of its conductor, Signor Toscanini, has been uniformly enthusiastic. Every reason exists for believing that the judgment of Vienna, Berlin and London will be the same as that already returned by Paris, Zurich and Rome.

Unfortunately, the triumph of the orchestra is one in which Americans can glory only a little. In the last analysis, it reflects less the growth of musical culture in the United States than its tremendous financial power. That men of great wealth in the United States are glad to spend their fortunes in subsidizing so excellent an orchestra and in retaining so admirable a leader is evidence that a preoccupation with material affairs does not preclude a lively interest in the arts. The circumstance that thousands of Americans weekly during the season are eager to hear such an orchestra under such a leader is likewise evidence of artistic susceptibilities, but having supplied the money and the audience the contribution of the United States is virtually ended. Not only are most of those who make up the orchestra of foreign birth and of alien blood, but, most significant, the repertory of the orchestra in Europe is bare of American compositions.

The lack of American compositions among those performed in Europe is laid partially, and perhaps with some justice, at the door of Signor Toscanini, whose interest in American composers is less lively than that of M. Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and of Mr. Stokowski, the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. These gentlemen in similar circumstances doubtless would have found worthy American compositions to play; indeed, at his annual spring concerts in Paris, M. Koussevitzky has introduced several American composers to Europe. None the less, the circumstance remains that no American composition for orchestra yet produced stands so high among works of its kinds that its omission from orchestral repertoire is glaring. Despite the activities of such able composers as Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Copland, Mr. Sessions, Mr. Taylor and others, musical composition in America has not yet produced works of overwhelming merit. In cultivation of the arts, the United States still has far to go before it reaches the stage at which it may be unpatronizingly compared with Europe.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
MAY 18 1930

Two Orchestral Lists

By FRANCIS D. PERKINS

WHILE the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra is pursuing its highly successful career abroad, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has completed its season (which runs into the first week of May), and dispatched us the last of the well-known brown-covered pamphlets containing the invaluable program notes of Mr. Philip Hale, and the customary summary of the orchestra's activities. In this connection, it might be interesting to compare the musical fare offered by the two orchestras in one each of their principal series—the Philharmonic's Thursday evening series, for instance, in Carnegie Hall, and the Bostonians's Friday afternoon series in Symphony Hall.

The Philharmonic-Symphony gave twenty-six Thursday evening concerts: fifteen under Arturo Toscanini, seven under Willem Mengelberg and four under Bernardino Molinari, offering the following repertoire:

BACH, Passacaglia (tr. Respighi), Brandenburg Concerto No. 4; Suite No. 3.
BEETHOVEN: Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9; Overtures to "Coriolanus" and "Leonore," No. 3; Excerpts from "Prometheus."

BERLIOZ: Harold in Italy; "Queen Mab" scherzo; Rakoczy March. BOCCHERINI, Cello Concerto. BORODIN, Dances from "Prince Igor." BRAHMS, Four Symphonies, Double Concerto; Haydn Variations. Violin Concerto. BUSCH, Mozart Variations.
CASELLA, Suite from "La Giara." CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO, Symphonic Variations. CHOPIN, Piano Concerto in E minor. DEBUSSY, La Mer, Afternoon of a Faun, L'Isle Joyeuse (tr. Molinari). DE FALLA, Dances from "Three Cornered Hat." DVORAK, Cello Concerto. FRANCK, Symphony; Les Eolides. GOOSSENS, Sinfonietta.

HANDEL, Concerti Grossi Nos. 6, 12; Excerpts from "Alcina." HAYDN, Symphonies Nos. 13 (88); 3 (99). HONEGGER, Pastorale d'Ete; Pacific 231. KODALY, Psalmus Hungaricus; Summer Evening. LISZT, Hungarian Fantasy. LOEFFLER, A Pagan Poem. MENDELSSOHN, Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream;" "Fingal's Cave." MAHLER, Das Lied von der Erde. MOUSSORGSKY, Pictures at an Exhibition (tr. Ravel). MOZART: Adagio and Fugue; Masonic Funeral Music: "Jupiter" Symphony; Symphony in D (K. 504), piano concertos in D minor and A major.

PAER: Overture to "Il Sargino." PICK-MANGIAGALLI, Nocturne and Rondo. PIZZETTI, Rondo Veneziano. RAVEL, Bolero, La Valse. RESPIGHI, Feste Romane, Fountains of Rome; Concerto Gregoriano. ROGER DUCASSE, Sarabande. ROSSINI, Overtures to "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "Signor Bruschino."

SCHUMANN, Overture to "Manfred," Rhenish Symphony. SIBELIUS, Finlandia. SMETANA, Vltava. STRAUSS, Don Quixote, Till Eulenspiegel, Heldenleben, Death and Transfiguration, Don Juan, Salome's Dance. STRAVINSKY, Fireworks, "Fire Bird" Suite. TCHAIKOVSKY, Romeo and Juliet, Symphony No. 5. TOMMASINI, Carnevale di Venezia. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Tallis Variations. VIVALDI, Concerto Grosso in A minor. WAGENAAR, Sinfonietta.

WAGNER: A Faust Overture; Overture and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser;" Prelude and Prelude to Act III of "Die Meistersinger"; Prelude and Finale from "Tristan"; Ride of the Valkyries; Waldweben from "Siegfried"; Rhine Journey, Funeral Music from "Goetterdaemmerung"; Prelude and Good Friday Music from "Parsifal."
WEBER: "Rubezahl" Overture. WETZLER, Dances from "The Basque Venus." ZANDONAI, Excerpts from "Giulietta e Romeo."

The Boston Symphony have twenty-four Friday afternoon concerts: twenty-one under Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and one each under Richard Burgin, Alexander Glazounoff and Eugene Goossens. Henry Eichheim, Samuel Gardner and Walter Piston conducted their own works in three programs otherwise under Dr. Koussevitzky. The following repertoire was offered:

BACH, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3; Prelude and Fugue in E flat (arr. Steinberg). BAX, Symphony No. 2. BEETHOVEN, Symphonies Nos. 4, 5, 6; Piano Concerto No. 4; Overtures to "Leonore," No. 3, "Egmont." BLOCH, Schelomo. BORODIN, Symphony No. 2. BRAHMS, Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 3; Academic Festival Overture.

CHADWICK, Sinfonietta. DEBUSSY, La Mer, La Demoiselle Elue; Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien. DE FALLA, Dances from "Three Cornered Hat." DVORAK, New World Smyphony. DUKELSKY, Symphony No. 2. EICHHEIM, Java, Burma. FAIRCHILD, Chants Negres. GAILLIARD, Sonata in G (tr. Steinberg). GARDNER, Broadway. GLAZOUNOFF, Symphony No. 6; Violin Concerto; Stenka Razine. GOOSSENS, Concertino. GRUENBERG, The Enchanted Isle, Jazz Suite.

HANDEL, Concerto Grosso No. 10. HAYDN, Symphony in D (No. 31). HILL, Lilacs. JOSTEN, Jungle. LAZAR, Concerto Grosso No. 1. LOEFFLER, Canticle of St. Francis. MARTELLI, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs. MOUSSORGSKY, Prelude to "Khovantchina." MOZART, Symphonies in E flat (K.543) and C (K.538); Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Eine kleine Nachtmusik.

PICK-MANGIAGALLI, Prelude and Fugue. PISTON, Suite. PROKOFIEFF, Scythian Suite; Piano Concerto No. 2. RAVEL, Ma Mere l'Oye, Bolero, Suite No. 2 from "Daphnis et Chloe"; Rhapsodie Espagnole. RESPIGHI, Pines of Rome, Feste Romane. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, Suite from "Coq d'Or"; Sadko. SAINT-SAENS, Symphony No. 3, Violin Concerto. SCHUMANN, Symphonies Nos. 1, 2. SIBELIUS, Symphonies Nos. 2, 6; Violin Concerto. SPOHR, Nocturne and Janissaries' Music. STRAUSS, Interlude from "Intermezzo," Till Eulenspiegel, Don Juan, Sinfonia Domestica, Alpine Symphony. STRAVINSKY, "Fire Bird" Suite, Apollon Musagete.

TCHAIKOVSKY, Pathetic Symphony, 1812 Overture. TOURNIER, Feerie. VIVALDI, Concerto in D minor. WAGNER, A Faust Overture, Prelude and Finale from "Tristan." WALTON, Portsmouth Point. WEBER, Overtures to "Oberon" and "Euryanthe." WETZLER, Dances from The Basque Venus.

Forty-seven composers were represented in each series under discussion. The Philharmonic-Symphony played 103 works in this particular series; the Bostonians, in the corresponding series, 88 works. Of the 176 on both lists only 15 were common to both series; of the 69 composers 25. Whereby it can be deduced that the orchestras followed different lines in program making.

Of the composers represented in the Philharmonic's Thursday evenings, Wagner leads the list with eleven works or excerpts. Beethoven follows with ten; Brahms with seven; Mozart and Strauss with six each; Bach, Debussy, Handel, Mendelssohn, Respighi with three each; Haydn, Honegger, Ravel, Rossini, Schumann, Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky with two each.

Of the composers represented in the Boston Symphony's Friday afternoons Beethoven leads with six works, followed by Strauss with five; Brahms, Mozart, Ravel and Sibelius with four; Bach, Debussy, Glazounoff with three; Bax, De Falla, Eichheim, Gruenberg, Haydn, Prokofieff, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, Wagner and Weber with two each.

The Philharmonic-Symphony, offering fourteen more works than the Boston Symphony in a series including two more concerts, gave much more attention to Wagner and considerably more to Beethoven. The Bostonians waxed more modern, playing forty-five works by twenty-seven living composers, as compared with the thirty-three works by twenty-two living composers given by the Philharmonic. A similar difference appears in the matter of novelties offered in the two series, ten works new to New York and twenty-five new to Boston.

American composers, as has been remarked before, found little favor with the Philharmonic this last season, two, Loeffler and Wagenaar, achieving representation with one work each. But Mr. Koussevitzky and his colleagues played thirteen works by eleven American composers. In the case of Italian composers in the two series, the case is nearly an exact reverse: Philharmonic, twelve composers, fifteen works; Boston Symphony, three composers, four works.

In general, we can consider excellent performances of classic and romantic works as the feature of the Philharmonic-Symphony's season, especially of that part of it under Mr. Toscanini's direction, but must look to the Boston

(Continued from page five)

Symphony's visit for the most interesting novelties.

One reason that American composers fare better with the Boston Symphony than with our Philharmonic-Symphony may well be that Dr. Koussevitzky has devoted most of his activities to the Boston orchestra, although he conducts a short series in Paris each spring, and presumably has had more time to examine home-grown scores. Mr. Mengelberg, who has given us American works every now and then, although not often, divided his active season between the Philharmonic and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw; Mr. Molinari's season is shared by several cities. Mr. Toscanini is concentrating his activities on the Philharmonic-Symphony, but last season was only the first not shared with La Scala; it is reported that American scores will be among the works he will consider for 1930-'31.

We wrote last spring that we were willing to wager that the most frequently performed of the longer piano works in the New York recitals of 1929-'30 would be one by Beethoven, Chopin and Schumann. It proved, however, to be Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, with fourteen performances, but Chopin was well represented this season, the C sharp minor scherzo finishing second with thirteen performances, and the F minor Ballade third with eleven.

Chopin's Fantasy, Op. 49, Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53, and B minor sonata are tied for fourth place with Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques at ten performances each. Nine performances were received by Chopin's Ballades in G minor and A flat major; eight by Beethoven's "Moonlight" and "Appassionata" sonatas; seven by Chopin's F major Ballade, Bach's Italian Concerto, Brahm's F minor sonata and Chopin's B minor scherzo. Liszt, Balakireff and Franck were also represented by piano works of corresponding length played ...e or more times.

Last year Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata and the Chopin Fantasy tied for first place with eleven performances each, followed by the G minor Ballade with ten. In 1927-'28 this ballade won the championship with eighteen performances, followed by the A flat Polonaise and the Fantasy, with thirteen and twelve representations.

Chausson's "Poeme" was the violinistic champion this season with seven performances, among longer works; the Bach and Vitali Chaconnes, Franck's sonata and Bruch's G minor concerto follow with six performances each. Last season, the Franck sonata and Brahm's D minor sonata tied for first place with seven performances. These figures are intended to include the 148 piano recitals and sixty-two violin recitals given in 1929-'30, up through yesterday.

A professional reviewer attending many piano or violin recitals is likely to hear certain often played numbers much more often than they would be heard by an average concert goer, and thereby should not give too much importance to the impression of repetitiousness which he may have gained at the end of a season's rounds. In the piano recitals, the most played work figured in less than one in ten recitals But it seems hardly unfair to suggest that our piano recitalists often think along similar lines in their program making, and a minority look outside the list of thirty or forty major works—well, say fifty works—for their principal numbers. Sometimes, within the list, there are fluctuations, a work will be little played for a while, and then begin an intensive session in the limelight.

This is not, of course, to call for a wholesale turning to new or unfamiliar works, but a suggestion that a judicious search beyond the charmed circle of the favored classic and romantic numbers should add to the freshness and interest of the programs.

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Classical Symphony

[It is] to the Boston Symphony Or[chestra], Mr. Koussewitsky, and the [Victor C]ompany that we are indebt[ed] for records of Prokofiew's [Classical] Symphony and of the [Scherzo] and March from the same [composer]'s opera, "The Love of [Three Or]anges." The Classical Sym[phony ha]s often appeared on Mr. [Kousse]witsky's programs, has been [heard b]y the audiences of Boston [Symphon]y concerts at the Academy and Carnegie Hall. It is an [work i]n the neclassic style, rep[resenting] the reason of the modern [against roma]nticism and im[...] less solemn than [...]ments. Proko[fiew's sen]se of humor, a [...]wit, and these [...] imagination [...]phony a de[lightful c]oncert. This [...] irresponsi[...]music Mo[...]ncy, con[...]ve and [...] may [...]kian [...] of

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The Philharmonic-Symphony gave twenty-six Thursday evening concerts: fifteen under Arturo Toscanini, seven under Willem Mengelberg and four under Bernardino Molinari, offering the following repertoire:

BACH, Passacaglia (tr. Respighi), Brandenburg Concerto No. 4; Suite No. 3. BEETHOVEN: Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9; Overtures to "Coriolanus" and "Leonore," No. 3; Excerpts from "Prometheus."

BERLIOZ: Harold in Italy; "Queen Mab" scherzo; Rakoczy March. BOCCHERINI, Cello Concerto. BORODIN, Dances from "Prince Igor." BRAHMS, Four Symphonies, Double Concerto; Haydn Variations. Violin Concerto. BUSCH, Mozart Variations. CASELLA, Suite from "La Giara." CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO, Symphonic Variations. CHOPIN, Piano Concerto in E minor. DEBUSSY, La Mer, Afternoon of a Faun, L'Isle Joyeuse (tr. Molinari). DE FALLA, Dances from "Three Cornered Hat." DVORAK, Cello Concerto. FRANCK, Symphony; Les Eolides. GOOSSENS, Sinfonietta.

HANDEL, Concerti Grossi Nos. 6, 12; Excerpts from "Alcina." HAYDN, Symphonies Nos. 13 (88); 3 (99). HONEGGER, Pastorale d'Ete; Pacific 231. KODALY, Psalmus Hungaricus; Summer Evening. LISZT, Hungarian Fantasy. LOEFFLER, A Pagan Poem. MENDELSSOHN, Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream;" "Fingal's Cave." MAHLER, Das Lied von der Erde. MOUSSORGSKY, Pictures at an Exhibition (tr. Ravel). MOZART: Adagio and Fugue; Masonic Funeral Music; "Jupiter" Symphony; Symphony in D (K. 504), piano concertos in D minor and A major.

PAER: Overture to "Il Sargino." PICK-MANGIAGALLI, Nocturne and Rondo. PIZZETTI, Rondo Veneziano. RAVEL, Bolero, La Valse. RESPIGHI, Feste Romane, Fountains of Rome; Concerto Gregoriano. ROGER DUCASSE, Sarabande. ROSSINI, Overtures to "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "Signor Bruschino."

SCHUMANN, Overture to "Manfred," Rhenish Symphony. SIBELIUS, Finlandia. SMETANA, Vltava. STRAUSS, Don Quixote, Till Eulenspiegel, Heldenleben, Death and Transfiguration, Don Juan, Salome's Dance. STRAVINSKY, Fireworks, "Fire Bird" Suite. TCHAIKOVSKY, Romeo and Juliet, Symphony No. 5. TOMMASINI, Carnevale di Venezia. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Tallis Variations. VIVALDI, Concerto Grosso in A minor. WAGENAAR, Sinfonietta.

WAGNER: A Faust Overture; Overture and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser;" Prelude and Prelude to Act III of "Die Meistersinger"; Prelude and Finale from "Tristan"; Ride of the Valkyries; Waldweben from "Siegfried"; Rhine Journey, Funeral Music from "Goetterdaemmerung"; Prelude and Good Friday Music from "Parsifal." WEBER: "Rubezahl" Overture. WETZLER, Dances from "The Basque Venus." ZANDONAI, Excerpts from "Giulietta e Romeo."

The Boston Symphony have twenty-four Friday afternoon concerts: twenty-one under Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and one each under Richard Burgin, Alexander Glazounoff and Eugene Goossens. Henry Eichheim, Samuel Gardner and Walter Piston conducted their own works in three programs otherwise under Dr. Koussevitzky. The following repertoire was offered:

BACH, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3; Prelude and Fugue in E flat (arr. Steinberg). BAX, Symphony No. 2. BEETHOVEN, Symphonies Nos. 4, 5, 6; Piano Concerto No. 4; Overtures to "Leonore," No. 3, "Egmont." BLOCH, Schelomo. BORODIN, Symphony No. 2. BRAHMS, Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 3; Academic Festival Overture.

CHADWICK, Sinfonietta. DEBUSSY, La Mer, La Demoiselle Elue; Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien. DE FALLA, Dances from "Three Cornered Hat." DVORAK, New World Smyphony. DUKELSKY, Symphony No. 2. EICHHEIM, Java, Burma. FAIRCHILD, Chants Negres. GAILLIARD, Sonata in G (tr. Steinberg). GARDNER, Broadway. GLAZOUNOFF, Symphony No. 6; Violin Concerto; Stenka Razine. GOOSSENS, Concertino. GRUENBERG, The Enchanted Isle, Jazz Suite.

HANDEL, Concerto Grosso No. 10. HAYDN, Symphony in D (No. 31). HILL, Lilacs. JOSTEN, Jungle. LAZAR, Concerto Grosso No. 1. LOEFFLER, Canticle of St. Francis. MARTELLI, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs. MOUSSORGSKY, Prelude to "Khovantchina." MOZART, Symphonies in E flat (K.543) and C (K.538); Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Eine kleine Nachtmusik.

PICK-MANGIAGALLI, Prelude and Fugue. PISTON, Suite. PROKOFIEFF, Scythian Suite; Piano Concerto No. 2. RAVEL, Ma Mere l'Oye, Bolero, Suite No. 2 from "Daphnis et Chloe"; Rhapsodie Espagnole. RESPIGHI, Pines of Rome, Feste Romane. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, Suite from "Coq d'Or"; Sadko. SAINT-SAENS, Symphony No. 3, Violin Concerto. SCHUMANN, Symphonies Nos. 1, 2. SIBELIUS, Symphonies Nos. 2, 6; Violin Concerto. SPOHR, Nocturne and Janissaries' Music. STRAUSS, Interlude from "Intermezzo," Till Eulenspiegel, Don Juan, Sinfonia Domestica, Alpine Symphony. STRAVINSKY, "Fire Bird" Suite, Apollon Musagete.

TCHAIKOVSKY, Pathetic Symphony, 1812 Overture. TOURNIER, Feerie. VIVALDI, Concerto in D minor. WAGNER, A Faust Overture, Prelude and Finale from "Tristan." WALTON, Portsmouth Point. WEBER, Overtures to "Oberon" and "Euryanthe." WETZLER. Dances from The Basque Venus.

Forty-seven composers were represented in each series under discussion. The Philharmonic-Symphony played 103 works in this particular series; the Bostonians, in the corresponding series, 88 works. Of the 176 on both lists only 15 were common to both series; of the 69 composers 25. Whereby it can be deduced that the orchestras followed different lines in program making.

Of the composers represented in the Philharmonic's Thursday evenings, Wagner leads the list with eleven works or excerpts. Beethoven follows with ten; Brahms with seven; Mozart and Strauss with six each; Bach, Debussy, Handel, Mendelssohn, Respighi with three each; Haydn, Honegger, Ravel, Rossini, Schumann, Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky with two each.

Of the composers represented in the Boston Symphony's Friday afternoons Beethoven leads with six works, followed by Strauss with five; Brahms, Mozart, Ravel and Sibelius with four; Bach, Debussy, Glazounoff with three; Bax, De Falla, Eichheim, Gruenberg, Haydn, Prokofieff, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, Wagner and Weber with two each.

The Philharmonic-Symphony, offering fourteen more works than the Boston Symphony in a series including two more concerts, gave much more attention to Wagner and considerably more to Beethoven. The Bostonians waxed more modern, playing forty-five works by twenty-seven living composers, as compared with the thirty-three works by twenty-two living composers given by the Philharmonic. A similar difference appears in the matter of novelties offered in the two series, ten works new to New York and twenty-five new to Boston.

American composers, as has been remarked before, found little favor with the Philharmonic this last season, two, Loeffler and Wagenaar, achieving representation with one work each. But Mr. Koussevitzky and his colleagues played thirteen works by eleven American composers. In the case of Italian composers in the two series, the case is nearly an exact reverse: Philharmonic, twelve composers, fifteen works; Boston Symphony, three composers, four works.

In general, we can consider excellent performances of classic and romantic works as the feature of the Philharmonic-Symphony's season, especially of that part of it under Mr. Toscanini's direction, but must look to the Boston

(Continued from page five)

Symphony's visit for the most interesting novelties.

One reason that American composers fare better with the Boston Symphony than with our Philharmonic-Symphony may well be that Dr. Koussevitzky has devoted most of his activities to the Boston orchestra, although he conducts a short series in Paris each spring, and presumably has had more time to examine home-grown scores. Mr. Mengelberg, who has given us American works every now and then, although not often, divided his active season between the Philharmonic and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw; Mr. Molinari's season is shared by several cities. Mr. Toscanini is concentrating his activities on the Philharmonic-Symphony, but last season was only the first not shared with La Scala; it is reported that American scores will be among the works he will consider for 1930-'31.

We wrote last spring that we were willing to wager that the most frequently performed of the longer piano works in the New York recitals of 1929-'30 would be one by Beethoven, Chopin and Schumann. It proved, however, to be Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, with fourteen performances, but Chopin was well represented this season, the C sharp minor scherzo finishing second with thirteen performances, and the F minor Ballade third with eleven.

Chopin's Fantasy, Op. 49, Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53, and B minor sonata are tied for fourth place with Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques at ten performances each. Nine performances were received by Chopin's Ballades in G minor and A flat major; eight by Beethoven's "Moonlight" and "Appassionata" sonatas; seven by Chopin's F major Ballade, Bach's Italian Concerto, Brahm's F minor sonata and Chopin's B minor scherzo. Liszt, Balakireff and Franck were also represented by piano works of corresponding length played [fiv]e or more times.

Last year Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata and the Chopin Fantasy tied for first place with eleven performances each, followed by the G minor Ballade with ten. In 1927-'28 this ballade won the championship with eighteen performances, followed by the A flat Polonaise and the Fantasy, with thirteen and twelve representations.

Chausson's "Poeme" was the violinistic champion this season with seven performances, among longer works; the Bach and Vitali Chaconnes, Franck's sonata and Bruch's G minor concerto follow with six performances each. Last season, the Franck sonata and Brahm's D minor sonata tied for first place with seven performances. These figures are intended to include the 148 piano recitals and sixty-two violin recitals given in 1929-'30, up through yesterday.

A professional reviewer attending many piano or violin recitals is likely to hear certain often played numbers much more often than they would be heard by an average concert goer and thereby should not give too much importance to the impression of repetitiousness which he may have gained at the end of a season's rounds. In the piano recitals, the most played work figured in less than one in ten recitals. But it seems hardly unfair to suggest that our piano recitalists often [...] along similar lines in their program making, and a minority look outside the list of thirty or forty major works—well, say fifty works—for their principal numbers. Sometimes, within the list, there are fluctuations, a work will be little played for a while, and then begin an intensive session in the limelight.

This is not, of course, to call for wholesale turning to new or unfamiliar works, but a suggestion that a judicious search beyond the charmed circle of the favored classic and romantic numbers should add to the freshness and interest of the programs.

MAY 17 on Page [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
MAY 18 1930

VARIOUS CONDUCTORS

Summing Up of a Season's Concerts in Other Cities—Rotating Concertmasters

By OLIN DOWNES.

THE orchestral seasons in Philadelphia and in Boston end later than they do in New York. They have been the subject of recent comment by reviewers of the two cities. The respective policies of these orchestras are of interest. The Boston Orchestra, like the orchestra of Chicago, keeps to the one-conductor system, which is certainly best when it is practicable.

Mr. Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was given brief respites during the season by entrusting certain visiting "guests" with the baton for pairs of concerts. These "guests," with the exception of Richard Burgin, the concertmaster, who conducted one pair of concerts, were all composers, although Eugene Goossens, who conducted the Boston Symphony concerts of Jan. 24 and 25, has a reputation as orchestral leader as well as creative musician. The composer-conductors were Henry Eichheim, Alexander Glazunoff, Eugene Goossens, Walter Piston and Samuel Gardner. Of these, Mr. Glazunoff conducted a complete program of his own works, which included his Sixth symphony, violin concerto, and symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." Mr. Goossens conducted a complete program which contained one novelty of his own creating, his "Concertino" for double string orchestra. Mr. Eichheim conducted performances of his orchestral pieces "Java" and "Burma," Mr. Gardner his "Broadway," Mr. Piston his Suite for orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky was relieved entirely of three pairs of subscription concerts of the regular Winter series and partly of three other pairs of concerts. Thus, with short periods of rest, one conductor remained in control of the orchestra for the whole season.

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THE Philadelphia Orchestra had two principal conductors. The first was Leopold Stokowski, the second Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Guest conductors were Tullio Serafin, Emil Mlynarski and Artur Bodanzky. No composers were invited to preside. The season was, for all intents and purposes, divided between two conductors of very different methods and temperament. The same rule held true of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, of which the two conductors not rated as guests were Toscanini and Mengelberg. This system, though hardly avoidable with either orchestra (due to special conditions), did not work for the utmost good. No orchestra can do its best with conductors in charge as dissimilar as Stokowski and Gabrilowitsch, Toscanini and Mengelberg. It has been remarked before this in these columns that each conductor capable of forming conceptions of his own and enforcing his wishes upon the players procures a different tone from the orchestra. The things demanded of the players are different in important respects. The orchestras not only sound differently; they play differently. The one conductor may well undo in a sense what his predecessor has accomplished with pains and labor. The orchestra subjected to such treatment loses finish and identity of style, to say nothing of the serious effects upon public taste and public attitude toward music in the bewildering succession of various leaders.

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NO better example could be offered of the vicious effects of this system than the cooperation, or lack of it, of Toscanini and Mengelberg as leaders of the Philharmonic-Symphony last season. The tonal as well as interpretive conceptions of these men differ as the night from the day. The Toscanini tone is all transparency and lustre, and it is not as deep in sonority as the Mengelberg tone, which on the other hand is coarser, less finely balanced and constituted than the tone of the Italian. And when Mr. Mengelberg followed Mr. Toscanini, the musical town was astonished and at first incredulous on hearing of Mr. Mengelberg's outspoken disapproval of what Mr. Toscanini had done with the band. These remarks were broadcast not only to friends of Mr. Mengelberg but to newspaper critics. They were followed by a specially bad concert under Mengelberg's direction, when the Philharmonic-Symphony played with an astonishing and most disagreeable stridency, brutality and exaggerated heaviness of tone. The disparity between the Mengelberg performances and the performances of Toscanini, the infuriated conducting of the one as compared with the lucent and dramatic performances of the other, coupled with Mengelberg's condemnation of what he alleged Toscanini had done to the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in the course of rehearsals and concerts, did not help the cause of the Dutch chef d'orchestre. The interesting part of all this is that Mengelberg was right in a considerable degree, even if he was not justified.

He did not know himself how far he was right, or why. But he did face an orchestra that Toscanini had changed in its executive and interpretive habits from the one Mengelberg had known the previous season; also an orchestra fatigued by Toscanini's unsparing demands upon the men in rehearsal. The orchestra just would not come up to scratch at Mengelberg's command, and Mengelberg found an instrument so different from the one he had left the season before that he could hardly credit his hearing. He complained audibly, bitterly. The orchestra had no more tone, but only a weak Italian pianissimo. Toscanini's long, broad beat had demoralized the players so that they could not obey satisfactorily the more economical gestures of Mengelberg, he said.

In the meantime, the orchestra, used up by the super-rehearsals of Toscanini, worked into a state of fatigue and general indifference, answered but lightly Mengelberg's pleas for bigger tone in the performance and refused to rise to his wishes. Mengelberg's fantastical performance of the Tchaikovsky "Romeo and Juliet" overture and the César Franck symphony were a protest, deep and heartfelt, against the fine-grained Italianism of his colleague, and also a strenuous effort to bring the orchestra back to its previous technical and tonal characteristics. The attempt did not succeed. Mengelberg did indeed confront a new band, and in a day of waning public appeal. This was an aggravated example of what it means to an orchestra to seesaw between two conductors of prestige and personality.

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NOR do Mr. Stokowski's unstable methods as regards his concertmasters appear to have proved any better for his orchestra than the changes of conductors. Last season the Philadelphia Orchestra was without an official concertmaster. The players of first violins in the orchestra became concertmasters in turn, by rotation. This followed a disagreement between Mr. Stokowski and his concertmaster in a previous season. It did not improve the virtuosity of the orchestra. Samuel Laciar remarked in The Philadelphia Public Ledger that "nothing serious happened and it may have been merely coincident that Strauss's 'Ein Heldenleben' and Rimsky-Korsakoff's 'Scheherazade,' with their very elaborate violin solos, did not appear on the programs of the season, although the latter ran very high in the request program voting among the 'miscellaneous class.' Not that these solo passages cannot be played by every member of the first violin section, but it places a violinist at a tremendous disadvantage to be called upon to play such works when he is filling the concertmaster's chair only 'by accident,' as it were." It might be added to this that the stability given an orchestra by an experienced and wholly reliable concertmaster is a thing not to be attained by any other single means or lightly to be dispensed with.

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MEANWHILE the Pop concerts have started in Boston with Arthur Fiedler as conductor. They started with Ravel's "Bolero," a king of pieces for concerts of such a nature. Mr. Toscanini played "Bolero" in Paris in the composer's presence. He indicated Ravel to the audience. Ravel remarked ungratefully that he preferred Mr. Koussevitzky's tempo when he played the piece, a remark quoted with especial happiness in Boston. It is good to read Mr. Fiedler's programs. Those of Alfredo Casella, who preceded him at the Pops, were deadly serious. But the Boston Pop concerts are not subscription concerts in the wintertime. They are concerts of refreshment and entertainment. Mr. Fiedler takes account of this and realizes how much good music is to be found in the pages of an Offenbach, Suppé or Johann Strauss. If his programs, in turn, have an influence to redeem the churchly solemnity with which the audiences listened to the ministrations of Mr. Casella and the masters whom he invoked for an evening's entertainment, much good will be done. Debussy remarked that there is one music, which may be found in a waltz as well as in a symphony. It is also possible to listen to music without a portentous frown and a corrugated brow and still be an excellent listener and love the art, and even, like a true inhabitant of the wisest city in the world, "understand" it.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE
MAY 18 1930

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A BEST-SELLER RECORDED

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

ONE hopes that Maurice Ravel, who has a pretty wit and a rare sense of irony, takes time occasionally to glance at some of the press reviews of his music published a quarter-century ago. He would surely be edified to come across certain of the critical comments that greeted, for example, the first performance here of his delicately textured string quartet, which one eminent appraiser described as "a drastic dose of wormwood and assafetida," indicating the necessity of an antidote, and which caused another to wonder that the artists who played it were not rewarded with catcalls and missiles. Ravel was then regarded as a "modernist," a perpetrator of wilfully obscure and ugly and perverted music—though few, in fact, were willing to admit that it was music at all.

What a change has come over the scene today! Ravel is being enriched, it is said, by his latest composition, and is on his way to becoming one of the magnificos of the contemporary music world. The tonal oil-gusher which is making him a plutocrat is—need we say?—"Bolero." It was only six months ago that Mr. Toscanini, at a Philharmonic-Symphony meeting in Carnegie Hall, disclosed to the world the concert version of "Bolero," with unforgettable results. The audience shouted, cheered, went crazy—and every audience since then has shouted, cheered, gone crazy at performances of "Bolero." The effect is, as Mr. Barrie's policeman would certainly have noted, infalliable.

And now, too, within half a year of its première as a concert work, "Bolero" has been recorded—not once, but twice. Close upon the heels of the version made abroad, with Ravel himself conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris (Brunswick), comes a version made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Koussevitzky (Victor).

* * *

His Tongue in His Cheek?

IT HAS been alleged that Ravel wrote this work with his tongue in his cheek, "as Bizet wrote the the Toreador's song in 'Carmen.'" It is quite possible. Perhaps Ravel, a little weary of composing nothing but irreproachable music, esteemed by connoisseurs but unknown to lovers of the "Valse Triste" and "The Rosary," determined to make capital for once out of his necromantic musicianship and his mastery of all the tricks of his trade. Probably he smiles a bit wryly today over the reflection that such music as his delectable setting of the "Sheherazade" of Leclère for voice and orchestra, or the enticing "Rapsodie Espagnole," or "Daphnis et Chloe," or "L'Heure Espagnole," are savored only by musicians. Shall there not be cakes and ale occasionally for the scrupulous artist, in a moment of relaxation, as well as for the magnifico of jazz or the composer of "The Rosary"? At all events, "Bolero" is an accomplished fact, and Monsieur Ravel, let us hope, is taking his ease in the sun,buying a Cézanne or two, and planning the type of yacht he will order for a Mediterranean cruise next winter.

There are those who say that "Bolero" is only a clever trick. We suspect that it is more than that. It is a score in which craftsmanship and ingenuity are raised almost to the pitch of genius. Possibly there is something in the assertion that the piece "has not the true Bolero rhythm," for which reason, according to Mr. Philip Hale, Senor E. Fernandez Arbos, the excellent conductor from Madrid, "says he would not dare to conduct the work in Spain." We fancy that others will dare, and that the Spaniards will forgive Ravel, before the piece is half over, for his alleged impiety in dealing with their celebrated dance.

* * *

Tour de Force

IN "Bolero," remarks that faithful friend of all musical Frenchmen, Monsieur G. Jean-Aubry, "invention is reduced to a strict minimum, if by 'invention' is understood the idea of the fabrication of new themes. By a sort of irony, which is quite in keeping with his character, Maurice Ravel, having received an order for an orchestral dance to last about fifteen minutes, chose as a theme the most ordinary Bolero, the simplest, the least ornate, the least distinguished. From start to finish of the work this theme constantly recurs.

"The hearing of the same theme pitilessly reiterated might be expected to bore an audience to tears. Not so with this 'Bolero.' Ravel wished to demonstrate the converse of the well known definition which says that beauty is 'unity in variety,' and to prove that beauty can also be 'variety in unity.' In spite of the constant repetition, he has succeeded in writing an extremely varied and amusing work, and has done it solely by his prodigious orchestral virtuosity: by varying, with extraordinary skill, the instrumentation of the reiterated theme. He has succeeded in establishing the diverse coloring of the score and producing a new effect each time. It is like a complex system of lighting which, without in any way modifying the nature of the object illuminated, changes it constantly, in our sight, merely by the different play of lights."

* * *

Audacity Rewarded

RAVEL has solved, without evading any of its manifold difficulties, the musical problem which he set himself. The work might be regarded as the issue of a liaison between the Rossinian crescendo and the classic Passacaglia. At the beginning (*Tempo di Bolero, moderato assai,* C major, 3—4), the snare-drum, pianissimo, sets the rhythm of the Spanish dance, and this rhythm is maintained inexorably to the end. Above this ostinato, the instruments, entering at first one by one, reiterate a tune that is as common as mud, without change of tonality until just before the close, when the key, after having stuck to C major for 330 bars, suddenly changes, with magical effect, to E major.

The taking over of the impudently banal tune and its subsidiaries by one instrument after another—flute, clarinet, oboe d'amour, muted trumpet, saxophone—is accomplished with beguiling effect. When Ravel has drawn in his chosen assortment of individual instruments, he employs them in groups. By a mere process of tonal arithmetic, the constantly augmented sound produces a huge crescendo, lasting eighteen minutes or so, and reaching an irresistible climax.

The outcome is triumphant. Ravel, improving upon "Valencia," has turned off, in his brilliant and fluent way, an astonishing piece of bravura, captivating to the sense and the fancy. The insolent disdain of monotony's dire peril; the wit (insolent, too) of the manner in which the various orchestral participants are introduced; the long and ensnaring crescendo; the superb effect of the modulation to E major: these things are vanquishing.

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The Two Recordings of "Bolero"

THE two recordings—Brunswick's French version, under Ravel's direction (four sides), and Victor's American, under Koussevitzky (three sides)—are exceedingly interesting to study side by side. Ravel's is, on the whole, the clearer. There is greater transparency in those collective statements of the theme that are given to mixed groups of instruments—as, for example, at the point where the principal tune is sung in the key of the tonic (C major) by h[illegible]horn and celesta, and in E major and G major by two flutes (page 19 of t[illegible]he miniature orchestral score). In the French version, the delicately di[illegible] dissonant strands are clearly audible; in the Koussevitzky version the tone at this point is opaque.

Ravel takes the piece at a slower tempo than his printed metronome mark calls for. He is reported to have criticized Mr. Toscanini in Paris for disregarding the metronome instruction in the score and playing the music too fast. But Ravel, judged by his own metronome mark (crotchet=76), takes it too slowly—his tempo throughout the "Bolero" is about crotchet=67.

Mr. Koussevitzky, on the other hand, regards the letter of the score, and establishes a tempo strictly in accordance with the composer's direction—but with this important qualification: he maintains this tempo only up to the point, a little more than half way through the piece, where the first violins take the chief melody in octaves. At this point (it is at the beginning of the third part of the record) Mr. Koussevitzky suddenly accelerates the tempo, driving it to crotchet=84. The effect is not happy, and it is without authority in the score, which asks for no tempo modification whatever. The hypnotic rigidity of Ravel's tempo has a cumulative power which Koussevitzky's abrupt speeding-up quite misses. Finally—to give the French recording its full due—Ravel's version reproduces the tumultuous effect of the concluding bar more vividly than does the American, which is blurred and thick in comparison.

But in quality of tone and vitality of accent the advantage is all on the side of the American recording. The Boston Orchestra is a better band than the Lamoureux, and Mr. Koussevitzky is a better conductor than Ravel. These factors tell in the recording. The individual instruments are superior in the Koussevitzky record, and their characteristic timbres are more faithfully reproduced. The full orchestral tone, as in the fortissimo of the concluding pages, is richer and more resonant. But one longs for the day when the scientific geniuses who are working in the service of the record-makers shall have solved the problem of securing a fortissimo of the massed violins of an orchestra that does not sound steely and harsh. The incomparably thrilling tone of the symphonic fiddles soaring through a climax of Wagner or Strauss has yet, so far as we know, to be satisfactorily [illegible]ed on the disks.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
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SUN

MAY 17 1930

Musical Notes

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAMS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHER ORCHESTRAS

A summary of the musical works presented by the leading orchestras of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago are given by the music editor of the Boston Globe in a recent issue and some valuable comparisons and comment made in regard to predominance of modern music, classics or American compositions, with strong preference given Dr. Koussevitzky's programs as offering a wide and wise variety.

First, about the classics. A fair test of these is the performances of symphonies by Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms. In Boston we had in the subscription series of 24 Fridays and 24 Saturdays the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the Beethoven symphonies, the first, second, and third of the Brahms symphonies, and from Mozart the E flat and an early symphony in C.

In Philadelphia, in 30 pairs of concerts, the audiences heard the third, fifth, seventh and eighth of the Beethoven symphonies; the first, second, and fourth by Brahms, and by Mozart only an early one in D major (K 385).

In Chicago, in 28 pairs of concerts, the audiences heard only two Beethoven symphonies; and of the Mozart symphonies only the E flat.

A comparison more extended in scope of the programs in these three cities would only confirm what this brief one shows, that Dr. Koussevitzky gave his audiences as much, if not more, music by the great classic composers than Mr. Stock in Chicago, or Mr. Stokowski and his colleagues in Philadelphia.

The New York concerts of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra are arranged in series much shorter than those in the other three cities, and do not lend themselves to exact comparison. In 10 different subscription series in New York and Brooklyn, including 99 concerts in all, Mr. Tescanini, Mr. Mengleberg, and guest conductors, gave 13 different works by Beethoven (not all symphonies) and nine works by Mozart, and six by Brahms.

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Tut! tut! egregio signore, your maestro has not yet absorbed the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Without too much difficulty, and not without praise, it still manages to maintain an independent existence.

700

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LEWISTON, ME.
SUN

MAY 17 1930

Musical Notes

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAMS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHER ORCHESTRAS

A summary of the musical works presented by the leading orchestras of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago are given by the music editor of the Boston Globe in a recent issue and some valuable comparisons and comment made in regard to predominance of modern music, classics or American compositions, with strong preference given Dr. Koussevitzky's programs as offering a wide and wise variety.

First, about the classics. A fair test of these is the performances of symphonies by Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms. In Boston we had in the subscription series of 24 Fridays and 24 Saturdays the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the Beethoven symphonies, the first, second, and third of the Brahms symphonies, and from Mozart the E flat and an early symphony in C.

In Philadelphia, in 30 pairs of concerts, the audiences heard the third, fifth, seventh and eighth of the Beethoven symphonies; the first, second, and fourth by Brahms, and by Mozart only an early one in D major (K 385).

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Times May

The comicalities of the European tour of the New York Philharmonic Society seem inexhaustible. The official name of the orchestra, since it extinguished Mr. Damrosch's band, is the Philharmonic-Symphony. From this double designation a correspondent in Milan, writing to the Manchester Guardian, draws this singular inference: "The combined Philharmonic and Symphony Orchestras of New York and Boston and Toscanini are obviously made for each other."

Tutti tutti egregio signore, your maestro has not yet absorbed the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Without too much difficulty, and not without praise, it still manages to maintain an independent existence.

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Brahms in Full Feather: First American Festival of His Music

Sorting Out the Backgrounds—Fifty Years of Brahms from the Symphony Orchestra

THE general increase in the popularity of Brahms in the last ten years is fresh proof that a half century is none too little for a more than approximate estimate of a composer. While the "importance of Wagner, or Mendelssohn,, or Chaikovsky has varied with musical fashions, the graph of Brahms has shown a fairly constant rise through the years. One critical moment was at the turn of the century. The smoke of the great Brahms-Wagner and Brahms-Bruckner wars having cleared away, people gazed over a battle field strewn with broken friendships, and suddenly realized that this world is large enough comfortably to hold two divergent musical styles at the same time. Then, it seemed, was the moment for critics to pronounce the last rites over Brahms as an issue, and to give him his just niche among the immortals. As it now appears, the final word was not then spoken. There has been still another accounting by time, that cool and leisurely critic.

That the symphonies of Brahms could ever be classed as general favorites would have been the last prediction of Brahms's most extravagant champions, not so very long ago. "Brahms is not, even in the best sense of the word, a 'popular' composer," wrote Markham Lee in his book on "Brahms," as recently as 1916. "To the ordinary amateur, who can enjoy his Beethoven or his Schubert, the work of Brahms is very often a sealed book. Not only can he not enjoy it, but it is apt to repel him."

The adjectives "austere," "harsh," "repellent," "obscure," persisted for years, reappearing whenever Brahms was summed up in print. Then there was the metaphor of the "unapproachable altitudes." James Huneker, with whom Brahms was a hobby, wrote—"His topmost peaks are tremendously remote, and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for dwellers of the plains" (Mezzo Tints in Modern Music, 1905). And again Lee—"He rarely descends to earth, and prefers to remain on his pinnacle rather than come to our level; if we want him we must climb to him by steps that are perhaps painful and slow." R. A. Streatfield looked upon Brahms as "wrapped in obscurity," and followed this with the astonishing observation that "he touches no chord of human sympathy!" He continues in his "Modern Music and Musicians" (1906), "It is perhaps this very austerity, this severe self-repression, this remoteness of personality that constitute to some minds the charm of Brahms's music. In a similar [illegible] on lonely heights, expecting him to stay there forever, with a small circle of the elect at his feet.

Such opinions as these need no other answer than the present festival, which perhaps no other Nineteenth Century composer except Beethoven or Wagner could have successfully furnished forth on such a scale (One must admit, however, that the Nordic Brahms has never greatly thrived on Mediterranean shores). As for the "limitations" listed above, they have proved to be in large part the limitations of a tardy world. Time and custom, which solve all musical enigmas and resolve all discords, has thrown a clarifying beam into the dark places of Brahms, that the world might see, and smoothed out his arbitrary harshnesses, that the world might accept. In this way the "murky fog," which in the eighties was supposed to enshroud the symphonies, soon lifted. Still, the atmosphere was not yet clear about these four mountains, for a mist of wordy legends such as those quoted above hung over them.

But the sun, strong and patient, has at last cleared the air. It is doubtful whether an audience of 1930, listening to the First Symphony, or the Fourth, is particularly aware of anything austere, harsh, or forbidding about them. One looks in vain for the chords of "pain" which Riemann found in the first movement of the Fourth. Surely the melodious profusion of Brahms's themes, the command of his structure, the splendor of his harmonic coloring—in a word the sheer musical wealth is uppermost in a symphony as it is performed today—and applauded to the echo. As for the graver moods that once repelled—they now only add a special character and impressiveness.

Perhaps outspoken 1930 finds something kindred in the directness of Brahms, and in particular those passages which his contemporaries found too abrupt. The reticence and profundity of his emotional current, and the placid endings of his movements estranged him from many in his day of much romantic inflation and heroic fustian. These qualities are outblown and dated, while the sobrieties of Brahms endure. The lustre of Brahms's essential gold is more fully revealed rather than diminished by time.

George Henschel had not long taken charge of the newly organized Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881 when the public realized that there was no escape for them from the music of Johannes Brahms. As a matter of fact, the promising young German conductor was not only a sworn champion of Brahms, but an intimate friend of this fearful "modern"—(the word seems to have borne the same dread implications which it has for many today toward composers correspondingly advanced). This was not merely a local attitude, nor was Boston entirely an outpost of musical civilization. Even in Brahms's native Germany his symphonies were scarcely received with unmixed enthusiasm, the principal difference being that his defenders there were more numerous and zealous.

Brahms was no new name to Boston, for Carl Zerrahn, with his Harvard Musical Society Orchestra, had given a bitter foretaste, introducing the First Symphony on January 3, 1878. The critics arose thereupon, and spoke in the lusty, vitriolic manner of the day, calling it "Morbid (!), strained, unnatural—ugly" (Boston Gazette, Jan. 20, 1878). And that excellent musician, William F. Apthorp, in the "Courier" of the same date found the symphony "on the whole, disappointing." But conductors in those times also knew the spirit of battle. Zerrahn repeated the C minor Symphony on January 31. When he gave the Second Symphony its first Boston performance on January 9, 1879, John S. Dwight voiced the general coldness by saying that even Sterndale Bennett could have written a better symphony.

After such episodes, together with certain descents upon the town by Theodore Thomas, another historic captain in the Brahms cause, Boston knew what to expect with a Brahmsian at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Henschel began on his second program by giving the first Boston performance of the Tragic Overture, repeating it the following week. He likewise introduced and repeated the Alto Rhapsody, and brought forth the two symphonies each season, apparently unmoved by indignant letters to the newspapers.

Wilhelm Gericke came with a new symphony of Brahms, the Third (November 8, 1884), about which one critic remarked, "the themes would hardly do credit to a musical primer." The Variations on a Theme by Haydn, performed on December 6, the Transcript pronounced "stupendous," but another paper called it "twenty minutes wasted." The Fourth Symphony was announced for its first performance in this country at the concert of November 29, 1886. But Mr. Gericke was not satisfied with the way this "insuperably difficult" score went at the public rehearsal, and postponed the first performance until December 23. Meanwhile, Dr. Leopold Damrosch took the honors in New York, introducing the new work on December 11.

The symphonies apparently had many musical friends by this time—a small, though constantly growing minority. The bulk of the public still wondered why this wrong-headed German insisted upon writing symphonies, instead of his more reasonable Hungarian Dances and Liebeslieder. When Gericke put the Second Symphony at the end of his program of January 17 in the same season, the audience saw its opportunity, and according to a report of the concert, "there was a general uprising and leave-taking after each of the first two movements." "This is an encouraging sign," the reviewer went on. "Possibly in another season the small claim of this composer to his present prominent position will be more generally acknowledged."

The clarity, thorough musicianship, and high standards of Gericke's performances must have had an immediate effect in elucidating Brahms to the Bostonian public. The reviewer of the Transcript, on November 16, 1885, reported a performance of the First Symphony which was distinctly encouraging, although again many had "walked out":

> One has a shrewd notion that, had it been Beethoven's C minor Symphony, instead of Brahms's, almost every one would have kept his seat to the end. It must be admitted that, to the larger part of our public, Brahms is still an incomprehensible terror. People speak of him pretty much as they used to speak of Schumann twenty years ago. Abstruseness and obscurity of style is the charge made against him by those of his dislikers who are frank in the acknowledgement of their own impotence to enjoy his music. In one way or another, Brahms is an unqualified bore to four music-lovers out of five in this good Boston of ours. But is this a reason for not playing Brahms's Symphonies at concerts here? By no manner of means! There is not an inconsiderable portion of our public to whom the announcement of a Brahms symphony is a promise of unspeakable delight; people who look at their programs with anxious solicitude to see if there be not something by Brahms on it. Let them have their Brahms now and then, and let the rest of the public go hang, if it objects.

This "not inconsiderable portion of our public" did grow apace, and when Arthur Nikisch became the conductor in 1889, Boston was astonished to discover that the symphonies which they had assumed to be learned and dry, were in fact aglow with dramatic fire and romance. This was the magician who also startled the hidebound and wary public of the Leipzig Gewandhaus into an appreciation of Brahms, the melodist, colorist and poet. Under the eloquent apostle there bloomed a flourishing faction. It became a cult, with its fringe of priggishness and other accompanying phenomena. Ere long Boston was spoken of as a Brahms center.

At the news of Brahms's death (April 3, 1897) Emil Paur, who was then conductor, arranged for the regular concerts of April 9 and 10, the following appropriate and impressive, if decidedly sombre, program. Tragic Overture, Op. 81; Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121; Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, Op. 102; Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98. Soloists were: Max Heinrich, Franz Kneisel and Alwin Schroeder.

It would be interesting to know who first referred to the Brahms Symphonies as "classics," and when the remark was made. It was probably in the first years of this century. In any case, Emil Paur must have done his admirable part in giving them this label of permanence and universal respect. Boston, fortunate in its Brahms conductors had surely one of the very finest of them in Dr. Karl Muck, in whose artist's nature the style of the composer seems closely ingrained. He combined the precision of a Gericke with the romance of a Nikisch in performances which are cherished memories.

This retrospect is hardly the place to dwell upon the status of Brahms at the symphony concerts today, or what new and surpassing beauties Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's interpretations may have revealed. We can but record the obvious by pointing out that the composer's genius, lifted free and clear of routine, was never so keenly and generally alive in this town.

JOHN N. BURK

"Largamente"

Brahms Conducting

Brahms in Middle Years

From a Little-Known Photograph Belonging to William Willeke

The Bachelor With Ways of His Own

"IN order to know Brahms as a man," says Walter Niemann in his recently published life of the composer, "we must pay a visit to him in his home"; so, following this hopeful suggestion, we have exhibited in part the carefully reconstructed picture of Brahms at home which Herr Niemann offers us in his book. Let us now complete, so far as space permits, the German author's graphic portrayal of Brahms the man, as Vienna knew him in the last two decades of his life.

The beardless Johannes of the '60s, "a blond, lean figure of a decidedly professorial type," according to Richard Heuberger, astonished his friends at Zurich by his robust health. He was able to take a nap at any moment in the day time, in the open air as easily as in his rooms, and even at night it did not trouble him in the least if at times he was forced to camp out on the sofa in a friend's house, or even under the piano. The summer which he spent at Portschach in 1878 turned this beardless Brahms into a sturdy, mature man with luxuriant hair—which became silver with advancing years—and a voluminous beard and mustache. "With a shaven chin one is taken for an actor or a parson," he said to Widmann at Pressbaum in 1881.

Portraits of Brahms dating from the '80s show us the well known imposing fine, idealistic German artist's head; later the full beard, in contrast with the mustache—half-sandy, half-gray—took on a more and more silver hue, while a comfortable embonpoint gained upon him. Thus, at Leipzig in 1887 Brahms already

Brahms as He Came and Went Among a Friendly Circle In His Prime

appeared to Jenner as a "round little gentleman," and in 1894, to Clara Schumann's grandson, Ferdinand, who was still quite young, as "a short, corpulent gentleman with full beard, already gray."

In the streets of Vienna, during his later years, he was often seen trotting about in an overcoat, with "trousers that were always too short, a black alpaca jacket and bright colored shirts without any collar," according to Eugenie Schumann. He wore, or carried in his hand a stiff, round black hat or a soft, broad brimmed one, with the inevitable huge cigar in his mouth, and pince-nez on his nose (he was extremely short-sighted) taking short, brisk, light steps, always walking on his heels, breathing rather hard, his arms often crossed behind his back, while his eyes looked piercingly forward into the distance.

"Brahms was fond of strong, black Mocha coffee, which he prepared himself and breakfast was his favorite and most important meal. He could drink this coffee at any hour of the day; indeed, he maintained that he could sleep well, no matter how heavy his supper had been, provided only that he accompanied it with a cup of very strong coffee." His recipe for this was simple—as many coffee-beans as would ordinarily make ten cupfuls.

The routine of his day was simple and regular. He rose early; during the summer holidays, often as early as five o'clock—"You have no idea what you are missing if you don't go into the woods at five in the morning," he once said to Eugenie Schumann. He then worked without stopping until midday. At half past twelve he would go for his luncheon to the "Roter Igel." He would take his coffee either there, or below in the Stadtpark, and would then go for a long walk, usually in the Prater, but often out into the country or in the Wiener Wald. He was particularly fond of the Prater as a focus of Viennese life: "Nowhere else does one enjoy the amiable and gay character of the Viennese," he said, "as in one's strolls through the Prater."

In the evening, often after a visit to a concert or opera, he would take his evening drink at his regular table in the little low-ceiled back room of the "Roter Igel"—which was, he maintained, the best and cheapest of the old inns of Vienna between Wildpretmarkt and Tuchlauben. It is sacred in the eyes of musicians because of a tradition that Beethoven had visited it. Here Brahms would meet his few but carefully chosen intimates: Hanslick, Kalbeck, Door, Pohl, Brull, Rottenberg, Nottebohm and others. If he was not to be found at the "Roter Igel," he would be sitting—at least between 1875 and 1881—at the habitués' table at Gause's Pilsener Bierhalle in the Johannisgasse. Though Brahms had a good appetite and stood his drink well, he was moderate and frugal both in what he ate and what he

Continued on Page Six

The Concert-Crier

Next Week

Brahms Festival—Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 23, Fourth Symphony, "Song of Destiny," Second Piano-Concerto; Monday evening, March 24, "German Requiem"; Tuesday evening, "Liebeslieder," Quintet for Piano and Strings, Intermezzi and Rhapsody for Piano (Op. 119); familiar songs; Wednesday evening, First Symphony, First Piano-Concerto, Rhapsody for Male Chorus, Alto and Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Artur Schnabel, pianist; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses; Burgin String Quartet; Margarete Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland, Fraser Gange, singers.

Orchestral—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening (Haydn's Symphony "with the horn-call," new Suite for Orchestra by Walter Piston, Sibelius's Sixth Symphony, Schoenberg's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for Organ.)

In Ensemble—London String Quartet, Branch Library, Roslindale, Sunday afternoon, Central Library, Copley Square, Sunday evening (Quartets, Op. 59, No. [illegible] and Op. 130, by Beethoven). Free.

Eminences—Sigrid Onegin, contralto, Hotel Statler, Wednesday morning (Airs from Meyerbeer and Rossini; songs of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Loewe. . . . Georges Enesco, violinist, Paine Hall (Harvard University), Friday evening (Concerto of Vivaldi, Concert-Piece of Saint-Saëns; Brahms's Sonata in D minor; Ravel's "Tzigane"; miscellany.)

Violinist—Baldassare Ferlazzo; Jordan Hall, Thursday evening (Brahms's Sonata in D minor, Op. 108; Saint-Saëns's "Havanaise"; miscellany).

Singers—Stanley Lichtenstein, tenor; Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon (Airs and songs from Scarlatti, Schubert, Brahms, Berlioz, Ravel, Delius). . . . Tiante Kefalas, tenor; Jordan Hall, Sunday evening, (Operatic airs; German Lieder; Greek folk-pieces.

Further On

Week, March 30-April 5—Sunday afternoon, Symphony Hall; Serge Rakhmaninov, pianist (miscellaneous pieces from Chopin and Liszt only). . . . Sunday afternoon, Jordan Hall, James Byars, tenor (pieces from Handel and Schubert, Negro Spirituals). . . . Tuesday evening, Paine Hall (Harvard), Harvard University Orchestra, Wallace Woodworth conductor; Dorothy Comstock, violinist, George Brown, violoncellist, assisting, (pieces from Gluck, Bach, Bruch, Dvorák). . . . Thursday evening, Sanders Theater (Harvard), Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . Thursday evening, Jordan Hall, Frances Gettys, soprano. . . . Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Symphony Hall, twenty-first pair of Symphony Concerts.

Week, April 6-12—Sunday afternoon, Symphony Hall; Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone conductor; Mmes. Guilford, Alcock, Messrs. Althouse, Simmons, solo-singers (Verdi's Requiem, Kodály's "Psalmus Hungaricus") . . . Sunday afternoon, Jordan Hall, Eighteenth Century Symphony Orchestra, Raffaele Martino conductor, and Betty Bird Higginson, soprano; (Fugue by Frescobaldi, Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony): . . . Sunday afternoon, Branch Library, Roslindale, and Sunday evening, Central Library, Copley Square, London String Quartet (Quartets of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms), Free. . . . Monday evening, Jordan Hall, Jacobus Langendoen violoncellist, Alice Armstrong Kimball,, soprano (Breval's Sonata and fresh miscellany for violoncello; airs and songs) . . . Thursday evening, Jordan Hall, Dorothy George, soprano. . . . Thursday evening, Alumnae Hall (Wellesley), Albert Spalding, violinist.

Week, April 13-19—Sunday afternoon, Branch Library, Roslindale and Sunday evening, Central Library, Copley Square; London String Quartet (Quartets of Chaikovsky, Debussy, Hindemith). Free . . . Tuesday evening, Jordan Hall; Maxim Schapiro, pianist (Schumann's Sonata in F-sharp minor; Balakirev's "Islamey"; Russian miscellany). . . . Thursday evening, Sanders Theater (Harvard); Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Symphony Hall; twenty-second pair of Symphony Concerts.

Dance Calendar

Agnes de Mille—Symphony Hall, Friday evening, April 4—a new dancer of skill, charm and fresh inventions; Warren Leonard, her partner, variously accomplished; Frank Parker, diseur of lively humor and mocking wit. The three together provide the entertainment of an intimate review in miniature.

As Memory Summons Him—Brahms In The Eyes and The Ears of An American Student

IT was on December 12, 1891, that I first heard Brahms play the piano. It was at a Joachim Quartet Concert at the venerable Singakademie in Berlin. The famous composer had come to the Prussian capitol to attend the performance of his clarinet quintet and to play the piano part in his new trio in A minor op. 114 for piano, 'cello and clarinet. He had written both works, which were still in manuscript, for Richard Muehfeld of Meiningen, who was by far the greatest virtuoso on the clarinet I have ever heard.

On this occasion the Joachim Quartet, which was then the foremost chamber music organization in the world, broke with its traditions, which had been in force 1869, and played for the first time works not written exclusively for strings. The interest to see and hear the great man from Vienna was intense and when Brahms stepped onto the stage he was given a rousing welcome.

The great composer was by no means a piano virtuoso in the modern sense of the word, and yet he had a big technique although a faulty one. He went rough shod over difficult passages, often hitting false notes, but he had a great deal of facility and remarkable independence and strength of fingers. Two years later I heard Brahms play again and both times I gained the impression that he never would have been a really great pianist even if he had devoted himself exclusively to the instrument. Considering how little time he had for practice, however, his playing was wonderful. There was something sublime about his conceptions and his attitude toward the compositions. He was utterly oblivious to the audience and was concerned only with the interpretation of the music; and his readings were all the more interesting because he was discoursing his own works.

He played the cantabile parts beautifully, proclaiming the themes in a very individual manner, with great warmth and feeling, and he lingered lovingly on certain details that particularly pleased him. I was struck by the freedom with which he played and by his precision of rhythm and elasticity of tempo. In his trio Brahms paid no attention whatever to his partners, Richard Muehfeld, clarinet, and Robert Hausmann, 'cello. They had to follow him, and the hawk-like manner in which they watched him, and the way they yielded to his every mood, whim and modification of tempo and nuance bespoke the awe in which they stood of the illustrious man.

In heavy chords Brahms's tone was hard. He strove for orchestral effects and the Berlin critic of the Deutsche Warte who wrote "Brahms has a bear-like touch" (Brahms hat einen baerenmaessigen Anschlag) was quite right. The famous composer at times completely drowned out the 'cello and the clarinet although Muehfeld had a voluminous tone of remarkable carrying power.

Notwithstanding his technical shortcomings, to which even the greatest Brahms enthusiast could not be oblivious, if he was at all discriminating, it was inspiring and uplifting to hear him in his own works, for there was a divine spark in his playing as well as in his compositions. I was twenty-three years old in 1891, when I first heard Brahms, so I was old enough to appreciate the greatness of the occasion.

When I first met Brahms, I had no opportunity to discuss his music with him, but two years later, in 1893, with the help of Joachim I succeeded in drawing him into a musical discussion. Brahms was very touchy on certain points, as I had meanwhile ascertained, and I drew him out by bringing up one of his hobbies for which he had been much criticized.

Brahms seemed to be utterly indifferent to what the critics wrote about his compositions, but when I touched on the censure of professional pianists who called his piano pieces "unpianistic," he warmed up and made with considerable asperity the following remark, which I noted down immediately afterward because I realized their great significance:

> I have no patience with the pianists who growl because of a few new technical difficulties. Shall progress stop because of a few hard nuts to crack? All my life I have been deeply interested in piano technique, and I have endeavored in my piano works to combine good musical ideas with new idioms. You will find the new technique more particularly in my Paganini variations and in my Capriccii. I admit that many of the passages lie awkwardly for the hands. This new kind of technique seems inconvenient ("unbequem," was the word he used) because arms, hands and fingers are used in a new way. The new idiom requires greater strength, freedom and independence of fingers than the traditional classical piano technique. But this is no reason why my innovations should be called unpianistic. I know that there are some very mean places in the Paganini Variations, but my original intention in writing the two sets was that they should be technical exercises for practice only. It was not until later that I decided to have them published as concert pieces, and that was partly because von Buelow, Clara Schumann and Tausig advised me to do so. Musically, I consider my Handel Variations more important.

In later years, when such great virtuosi as Joseffy, Pachmann, Busoni, and Godowsky began to play the Paganini Variations and to take delight in the new kinds of pianistic difficulties, I recalled the famous composer's words and realized how wisely he had expressed himself on this point.

When I asked Brahms if he ever intended to compose a second violin concerto, he replied with great vehemence, "under no circumstances whatever." On being questioned as to his reasons, he quoted scripture, Matthew VI, 34. When I told him I could not see the application of the passage to a new violin concerto, he replied, "I said 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' because I had more than enough trouble with my first and only violin concerto. I feel too circumscribed by the tonal limitations of the four strings. I think symphonically."

It seems strange to me that Brahms should use the term "tonal limitations" instead of "technical limitations," for all the violinists were up in arms against the new kind of difficulties in the Brahms violin concerto. Even as great a critic as Otto Neitzel of Cologne had written, "The Brahms concerto is not written for it is written against the violin." I spoke of this to Brahms, whereupon he said in a very impatient manner:

> I don't understand why the violinists make such a fuss over the passages in my concerto. They are worse than the pianists. Why are they not more concerned with the tonal effects? They are all so absorbed with the technique that they overlook euphony (Klang). Hardly any of them can make the passages of the first movement and finale sound well, and that is why I can't bear to hear the younger violinists play it any more. It bores me to death when some young fiddler comes and asks permission to play my concerto for me. Now you know why I shall never write another violin concerto.

Joachim, to whom Brahms had been speaking quite as much as to me, afterward said to me, "those were two intensely interesting statements by Brahms concerning his new piano and violin idioms. And for him they were unusually long ones, for he is generally very taciturn."

The great composer's last visit to Berlin was in 1896, the year before his death. Joachim, who was his most intimate friend, had invited him to hear a private performance of one of his string quartets at a small select social company. This was my last meeting with Brahms. He had aged visibly. His complexion which had formerly been ruddy had turned to a sickly yellowish brown. He had cancer of the liver, of which he died in April of the following year.

The first thing Brahms said to me on this occasion was, "You are an American, do you play the banjo?"

Astonished at such a question from him, I replied "No, I am sorry to say I do not, but why do you ask?"

"Because I met an American girl in Leipzig," he replied, "who played the banjo for me. It was the first and only time I ever heard the instrument and I was much interested in the rhythm of ragtime which she played very cleverly."

Ragtime was then all the rage in America, and Brahms seemed so interested in it that I asked him if he intended to utilize the rhythm in one of his own compositions. A far-away look came into his expressive blue eyes while he said, "I had thought of doing so but I doubt if I shall ever get to it. My ideas no longer flow as easily as they used to."

There have been in the Brahms biographies contradictory reports concerning his transposing a Beethoven Sonata half a tone higher when playing in public with Eduard Remenyi, with whom he made a tour of northern Germany in 1853. In the sketch of Brahms's life, for instance, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, it is stated that the illustrious composer compassed this feat at Goettingen and that he and Remenyi were playing the Beethoven "Kreutzer" Sonata. I questioned Brahms concerning this and he said that it happened in the little town of Celle and that the Sonata was not the "Kreutzer" but the Beethoven C Minor Sonata. Joachim once told me that he had played the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Brahms at Goettingen when they were both young men in the fifties, and that Brahms had transposed it from A major to B flat major, because the piano was half a tone flat.

Speaking of the concert in Celle, the composer said, "The piano was half a tone flat and as Remenyi had absolute pitch, he could not possibly play with it as it was, so he tuned his violin to the B flat of the piano, which was really A, and I transposed the program half a tone higher."

Brahms's attitude toward this historic affair seemed to me to be altogether too modest. He seemed to attach no importance whatever to it. What pianist in our day would consider it a small feat to transpose the C Minor Sonata to C sharp minor. It was a stroke of genius!

Brahms was a very difficult man to talk to as he had a very crusty nature. Moreover he was not at all loquacious. If I had not had the assistance of Joachim, I probably should not have succeeded in drawing him out as extensively as I did. I questioned him concerning his visit to Liszt with Remenyi and derived some interesting information about his meeting with the great pianist at Weimar.

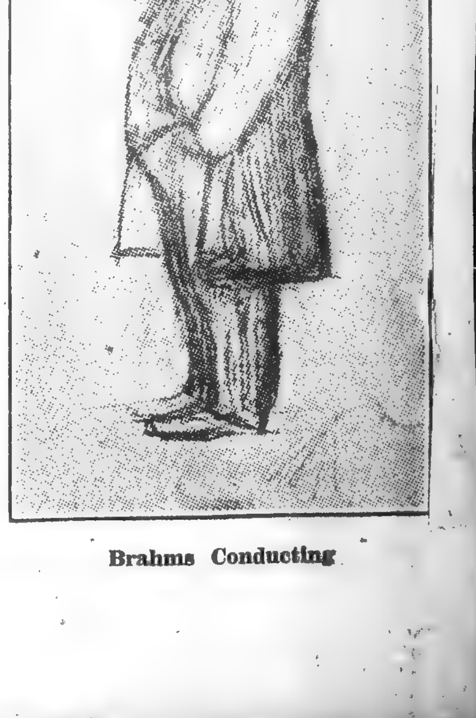
Further conversation revealed the interesting news that Brahms was Liszt's guest at the "Altenburg" (Liszt's home in Weimar) for two weeks, and that he met many interesting people there, including the Princess Wittgenstein, Peter Cornelius, [illegible] Klindworth, William Mason and Carl Tausig, who was then a boy of twelve, but "already a formidable pianist," as Brahms put it.

It was during that memorable visit that Liszt played his own B minor Sonata for Brahms, who fell asleep during the performance. Liszt never forgave him for this. The story is a true one as Carl Klindworth, who was present, assured me in after years.

Brahms like Schumann was a great Bible student and on the occasion of my first meeting with him in 1891, he at first paid no attention to me whatever, although I was introduced to him by Joachim. It was not until I quoted John III, 3 to him that he really looked at me. He then finished the quotation by quoting John III, 5, which is a continuation, and then we quoted both the old and the new Testament to each other until his interest was aroused.

ARTHUR M. ABELL

"Molto Marcato"



Brahms Conducting

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12x

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METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
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200 mm

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Brahms in Full Feather: First American Festival

Sorting Out the Backgrounds—Fifty Years of Brahms from the Symphony Orchestra

THE general increase in the popularity of Brahms in the last ten years is fresh proof that a half century is none too little for a more than approximate estimate of a composer. While the "importance of Wagner, or Mendelssohn,, or Chaikovsky has varied with musical fashions, the graph of Brahms has shown a fairly constant rise through the years. One critical moment was at the turn of the century. The smoke of the great Brahms-Wagner and Brahms-Bruckner wars having cleared away, people gazed over a battle field strewn with broken friendships, and suddenly realized that this world is large enough comfortably to hold two divergent musical styles at the same time. Then, it seemed, was the moment for critics to pronounce the last rites over Brahms as an issue, and to give him his just niche among the immortals. As it now appears, the final word was not then spoken. There has been still another accounting by time, that cool and leisurely critic.

That the symphonies of Brahms could ever be classed as general favorites would have been the last prediction of Brahms's most extravagant champions, not so very long ago. "Brahms is not, even in the best sense of the word, a 'popular' composer," wrote Markham Lee in his book on "Brahms," as recently as 1916. "To the ordinary amateur, who can enjoy his Beethoven or his Schubert, the work of Brahms is very often a sealed book. Not only can he not enjoy it, but it is apt to repel him."

The adjectives "austere," "harsh," "repellent," "obscure," persisted for years, reappearing whenever Brahms was summed up in print. Then there was the metaphor of the "unapproachable altitudes." James Huneker, with whom Brahms was a hobby, wrote—"His topmost peaks are tremendously remote, and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for dwellers of the plains" ("Mezzo Tints in Modern Music," 1905). And again Lee—"He rarely descends to earth, and prefers to remain on his pinnacle rather than come to our level; if we want him we must climb to him by steps that are perhaps painful and slow." R. A. Streatfield looked upon Brahms as "wrapped in obscurity," and followed this with the astonishing observation that "he touches no chord of human sympathy!" He continues in his "Modern Music and Musicians" (1906), "It is perhaps this very austerity, this severe self-repression, this remoteness of personality, that constitute to some minds the charm of Brahms's music. In a similar vein, others [illegible] in lonely heights, expecting him to stay there forever, with a small circle of the elect at his feet.

Such opinions as these need no other answer than the present festival, which perhaps no other Nineteenth Century composer except Beethoven or Wagner could have successfully furnished forth on such a scale (One must admit, however, that the Nordic Brahms has never greatly thrived on Mediterranean shores).

As for the "limitations" listed above, they have proved to be in large part the limitations of a tardy world. Time and custom, which solve all musical enigmas and resolve all discords, has thrown a clarifying beam into the dark places of Brahms, that the world might see, and smoothed out his arbitrary harshnesses, that the world might accept. In this way the "murky fog," which in the eighties was supposed to enshroud the symphonies, soon lifted. Still, the atmosphere was not yet clear about these four mountains, for a mist of wordy legends such as those quoted above hung over them.

But the sun, strong and patient, has at last cleared the air. It is doubtful whether an audience of 1930, listening to the First Symphony, or the Fourth, is particularly aware of anything austere, harsh, or forbidding about them. One looks in vain for the chords of "pain" which Riemann found in the first movement of the Fourth. Surely the melodious profusion of Brahms's themes, the command of his structure, the splendor of his harmonic coloring—in a word the sheer musical wealth is uppermost in a symphony as it is performed today—and applauded to the echo. As for the graver moods that once repelled—they now only add a special character and impressiveness.

Perhaps outspoken 1930 finds some-

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Brahms in Middle Years

From a Little-Known Photograph Belonging to William Willeke

The Bachelor With Ways of His Own

Brahms as He Came and Went Among a Friendly Circle In His Prime

IN order to know Brahms as a man," says Walter Niemann in his recently published life of the composer, "we must pay a visit to him in his home"; so, following this hopeful suggestion, we have exhibited in part the carefully reconstructed picture of Brahms at home which Herr Niemann offers us in his book. Let us now complete, so far as space permits, the German author's graphic portrayal of Brahms the man, as Vienna knew him in the last two decades of his life.

The beardless Johannes of the '60s, "a blond, lean figure of a decidedly professorial type," according to Richard Heuberger, astonished his friends at Zurich by his robust health. He was able to take a nap at any moment in the day time, in the open air as easily as in his rooms, and even at night it did not trouble him in the least if at times he was forced to camp out on the sofa in a friend's house, or even under the piano. The summer which he spent at Portschach in 1878 turned this beardless Brahms into a sturdy, mature man with luxuriant hair—which became silver with advancing years—and a voluminous beard and mustache. "With a shaven chin one is taken for an actor or a parson," he said to Widmann at Pressbaum in 1881.

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As Memor... In The... A...

It was on December ... first heard Brahms ... It was at a Joachi... cert at the venerable ... Berlin. The famous com... to the Prussian capitol t... formance of his clarinet ... play the piano part in ... A minor op. 114 for p... clarinet. He had writt... which were still in manu... ard Muehfeld of Meining... far the greatest virtuoso... I have ever heard.

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He played the canta... fully, proclaiming the ... individual manner, wi... and feeling, and he lin... certain details that pa... him. I was struck by ... which he played and b... rhythm and elasticity ... trio Brahms paid no a... to his partners, Richar... net, and Robert Hausm... had to follow him, a... manner in which they ... the way they yielded t... whim and modificatio... nuance bespoke the a... stood of the illustrious ...

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Notwithstanding his ... comings, to which ... Brahms enthusiast cou... if he was at all disc... inspiring and upliftin... his own works, for t... spark in his playing ... compositions. I was ... old in 1891, when I f... so I was old enough ... greatness of the occas...

When I first met ... opportunity to discu... him, but two years ... the help of Joachim I ... ing him into a ... Brahms was very ... points, as I had mes... and I drew him out ... of his hobbies for ... much criticized.

Brahms seemed to ... ent to what the crit... compositions, but wh... censure of professi... called his piano piec... warmed up and mad... asperity the followin... noted down immedi... cause I realized thei...

I have no patie... ists, who growl bec... technical difficultie... stop because of a ... crack? All my ... deeply interested i... and I have endeav... works to combine ... with new idioms. ... new technique m... my Paganini vari... Capriccii. I admit...

s in Full Feather: First American Festival of His Music

he Backgrounds—Fifty Brahms from the hony Orchestra

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patient, has is doubtful 30, listening e Fourth, is ing austere, them. One is of "pain" e first move- the melodi- themes, the the splendor a word the permost in a d today--and or the graver hey now only d impressive-

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As Memory Summons Him—Brahms In The Eyes and The Ears of An American Student

IT was on December 12, 1891, that I first heard Brahms play the piano. It was at a Joachim Quartet Concert at the venerable Singakademie in Berlin. The famous composer had come to the Prussian capitol to attend the performance of his clarinet quintet and to play the piano part in his new trio in A minor op. 114 for piano, 'cello and clarinet. He had written both works, which were still in manuscript, for Richard Muehfeld of Meiningen, who was by far the greatest virtuoso on the clarinet I have ever heard.

On this occasion the Joachim Quartet, which was then the foremost chamber music organization in the world, broke with its traditions, which had been in force 1869, and played for the first time works not written exclusively for strings. The interest to see and hear the great man from Vienna was intense and when Brahms stepped onto the stage he was given a rousing welcome.

The great composer was by no means a piano virtuoso in the modern sense of the word, and yet he had a big technique although a faulty one. He went rough shod over difficult passages, often hitting false notes, but he had a great deal of facility and remarkable independence and strength of fingers. Two years later I heard Brahms play again and both times I gained the impression that he never would have been a really great pianist even if he had devoted himself exclusively to the instrument. Considering how little time he had for practice, however, his playing was wonderful. There was something sublime about his conceptions and his attitude toward the compositions. He was utterly oblivious to the audience and was concerened only with the interpretation of the music; and his readings were all the more interesting because he was discoursing his own works.

He played the cantabile parts beautifully, proclaiming the themes in a very individual manner, with great warmth and feeling, and he lingered lovingly on certain details that particularly pleased him. I was struck by the freedom with which he played and by his precision of rhythm and elasticity of tempo. In his trio Brahms paid no attention whatever to his partners, Richard Muehfeld, clarinet, and Robert Hausmann, 'cello. They had to follow him, and the hawk-like manner in which they watched him, and the way they yielded to his every mood, whim and modification of tempo and nuance bespoke the awe in which they stood of the illustrious man.

In heavy chords Brahms's tone was hard. He strove for orchestral effects and the Berlin critic of the Deutsche Warte who wrote "Brahms has a bear-like touch" (Brahms hat einen baeremaessigen Anschlag) was quite right. The famous composer at times completely drowned out the 'cello and the clarinet although Muehfeld had a voluminous tone of remarkable carrying power.

Notwithstanding his technical shortcomings, to which even the greatest Brahms enthusiast could not be oblivious, if he was at all discriminating, it was inspiring and uplifting to hear him in his own works, for there was a divine spark in his playing as well as in his compositions. I was twenty-three years old in 1891, when I first heard Brahms, so I was old enough to appreciate the greatness of the occasion.

When I first met Brahms, I had no opportunity to discuss his music with him, but two years later, in 1893, with the help of Joachim I succeeded in drawing him into a musical discussion. Brahms was very touchy on certain points, as I had meanwhile ascertained, and I drew him out by bringing up one of his hobbies for which he had been much criticized.

Brahms seemed to be utterly indifferent to what the critics wrote about his compositions, but when I touched on the censure of professional pianists who called his piano pieces "unpianistic," he warmed up and made with considerable asperity the following remarks, which I noted down immediately afterward because I realized their great significance:

> I have no patience with the pianists, who growl because of a few new technical difficulties. Shall progress stop because of a few hard nuts to crack? All my life I have been deeply interested in piano technique, and I have endeavored in my piano works to combine good musical ideas with new idioms. You will find the new technique more particularly in

they not more concerned with the tonal effects? They are all so absorbed with the technique that they overlook euphony (Klang). Hardly any of them can make the passages of the first movement and finale sound well, and that is why I can't bear to hear the younger violinists play it any more. It bores me to death when some young fiddler comes and asks permission to play my concerto for me Now you know why I shall never write another violin concerto.

Joachim, to whom Brahms had been speaking quite as much as to me, afterward said to me, "those were two intensely interesting statements by Brahms concerning his new piano and violin idioms. And for him they were unusually long ones, for he is generally very taciturn."

The great composer's last visit to Berlin was in 1896, the year before his death. Joachim, who was his most intimate friend, had invited him to hear a private performance of one of his string quartets at a small select social company. This was my last meeting with Brahms. He had aged visibly. His complexion which had formerly been ruddy had turned to a sickly yellowish brown. He had cancer of the liver, of which he died in April of the following year.

The first thing Brahms said to me on this occasion was, "You are an American, do you play the banjo?"

Astonished at such a question from him, I replied "No, I am sorry to say I do not, but why do you ask?"

"Because I met an American girl in Leipzig," he replied, "who played the banjo for me. It was the first and only time I ever heard the instrument and I was much interested in the rhythm of ragtime which she played very cleverly."

Ragtime was then all the rage in America, and Brahms seemed so interested in it that I asked him if he intended to utilize the rhythm in one of his own compositions. A far-away look came into his expressive blue eyes while he said, "I had thought of doing so but I doubt if I shall ever get to it. My ideas no longer flow as easily as they used to."

There have been in the Brahms biographies contradictory reports concerning his transposing a Beethoven Sonata half a tone higher when playing in public with Eduard Remenyi, with whom he made a tour of northern Germany in 1853. In the sketch of Brahms's life, for instance, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, it is stated that the illustrious composer compassed this feat at Goettingen and that he and Remenyi were playing the Beethoven "Kreutzer" Sonata. I questioned Brahms concerning this and he said that it happened in the little town of Celle and that the Sonata was not the "Kreutzer" but the Beethoven C Minor Sonata. Joachim once told me that he had played the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Brahms at Goettingen when they were both young men in the fifties, and that Brahms had transposed it from A major to B flat major, because the piano was half a tone flat.

Speaking of the concert in Celle, the composer said, "The piano was half a tone flat and as Remenyi had absolute pitch, he could not possibly play with it as it was, so he tuned his violin to the B flat of the piano, which was really A, and I transposed the program half a tone higher."

Brahms's attitude toward this historic affair seemed to me to be altogether too modest. He seemed to attach no importance whatever to it. What pianist in our day would consider it a small feat to transpose the C Minor Sonata to C sharp minor. It was a stroke of genius!

Brahms was a very difficult man to talk to as he had a very crusty nature. Moreover he was not at all loquacious. If I had not had the assistance of Joachim, I probably should not have succeeded in drawing him out as extensively as I did. I questioned him concerning his visit to Liszt with Remenyi and derived some interesting information about his meeting with the great pianist at Weimar.

Further conversation revealed the interesting news that Brahms was Liszt's guest at the "Altenburg" (Liszt's home in Weimar) for two weeks, and that he met many interesting people there, including the Princess Wittgenstein, Peter Cornelius, Carl Klindworth, William Mason and Carl Tausig, who was then a

but it is apt to repel him."

The adjectives "austere," "harsh," "repellent," "obscure," persisted for years, reappearing whenever Brahms was summed up in print. Then there was the metaphor of the "unapproachable altitudes." James Huneker, with whom Brahms was a hobby, wrote—"His topmost peaks are tremendously remote, and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for dwellers of the plains" ("Mezzo Tints in Modern Music," 1905). And again Lee—"He rarely descends to earth, and prefers to remain on his pinnacle rather than come to our level; if we want him we must climb to him by steps that are perhaps painful and slow." R. A. Streatfield looked upon Brahms as "wrapped in obscurity," and followed this with the astonishing observation that "he touches no chord of human sympathy!" He continues in his "Modern Music and Musicians" (1906), "It is perhaps this very austerity, this severe self-repression, this remoteness of personality, that constitute to some minds the charm of Brahms's music. In a similar vein, one [illegible] him on lonely heights, expecting him to stay there forever, with a small circle of the elect at his feet.

Such opinions as these need no other answer than the present festival, which perhaps no other Nineteenth Century composer except Beethoven or Wagner could have successfully furnished forth on such a scale (One must admit, however, that the Nordic Brahms has never greatly thrived on Mediterranean shores).

As for the "limitations" listed above, they have proved to be in large part the limitations of a tardy world. Time and custom, which solve all musical enigmas and resolve all discords, has thrown a clarifying beam into the dark places of Brahms, that the world might see, and smoothed out his arbitrary harshnesses, that the world might accept. In this way the "murky fog," which in the eighties was supposed to enshroud the symphonies, soon lifted. Still, the atmosphere was not yet clear about these four mountains, for a mist of wordy legends such as those quoted above hung over them.

But the sun, strong and patient, has at last cleared the air. It is doubtful whether an audience of 1930, listening to the First Symphony, or the Fourth, is particularly aware of anything austere, harsh, or forbidding about them. One looks in vain for the chords of "pain" which Riemann found in the first movement of the Fourth. Surely the melodious profusion of Brahms's themes, the command of his structure, the splendor of his harmonic coloring—in a word the sheer musical wealth is uppermost in a symphony as it is performed today—and applauded to the echo. As for the graver moods that once repelled—they now only add a special character and impressiveness.

Perhaps outspoken 1930 finds something kindred in the directness of Brahms, and in particular those passages which his contemporaries found too abrupt. The reticence and profundity of his emotional current, and the placid endings of his movements estranged him from many in his day of much romantic inflation and heroic fustian. These qualities are outblown and dated, while the sobrieties of Brahms endure. The lustre of Brahms's essential gold is more fully revealed rather than diminished by time.

George Henschel had not long taken charge of the newly organized Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881 when the public realized that there was no escape for them from the music of Johannes Brahms. As a matter of fact, the promising young German conductor was not only a sworn champion of Brahms, but an intimate friend of this fearful "modern"—(the word seems to have borne the

giving the first Boston performance of the Tragic Overture, repeating it the following week. He likewise introduced and repeated the Alto Rhapsody, and brought forth the two symphonies each season, apparently unmoved by indignant letters to the newspapers.

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The clarity, thorough musicianship, and high standards of Gericke's performances must have had an immediate effect in elucidating Brahms to the Bostonian public. The reviewer of the Transcript, on November 16, 1885, reported a performance of the First Symphony which was distinctly encouraging, although again many had "walked out":

> One has a shrewd notion that, had it been Beethoven's C minor Symphony, instead of Brahms's, almost every one would have kept his seat to the end. It must be admitted that, to the larger part of our public, Brahms is still an incomprehensible terror. People speak of him pretty much as they used to speak of Schumann twenty years ago. Abstruseness and obscurity of style is the charge made against him by those of his dislikers who are frank in the acknowledgement of their own impotence to enjoy his music. In one way or another, Brahms is an unqualified bore to four music-lovers out of five in this good Boston of ours. But is this a reason for not playing Brahms's Symphonies at concerts here? By no manner of means! There is not an inconsiderable portion of our public to whom the announcement of a Brahms symphony is a promise of unspeakable delight; people who look at their programs with anxious solicitude to see if there be not something by Brahms on it. Let them have their Brahms now and then, and let the rest of the public go hang, if it objects.

This "not inconsiderable portion of our public" did grow apace, and when Arthur Nikisch became the conductor in 1889, Boston was astonished to discover that the symphonies which they had assumed to be learned and dry, were in fact aglow with dramatic fire and romance. This was the magician who also startled the hidebound and wary public of the Leipzig Gewandhaus into an appreciation of Brahms, the melodist, colorist and poet. Under the eloquent apostle there bloomed a flourishing faction. It became a cult, with its fringe of priggishness and other accompanying phenomena. Ere long Boston was spoken of as a Brahms center.

At the news of Brahms's death (April 3, 1897) Emil Paur, who was then conductor, arranged for the regular concerts of April 9 and 10, the following appropriate and impressive, if decidedly sombre, program. Tragic Overture, Op. 81; Vier Ernste Gesänge, Op. 121; Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, Op. 102; Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98. Soloists were: Max Heinrich, Franz Kneisel and Alwin Schroeder.

It would be interesting to know who first referred to the Brahms Symphonies as "classics," and when the remark was made. It was probably in the first years of this century. In any case, Emil Paur must have done his admirable part in giving them this label of permanence and universal respect. Boston, fortunate in its Brahms conductors had surely one of the very finest of them in Dr. Karl Muck, in whose artist's nature the style of the composer seems closely ingrained. He combined the precision of a Gericke with the romance of a Nikisch in performances which are cherished memories.

This retrospect is hardly the place to dwell upon the status of Brahms at the symphony concerts today, or what new and surpassing beauties Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's interpretations may have revealed. We can but record the obvious by pointing out that the composer's genius, lifted free and clear of routine, was never so keenly and generally alive in this town.

JOHN N. BURK

"Largamente"

Brahms Conducting

Brahms in Middle Years

From a Little-Known Photograph Belonging to William Willeke

The Bachelor With Ways of His Own

Brahms as He Came and Went Among a Friendly Circle In His Prime

IN order to know Brahms as a man," says Walter Niemann in his recently published life of the composer, "we must pay a visit to him in his home"; so, following this hopeful suggestion, we have exhibited in part the carefully reconstructed picture of Brahms at home which Herr Niemann offers us in his book. Let us now complete, so far as space permits, the German author's graphic portrayal of Brahms the man, as Vienna knew him in the last two decades of his life.

The beardless Johannes of the '60s, "a blond, lean figure of a decidedly professorial type," according to Richard Heuberger, astonished his friends at Zurich by his robust health. He was able to take a nap at any moment in the day time, in the open air as easily as in his rooms, and even at night it did not trouble him in the least if at times he was forced to camp out on the sofa in a friend's house, or even under the piano. The summer which he spent at Portschach in 1878 turned this beardless Brahms into a sturdy, mature man with luxuriant hair—which became silver with advancing years—and a voluminous beard and mustache. "With a shaven chin one is taken for an actor or a parson," he said to Widmann at Pressbaum in 1881.

Portraits of Brahms dating from the '80s show us the well known imposing fine, idealistic German artist's head; later the full beard, in contrast with the mustache—half-sandy, half-gray—took on a more and more silver hue, while a comfortable embonpoint gained upon him. Thus, at Leipzig in 1887 Brahms already appeared to Jenner as a "rotund little gentleman," and in 1894, to Clara Schumann's grandson, Ferdinand, who was still quite young, as "a short, corpulent gentleman with full beard, already gray."

In the streets of Vienna, during his later years, he was often seen trotting about in an overcoat, with "trousers that were always too short, a black alpeca jacket and bright colored shirts without any collar," according to Eugenie Schumann. He wore, or carried in his hand, a stiff, round black hat or a soft, broad-brimmed one, with the inevitable hug cigar in his mouth, and pince-nez on his nose (he was extremely short-sighted), taking short, brisk, light steps, always walking on his heels, breathing rather hard, his arms often crossed behind his back, while his eyes looked piercingly forward into the distance.

"Brahms was fond of strong, black Mocha coffee, which he prepared himself, and breakfast was his favorite and most important meal. He could drink this coffee at any hour of the day; indeed, he maintained that he could sleep well, no matter how heavy his supper had been, provided only that he accompanied it with a cup of very strong coffee." His recipe for this was simple—as many coffee-beans as would ordinarily make ten cupfuls.

The routine of his day was simple and regular. He rose early; during the summer holidays, often as early as five o'clock—"You have no idea what you are missing if you don't go into the woods at five in the morning," he once said to Eugenie Schumann. He then worked without stopping until midday. At half past twelve he would go for his luncheon to the "Roter Igel." He would take his coffee either there, or below in the Stadtpark, and would then go for a long walk, usually in the Prater, but often out into the country or in the Wiener Wald. He was particularly fond of the Prater as a focus of Viennese life: "Nowhere else does one enjoy the amiable and gay character of the Viennese," he said, "as in one's strolls through the Prater."

In the evening, often after a visit to a concert or opera, he would take his evening drink at his regular table in the little low-ceiled back room of the "Roter Igel"—which was, he maintained, the best and cheapest of the old inns of Vienna between Wildpretmarkt and Tuchlauben. It is sacred in the eyes of musicians because of a tradition that Beethoven had visited it. Here Brahms would meet his few but carefully chosen intimates: Hanslick, Kalbeck, Door, Pohl, Brull, Rottenberg, Nottebohm and others. If he was not to be found at the "Roter Igel," he would be sitting—at least between 1875 and 1881—at the habitués' table at Gause's Wiesener Bierhalle in the Johannisgasse. Though Brahms had a good appetite and stood his drink well, he was moderate and frugal both in what he ate and what he

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The Concert-Crier

Next Week

Brahms Festival—Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 23, Fourth Symphony, "Song of Destiny," Second Piano-Concerto; Monday evening, March 24, "German Requiem"; Tuesday evening, "Liebeslieder," Quintet for Piano and Strings, Intermezzi and Rhapsody for Piano (Op. 119); familiar songs; Wednesday evening, First Symphony, First Piano-Concerto, Rhapsody for Male Chorus, Alto and Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Artur Schnabel, pianist; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses; Burgin String Quartet; Margarete Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland, Fraser Gange, singers.

Orchestral—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening (Haydn's Symphony "with the horn-call," new Suite for Orchestra by Walter Piston, Sibelius's Sixth Symphony, Schoenberg's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for Organ.)

In Ensemble—London String Quartet; Branch Library, Roslindale, Sunday afternoon, Central Library, Copley Square, Sunday evening (Quartets, Op. 59, No. 2 and Op. 130, by Beethoven). Free

Eminences—Sigrid Onegin, contralto Hotel Statler, Wednesday morning (Airs from Meyerbeer and Rossini; songs of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Loewe. . . . Georges Enesco, violinist, Paine Hall (Harvard University), Friday evening (Concerto of Vivaldi, Concert-Piece by Saint-Saëns; Brahms's Sonata in D minor, Ravel's "Tzigane"; miscellany.)

Violinist—Baldassare Ferlazzo; Jordan Hall, Thursday evening (Brahms's Sonata in D minor, Op. 108; Saint-Saëns's "Havanaise"; miscellany).

Singers—Stanley Lichtenstein, tenor; Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon (Airs and songs from Scarlatti, Schubert, Brahms, Berlioz, Ravel, Delius). . . . Tiante Kefalas, tenor; Jordan Hall, Sunday evening. (Operatic airs; German lider; Greek folk-pieces.

Further On

Week, March 30-April 5—Sunday afternoon, Symphony Hall; Serge Rakhmaninov pianist (miscellaneous pieces from Chopin and Liszt only). . . . Sunday afternoon, Jordan Hall, James Byars, tenor (pieces from Handel and Schubert, Negro Spirituals). . . . Tuesday evening, Paine Hall (Harvard), Harvard University Orchestra, Wallace Woodworth conductor; Dorothy Comstock, violinist, George Brown, violoncellist, assisting, Pieces from Gluck, Bach Bruch, Dvorák). . . . Thursday evening, Sanders Theater (Harvard), Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . Thursday evening, Jordan Hall, Frances Gettys, soprano. . . . Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Symphony Hall, twenty-first pair of Symphony Concerts.

Week, April 6-12—Sunday afternoon, Symphony Hall; Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone conductor; Mmes. Guilford, Alcock, Messrs. Althouse, Simmons, solo-singers (Verdi's Requiem, Kodály's "Psalmus Hungaricus") . . . Sunday afternoon, Jordan Hall, Eighteenth Century Symphony Orchestra, Raffaele Martino conductor, and Betty Bird Higginson, soprano; (Fugue by Frescobaldi, Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony); . . . Sunday afternoon, Branch Library, Roslindale, and Sunday evening, Central Library, Copley Square, London String Quartet (Quartets of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms), Free. . . . Monday evening, Jordan Hall, Jacobus Langendoen, violoncellist, Alice Armstrong Kimball,, soprano (Breval's Sonata and fresh miscellany for violoncello; airs and songs) . . . Thursday evening, Jordan Hall, Dorothy George, soprano. . . . Thursday evening, Alumnae Hall (Wellesley), Albert Spalding, violinist.

Week, April 13-19—Sunday afternoon, Branch Library, Roslindale and Sunday evening, Central Library, Copley Square; London String Quartet (Quartets of Chalkovsky, Debussy, Hindemith). Free . . . Tuesday evening, Jordan Hall; Maxim Schapiro, pianist (Schumann's Sonata in F-sharp minor; Balakirev's "Islamey"; Russian miscellany). . . . Thursday evening, Sanders Theater (Harvard); Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Symphony Hall; twenty-second pair of Symphony Concerts.

Dance Calendar

Agnes de Mille—Symphony Hall, Friday evening, April 4—a new dancer of skill, charm and fresh inventions; Warren Leonard, her partner, variously accomplished; Frank Parker, diseur of lively humor and mocking wit. The three together provide the entertainment of an intimate review in miniature.

to the instrument. Consider[ing] time he had for practice, h[is] playing was wonderful. There thing sublime about his conc[ep]t his attitude toward the compo[sition] was utterly oblivious to the a[udience] was concerened only with the tion of the music; and his rea[ding] all the more interesting beca[use] discoursing his own works.

He played the cantabile p[arts] fully, proclaiming the themes individual manner, with gre[at] and feeling, and he lingered certain details that particula[rly] him. I was struck by the fi[ne] which he played and by his rhythm and elasticity of tem[po] trio Brahms paid no attentio[n] to his partners, Richard Mue[ller] net, and Robert Hausmann, had to follow him, and th[eir] manner in which they watch[ed] the way they yielded to his whim and modification of nuance bespoke the awe in stood of the illustrious man.

In heavy chords Brahms hard. He strove for orches and the Berlin critic of th[e] Warte who wrote "Brahms like touch" (Brahms hat ein maessigen Anschlag) was quit[e] famous composer at times drowned but the 'cello and although Muehfeld had a tone of remarkable carrying

Notwithstanding his tech comings, to which even Brahms enthusiast could not If he was at all discrimina[ting] inspiring and uplifting to his own works, for there w[as] spark in his playing as we compositions. I was twenty old in 1891, when I first he[ard] so I was old enough to ap[pre]greatness of the occasion.

When I first met Brahms opportunity to discuss his him, but two years later, i[n] the help of Joachim I succee[ded] ing him into a musical Brahms was very touchy points, as I had meanwhile and I drew him out by brin[ging] of his hobbies for which l[ater] much criticized.

Brahms seemed to be utt[erly] ent to what the critics wro[te] compositions, but when I to[ld] censure of professional p[ianists] called his piano pieces "unm[usical] warmed up and made with asperity the following rema[rk] noted down immediately a[fter] cause I realized their great

I have no patience with ists, who growl because of technical difficulties. Sha stop because of a few ha crack? All my life I deeply interested in piano and I have endeavored in works to combine good m[usic] with new idioms. You w[ill] new technique more part my Paganini variations a Capriccii. I admit that m passages lie awkwardly hands. This new kind of seems inconvenient ("u was the word he used) be[cause] hands and fingers are use way. The new idiom requi strength, freedom and in of fingers than the traditi[onal] ical piano technique. But reason why my innovation called unpianistic. I know are some very mean pla Paganini Variations, but n intention in writing the tw that they should be tech cises for practice only. until later that I decide them published as concert that was partly because v Clara Schumann and Tau me to do so. Musically, my Handel Variations portant.

In later years, when virtuosi as Joseffy, Pachm and Godowsky began to Paganini Variations and to in the new kinds of pianist I recalled the famous com and realized how wisely he h himself on this point.

When I asked Brahms i tended to compose a secon certo, he replied with grea "under no circumstances w being questioned as to his quoted scripture, Matthew V I told him I could not see tion of the passage to a ne certo, he replied, "I said 'si the day is the evil there had more than enough trou first and only violin concert circumscribed by the tona of the four strings. I phonically."

It seems strange to me should use the term "tona instead of "technical limita the violinists were up in the new kind of difficulties i violin concerto. Even as as Otto Neitzel of Cologne "The Brahms concerto is for it is written against th spoke of this to Brahms he said in a very impatien

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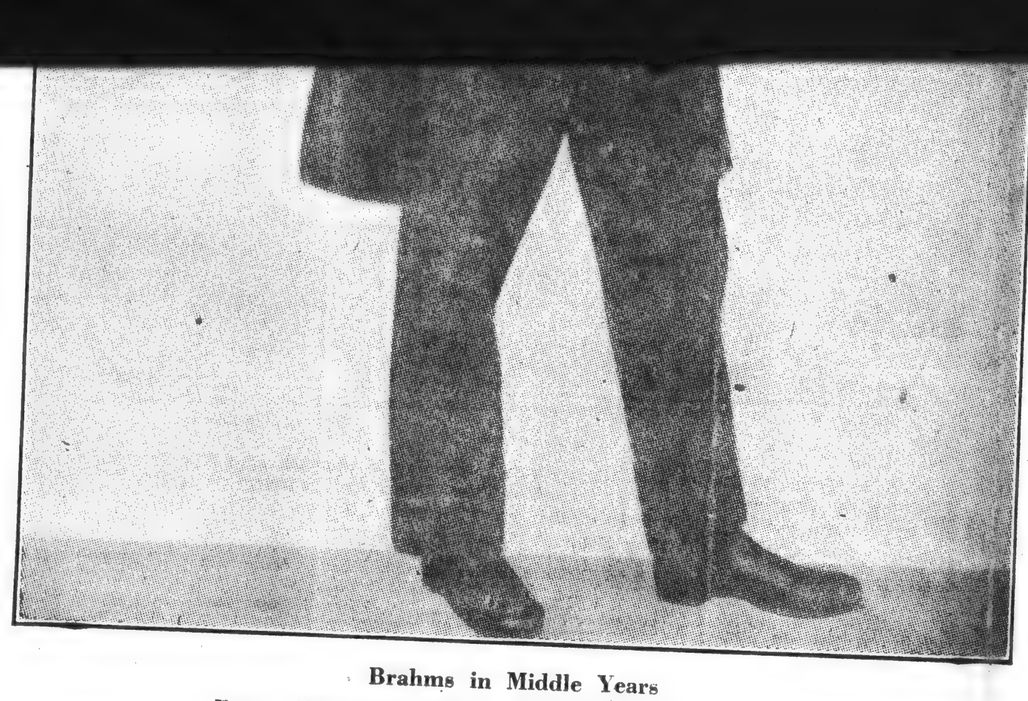

Brahms in Middle Years

From a Little-Known Photograph Belonging to William Willeke

The Bachelor With Ways of His Own

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In the streets of Vienna, during his later years, he was often seen trotting about in an overcoat, with "trousers that were always too short, a black alpaca jacket and bright colored shirts without any collar," according to Eugenie Schumann. He wore, or carried in his hand, a stiff, round black hat or a soft, broad-brimmed one, with the inevitable huge cigar in his mouth, and pince-nez on his nose (he was extremely short-sighted) taking short, brisk, light steps, always walking on his heels, breathing rather hard, his arms often crossed behind his back, while his eyes looked piercingly forward into the distance.

"Brahms was fond of strong, black Mocha coffee, which he prepared himself and breakfast was his favorite and most important meal. He could drink this coffee at any hour of the day; indeed, he maintained that he could sleep well, no matter how heavy his supper had been, provided only that he accompanied it with a cup of very strong coffee." His recipe for this was simple—as many coffee-beans as would ordinarily make ten cupfuls.

The routine of his day was simple and regular. He rose early; during the summer holidays, often as early as five o'clock—"You have no idea what you are missing if you don't go into the woods at five in the morning," he once said to Eugenie Schumann. He then worked without stopping until midday. At half past twelve he would go for his luncheon to the "Roter Igel." He would take his coffee either there, or below in the Stadtpark, and would then go for a long walk, usually in the Prater, but often out into the country or in the Wiener Wald. He was particularly fond of the Prater as a focus of Viennese life: "Nowhere else does one enjoy the amiable and gay character of the Viennese," he said, "as in one's strolls through the Prater."

In the evening, often after a visit to a concert or opera, he would take his evening drink at his regular table in the little low-ceiled back room of the "Roter Igel"—which was, he maintained, the best and cheapest of the old inns of Vienna between Wildpretmarkt and Tuchlauben. It is sacred in the eyes of musicians because of a tradition that Beethoven had visited it. Here Brahms would meet his few but carefully chosen intimates: Hanslick, Kalbeck, Door, Pohl, Brull, Rottenberg, Nottebohm and others. If he was not to be found at the "Roter Igel," he would be sitting—at least between 1875 and 1881—at the habitués' table at Gause's Prüsener Bierhalle in the Johnannisgasse. Though Brahms had a good appetite and stood his drink well, he was moderate and frugal both in what he ate and what he

Continued on Page Six

The Concert-Crier

Next Week

Brahms Festival—Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 23. Fourth Symphony, "Song of Destiny," Second Piano-Concerto; Monday evening, March 24, "German Requiem"; Tuesday evening, "Liebeslieder," Quintet for Piano and Strings, Intermezzi and Rhapsody for Piano (Op. 119); familiar songs; Wednesday evening, First Symphony, First Piano-Concerto, Rhapsody for Male Chorus, Alto and Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Artur Schnabel, pianist; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses; Burgin String Quartet; Margarete Matzenauer, Jeannette Vreeland, Fraser Gange, singers.

Orchestral—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening (Haydn's Symphony "with the horn-call," new Suite for Orchestra by Walter Piston, Sibelius's Sixth Symphony, Schoenberg's transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for Organ.)

In Ensemble—London String Quartet; Branch Library, Roslindale, Sunday afternoon, Central Library, Copley Square, Sunday evening (Quartets, Op. 59, No. 2 and Op. 130, by Beethoven). Free

Eminences—Sigrid Onegin, contralto Hotel Statler, Wednesday morning (Airs from Meyerbeer and Rossini; songs of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Loewe. . . . Georges Enesco, violinist, Paine Hall (Harvard University), Friday evening (Concerto of Vivaldi, Concert-Piece by Saint-Saëns; Brahms's Sonata in D minor, Ravel's "Tzigane"; miscellany.)

Violinist—Baldassare Ferlazzo; Jordan Hall, Thursday evening (Brahms's Sonata in D minor, Op. 108; Saint-Saëns's "Havanaise"; miscellany).

Singers—Stanley Lichtenstein, tenor; Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon (Airs and songs from Scarlatti, Schubert, Brahms, Berlioz, Ravel, Delius). . . . Tiante Kefalas, tenor; Jordan Hall, Sunday evening. (Operatic airs; German lider; Greek folk-pieces.

Further On

Week, March 30-April 5—Sunday afternoon, Symphony Hall; Serge Rakhmaninoff, pianist (miscellaneous pieces from Chopin and Liszt only). . . . Sunday afternoon, Jordan Hall, James Byars, tenor (pieces from Handel and Schubert, Negro Spirituals). . . . Tuesday evening, Paine Hall (Harvard), Harvard University Orchestra, Wallace Woodworth conductor; Dorothy Comstock, violinist, George Brown, violoncellist, assisting. Pieces from Gluck, Bach Bauch, Dvorák). . . . Thursday evening, Sanders Theater (Harvard), Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . Thursday evening, Jordan Hall, Frances Gettys, soprano. . . . Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Symphony Hall, twenty-first pair of Symphony Concerts.

Week, April 6-12—Sunday afternoon, Symphony Hall; Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone conductor; Mmes. Guilford, Alcock, Messrs. Althouse, Simmons, solo-singers (Verdi's Requiem, Kodály's "Psalmus Hungaricus"). . . . Sunday afternoon, Jordan Hall, Eighteenth Century Symphony Orchestra, Rafaele Martino conductor, and Betty Bird Higginson, soprano; (Fugue by Frescobaldi, Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony); . . . Sunday afternoon, Branch Library, Roslindale, and Sunday evening, Central Library, Copley Square, London String Quartet (Quartets of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms), Free. . . . Monday evening, Jordan Hall, Jacobus Langenegger violoncellist; Alice Armstrong Kimball, soprano (Breval's Sonata and fresh miscellany for violoncello; airs and songs) . . . Thursday evening, Jordan Hall, Dorothy Gegay evening, prano. . . . Thursday evening, Aeolian Hall (Wellesley), Albert Spalding, violinist.

Week, April 13-19—Sunday afternoon, Branch Library, Roslindale and Sunday evening, Central Library, Copley Square; London String Quartet (Quartets of Chaikovsky, Debussy, Hindemith). Free . . . Tuesday evening, Jordan Hall; Maxim Schapiro, pianist (Schumann's Sonata in F-sharp minor; Balakirev's "Islamey"; Russian miscellany). . . . Thursday evening, Sanders Theater (Harvard); Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Symphony Hall; twenty-second pair of Symphony Concerts.

Dance Calendar

Agnes de Mille—Symphony Hall, Friday evening, April 4—a new dancer of skill, charm and fresh inventions; Warren Leonard, her partner, variously accomplished; Frank Parker, diseur of lively humor and mocking wit. The three together provide the entertainment of an intimate review in miniature.

gained the impression that he never would have been a really great pianist even if he had devoted himself exclusively to the instrument. Considering how little time he had for practice, however, his playing was wonderful. There was something sublime about his conceptions and his attitude toward the compositions. He was utterly oblivious to the audience and was concerened only with the interpretation of the music; and his readings were all the more interesting because he was discoursing his own works.

He played the cantabile parts beautifully, proclaiming the themes in a very individual manner, with great warmth and feeling, and he lingered lovingly on certain details that particularly pleased him. I was struck by the freedom with which he played and by his precision of rhythm and elasticity of tempo. In his trio Brahms paid no attention whatever to his partners, Richard Muehfeld, clarinet, and Robert Hausmann, 'cello. They had to follow him, and the hawk-like manner in which they watched him, and the way they yielded to his every mood, whim and modification of tempo and nuance bespoke the awe in which they stood of the illustrious man.

In heavy chords Brahms's tone was hard. He strove for orchestral effects and the Berlin critic of the Deutsche Warte who wrote "Brahms has a bear-like touch" (Brahms hat einen baerenmaessigen Anschlag) was quite right. The famous composer at times completely drowned out the 'cello and the clarinet although Muehfeld had a voluminous tone of remarkable carrying power.

Notwithstanding his technical shortcomings, to which even the greatest Brahms enthusiast could not be oblivious, if he was at all discriminating, it was inspiring and uplifting to hear him in his own works, for there was a divine spark in his playing as well as in his compositions. I was twenty-three years old in 1891, when I first heard Brahms, so I was old enough to appreciate the greatness of the occasion.

When I first met Brahms, I had no opportunity to discuss his music with him, but two years later, in 1893, with the help of Joachim I succeeded in drawing him into a musical discussion. Brahms was very touchy on certain points, as I had meanwhile ascertained, and I drew him out by bringing up one of his hobbies for which he had been much criticized.

Brahms seemed to be utterly indifferent to what the critics wrote about his compositions, but when I touched on the censure of professional pianists who called his piano pieces "unpianistic," he warmed up and made with considerable asperity the following remarks, which I noted down immediately afterward because I realized their great significance:

> I have no patience with the pianists, who growl because of a few new technical difficulties. Shall progress stop because of a few hard nuts to crack? All my life I have been deeply interested in piano technique, and I have endeavored in my piano works to combine good musical ideas with new idioms. You will find the new technique more particularly in my Paganini variations and in my Capriccii. I admit that many of the passages lie awkwardly for the hands. This new kind of technique seems inconvenient ("unbequem," was the word he used) because arms, hands and fingers are used in a new way. The new idiom requires greater strength, freedom and independence of fingers than the traditional classical piano technique. But this is no reason why my innovations should be called unpianistic. I know that there are some very mean places in the Paganini Variations, but my original intention in writing the two sets was that they should be technical exercises for practice only. It was not until later that I decided to have them published as concert pieces, and that was partly because von Buelow, Clara Schumann and Tausig advised me to do so. Musically, I consider my Handel Variations more important.

In later years, when such great virtuosi as Joseffy, Pachmann, Busoni, and Godowsky began to play the Paganini Variations and to take delight in the new kinds of pianistic difficulties, I recalled the famous composer's words and realized how wisely he had expressed himself on this point.

When I asked Brahms if he ever intended to compose a second violin concerto, he replied with great vehemence, "under no circumstances whatever." On being questioned as to his reasons, he quoted scripture, Matthew VI, 34. When I told him I could not see the application of the passage to a new violin concerto, he replied, "I said 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' because I had more than enough trouble with my first and only violin concerto. I feel too circumscribed by the tonal limitations of the four strings. I think symphonically."

It seems strange to me that Brahms should use the term "tonal limitations" instead of "technical limitations," for all the violinists were up in arms against the new kind of difficulties in the Brahms violin concerto. Even as great a critic as Otto Neitzel of Cologne had written, "The Brahms concerto is not written for it is written against the violin." I spoke of this to Brahms, whereupon he said in a very impatient manner:

> I don't understand why the violinists make such a fuss over the passages in my concerto. They are worse than the pianists. Why are

He had cancer of the liver, of which he died in April of the following year.

The first thing Brahms said to me on this occasion was, "You are an American, do you play the banjo?"

Astonished at such a question from him, I replied "No, I am sorry to say I do not, but why do you ask?"

"Because I met an American girl in Leipzig," he replied, "who played the banjo for me. It was the first and only time I ever heard the instrument and I was much interested in the rhythm of ragtime which she played very cleverly."

Ragtime was then all the rage in America, and Brahms seemed so interested in it that I asked him if he intended to utilize the rhythm in one of his own compositions. A far-away look came into his expressive blue eyes while he said, "I had thought of doing so but I doubt if I shall ever get to it. My ideas no longer flow as easily as they used to."

There have been in the Brahms biographies contradictory reports concerning his transposing a Beethoven Sonata half a tone higher when playing in public with Eduard Remenyi, with whom he made a tour of northern Germany in 1853. In the sketch of Brahms's life, for instance, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, it is stated that the illustrious composer compassed this feat at Goettingen and that he and Remenyi were playing the Beethoven "Kreutzer" Sonata. I questioned Brahms concerning this and he said that it happened in the little town of Celle and that the Sonata was not the "Kreutzer" but the Beethoven C Minor Sonata. Joachim once told me that he had played the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Brahms at Goettingen when they were both young men in the fifties, and that Brahms had transposed it from A major to B flat major, because the piano was half a tone flat.

Speaking of the concert in Celle, the composer said, "The piano was half a tone flat and as Remenyi had absolute pitch, he could not possibly play with it as it was, so he tuned his violin to the B flat of the piano, which was really A, and I transposed the program half a tone higher."

Brahms's attitude toward this historic affair seemed to me to be altogether too modest. He seemed to attach no importance whatever to it. What pianist in our day would consider it a small feat to transpose the C Minor Sonata to C sharp minor. It was a stroke of genius!

Brahms was a very difficult man to talk to as he had a very crusty nature. Moreover he was not at all loquacious. If I had not had the assistance of Joachim, I probably should not have succeeded in drawing him out as extensively as I did. I questioned him concerning his visit to Liszt with Remenyi and derived some interesting information about his meeting with the great pianist at Weimar.

Further conversation revealed the interesting news that Brahms was Liszt's guest at the "Altenburg" (Liszt's home in Weimar) for two weeks, and that he met many interesting people there, including the Princess Wittgenstein, Peter Cornelius, Carl Klindworth, William Mason and Carl Tausig, who was then a boy of twelve, but "already a formidable pianist," as Brahms put it.

In speaking of that memorable visit Liszt played his own B minor Sonata for Brahms, who fell asleep during the performance. Liszt never forgave him for that. The story is a true one as Carl Klindworth, who was present, assured me in later years.

Brahms like Schumann was a great Bible student and on the occasion of my first meeting with him in 1891, he at first paid no attention to me whatever, although I was introduced to him by Joachim. It was not until I quoted John III, 3, to him that he really looked at me. He then finished the quotation by quoting John III, 5, which is a continuation, and then we quoted both the old and the new Testament to each other until his interest was aroused.

ARTHUR M. ABELL

"Molto Marcato"

Brahms Conducting

THE BRAHMS FESTIVAL

In villages of Western Massachusetts and no doubt in villages throughout New England in the Sixties and for some years later where there was a monthly Communion service in the Congregational churches on a Sunday, there was a "preparatory lecture" on the preceding Friday afternoon. The bell in the Old Church at Northampton, for example, would summon the faithful.

Many who are looking forward to the Brahms Festival to be held with pomp and ceremony in Symphony Hall will not be contented with the biographical sketches of Johannes in the music encyclopedias and will wish to know more about him as a man, rather than to be able to talk knowingly about the history of the works then to be performed. Kalbeck's huge biography is forbidding even to those willing to wade in its verbal torrent. Florence May, a pupil of Brahms, has little to say about the man himself. She vies with Kalbeck in indiscriminate flaming eulogy.

"Brahms" by Walter Niemann has been translated into English by Catherine Alison Phillips. Published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York, it is as readable as it is informing and sanely critical. The first part deals with Brahms's life. The second with his works. There is a bibliography of the principal German and English books concerning Brahms. There is a catalogue of his compositions arranged in order of opus number with names of publishers, year of composition and year of publication; also a list of Brhams's arrangements of his own works. An index of names is followed by an index of references to the works in the text.

The leading events in the artistic life of Brahms are more or less familiar to the Brahmsites in Boston. But what was his boyhood? What were his personal habits?

His father was an amiable, humorous man of the lower middle class, of limited intellect, a capable double-bass player, having a knowledge of the horn and the violoncello, who began by playing in the lowest taverns for sailors at Hamburg, and finally held a position as double-bass at the Stadt Theatre and in the Philharmonic orchestra. Once when a conductor told him to play a little louder, he answered: "Herr Kapellmeister, this is my double-bass; so I can play on it as loud as I like."

The mother was upright, of no education, with more mother-wit than her husband, a good housekeeper, a clever needlewoman. There were three children. The parents lived apart in later years. Young Johannes was a stocky, tough, healthy boy. He studied faithfully what the schools had to offer, he even learned a little French. The Bible made a deep impression on him. It was during the early years that his "Austerely North German and Protestant view of life and art were firmly laid together with his deep-rooted love for the true Protestant chorale and Protestant church music." He had a long hard struggle to obtain a good education. What he acquired later in life was due to his own efforts and self-discipline.

When he was 15 he had finished his musical studies with his father and could play the violin, violoncello and horn well enough to act as a stop-gap when necessary. His father made him play his first attempt at a composition to friends, but the father found composition of secondary importance; there was no money to be earned by it. Johannes told Widman that he was always composing. "My finest songs would come to me early in the morning when I was cleaning the boots," that he composed only in great secrecy and in the earliest hours. "All day long I was arranging marches for brass bands, and at night I would be seated at the piano in taverns." The father obliged him to help him earn money. He would play second violin in private orchestras and at dances. Late one night there was a knock at the door. Johannes was dragged from bed to play at a ball for two thalers and drink unlimited. He would take walks with a young piano teacher; "as a rule he did not speak a word, but walked along humming to himself, usually carrying his hat in his hand, as he loved to do throughout his whole life." He bid fair to end his days as a ball-room player "in the same narrow, middle-class surroundings, both material and artistic, as his parents." To them and to many talented musicians of Germany art was a business, a practical matter, a means of earning money to ensure good living.

But the father was quick to realize that his Johannes had more than ordinary talent, and impelled by the pressure of other musicians he did what he could to develop the boy musically. So he entrusted the 7-year-old to a pianist, Cossel, who was bound to make him a pianist. "It's a pity," he once said. "He might be such a good pianist, but he will not leave this everlasting composition alone." The boy studied Czerny, Clementi, Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Hummel, but Cossel now and then let him try his hand at a piece by J. S. Bach. He wisely protected him from being exploited as a child prodigy. When he was 10 he played at a subscription concert where an agent heard him and wanted the boy with his father to make a concert tour in America. The parents were tempted, but Cossel put his foot down, for which Johannes was grateful all his life.

Johannes during childhood and adolescence had a deep love of nature as "the fount of all sound human and artistic endeavor"; and he had an overmastering bent towards knowledge and culture. There were times when he could not be torn from the harbor. He read "Robinson Crusoe," but while the harbor drove his brother Fritz westward across the ocean, Johannes was drawn more towards the south. He was proud of the city's history: he became acquainted with the writings of Mattheson and C. P. E. Bach; with the plays of Lessing; he haunted the shops of second-hand book dealers. Thus he laid the foundations of wide reading in music, literature and art, betraying what a passionate collector he was to become—"at that time quite a rare thing for a German musician." Books were his favorite presents to his friends of both sexes.

When Johannes was 10 years old Edward Marxen, an excellent man, admirable musician, a man of erudition, a composer in the greater forms, became his teacher. Marxen was pleased with the boy's acuteness of mind. Though the first compositions were insignificant Marxen saw that an exceptional, great, profound talent was dormant in his pupil. "I therefore shrank from no effort or work in order to awaken and form it, that I might one day rear a priest of art, who should preach in new accents what was sublime, true, and externally incorruptible in art, and that by acts as well as words." This idealistic attitude toward life and art had a great influence on Brahms. It won him over to the "moral in music, and the classical in art." He was initiated into Bach, Beethoven, Weber, though that was a Philistine period in Hamburg of uninspired virtuosity. But Marxen thought more of form than color, more of the contrapuntal and polyphonic than of the homophonic. Thus it was he who gave Brahms the firm foundations of this conception of art, though his own outlook on life was "quite as gentle, sentimental and sleek as that of any Philistine of his day."

Even while he was studying with Marxen, Brahms was anxious about earning a livelihood. He had given lessons, he said in after life, ever since he was 12 years old. Naturally his own pupils gave him little pleasure. He acted as conductor of a male voice chorus; gave his first concert arranged by himself when he was 14, including his own variations on a folk-theme in the program. At his first concerts he followed the taste of the period which "tended toward superficial 'tunyness,' sentimental gush, 'pluies de perles' and the fireworks of virtuosi, and so he rarely gave concerts of his own; he taught the piano for a mark a lesson, played at dances, played entr'actes behind the scenes at the Stadt Theatre, accompanied virtuosi on the platform; made transcriptions and arrangements—signed "G. W. Marks"—for publishers, signing his own free compositions "Karl Wuerth." He composed some 150 fantasias on waltz airs and some serious works.

When Brahms was 50 years old, he said to Gustave Jenner, "Few can have had so hard a time as I."

In 1849 some political refugees from Hungary appeared in Hamburg. Among them was Eduard Remenyi, the violinist, who long afterwards gave concerts in the United States and died in San Francisco in 1898. He said on his arrival in Hamburg that he was then on his way to America, but giving a "farewell" concert he met with so great pecuniary success by his playing of national dances that he decided to remain. Brahms was so dazzled by Remenyi's brilliant playing, his wandering, gypsy-like romantic life, that he offered to be his accompanist. Remenyi engaged him for a short concert tour, intending to take him to Joachim. There was the meeting that led to the friendship and artistic bond that lasted through life. The meeting was at Joachim's house in Hanover.

Remenyi was of importance to Brahms as a composer by directing his attention to Hungarian folk music, which led to the composition of the Hungarian dances for piano; for the finales of many of his chamber works; an influence that is seen in the finale of the second piano concerto.

The brilliant, erratic Remenyi, who would now play like a god even in his later years, sometimes like a pig, to use his own words when he once talked with us at the lodgings of an Austrian at Albany, N. Y., accused Brahms of making free with Remenyi's own compositions, unpublished, rhapsodies for concert use. He was a singular, fascinating man, this Hungarian virtuoso, entertaining in conversation by his reminiscences, his original views on life and art his sudden changes from devotion—he had his superstitions—to scepticism, his wit not free from malice. When we knew him he reminded one of a snuff-taking French abbe of the 18th century as described in books of anecdotes and gossip. He would grow enthusiastic over the classic works for the violin; and show the same enthusiasm for his own "Hymn to Mount Shasta." Edward MacDowell once said that there was the suggestion of a rope-dancer in every great virtuoso; this was true of Remenyi—whose name was Hoffmann—but when he was wholly in the vein he played like an inspired musician reverencing his art, as well as a brilliant virtuoso.

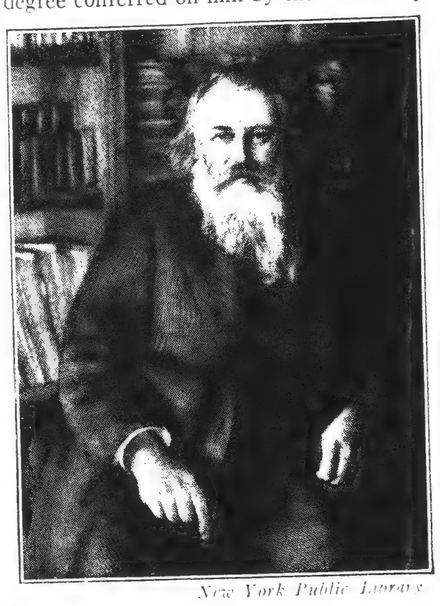
Behold our Johannes fairly launched on his career. Next Sunday let us consider him as a human being in Vienna.

MUSIC

Time March 31/30

Brahms for Brahmins

Boston last week had six days of music by great Johannes Brahms. The first program began rather pompously with the *Academic Festival* Overture, a symphonic composite of German student songs written by Brahms as a thank-you for the Ph. D. degree conferred on him by the University



New York Public Library

JOHANNES BRAHMS

In his case, no longer "This Way Out."

of Breslau. There followed, during the Festival's course, the four symphonies—the impassioned First, the pastoral Second, the heroic Third, the peaceful, elegiac Fourth; then the *Variations* on a theme by Haydn—cold, sparkling music for Brahms to have written; then the two piano concertos, *Song of Destiny* and *A German Requiem;* then more piano pieces, songs, the piano quintet with its conflicting themes and moods; and the *Alto Rhapsody*, sombrely inspired by Goethe's *Harzreise im Winter*. Soloists were Pianist Arthur Schnabel, famed in Europe as a Brahms interpreter and come especially for the Festival; Soprano Jeannette Vreeland, Contralto Margaret Matzenauer, Baritone Fraser Gange; members of Richard Burgin's String Quartet (Burgin is concertmaster of the Boston Symphony), and members of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. Head man of all was Conductor Serge Koussevitzky who conceived and planned the Festival, gave it the flair which raises all his performances far above the commonplace.

The Composer. Not always would Boston have deemed the music of Brahms worthy of festival performance by its celebrated symphony orchestra. Just as Boston's Brahmins have always been conservative in their choice of acquaintances, so (until the arrival of Conductor Koussevitzky six years ago) have Bostonians been reluctant to hear unfamiliar music. Brahms they long ago dismissed as "austere," "obscure," "dull." Even wise Philip Hale, septuagenarian critic of the Boston *Herald*, once wrote: "Over the exit doors of Symphony Hall could well be written 'This way out in case of Brahms!'"

Europe, too, was slow in accepting the simple, lower-middle-class German who disdained to be a showman. Save as it involved the making of music, there was little in Brahms' career to attract attention. He had no sensational love-life, no ravaging disease, could usually afford to eat. But on his first concert tour, when accompanying the Hungarian violinist, Eduard Reményi, he was confronted with a piano a halftone off pitch. From memory and without the violinist's knowledge Brahms transposed the entire *Kreutzer* Sonata. This feat won him the attention of Violinist Joseph Joachim through whom he met Liszt and the Schumanns. Robert Schumann publicly recommended him as the genius of the day. Schumann's pianist-wife, Clara, became Brahms' great and life-long friend, the one to whom he submitted all his compositions, whose suggestions he invariably accepted. His devotion to her was the outstanding feature of his life. For the rest, he held teaching positions in Detmold, Hamburg, and Vienna. In Vienna, his headquarters for 35 years, everyone came to recognize the great bearded head, the colored shirts worn without collars, the little alpaca coat, the trousers too short, the long, black cigars. Appearances meant nothing to Johannes Brahms. On rainy days he wore an old-fashioned bluish-green shawl fastened in front with an enormous pin. His concern

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Romantic on the Volga, magnetic on the Charles.

was music—molding deep, original ideas to fit established forms, thus earning the title of the last of the great classical composers. He wrote for the piano, the voice, for chamber and symphony orchestra; never for the theatre, never in any way for acoustical effect. Death came to him at 63, the immediate result of a cold contracted at Clara Schumann's funeral.

The Conductor. In the 33 years since his death, Brahms has achieved an immense popularity, especially with the musically meticulous. Perhaps for this reason Boston let itself wax particularly enthusiastic over last week's Festival. But there was another reason: Conductor Koussevitzky. For he is the Boston Brahmins' high priest and can do no wrong. He is handsome, distinguished in appearance, voted by many the Best-Dressed Man in Boston. He is an excellent musician, the world's greatest virtuoso on the double bass as well as one of the great conductors. His past has been romantic: in Russia before the Revolution he used to sail with his orchestra up and down the Volga, giving concerts in all the basin towns, introducing much new music. He has great personal magnetism—the kind that makes female hearts beat fast at every concert, although his matronly-looking wife is always present, sitting well back on the right. Surest sign of his Boston success is the fact that he has been admitted to the Somerset Club, a Beacon Hill institution so exclusive that little Brahmins are usually registered for it immediately after birth.

THE BRAHMS FESTIVAL

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"Brahms" by Walter Niemann has been translated into English by Catherine Alison Phillips. Published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York, it is as readable as it is informing and sanely critical. The first part deals with Brahms's life. The second with his works. There is a bibliography of the principal German and English books concerning Brahms. There is a catalogue of his compositions arranged in order of opus number with names of publishers, year of composition and year of publication; also a list of Brhams's arrangements of his own works. An index of names is followed by an index of references to the works in the text.

The leading events in the artistic life of Brahms are more or less familiar to the Brahmsites in Boston. But what was his boyhood? What were his personal habits?

His father was an amiable, humorous man of the lower middle class, of limited intellect, a capable double-bass player, having a knowledge of the horn and the violoncello, who began by playing in the lowest taverns for sailors at Hamburg, and finally held a position as double-bass at the Stadt Theatre and in the Philharmonic orchestra. Once when a conductor told him to play a little louder, he answered: "Herr Kapellmeister, this is my double-bass; so I can play on it as loud as I like."

The mother was upright, of no education, with more mother-wit than her husband, a good housekeeper, a clever needlewoman. There were three children. The parents lived apart in later years. Young Johannes was a stocky, tough, healthy boy. He studied faithfully what the schools had to offer, he even learned a little French. The Bible made a deep impression on him. It was during the early years that his "Austerely North German and Protestant view of life and art were firmly laid together with his deep-rooted love for the true Protestant chorale and Protestant church music." He had a long hard struggle to obtain a good education. What he acquired later in life was due to his own efforts and self-discipline.

When he was 15 he had finished his musical studies with his father and could play the violin, violoncello and horn well enough to act as a stop-gap when necessary. His father made him play his first attempt at a composition to friends, but the father found composition of secondary importance; there was no money to be earned by it. Johannes told Widman that he was always composing. "My finest songs would come to me early in the morning when I was cleaning the boots," that he composed only in great secrecy and in the earliest hours. "All day long I was arranging marches for brass bands, and at night I would be seated at the piano in taverns." The father obliged him to help him earn money. He would play second violin in private orchestras and at dances. Late one night there was a knock at the door. Johannes was dragged from bed to play at a ball for two thalers and drink unlimited. He would take walks with a young piano teacher; "as a rule he did not speak a word, but walked along humming to himself, usually carrying his hat in his hand, as he loved to do throughout his whole life." He bid fair to end his days as a ball-room player "in the same narrow, middle-class surroundings, both material and artistic, as his parents." To them and to many talented musicians of Germany art was a business, a practical matter, a means of earning money to ensure good living.

But the father was quick to realize that his Johannes had more than ordinary talent, and impelled by the pressure of other musicians he did what he could to develop the boy musically. So he entrusted the 7-year-old to a pianist, Cossel, who was bound to make him a pianist. "It's a pity," he once said. "He might be such a good pianist, but he will not leave this everlasting composition alone." The boy studied Czerny, Clementi, Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Hummel, but Cossel now and then let him try his hand at a piece by J. S. Bach. He wisely protected him from being exploited as a child prodigy. When he was 10 he played at a subscription concert where an agent heard him and wanted the boy with his father to make a concert tour in America. The parents were tempted, but Cossel put his foot down, for which Johannes was grateful all his life.

Johannes during childhood and adolescence had a deep love of nature as "the fount of all sound human and artistic endeavor"; and he had an overmastering bent towards knowledge and culture. There were times when he could not be torn from the harbor. He read "Robinson Crusoe," but while the harbor drove his brother Fritz westward across the ocean, Johannes was drawn more towards the south. He was proud of the city's history; he became acquainted with the writings of Mattheson and C. P. E. Bach; with the plays of Lessing; he haunted the shops of second-hand book dealers. Thus he laid the foundations of wide reading in music, literature and art, betraying what a passionate collector he was to become—"at that time quite a rare thing for a German musician." Books were his favorite presents to his friends of both sexes.

When Johannes was 10 years old, Edward Marxen, an excellent man, admirable musician, a man of erudition, a composer in the greater forms, became his teacher. Marxen was pleased with the boy's acuteness of mind. Though the first compositions were insignificant Marxen saw that an exceptional, great, profound talent was dormant in his pupil. "I therefore shrank from no effort or work in order to awaken and form it, that I might one day rear a priest of art, who should preach in new accents what was sublime, true, and externally incorruptible in art, and that by acts as well as words." This idealistic attitude toward life and art had a great influence on Brahms. It won him over to the "moral in music, and the classical in art." He was initiated into Bach, Beethoven, Weber, though that was a Philistine period in Hamburg of uninspired virtuosity. But Marxen thought more of form than color, more of the contrapuntal and polyphonic than of the homophonic. Thus it was he who gave Brahms the firm foundations of this conception of art, though his own outlook on life was "quite as gentle, sentimental and sleek as that of any Philistine of his day."

Even while he was studying with Marxen, Brahms was anxious about earning a livelihood. He had given lessons, he said in after life, ever since he was 12 years old. Naturally his own pupils gave him little pleasure. He acted as conductor of a male voice chorus; gave his first concert arranged by himself when he was 14, including his own variations on a folk-theme in the program. At his first concerts he followed the taste of the period which "tended toward superficial 'tunyness,' sentimental gush, 'pluies de perles' and the fireworks of virtuosi, and so he rarely gave concerts of his own; he taught the piano for a mark a lesson, played at dances, played entr'actes behind the scenes at the Stadt Theatre, accompanied virtuosi on the platform; made transcriptions and arrangements—signed "G. W. Marks"—for publishers, signing his own free compositions "Karl Wuerth." He composed some 150 fantasias on waltz airs and some serious works.

When Brahms was 50 years old, he said to Gustave Jenner, "Few can have had so hard a time as I."

In 1849 some political refugees from Hungary appeared in Hamburg. Among them was Eduard Remenyi, the violinist, who long afterwards gave concerts in the United States and died in San Francisco in 1898. He said on his arrival in Hamburg that he was then on his way to America, but giving a "farewell" concert he met with so great pecuniary success by his playing of national dances that he decided to remain. Brahms was so dazzled by Remenyi's brilliant playing, his wandering, gypsy-like romantic life, that he offered to be his accompanist. Remenyi engaged him for a short concert tour, intending to take him to Joachim. There was the meeting that led to the friendship and artistic bond that lasted through life. The meeting was at Joachim's house in Hanover.

Remenyi was of importance to Brahms as a composer by directing his attention to Hungarian folk music, which led to the composition of the Hungarian dances for piano; for the finales of many of his chamber works; an influence that is seen in the finale of the second piano concerto.

The brilliant, erratic Remenyi, who would now play like a god even in his later years, sometimes like a pig, to use his own words when he once talked with us at the lodgings of an Austrian at Albany, N. Y., accused Brahms of making free with Remenyi's own compositions, unpublished, rhapsodies for concert use. He was a singular, fascinating man, this Hungarian virtuoso, entertaining in conversation by his reminiscences, his original views on life and art his sudden changes from devotion—he had his superstitions—to scepticism, his wit not free from malice. When we knew him he reminded one of a snuff-taking French abbe of the 18th century as described in books of anecdotes and gossip. He would grow enthusiastic over the classic works for the violin; and show the same enthusiasm for his own "Hymn to Mount Shasta." Edward MacDowell once said that there was the suggestion of a rope-dancer in every great virtuoso; this was true of Remenyi—whose name was Hoffmann—but when he was wholly in the vein he played like an inspired musician reverencing his art, as well as a brilliant virtuoso.

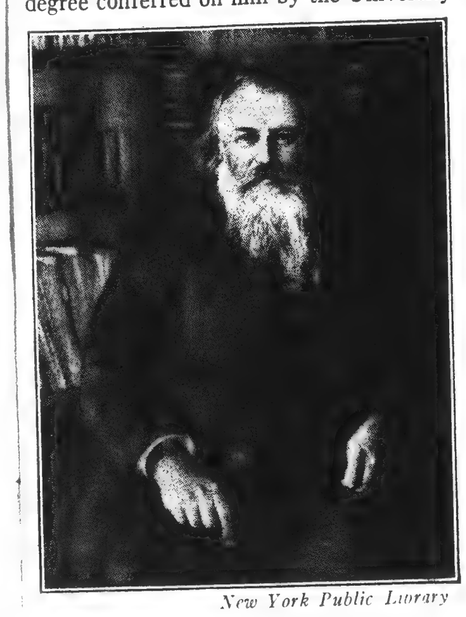
Behold our Johannes fairly launched on his career. Next Sunday let us consider him as a human being in Vienna.

MUSIC

"Time" March 31/30

Brahms for Brahmins

Boston last week had six days of music by great Johannes Brahms. The first program began rather pompously with the *Academic Festival* Overture, a symphonic composite of German student songs written by Brahms as a thank-you for the Ph. D. degree conferred on him by the University



New York Public Library

JOHANNES BRAHMS

In his case, no longer "This Way Out."

of Breslau. There followed, during the Festival's course, the four symphonies—the impassioned First, the pastoral Second, the heroic Third, the peaceful, elegiac Fourth; then the *Variations* on a theme by Haydn—cold, sparkling music for Brahms to have written; then the two piano concertos, *Song of Destiny* and *A German Requiem;* then more piano pieces, songs, the piano quintet with its conflicting themes and moods; and the *Alto Rhapsody,* sombrely inspired by Goethe's *Harzreise im Winter.* Soloists were Pianist Arthur Schnabel, famed in Europe as a Brahms interpreter and come especially for the Festival; Soprano Jeannette Vreeland, Contralto Margaret Matzenauer, Baritone Fraser Gange; members of Richard Burgin's String Quartet (Burgin is concertmaster of the Boston Symphony), and members of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. Head man of all was Conductor Serge Koussevitzky who conceived and planned the Festival, gave it the flair which raises all his performances far above the commonplace.

The Composer. Not always would Boston have deemed the music of Brahms worthy of festival performance by its celebrated symphony orchestra. Just as Boston's Brahmins have always been conservative in their choice of acquaintances, so (until the arrival of Conductor Koussevitzky six years ago) have Bostonians been reluctant to hear unfamiliar music. Brahms they long ago dismissed as "austere," "obscure," "dull." Even wise Philip Hale, septuagenarian critic of the Boston *Herald,* once wrote: "Over the exit doors of Symphony Hall could well be written 'This way out in case of Brahms!'"

Europe, too, was slow in accepting the simple, lower-middle-class German who disdained to be a showman. Save as it involved the making of music, there was little in Brahms' career to attract attention. He had no sensational love-life, no ravaging disease, could usually afford to eat. But on his first concert tour, when accompanying the Hungarian violinist, Eduard Reményi, he was confronted with a piano a halftone off pitch. From memory and without the violinist's knowledge Brahms transposed the entire *Kreutzer* Sonata. This feat won him the attention of Violinist Joseph Joachim through whom he met Liszt and the Schumanns. Robert Schumann publicly recommended him as the genius of the day. Schumann's pianist-wife, Clara, became Brahms' great and life-long friend, the one to whom he submitted all his compositions, whose suggestions he invariably accepted. His devotion to her was the outstanding feature of his life. For the rest, he held teaching positions in Detmold, Hamburg, and Vienna. In Vienna, his headquarters for 35 years, everyone came to recognize the great bearded head, the colored shirts worn without collars, the little alpaca coat, the trousers too short, the long, black cigars. Appearances meant nothing to Johannes Brahms. On rainy days he wore an old-fashioned bluish-green shawl fastened in front with an enormous pin. His concern

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Romantic on the Volga, magnetic on the Charles.

was music—molding deep, original ideas to fit established forms, thus earning the title of the last of the great classical composers. He wrote for the piano, the voice, for chamber and symphony orchestra; never for the theatre, never in any way for acoustical effect. Death came to him at 63, the immediate result of a cold contracted at Clara Schumann's funeral.

The Conductor. In the 33 years since his death, Brahms has achieved an immense popularity, especially with the musically meticulous. Perhaps for this reason Boston let itself wax particularly enthusiastic over last week's Festival. But there was another reason: Conductor Koussevitzky. For he is the Boston Brahmins' high priest and can do no wrong. He is handsome, distinguished in appearance, voted by many the Best-Dressed Man in Boston. He is an excellent musician, the world's greatest virtuoso on the double bass as well as one of the great conductors. His past has been romantic: in Russia before the Revolution he used to sail with his orchestra up and down the Volga, giving concerts in all the basin towns, introducing much new music. He has great personal magnetism—the kind that makes female hearts beat fast at every concert, although his matronly-looking wife is always present, sitting well back on the right. Surest sign of his Boston success is the fact that he has been admitted to the Somerset Club, a Beacon Hill institution so exclusive that little Brahmins are usually registered for it immediately after birth.

BRAHMS IN SLIPPERS

The audiences at the Brahms Festival would no doubt like to know something about the man in private life. They already rejoice in the knowledge that Beethoven was irascible, the despair of his landladies, given to rough joking; that Haydn was nagged by his shrew of a wife and fell in love with a woman in London; that Mozart was fond of punch and billiards; that Cesar Franck's trousers were too short. There are many anecdotes about the great, some of them no doubt apochryphal.

In the excellent biography of Brahms by Walter Niemann, to which we referred last Sunday, there is an entertaining chapter entitled "Brahms as a Man."

He was not fussy in his dress. At home he went about in a flannel shirt, trousers, a detachable white collar, no cravat, slippers. In the country he was happy in a flannel shirt and alpaca jacket, carrying a soft felt hat in his hand, and in bad weather wearing on his shoulders an old-fashioned bluish-green shawl, fastened in front by a huge pin. (We remember that in the sixties many New Englanders on their perilous journeys to Boston or New York wore a shawl.) He preferred a modest restaurant to hotel table d'hotes. In his music room were pictures of a few composers, engravings—the Sistine Madonna among them—the portrait of Cherubini, by Ingres, with a veiled Muse crowning the composer.—"I cannot stand that female," Brahms said to his landlady—a bronze relief of Bismarck, always crowned with laurel. There was a square piano supposed to have been Haydn's, also a grand piano, on which a volume of Bach was usually standing open. On the cover lay note books, writing tablets, calendars, cigar cases, spectacles, purses, watches, keys, portfolios, recently published books and music, also souvenirs of his travels. He was passionately patriotic, interested in politics, a firm believer in German unity. He deeply regretted that he had not done military service as a young man. Prussia should be the North German predominant power.

His library occupied the whole of a long wall of the room. The shelves held rare old books on music, autographs, engravings, etchings, etc. Among his favorite writers were Freytag, Heyse, Keller (the Swiss poet) Alexis, Grillparzer, Kleist, Hebbel, E. T. A. Hoffmann, Arnim, Auerbach, Luther (the translation of the Bible and the "Table Talk"). Folk poetry, fairy tales, sagas, delighted him. Books of travel were dear to him, as was Grimm's German dictionary. A man, he kept his boyish love for "Robinson Crusoe." "Gil Blas" was on the shelf, as were historical works on Germany's wars. For 24 years he subscribed to the satirical Kladderadatsch—the numbers were piled in a wardrobe. Well acquainted with modern literature, he was a zealous first-nighter at the Burgtheatre. He had little patience with the hysteria and unrest of the contemporary literary tendencies. "Passions," he wrote to Clara Schumann, "do not pertain to man as a natural thing. They are always exceptions or excrescences."

His traveling trunk and valise were always packed ready for instant use. The windows of the music room and library were always shut; those of his bedroom open day and night.

As a young man he was shy, awkward; this awkwardness had its origin "chiefly in his oppressive consciousness of his lack of ease in the forms of polite society, which he tried, as a rule, to conceal behind an apparently rough manner." He was then slender, walking with an uncertain gait, body bowed a little forward. His voice was then as gentle as his hair was long. He was a good athlete. As a boy he had a pure soprano voice, which he ruined by singing when it was breaking. Forty years later this voice was gruff; he was portly; the once clean shaven face gave way to a great full beard. At the age of thirty his figure was short and squat, his under lip protruded, but "his whole appearance was steeped in force . . . there was something confidently triumphant in his face, the radiant serenity of a mind happy in the exercise of his art," wrote Widmann, observing him playing the piano.

He could take a nap at any time in the day; in the open as in a room, he could sleep at a friend's house on a sofa or under a grand piano. Breakfast was his favorite meal. Coffee and cigars could not be too strong for him. No matter how heavy his supper, he drank coffee for which his recipe was as many coffee beans as would ordinarily make 10 cups. He seldom composed at Vienna; when he did, it was standing, never at the piano. Out of bed very early—in summer holiday, at 5—he worked without stopping till noon. At 12:30 he would lunch at the "Roter Igel"; take his coffee, then a long walk. At night after a concert or an opera he would take his drink at the same restaurant, where he would meet carefully chosen friends Though he carried his liquor well, he was moderate and simple in what he ate and drank, demanding no delicacies, preferring a solid, middle-class meal. At midday he drank a half-pint of red wine or a small glass of Pilsener beer.

As a young man he had a rough exterior. This roughness grew on him, was noticeable even in his jesting, his physical behavior. Yet his friends said his nature was gentle; that he would weep before certain pictures, or at a performance—especially of his own works. His eyes would brim with tears as he farewelled intimate friends. As soon as there was talk about music he would become silent. Interested in a subject, he would speak vivaciously but with few words and little gesturing. With close friends he was lively and witty. He would often be curt, abrupt in speech. He could be jovial with men, gallant to beautiful women. The curiosity of professional journalists, reporters, autograph hunters, he detested; also dedications, painters and sculptors after a commission. He made innumerable enemies among critics and journalists by his rudeness "These petty scribblers are nothing but skirmishers; they delay matters a bit. Only a creative genius can be convincing in art." (What would he have said to Oscar Wilde's theory that the critic is the true creative artist; that the excuse for a work or a performance is the critical article about it?) He let himself be photographed fairly often. Amateur photographs and snap-shots amused him greatly.

"All these are but small things and characteristic trifles. But they spring from the very depths of Brahms's native Low German character, which hated nothing so much as false solemnity, spurious pathos and stilted theatrical pomposity, and show us his simple, modest side." This quality caused him to be grossly misunderstood. Niemann, in a diatribe against some of Brahms's contemporaries, admits that his hero in his relations with his fellow-artists was often "far too prone to follow the impulse of the moment and say hasty, spiteful, disagreeable and stinging things; indeed, he felt he simply must say them, though nobody had less desire to be nasty, and nobody repented of them more sincerely."

Here are a couple of the many illustrative anecdotes that might be told here:

When Bruch, sweating, had played him the whole of his "Odysseus," all that Brahms said at the end was: "Tell me, where do you get your beautiful manuscript paper?"

Seeing some compositions by Reinecke on a friend's piano, he said to the old composer's wife, who was standing by: "What, does your husband compose, too?"

He asked Gura, the singer, in Goldmark's presence: "Do you not think it extraordinary that a Jew should compose a setting of Martin Luther's words?"

No wonder that Brahms, growing more reserved, harsher, ruder, suffered from his incapacity for "getting outside himself." He told Clara Schumann he longed for affection. He loved his parents, step-family, brothers and sisters, children and animals. Loyal to his friends, he was genuinely religious. He was generous, in secret, to those in need. "Brahms was a convinced and believing member of the Lutheran Protestant church; not as regards dogma, not in the letter, but in the spirit." "We North Germans," he once said, "long for the Bible every day and do not let a day go by without it. In my study I can lay my hand on my Bible even in the dark."

Niemann asks whether Brahms's celibacy was voluntary or not. He bases his answer, in the negative, on occasional remarks of Brahms. As a young man he was secretly in love with Clara Schumann. He was devoted to her till her death. Though he had a youthful passion for Agathe von Siebold, he let it cool, for his future was not assured. A girl at Oldenburg pleased him when he was in his thirties. He told Widmann years later he had waited too long. He made an unsuccessful attempt to marry Clara Schumann's daughter Julie. When a young woman asked him why he had not married, he answered, "None of them would have me; and if there had been one who would, I could not have stood her on account of her bad taste."

Not that, to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, he was "averse from that sweet sex." Dwellers in Vienna who knew Brahms have told us that like Sainte-Beuve, like Hazlitt, he looked with a favoring eye on bonnes.

There is a short chapter in Niemann's indispensable book on Brahms as a composer as well as a man—a book as remarkable for the sanity of his criticism as for the orderly information—a chapter about Brahms as a pianist, conductor and teacher, in which Niemann says that as a pianist and conductor Johannes must above all be judged as the interpreter of Brahms the composer. We heard him play in the season of 1883-84 at Berlin his D-minor concerto, and found his performance rough and uninspiring. In that season he conducted the first performance in Berlin of his Symphony No. 3. The orchestra was respectfully obedient to his baton. The testimony of three piano pupils is singularly contradictory. He thought a pupil should never be encouraged with words of praise. He said to Richard Strauss after Strauss's F-minor symphony: "Young man, look at Schubert's dances and practise inventing simple, eight bar melodies." Niemann ends this chapter by saying: "Even during his lifetime Brahms's achievements as a composer by far overshadowed his activity as pianist, conductor and teacher."

Then follow nearly 300 pages in which Niemann has much to say about the compositions. The book is published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York.

The Festival Adds Brahms's Master Work

In Full-Rounded Performance The "German Requiem" for Choral Concert

THIS generation of the concert-hall knows Brahms best, honors him most, as composer of symphonic music. A glance around Symphony Hall last evening affirmed as much. For the "German Requiem" not every seat was taken; whereas for the Concerto and the Symphony of Sunday afternoon hardly a place stood empty. Next, for most of us, stands Brahms the composer of songs. Publicly, we hear him as such in too standard a repertory. Privately, we cultivate him according to our own choice. Third, place the composer of chamber-music. The pianists and the violinists have their favorite Sonatas; the foursomes (as Mr. Grainger likes to call them) their favorite Quartets; the virtuosi-musicians risk on their programs even the later Intermezzi, Caprices, Rhapsodies. We shall hear Mr. Schnabel play four of them this evening. Fourth and last, in the general ear, sounds Brahms the composer of choral music. The catalogues of his "collected works" list a page or two of such pieces; but, outside Germany and Austria, we are fortunate if we hear aught else than the "German Requiem" and the "Song of Destiny"—and them not too often. To these two at the current festival, by happy exception, the Rhapsody for Alto and Men's Chorus will be added.

Every one of the Symphonies bears marks of the labor that Brahms spent upon it. They were conceived and accomplished in mental and spiritual travail. The choral vein flows more freely, more amply. By instinct, predilection and habit, Brahms is composer of music for choirs variously constituted and variously accompanied. He read of a morning in Hölderlin's eighteenth-century poetry and that same afternoon began the making of the "Song of Destiny." Composers nowadays, unless like Stravinsky, they throw back to Handel, achieve their choral pieces by will and application, as part of their duty to the whole art of music. Only Holst comes readily to mind as possessed, like Brahms, of the choral instinct.

Mozart wrote a Requiem Mass because the dread of death and of the undiscovered country haunted him, and he would dispel it. Berlioz wrote another because he would transform the Roman office into a grandiose spectacle in tones. Verdi wrote a third that he might clothe that office in Italian fervors, infuse into it the tradition that he honored and would practise of Italian song descending out of liturgy and madrigal. Small blame to him if the theater in which he had worked a lifetime occasionally had the better of it. The venerable editor of the program-sheet noted last evening the "abundant proof" that Brahms intended the "German Requiem" as "a last great funeral rite for Schumann." In the text and the music themselves, the "proof" seems quite as "abundant" that Brahms looked in the Scriptures, looked in his heart, and wrote.

In spite of the learned discourse—page and chapter and book of it—about the Protestantism, the Germanism, the backgrounds and environment of the "German Requiem," the years resolve it more and more into the meditation of Johannes Brahms, a devout mind and a believing spirit, upon the life of this world and of the world to come, of the death and resurrection and judgment that may be bridge between. Brahms put together his text out of a Bible that he read and knew in the faith of a truly religious and Christian man. Run through it hastily and it seems a congeries of detached verses awkwardly thrown together. Conned more closely, it becomes a carefully matched mosaic not only to serve a musical design but to bear witness to an inner continuity, contrast, significance. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." . . . "All flesh is as the grass; but the redeemed of the Lord shall come rejoicing into Zion." . . . "Lord, make me know the measure of my days; but the righteous souls are in the hand of God." . . . "Here on earth have we no continuing place; but blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. . . . They rest from their labors." Pervasive these contrasts, yet with two intermezzi and one masterful transition. The first intermezzo sings "the courts of the Lord"; the second expatiates on sorrow and solace. The transition traverses death and resurrection. Brahms's poetry dwells usually in his tones. In itself the verse of his songs seldom engages the mind or quickens the heart. Yet into this text for the "German Requiem," he has infused a veritable poetry of scheme and word.

And what a text for such a music as Brahms would make! Earthly sorrow

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Brahms Festival

Continued from Page Eleven

and woe and lamentation, the brevity and the emptiness of human living, touched his imagination—and he wrote the anguished pages, yet not without a recurring undernote of compassion. He saw in vision the tribulation and the struggle of men and the sight evoked the tortured music that falls to the baritone with chorus. This human fate was inexorable—in the Christian Brahms, composing, there lurked often the fatalist—and he wrote the rigid march of the second chorus to be as the endless stream of human suffering. He meditated upon death and resurrection, upon the trumpets of the Judgment Day—and rose to the close-packed, darksome imagery of the sixth division. The light came upon him and he saw the "courts of the Lord" in a music in which the evening stars sing as well as the human voices. Deep pity possessed him and he added the measures in which the soprano voice forgets grief in consolation. He heard the great hosts of "the redeemed of the Lord" and he wrote the upswelling choral fugues, one above a vast pedal-point, that end three movements. Before his eyes swam the majesty and the mercy of God, the celestial peace and healing. Toward them mounts the final chorus.

Under such inspiration—for it is nothing less—Brahms's invention runs ready and full; the musical thought glows into musical emotion; the achieving hand seldom flags. The books say that Brahms worked at the score through five years. Yet of his larger works none sounds more spontaneous; none seems more nearly accomplished in a long, white heat of creation. His melodies unfold in breadth, warmth and vitalized motion. Each goes charactered. At one end of the range set the tortured song of the baritone; at the other the suffused compassion of the soprano's measures. Or array the black tense-rhythmed march of the human souls against the luminous harmonies that clothe the house of the Lord. In surge and power the fugues descend from Bach and Handel.

When he will, Brahms can infuse into his measures either the exaltation which is never mere eloquence or the tenderness which is seldom mere sentiment. And these are his own attributes. The

Boston Spring Flower Show, by M

heavens open and he declares the mercy of God. The earth is outspread and he comforts the sorrows of men. The glow within him burns away any thickness, any awkwardness in the orchestral voices. For once they do his imaginative bidding. The designing, the uprearing of the choruses seem less a studious technical mastery than an ardor of accomplishment. The symphonies and the concertos are the symphonies and the concertos; but here in the Requiem is the masterpiece in which Brahms sloughed his inhibitions away. As long as nineteenth-century music sounds in the ears of men, it will hold them fast.

The performance last evening came nearer to the full accomplishment of the music and text than any within Bostonian memory. It fell short conspicuously only in Miss Vreeland's singing of the soprano part which was both superficial and marred by technical shortcoming; whereas the large, bold, graphic style, the rough-textured tones of Mr. Gange were the very medium for the baritone measures. The clear timbre of the Radcliffe women-chorus released Brahms's notes from the bondage of the printed page. The clean thrust of its singing gave them life. There were tenor tones to be heard from the Harvard choir; no sluggishness in the deeper voices stayed the rhythmic movement. Once the first chorus had steadied the full choir, the unity of attack and release, of phrasing and accent were but the outer expression of an inner unity of understanding and of feeling. In the antiphonal passages choir matched choir; while the larger sonorities suffered hardly at all from voices all youthful.

The end indeed crowned the work of Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth. The youth of Harvard and Radcliffe have at least learned to do one thing well for the sake of the doing, which is rather what makes life worth while. For their elders, the orchestra was alive to Brahms's changeful rhythms; measured its tone to his subdued colorings; darkened in or opened out his instrumental patterns. An elder generation recalls Nikisch as the conductor who first upon their ears released and vitalized Brahms's symphonies. We, their children, will say as much and think as high of Dr. Koussevitzky with the "German Requiem."

H. T. P.

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Mar 27

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Regrettable Changes

Two Programs for the Brahms Festival Are Altered

AT this late day two programs for the Brahms Festival next week have been revised. The "Song of Destiny" is removed from the choral concert of Monday evening and inserted in the orchestral concert of Sunday afternoon. To make room for it there, the Variations on a Theme by Haydn—one of the best-known and best-liked of Brahms's symphonic pieces—is dropped altogether. The assigned reason is the discovery that the "Song of Destiny" was ill-mated with the "German Requiem," the other choral piece. Were the Variations retained on Sunday afternoon, a longish concert would be longer.

With allowance for the discovered incongruity, these changes seem mistaken and regrettable. It hardly matters how often or considerably the program for a regular Symphony Concert is changed. The audience goes to that concert as a whole. Usually the substitutions better it. The Brahms Festival, with programs announced long in advance and made an occasion, is another story. Though the newspapers announce these changes, the public seldom notes them. Many will go to the choral concert on Monday expecting to hear two choral pieces—receive but one. Others, on Sunday, with no ear for "A Song of Destiny," will miss the Haydn Variations. Except under emergency, an announced festival should "stay put."

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AUSTRIAN PIANIST TO PLAY HERE SUNDAY

Mar 27

Schabel, Austrian pianist who

MUSIC

Music Notes and Comment

Mar 28

The Brahms Festival now in progress at Symphony Hall is the event by which the present musical season in Boston will be remembered. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, for now nearly 49 years this city's chief musical glory, is so much more important than any other local musical enterprise, that when it undertakes anything beyond its usual series of orchestral concerts the attention of the musical public here and everywhere is attracted, as it was by the Beethoven Festival in 1927, and as it will be next Fall by the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the orchestra. Very large audiences for the four extra concerts devoted to the music of Brahms in the next four days are assured.

Margaret Matzenauer, who will appear at two of the Brahms Festival concerts, is one of the best as well as one of the best known of living contraltos. Her recent resignation from the Metropolitan Opera, of which she has been for 19 years one of the principal singers, called forth many expressions of regret in New York. She has sung in Boston many times in concert and in opera with the former Boston Opera. Her most notable recent appearance here was as soloist with the Boston Symphony and Harvard Glee Club in the first American performance of Stravinsky's "Oedipus" two years ago. On that occasion her singing, by common consent, quite outclassed that of the other soloists.

The Burgin String Quartet, composed of four prominent players from the Boston Symphony, is an organization constituted much as the old Kneisel Quartet originally was. Its public appearances here are infrequent. One wonders why in the absence of subscription series of chamber concerts here by first rate string quartets, now that the Flonzaley Quartet has disbanded, some manager does not persuade the Burgin Quartet to step into the vacant place.

Artur Schnabel has come from Germany to be the distinguished soloist at the Brahms Festival in Symphony Hall. The famous pianist was born in Galicia in 1882. Although he exhibited extraordinary talent as a child, he was never exploited as a prodigy. He joined the class of Leschitzky at nine, and graduated with honors at the age of 15. Schnabel's reputation in Europe is of the very highest and of many years standing. He has often been called the greatest interpreter of Brahms among living pianists. He is little known in America except by repute, having made but few appearances here. He was soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, however, in March 30-31, 1923 when Bruno Walter was guest conductor.

Boston's Week of Brahms

By L. A. SLOPER

JOHANNES BRAHMS wrote no music for the theater. Perhaps the fact requires no elaborate explanation. It is difficult to imagine the irreproachable Brahms enriching the lyric stage with the charm of a Mozart, the fervor of a Wagner or the dramatic genius of a Verdi. Mr. Fuller Maitland surmises that Brahms realized at once the sterility of conservative stage music and his own incapacity to write in the style of Wagner. But need we be sad because Brahms paused before the frivolous portals of the theater? There is ample dramatic content in the music he did write. All he needs is a Koussevitzky, a Schnabel or a Matzenauer for interpreter. All these, and more, he had for the six-day festival of his music given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Of course Dr. Koussevitzky, who never can be persuaded that things are well enough as they are, was primarily responsible. Having already directed celebrations for the centenaries of Beethoven and Schubert, he cast about for another composer to honor. There was no centenary of a master in 1930, but that did not deter the conductor. He admires Brahms, and excels as an interpreter of his music, just as Nikisch—as we are told—did. Sufficient reasons for a Brahms Festival. Thus large numbers of Bostonians have listened to a series which included the four symphonies, the two piano concertos, the "German Requiem," the "Song of Destiny," some of the Liebeslieder Waltzes, the "Academic Festival" Overture, the Piano Quintet, some songs and the piano pieces of op. 119.

Extraordinary Enthusiasm

As John N. Burk reminded us, in an admirably balanced pamphlet issued by the orchestra in preparation for the festival, Boston has been as slow as other capitals of music to embrace Brahms. His conclusion that "the composer's genius, lifted free and clear of routine, was never so keenly and generally alive in this town" as at present, was justified by the response to these concerts. As one young person from the middle West remarked: "And they call Boston a cold town!" The enthusiasm at all the concerts was quite extraordinary, and on the final evening (March 26) there was an ovation for Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra which has hardly been duplicated during the six years of his Boston seneschalship, unless at the close of the Beethoven Festival. No one, surely, will begrudge the tribute to leader or men. The conductor, who never does anything half-heartedly, labored devotedly in preparation and performance, and the orchestra's work was quite up to its standard.

It was not to be expected that all the results would be equal in value. You can hardly give a Brahms Festival without including some of the chamber pieces. But Symphony Hall holds more than 2500 persons; scarcely the place for intimate music. No one should have been suprised, then, that the Piano Quintet, with Arthur Schnabel and the Burgin String Quartet, was not the most successful item in the cycle. Heard in a small hall, this music has the power to stir admiration and emotion; in these vast reaches, the piano overwhelmed the strings and the finest effects were lost.

On the program with the quintet, however, the three Intermezzi and the Rhapsody of op. 119 came to entrancing utterance at the hands of Mr. Schnabel; who then, with a fine gesture of unselfed artistic devotion, became the unobtrusive accompanist for Margaret Matzenauer in four songs. His superb fellow-artist was heard to better advantage in "Von Ewige Liebe" and "Meine Liebe ist Grüne" than in the "Sapphische Ode" or the "Immer Leiser." Opening this program there was a charming performance of some of the Liebeslieder Waltzes by a small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, with their respesctive conductors. Dr. Archibald T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth, at the piano.

The Collegiate Chorus

These young collegians, by the way, although their personnel changes annually, remain one of the most satisfying choral bodies of our experience. Trained to uncompromising ideals, they place their fresh voices and their inspiring fervor at the service of art. And when their part in the program is finished, they add immeasurably to the volume of applause for the more famous artists, constituting themselves, without in the least being aware of it, a volunteer claque in thralldom to music.

Mme. Matzenauer joined a group of the singers in a moving interpretation of the "Harzreise" Rhapsody. In the Requiem the choruses were augmented by Jeanette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. They had the choral field to themselves in the "Song of Destiny."

Another acclaimed hero of the series was of course Mr. Schnabel, whose playing of the concertos for piano not only was authoritative but brought these works to pulsing life. Where, by the way, originated the tradition that the first of these concertos is finer exponent whose readings can hardly be challenged, we feel the superiority of the B flat major, pianistically and musically, to be evident.

The Symphonies

Finally the symphonies, played in this order: Nos. 3, 2, 4 and 1. Under this test the F major seemed clearly entitled to less and the D major to more consideration than is usually accorded. We shall not presume to sit as judge upon the merits of the other two. Nor shall we seize upon the occasion to pronounce a conclusive estimate of the music of Johannes Brahms, nor to forecast the effect of the six-day examination upon his reputation. Attention no doubt has been drawn by it to his learning. His romantic characteristics have been set forth in the most persuasive manner. In retrospect of the six days he seems more a romanticist than a classicist, closer to Beethoven and to Schumann than to Bach or Mozart. Further, from this fresh review, we are impressed less by his material than by his handling of it, and we find even in the handling more cerebration than inspiration. It seems to us, too, that there is wisdom in those who say that the Brahms of the songs, the piano pieces and the chamber ensembles is greater than he of the symphonies and of the bigger choral compositions. After so protracted a bout, we see Brahms as a big fellow who, not realizing his own strength, should not be allowed too heavy implements to play with.

Is it possible that Brahms, like Wagner, is doomed, after a struggle of long years for recognition, to fall back at last to a plane below that of the greatest masters? At all events, we render thanks to Dr. Koussevitzky and his associates for the opportunity to survey his work.

A Novelty From Harvard

After so busy a week, it was natural that the orchestra's program on March 28 should consist for the most part of pieces recently introduced—Haydn's Symphony in D (with the Horn Call), Sibelius's Sixth and the Bach-Schoenberg Prelude and the Fugue in E flat.

Yet there was a novelty, too; a Suite by Walter Piston, of the Harvard musical faculty, which received its first performance under the composer's baton. It consists of an Allegro, an Andante and a fugal Finale. The first movement, the composer had confided to the editor of the program notes, "contains some 'Americanisms' but is in no sense an attempt to write jazz." It is, however jazzier than this statement would lead you to believe. In fact, it is one of the most successful experiments we recall in applying the jazz idiom to classical forms. A nostalgic Andante and a lively fugue complete the suite.

If this music does not open "new paths," it is well made, contains good writing for the instruments and is pleasant to listen to. It marks a advance upon Mr. Piston's "Symphonic Piece," heard two years ago. It is less obviously derivative, possesses a more individual flavor. Its composer obtained an excellent performance.

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted, and the orchestra played, the remainder of the program as if they had never heard of Brahms. All the items were well worth an early second hearing. The Sibelius in particular impressed us afresh with its vitality, its richness and its characteristic emotional quality. After hearing this concert if we do not love Brahms less, we certainly love Haydn, Sibelius and Bach more.

BOSTON EVENING

Symphony Concert

A First Day For Brahms Thrice Over

Dr. Koussevitzky Assembles The Middle Symphonies And an Overture

Mar 22 Trans.

IN the largest type upon the page of the program-book labelled the occasion "Opening Concert of the Brahms Festival"; but to the practised eye it resembled a Friday matinée of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, upon which an "All-Brahms" program had descended. A glance around, before the concert began, noted the usual audience; others, while the concert was proceeding, its customary tranquil listening. Politely it hailed and farewelled Dr. Koussevitzky whenever he came to the stage or departed from it. Politely it clapped Brahms's kettle-drums, bass-drum and cymbals at the end of the "Academic Overture." His Symphony in F major passed without excitement; but at the close of the Second, which ended the concert, a gust of applause came quick and warm. Seemingly, few demurred to two Symphonies of Brahms in a single afternoon; while hardly more were impressed.

Plainly enough, an "All-Brahms" program does not alter the habitual detachment—in the auditorium—at these Friday matinées. No more, probably, would a whole Brahms Festival, were that same audience exposed to it. Perhaps the company this evening will warm more to a special occasion; but it will be just as well to date the festival from the concert of Sunday afternoon. Then begin the four days of Brahms, the Brahmsians, and his prophets at Symphony Hall assembled. And "we are all Brahmsians now"—except possibly that audience of Friday afternoon which prefers, with the best grace in the world, to remain its normal self.

The "Academic Festival Overture," as the full title runs, was obviously the proper opening piece. Brahms wrote but two concert-overtures, and neither by mood, matter, nor good report would the "Tragic Overture" have suited the occasion. Except the Double Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, no symphonic piece by the mature Brahms is less often played in America. Reasonably, the present Festival ignores it. Since two Symphonies were to follow, the sticklers for logic might have preferred, as natural introduction, the Variations upon a Theme by Haydn. They are altogether Brahmsian; time has not dimmed them; the learned say they are the source book of all four Symphonies. From a subsequent program Dr. Koussevitzky had also banished them. The more the regret, but there was only to listen to the Overture in which Brahms, after his manner, returns thanks for the doctorate from Breslau.

A few pages made plain that the conductor was sparing no pains. For a festival that justly stirs his ambition, he had restudied the "Academic Overture" and the two subsequent Symphonies, rehearsed them until the orchestra knew his every wish and was itself "on edge." A living Brahms might have lately handed him the three manuscripts for first performance. Dr. Koussevitzky plays every music as though for the time he believed in it and there were nothing else in the world. Give him a composer that touches him nearly as does Brahms, and he excels in the joining of heat to light. Sensitively and faithfully he kept throughout the afternoon to the true Brahmsian orchestra with its subdued scale of tonal color, its open and running rather than massed voices, choir upon choir. As sensitively he caught the mood of Brahms with the student-songs from which he generates this Academic Overture.

It pleased the composer, self-deprecating and jocular, to call the piece a "potpourri" of such tunes, his jolly "thesis" in return for the doctorate. Actually it is only such in the sonorous tumult of the close—and there with stately rather than sportive accent. Elsewhere Brahms turns over these student-songs rather wistfully. At middle age he could look back at them as to symbols of vanished youth. As he looked, he both smiled and sighed—the melancholy that Dr. Koussevitzky draws from at least half the Overture. More than is native custom he also polishes it. For the most part, German conductors will have it hearty, homely, even heavy; make out a good case for such a "reading." Hereabouts these are the days of cosmopolitan Brahms. Dr. Koussevitzky out of Russia and Paris plays him; so also does Mr. Toscanini of Milan and New York. What connoisseurs ask is a personal divination. Therefore an "Academic Overture" melancholy and with artifice.

At no haste when he sat at his writing table, Brahms put to paper compact symphonies. Two of them in an afternoon do not imply two hours of listening. The Third and the Second—to name them in the order in which they were played—make effective contrast; out of them souhds the symphonic Brahms when he is nearest to common humanity. The labellers, ever busy with a word and a paste-pot, will have this Third Symphony in F major Brahms's "Eroica." The first movement and, in degree, the finale, give them reason. The first lacks neither spaciousness nor strength nor Brahmsian passion. There are outflung phrases; motives in clamorous and striving ascent and descent. The mental and the musical energy of the whole is irresistable. As nearly as it was in him to be dramatic, Brahms writes a music of strenuous conflict; but always in that measure which is thought tempering emotion. Even the motto-motiv shall not shout too loud. It is token of inward and spiritual resistance.

After the first movement, these heroic accents are stilled. The slow movement strikes unmistakably the note of Brahms's autumnal song. The phrases soften; the rhythms are gentle; the progress musing; the coloring clear and pale. Out of strength is born sweetness; but into sentimentality, thanks to Brahms's mind, it never lapses. Continuing, the lyrical Brahms writes the succeeding Allegretto. Those that disliked man and music reproached him with a North-German, not to say Prussian, hardness. Now, he reminds them, he can write as tenderly and poignantly as Schumann. If the hearer wishes, find again in the finale the strenuous, striving, quasi-dramatic Brahms, calling back that heroic motto-motiv. Before the end, however, the autumnal mood again prevails. Restlessness stills into calm; the sombre coloring warms into golden glow. These are the days of a songful Brahms. Through the second and the third movements Dr. Koussevitzky intensified the lyrical mood; through the first and the finale released the latent passion. But, true Brahmsian, he kept the song clear of sensuous note; preferred, with the passion, an inner energy; for coloring deepened the shadows beneath the high lights. For him Brahms writes an introspective symphony.

For the labellers, the Second Symphony in D major is Brahms's "Pastoral." For the conductor, it was rather a music that should charm by freshness and animation, yet not quite escape the Brahmsian contemplation, the Brahmsian melancholy. Quick-coming invention must have sped it. None of Brahms's larger works is so free from the moments in which calculation rather than impulse chooses the notes. None exhibits so seldom the turns of expression, the tricks of manner, inseparable from those who write much and in a characteristic idiom. The first movement is the lyrical Brahms, fertile in melody, lively in rhythm, ready with expedient, warm of mood. The spacing is open, the coloring bright, the movement flexible—a music of cheerful ease. The slow division begins and melancholy creeps in—not the carking melancholy of the Russian and other intensive temperaments; but the pensive mood, proper to an idyllic Symphony. It is like the misty lights, the sunshine out of cloud, over Brahms's native plain.

The scherzo—for Brahms—touches gayety. Twice over he must have the quicker measures; for before and between them the oboe is still piping a pensive note. Brahms was at his middle forties when he wrote this Second Symphony and the autumnal mood was already upon him. The finale outpaces it; brushes it away. The idyll shines clear again. Brahms knew and loved Italian skies and airs. There are Mediterranian warmths in this Second Symphony. Not for long may melancholy Northern mists overcloud them. The detractors will doubtless have it that Dr. Koussevitzky tries to "dramatize" a music in which there is no tonal drama. More truly, he would set clear and keep bright, or pensive, each songful mood; open out the lyric flow; make each fine sonority sound or suggest. The orchestral tone was glamorous; as in the Third Symphony, it glossed the measures that say nothing and darken progress. . . . There was no dramatist in Brahms; but out of this Second Symphony speaks a tone-poet.

H. T. P.

BRAHMS WEEK BEGINS AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH Mar 22

THE current pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra constitutes the beginning of the Brahms Festival. Brahms was born in 1833 and died in 1897. So far as we know there is no special occasion for this festival. It was simply Koussevitzky's own idea.

And a good idea, too. Brahm's music, far from repelling the present generation as it did the preceding one — they thought it "unmelodic"—occupies the position of a best-seller. An all-one-composer program, to say nothing of a festival, is risky for the general concert-going public. Aside from Brahms, perhaps only Beethoven, Wagner and Chopin can stand the test.

Listening to the present program, consisting of the "Academic" Overture and the Second and Third Symphonies, we were not conscious of that fearful spectre—monotony. So far as we could observe, the audience was having a perfectly splendid time. True, the music of Brahms is characteristic, it has earmarks, it displays idiosyncrasies. But so it is true of any music or art worth its weight in salt.

You hear a Brahms theme and are perhaps "reminded" of a similar theme in another work of his. It is not idle repetition; but an opportunity has arisen for saying the same or similar thing in a new context. And there is no talking for effect; the speech is germane to the discussion, to continue the metaphor. Music is here genuinely a language.

The greatness of these works is now generally acknowledged. This is well, for it would be foolhardy to attempt to discuss their merits in a few paragraphs. It is interesting to note, however, the freshness which these essentially romantic—as well as classic—works have for the jazz-ridden, speed-worshipping, and sophisticated audience of 1930.

The performance in each case, at yesterday's concert, attested to the enthusiasm and care of Mr. Koussevitzky and to the virtosity of the orchestra. Of course there is ground for difference of opinion—not mere quibbling, either—as to his choice of tempt and dynamics. But the spirit, the romantic glow, the apparently effervescent spontaneity are present. Those are the things that count.

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AT this late day two programs for the Brahms Festival next week have been revised. The "Song of Destiny" is removed from the choral concert of Monday evening and inserted in the orchestral concert of Sunday afternoon. To make room for it there, the Variations on a Theme by Haydn—one of the best-known and best-liked of Brahms's symphonic pieces—is dropped altogether. The assigned reason is the discovery that the "Song of Destiny" was ill-mated with the "German Requiem," the other choral piece. Were the Variations retained on Sunday afternoon, a longish concert would be longer.

With allowance for the discovered incongruity, these changes seem mistaken and regrettable. It hardly matters how often or considerably the program for a regular Symphony Concert is changed. The audience goes to that concert as a whole. Usually the substitutions better it. The Brahms Festival, with programs announced long in advance and made an occasion, is another story. Though the newspapers announce these changes, the public seldom notes them. Many will go to the choral concert on Monday expecting to hear two choral pieces—receive but one. Others, on Sunday, with no ear for "A Song of Destiny," will miss the Haydn Variations. Except under emergency, an announced festival should "stay put."

AUSTRIAN PIANIST TO PLAY HERE SUNDAY

Her. Mar 21

Arthur Schabel, Austrian pianist who arrived in Boston last night, completing his journey from Europe to take part in the Brahms festival, will rehearse with the Boston Symphony orchestra this morning and appear in the Festival performances Sunday. He will also play a group of solo pieces Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and take part in the piano quartet.

Schabel is regarded in Europe as one of the greatest living pianists, and one of the finest interpreters of Brahms's music. He played in Boston in 1923. He will also appear in the closing concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra in New York next month.

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Yet there was a novelty, too; a Suite by Walter Piston, of the Harvard musical faculty, which received its first performance under the composer's baton. It consists of an Allegro, an Andante and a fugal Finale. The first movement, the composer had confided to the editor of the program notes, "contains some 'Americanisms' but is in no sense an attempt to write jazz." It is, however jazzier than this statement would lead you to believe. In fact, it is one of the most successful experiments we recall in applying the jazz idiom to classical forms. A nostalgic Andante and a lively fugue complete the suite.

If this music does not open "new paths," it is well made, contains good writing for the instruments and is pleasant to listen to. It marks a advance upon Mr. Piston's "Symphonic Piece," heard two years ago. It is less obviously derivative, possesses a more individual flavor. Its composer obtained an excellent performance.

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted, and the orchestra played, the remainder of the program as if they had never heard of Brahms. All the items were well worth an early second hearing. The Sibelius in particular impressed us afresh with its vitality, its richness and its characteristic emotional quality. After hearing this concert if we do not love Brahms less, we certainly love Haydn, Sibelius and Bach more.

BOSTON EVENING

Symphony Concert

A First Day For Brahms Thrice Over

Dr. Koussevitzky Assembles The Middle Symphonies And an Overture

Mar 22 Trans.

IN the largest type upon the page of the program-book labelled the occasion "Opening Concert of the Brahms Festival"; but to the practised eye it resembled a Friday matinée of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, upon which an "All-Brahms" program had descended. A glance around, before the concert began, noted the usual audience; others, while the concert was proceeding, its customary tranquil listening. Politely it hailed and farewelled Dr. Koussevitzky whenever he came to the stage or departed from it. Politely it clapped Brahms's kettle-drums, bass-drum and cymbals at the end of the "Academic Overture." His Symphony in F major passed without excitement; but at the close of the Second, which ended the concert, a gust of applause came quick and warm. Seemingly, few demurred to two Symphonies of Brahms in a single afternoon; while hardly more were impressed.

Plainly enough, an "All-Brahms" program does not alter the habitual detachment—in the auditorium—at these Friday matinées. No more, probably, would a whole Brahms Festival, were that same audience exposed to it. Perhaps the company this evening will warm more to a special occasion; but it will be just as well to date the festival from the concert of Sunday afternoon. Then begin the four days of Brahms, the Brahmsians, and his prophets at Symphony Hall assembled. And "we are all Brahmsians now"—except possibly that audience of Friday afternoon which prefers, with the best grace in the world, to remain its normal self.

The "Academic Festival Overture," as the full title runs, was obviously the proper opening piece. Brahms wrote but two concert-overtures, and neither by mood, matter, nor good report would the "Tragic Overture" have suited the occasion. Except the Double Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, no symphonic piece by the mature Brahms is less often played in America. Reasonably, the present Festival ignores it. Since two Symphonies were to follow, the sticklers for logic might have preferred, as natural introduction, the Variations upon a Theme by Haydn. They are altogether Brahmsian; time has not dimmed them; the learned say they are the source book of all four Symphonies. From a subsequent program Dr. Koussevitzky had also banished them. The more the regret, but there was only to listen to the Overture in which Brahms, after his manner, returns thanks for the doctorate from Breslau.

A few pages made plain that the conductor was sparing no pains. For a festival that justly stirs his ambition, he had restudied the "Academic Overture" and the two subsequent Symphonies, rehearsed them until the orchestra knew his every wish and was itself "on edge." A living Brahms might have lately handed him the three manuscripts for first performance. Dr. Koussevitzky plays every music as though for the time he believed in it and there were nothing else in the world. Give him a composer that touches him nearly as does Brahms, and he excels in the joining of heat to light. Sensitively and faithfully he kept throughout the afternoon to the true Brahmsian orchestra with its subdued scale of tonal color, its open and running rather than massed voices, choir upon choir. As sensitively he caught the mood of Brahms with the student-songs from which he generates this Academic Overture.

It pleased the composer, self-deprecating and jocular, to call the piece a "potpourri" of such tunes, his jolly "thesis" in return for the doctorate. Actually it is only such in the sonorous tumult of the close—and there with stately rather than sportive accent. Elsewhere Brahms turns over these student-songs rather wistfully. At middle age he could look back at them as to symbols of vanished youth. As he looked, he both smiled and sighed—the melancholy that Dr. Koussevitzky draws from at least half the Overture. More than is native custom he also polishes it. For the most part, German conductors will have it hearty, homely, even heavy; make out a good case for such a "reading." Hereabouts these are the days of cosmopolitan Brahms. Dr. Koussevitzky out of Russia and Paris plays him; so also does Mr. Toscanini of Milan and New York. What connoisseurs ask is a personal divination. Therefore an "Academic Overture" melancholy and with artifice.

At no haste when he sat at his writing table, Brahms put to paper compact symphonies. Two of them in an afternoon do not imply two hours of listening. The Third and the Second—to name them in the order in which they were played—make effective contrast; out of them sounds the symphonic Brahms when he is nearest to common humanity. The labellers, ever busy with a word and a paste-pot, will have this Third Symphony in F major Brahms's "Eroica." The first movement and, in degree, the finale, give them reason. The first lacks neither spaciousness nor strength nor Brahmsian passion. There are outflung phrases; motives in clamorous and striving ascent and descent. The mental and the musical energy of the whole is irresistable. As nearly as it was in him to be dramatic, Brahms writes a music of strenuous conflict; but always in that measure which is thought tempering emotion. Even the motto-motiv shall not shout too loud. It is token of inward and spiritual resistance.

After the first movement, these heroic accents are stilled. The slow movement strikes unmistakably the note of Brahms's autumnal song. The phrases soften; the rhythms are gentle; the progress musing; the coloring clear and pale. Out of strength is born sweetness; but into sentimentality, thanks to Brahms's mind, it never lapses. Continuing, the lyrical Brahms writes the succeeding Allegretto. Those that disliked man and music reproached him with a North-German, not to say Prussian, hardness. Now, he reminds them, he can write as tenderly and poignantly as Schumann. If the hearer wishes, find again in the finale the strenuous, striving, quasi-dramatic Brahms, calling back that heroic motto-motiv. Before the end, however, the autumnal mood again prevails. Restlessness stills into calm; the sombre coloring warms into golden glow. These are the days of a songful Brahms. Through the second and the third movements Dr. Koussevitzky intensified the lyrical mood; through the first and the finale released the latent passion. But, true Brahmsian, he kept the song clear of sensuous note; preferred, with the passion, an inner energy; for coloring deepened the shadows beneath the high lights. For him Brahms writes an introspective symphony.

For the labellers, the Second Symphony in D major is Brahms's "Pastoral." For the conductor, it was rather a music that should charm by freshness and animation, yet not quite escape the Brahmsian contemplation, the Brahmsian melancholy. Quick-coming invention must have sped it. None of Brahms's larger works is so free from the moments in which calculation rather than impulse chooses the notes. None exhibits so seldom the turns of expression, the tricks of manner, inseparable from those who write much and in a characteristic idiom. The first movement is the lyrical Brahms, fertile in melody, lively in rhythm, ready with expedient, warm of mood. The spacing is open, the coloring bright, the movement flexible—a music of cheerful ease. The slow division begins and melancholy creeps in—not the carking melancholy of the Russian and other intensive temperaments; but the pensive mood, proper to an idyllic Symphony. It is like the misty lights, the sunshine out of cloud, over Brahms's native plain.

The scherzo—for Brahms—touches gayety. Twice over he must have the quicker measures; for before and between them the oboe is still piping a pensive note. Brahms was at his middle forties when he wrote this Second Symphony and the autumnal mood was already upon him. The finale outpaces it; brushes it away. The idyll shines clear again. Brahms knew and loved Italian skies and airs. There are Mediterranian warmths in this Second Symphony. Not for long may melancholy Northern mists overcloud them. The detractors will doubtless have it that Dr. Koussevitzky tries to "dramatize" a music in which there is no tonal drama. More truly, he would set clear and keep bright, or pensive, each songful mood; open out the lyric flow; make each fine sonority sound or suggest. The orchestral tone was glamorous; as in the Third Symphony, it glossed the measures that say nothing and darken progress. . . . There was no dramatist in Brahms; but out of this Second Symphony speaks a tone-poet.

H. T. P.

BRAHMS WEEK BEGINS AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH Mar 22

THE current pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra constitutes the beginning of the Brahms Festival. Brahms was born in 1833 and died in 1897. So far as we know there is no special occasion for this festival. It was simply Koussevitzky's own idea.

And a good idea, too. Brahm's music, far from repelling the present generation as it did the preceding one — they thought it "unmelodic"—occupies the position of a best-seller. An all-one-composer program, to say nothing of a festival, is risky for the general concert-going public. Aside from Brahms, perhaps only Beethoven, Wagner and Chopin can stand the test.

Listening to the present program, consisting of the "Academic" Overture and the Second and Third Symphonies, we were not conscious of that fearful spectre—monotony. So far as we could observe, the audience was having a perfectly splendid time. True, the music of Brahms is characteristic, it has earmarks, it displays idiosyncrasies. But so it is true of any music or art worth its weight in salt.

You hear a Brahms theme and are perhaps "reminded" of a similar theme in another work of his. It is not idle repetition; but an opportunity has arisen for saying the same or similar thing in a new context. And there is no talking for effect; the speech is germane to the discussion, to continue the metaphor. Music is here genuinely a language.

The greatness of these works is now generally acknowledged. This is well, for it would be foolhardy to attempt to discuss their merits in a few paragraphs. It is interesting to note, however, the freshness which these essentially romantic—as well as classic—works have for the jazz-ridden, speed-worshipping, and sophisticated audience of 1930.

The performance in each case, at yesterday's concert, attested to the enthusiasm and care of Mr. Koussevitzky and to the virtosity of the orchestra. Of course there is ground for difference of opinion—not mere quibbling, either—as to his choice of tempt and dynamics. But the spirit, the romantic glow, the apparently effervescent spontaneity are present. Those are the things that count.

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Post. March 22

SATURDAY MORNING

SYMPHONY IN BRAHMS FESTIVAL

Opens Series With His Second and Third

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Brahms Festival at Symphony Hall has begun. At the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, as he will again this evening, Dr. Koussevitzky offered that composer's Second and Third Symphonies, with the Academic Festival Overture for cheerful and sonorous preface. On Sunday afternoon and the evenings of the three succeeding days will follow four more concerts, presenting music for chorus, for orchestra, for piano with orchestra, and music in the smaller forms.

THE FESTIVAL IDEA

In this country, although not in those of Europe, one-composer festivals are generally of a commemorative nature. But since Brahms was born 97 years ago and has been dead but 33, there is no hundredth or other convenient anniversary to be celebrated at this time. Rather the current festival represents an intention on the part of Dr. Koussevitzky to carry to our shores a European custom, for festivals devoted to various and sundry composers are of common occurrence on the continent, and also to indulge to the full his own fondness for the music of Brahms.

The history of Brahms in Boston is one of gradual change from indifference and hostility to genuine popularity, and from the standpoint of the box-office the Brahms Festival bids fair to be a complete success. Granted that in the natural course of events the music of Brahms was due to become popular here, as it has become popular elsewhere, it cannot be gainsaid that Dr. Koussevitzky, by his ardently romantic interpretations of the symphonies, the concertos, the shorter orchestral pieces and the "German Requiem," has won many converts to the music of Brahms.

Audience Responsive

To the one-composer festival there is commonly one of two reactions on the part of the listener. In one hearer there will be inspired an attitude of reverence; another will put himself upon the defensive, become hyper-critical and even antagonistic. A is blind to any defects in the music; B begins to search for them and to decide that the popular idol has, after all, feet of clay. But the temper of yesterday's audience as a whole was one of steadily waxing enthusiasm.

There was abundant applause for the overture, to which Dr. Koussevitzky gives a highly individual reading, more for the Third Symphony, and most of all for the Second, wisely placed at the conclusion of the concert, since it finishes in a blaze of glory while its successor ends in calm and quiet.

Stresses Lyrical Side

Festival or no festival, an entire programme devoted to the music of one composer is seldom of flattering effect. And Brahms' range was not unlimited; his well-marked mannerisms and tricks of style become more than ever noticeable when, as was the case yesterday, his music is heard continuously for close on two hours. Moreover, Dr. Kousesevitzky, by his very ardor with this music, his inclination to stress its lyrical side, to sing all of its melodies con passione, emphasized yesterday the similarities of the two symphonies rather than their differences.

The First and Fourth Symphonies, both greater, more robust works than the Second and Third, are happily separated in the concert to come.

WON'T CUT PRICES OF COAL VERY EARLY

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Festival Performances of His Music Begun

Second and Third Symphonies and "Academic Festival" Overture

Globe Mar 22

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The Beethoven Festival in 1927 marked the centenary of the composer's death. The Brahms Festival does not commemorate any anniversary. It signalizes Dr Koussevitzky's enthusiasm for the composer's music. The fact that the Beethoven Festival three years ago reduced the season's deficit by more than $20,000 supplies a practical justification for the present enterprise. Its receipts will be so much clear gain for the orchestra's finances.

But the artistic worth of such a series of performances as we are to enjoy during the Brahms Festival is so great that there is no need to dwell upon these money matters. If the audiences are as numerous and as enthusiastic as seems probable, one hopes the success of the present venture will encourage Dr Koussevitzky and the trustees to offer Boston some such unusual treat every year henceforth.

Detractors of Brahms, of whom there are still many among musicians the world over, like to emphasize the ponderous and priggish quality of his music. They would have it that he was a pedantic and clumsy composer, ultra serious, with no gaiety of heart, no sprightliness of mood. The "Academic Festival" overture, written, to be sure, in gratitude for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy awarded him "honoris causa" by the University of Breslau, is indisputably free from priggishness and pedantry. The composer himself called it "a very jolly potpourri on student songs, a la Suppe." This description is perfectly accurate.

German student songs have, as a rule, better tunes than American college songs, but the words are no more sedate or sober than those sung by undergraduates at Harvard or Yale. If Brahms had really been a pedant, he would have sent the Breslau University a double fugue, or an interminable set of variations, on themes of the utmost musical propriety and dullness, free from ribald connotations.

Yesterday's spirited performance, in which Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were at their best, won delighted applause from the audience. This overture, though slighter in substance than the great "Tragic Overture," published with it, and unfortunately omitted from the programs of the present festival, is of its kind an indubitable masterpiece.

Of the two symphonies heard yesterday, one greatly prefers the Second to the Third. This D major Symphony is almost as full of graceful and freely flowing melody as are those of Mozart. For once Brahms escapes the shadow of Beethoven, reflections of whose tremendous figure obscure and constrict so much of his work. For once the thing one notices first in a symphony by Brahms is the originality and beauty of its melody and rhythm rather than the solidity of its musical structure.

The Third Symphony, in F major, is, on the other hand, the least satisfying of the four Brahms wrote. It is a piece of musical architecture carefully built on a grand scale of materials too often poor and barren The scoring for orchestra is thick and muddy. The characteristic mannerisms of the composer obtrude themselves in almost every measure.

Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra did well in the Second Symphony. His romantic and intense interpretation, stressing the dramatic element in the piece at the expense of its lyricism, does not, however, efface from memory the marvelous interpretation Dr Muck used to give, or the beautifully wrought version Mr Toscanini offered a Boston audience in 1921.

The Third Symphony was, relatively speaking, badly played yesterday. Attacks lacked precision other details were muddled, but one might have overlooked these defects had Dr Koussevitzky not so utterly misconceived the style of the music. It is no use trying to make a Tchaikovsky out of Brahms.

Next week's Symphony concerts will bring repetitions of Haydn's "Horn Call" Symphony, Sibelius' Sixth Symphony, and Schoenberg's arrangement of a Bach prelude and fugue, also the first performance of a new suite by Walter Piston, now instructor in music at Harvard.

P. R.

30

MUSIC

Herald Mar 22

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Academic Festival overture; Symphony, F major, No. 3; Symphony, D major, No. 2. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert.

One had supposed that Brahms knew what he was about when he described his overture, the Academic Festival, as "a very jolly potpourri on students' songs" music written in the manner of Franz Suppe, of "Fatinitza" fame. Brahms was to receive a degree from the University of Breslau and it was natural that he chose student songs for themes. It was also natural that he should describe the work as a "jolly" potpourri. But we are now told that he spoke "flippantly;" that there is a vein of sadness in the music; that the lively chatter at the beginning is really gloomy comment on the fleeting joys of university life. Why should Brahms have thus been a "Dismal Jemmy"? Because he had not enjoyed what are called the advantages of a collegiate education? Because the degree would put him in a class with some no doubt estimable persons who had written respectably dull music?

No. One likes to think that Brahms meant exactly what he said; that he wrote a jolly potpourri for a joyous occasion.

Surely this light-hearted work should be played in a light-hearted manner as students would sing the tunes. The music does not admit of dramatization for the interpretation. Nor does it admit of an infinite number of nuances: of changes in tempi other than those indicated. In this music eloquence is out of place. Whatever may be said against Brahms he was never bombastic.

It is the tendency in these days to find pessimism in works of Brahms that to Philistines, enjoying them, are conspicuous for serenity, sunshine and courage. There are works of his that are charged with a sadness akin to despair; a melancholy that is black with the blackness of darkness. He was often obsessed by the thought of death. So was Tchaikovsky. If Tchaikovsky groaned lustily, shrieked, as a strong man in agony, Brahms would often whine. It is as if he had said with Brachiano in John Webster's tragedy:

"On pain of death, let no man name death to me: it is a word infinitely terrible."

But how can recent biographers find the symphony in D major a work of epic grandeur? It has hitherto been regarded as agreeable in the Mendelssohnian manner, tuneful, with a piquant Scherzo, and a reassuring Finale, music that is free from storm, stress and passion; music that almost as a quotation pays a graceful compliment to Mendelssohn in flowing measures, as there is a tribute to Wagner in the first movement of the Third Symphony, a glimpse of Venus and her voluptuous train, refreshing after the crashing, defiant opening measures.

There is also a wide-spread tendency in performing the orchestral music of Brahms to make it more dramatic than the contents suggest. This comes from the wish to avoid the academic, respectful, perfunctory, one might say portance given to episodes so that there is no continuous musical flow. The latter course appeals to the great majority. The music is, then, exciting: the dynamic contrasts hold the attention; the composer in the minds of the hearers is glorified; they might exclaim: "Is this Brahms? Who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?"

After all, whatever the purist may say, it is better to be pleasurably excited at a concert than to be lulled to sleep. In all probability the magnificent performance by the orchestra and the roaring applause of the audience would have delighted Johannes, for he was mortal, and all mortals like appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D-major (with the horn call); Piston, Suite for orchestra (first performance); Sibelius, Symphony No. 6; Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat major, arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg.

The second concert of the Brahms festival will take place tomorrow afternoon in Symphony hall. Song of Destiny. Piano Concerto, B-flat, No. 2 (Arthur Schnabel, pianist); Symphony, E-minor, No. 4. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

BALTIMORE, MD.

SUN

BrahmsMusic Festival

Boston Symphony Orchestra Presents A Comprehensive Survey Of Composer's Works

AMONG the important music festivals arranged for this spring is the Brahms Festival now under way at Symphony Hall, in Boston, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. The celebration began last Friday and will continue until Wednesday. Dr. Koussevitzky has assumed a leading role in the presenting of music on a large scale.

The programs will include a comprehensive survey of the Brahms music literature, with emphasis on the choral works. All four of the composer's symphonies will be performed. The Concerto No. 2 in B Flat, given

H 23, 1930 Mar

Brahms Festival Features Week In Boston Music

Tribune NY

Koussevitzky Offers Major Works; Artur Schnabel, Mme. Matzenauer Soloists

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, is holding a Brahms festival at Symphony Hall, which began last Friday and Saturday in the orchestra's regular subscription with a program of the Academic Festival Overture and the third and second symphonies.

The first special festival concert takes place this afternoon with a program including Haydn variations, the B flat piano concerto and the fourth symphony. Artur Schnabel will be the soloist.

Tomorrow evening's program is choral, with the "Song of Destiny" (Schicksalslied), Op. 54, and the German Requiem, sung by the Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses. The soloists in the Requiem will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. On Tuesday evening the Liebeslieder Waltzes will be sung by a small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, with Dr. A. T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth at the pianos. Mr. Schnabel will play the Intermezzi in B minor, E minor and C major and the E flat rhapsody. Mme. Matzenauer will sing "Sapphische Ode," "Von ewiger Liebe," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" and "Meine Liebe ist grün," and Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin Quartet will play the F minor piano quintet, Op. 34a

The closing festival concert will be Wednesday evening, when the Harvard Glee Club and orchestra will take part in the rhapsody from Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter" with Mme. Matzenauer as soloist; Mr. Schnabel will play the D minor piano concerto, and the final number will be the first symphony.

Notes in the announcing pamphlet compare the present popularity of Brahms with the somewhat hostile reception his music received in Boston in the late '70s and early '80s. But conductors were indefatigable, nevertheless. Carl Zerrahn and the Harvard Musical Society introduced the first two symphonies to Boston in 1878 and 1879. The Boston Symphony, under George (now Sir George) Henschel, gave the first two symphonies, the "Tragic" Overture and Alto Rhaapsody in its first season. Wilhelm Gericke introduced the third to Boston in 1884. He planned the American premiere of the fourth for November 29, 1886, but, not satisfied with the performance at the public rehearsal, postponed the formal concert premiere to December 23. During the interval, Leopold Damrosch and the Symphony Society had played it in New York.

By 1885 the "Transcript" critic noted that Brahms was gaining with the Boston public, although many still walked out from his symphonies, and the Nikisch regime of 1889-'93 made Boston known as a Brahms center.

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Post. March 22
SATURDAY MORNING

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Detractors of Brahms, of whom there still many among musicians the world over, like to emphasize the ponderous and priggish quality of his music. They would have it that he was a pedantic and clumsy composer, ultra serious, with no gaiety of heart, no sprightliness of mood. The "Academic Festival" overture, written, to be sure, in gratitude for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy awarded him "honoris causa" by the University of Breslau, is indisputably free from priggishness and pedantry. The composer himself called it "a very jolly potpourri on student songs, a la Suppe." This description is perfectly accurate.

German student songs have, as a rule, better tunes than American college songs, but the words are no more sedate or sober than those sung by undergraduates at Harvard or Yale. If Brahms had really been a pedant, he would have sent the Breslau University a double fugue, or an interminable set of variations, on themes of the utmost musical propriety and dullness, free from ribald connotations.

Yesterday's spirited performance, in which Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were at their best, won delighted applause from the audience. This overture, though slighter in substance than the great "Tragic Overture," published with it, and unfortunately omitted from the programs of the present festival, is of its kind an indubitable masterpiece.

Of the two symphonies heard yesterday, one greatly prefers the Second to the Third. This D major Symphony is almost as full of graceful and freely flowing melody as are those of Mozart. For once Brahms escapes the shadow of Beethoven, reflections of whose tremendous figure obscure and constrict so much of his work. For once the thing one notices first in a symphony by Brahms is the originality and beauty of its melody and rhythm rather than the solidity of its musical structure.

The Third Symphony, in F major, is, on the other hand, the least satisfying of the four Brahms wrote. It is a piece of musical architecture carefully built on a grand scale of materials too often poor and barren The scoring for orchestra is thick and muddy. The characteristic mannerisms of the composer obtrude themselves in almost every measure.

Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra did well in the Second Symphony. His romantic and intense interpretation, stressing the dramatic element in the piece at the expense of its lyricism, does not, however, efface from memory the marvelous interpretation Dr Muck used to give, or the beautifully wrought version Mr Toscanini offered a Boston audience in 1921.

The Third Symphony was, relatively speaking, badly played yesterday. Attacks lacked precision other details were muddled, but one might have overlooked these defects had Dr Koussevitzky not so utterly misconceived the style of the music. It is no use trying to make a Tchaikovsky out of Brahms.

Next week's Symphony concerts will bring repetitions of Haydn's "Horn Call" Symphony, Sibelius' Sixth Symphony, and Schoenberg's arrangement of a Bach prelude and fugue, also the first performance of a new suite by Walter Piston, now instructor in music at Harvard.

P. R.

30

MUSIC

Herald March 22

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Academic Festival overture; Symphony, F major, No. 3; Symphony, D major, No. 2. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert.

One had supposed that Brahms knew what he was about when he described his overture, the Academic Festival, as "a very jolly potpourri on students' songs" music written in the manner of Franz Suppe, of "Fatinitza" fame. Brahms was to receive a degree from the University of Breslau and it was natural that he chose student songs for themes. It was also natural that he should describe the work as a "jolly" potpourri. But we are now told that he spoke "flippantly;" that there is a vein of sadness in the music; that the lively chatter at the beginning is really gloomy comment on the fleeting joys of university life. Why should Brahms have thus been a "Dismal Jemmy"? Because he had not enjoyed what are called the advantages of a collegiate education? Because the degree would put him in a class with some no doubt estimable persons who had written respectably dull music?

No. One likes to think that Brahms meant exactly what he said; that he wrote a jolly potpourri for a joyous occasion.

Surely this light-hearted work should be played in a light-hearted manner as students would sing the tunes. The music does not admit of dramatization for the interpretation. Nor does it admit of an infinite number of nuances; of changes in tempi other than those indicated. In this music eloquence is out of place. Whatever may be said against Brahms he was never bombastic.

It is the tendency in these days to find pessimism in works of Brahms that to Philistines, enjoying them, are conspicuous for serenity, sunshine and courage. There are works of his that are charged with a sadness akin to despair; a melancholy that is black with the blackness of darkness. He was often obsessed by the thought of death. So was Tchaikovsky. If Tchaikovsky groaned lustily, shrieked, as a strong man in agony, Brahms would often whine. It is as if he had said with Brachiano in John Webster's tragedy:

"On pain of death, let no man name death to me: it is a word infinitely terrible."

But how can recent biographers find the symphony in D major a work of epic grandeur? It has hitherto been regarded as agreeable in the Mendelssohnian manner, tuneful, with a piquant Scherzo, and a reassuring Finale, music that is free from storm, stress and passion; music that almost as a quotation pays a graceful compliment to Mendelssohn in flowing measures, as there is a tribute to Wagner in the first movement of the Third Symphony, a glimpse of Venus and her voluptuous train, refreshing after the crashing, defiant opening measures.

There is also a wide-spread tendency in performing the orchestral music of Brahms to make it more dramatic than the contents suggest. This comes from the wish to avoid the academic, respectful, perfunctory, one might say obsequious readings that in times past led many to find the symphonies too sober, it not dull. If jog-trot interpreters thought to reveal "the spirit of Brahms"—meaningless phrase to apply to any composer, but one that sounds well and impresses some—contemporary interpreters are often tempted to treat Brahms as if he were possessed with a demon; as if he were a daring innovation, with fire, not celestial ichor in his veins. Or in order to make the music more intense, there is undue importance given to episodes so that there is no continuous musical flow. The latter course appeals to the great majority. The music is, then, exciting; the dynamic contrasts hold the attention; the composer in the minds of the hearers is glorified; they might exclaim: "Is this Brahms? Who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?"

After all, whatever the purist may say, it is better to be pleasurably excited at a concert than to be lulled to sleep. In all probability the magnificent performance by the orchestra and the roaring applause of the audience would have delighted Johannes, for he was mortal, and all mortals like appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D-major (with the horn call); Piston, Suite for orchestra (first performance); Sibelius, Symphony No. 6; Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat major, arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg.

The second concert of the Brahms festival will take place tomorrow afternoon in Symphony hall. Song of Destiny, Piano Concerto, B-flat, No. 2 (Arthur Schnabel, pianist); Symphony, E-minor, No. 4. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

H 23, 1930 Mail

Brahms Festival Features Week In Boston Music

Journal NY

Koussevitzky Offers Major Works; Artur Schnabel, Mme. Matzenauer Soloists

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, is holding a Brahms festival at Symphony Hall, which began last Friday and Saturday in the orchestra's regular subscription with a program of the Academic Festival Overture and the third and second symphonies.

The first special festival concert takes place this afternoon with a program including Haydn variations, the B flat piano concerto and the fourth symphony. Artur Schnabel will be the soloist.

Tomorrow evening's program is choral, with the "Song of Destiny" (Schicksalslied), Op. 54, and the German Requiem, sung by the Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses. The soloists in the Requiem will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. On Tuesday evening the Liebeslieder Waltzes will be sung by a small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, with Dr. A. T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth at the pianos. Mr. Schnabel will play the Intermezzi in B minor, E minor and C major and the E flat rhapsody. Mme. Matzenauer will sing "Sapphische Ode," "Von ewiger Liebe," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" and "Meine Liebe ist grün," and Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin Quartet will play the F minor piano quintet, Op. 34a

The closing festival concert will be Wednesday evening, when the Harvard Glee Club and orchestra will take part in the rhapsody from Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter" with Mme. Matzenauer as soloist; Mr. Schnabel will play the D minor piano concerto, and the final number will be the first symphony.

Notes in the announcing pamphlet compare the present popularity of Brahms with the somewhat hostile reception his music received in Boston in the late '70s and early '80s. But conductors were indefatigable, nevertheless. Carl Zerrahn and the Harvard Musical Society introduced the first two symphonies to Boston in 1878 and 1879. The Boston Symphony, under George (now Sir George) Henschel, gave the first two symphonies, the "Tragic" Overture and Alto Rhapsody in its first season. Wilhelm Gericke introduced the third to Boston in 1884. He planned the American premiere of the fourth for November 29, 1885, but, not satisfied with the performance at the public rehearsal, postponed the formal concert premiere to December 23. During the interval, Leopold Damrosch and the Symphony Society had played it in New York.

By 1885 the "Transcript" critic noted that Brahms was gaining with the Boston public, although many still walked out from his symphonies, and the Nikisch regime of 1889-93 made Boston known as a Brahms-

Symphony Hall, in Boston, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. The celebration began last Friday and will continue until Wednesday. Dr. Koussevitzky has assumed a leading role in the presenting of music on a large scale.

The programs will include a comprehensive survey of the Brahms music literature, with emphasis on the choral works. All four of the composer's symphonies will be performed. The Concerto No. 2 in B Flat, given

BRAHMS, STARKIE AND NEWMAN

Herald Mar 22

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The present widespread interest in the music of Brahms that has led to this festival is largely if not wholly due to Dr. Koussevitzky, the first of the conductors of the Boston Symphony orchestra who has humanized the music of Brahms, made it vital, dramatic, poetic, and not emphasized, from a belief in its plenary inspiration, the weaknesses, the padding, the treading-water occasionally found in the symphonic works. What is more, Dr. Koussevitzky does not arrogantly claim, as some, to be a "specialist in Brahms," only to be a conductor who realizes the strength and melancholy beauty that the austerity of expression would often conceal.

SINGERS, PIANO AND ORCHESTRA

Schnabel Outstanding Artist at Brahms Festival

Postman Mar 24

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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The "Song of Destiny," to discuss the music in the order in which it was played or sung, is one of Brahms' finest compositions, although its finest pages are not those in which the chorus is used but the serene opening and the postlude in which this initial mood is renewed and prolonged. Here Brahms sounded a note of other-worldly serenity that has seldom enough been sounded in music with such felicity. The only parallel instances which come readily to mind are the final movement of Beethoven's last piano sonata and the closing pages of Mahler's "Song of the Earth."

Schnabel a Brahms Master

The participation in this Festival of Mr. Schnabel, who came to this country especially for that purpose, had caused a deal of anticipatory interest. Since his appearance at a pair of Symphony Concerts here seven years ago Mr. Schnabel's European fame has waxed and there are many who do not hesitate to call him the greatest living master of his instrument. In the music of Brahms, too, Mr. Schnabel has been known as something of a specialist. Thus was his performance yesterday of the B-flat major Concerto eagerly awaited, nor did the result occasion disappointment.

To call Mr. Schnabel's performance masterly is to understand the case. Mere technique was subordinated in his playing to the demands of musicianship and interpretation, yet the remarkable nature of Mr. Schnabel's technical equipment could be noted. But what chiefly impressed the listener was the loftiness joined to fervor in the pianist's conception of the music, the greatness of soul as well as the clarity of vision that marked his interpretation. Deservedly was Mr. Schnabel applauded to the echo. There were many who stamped their feet as well as clapped their hands, and the recalls were many.

The Great Fourth

Finally there came the Symphony that disputes with the first the title of the greatest of Brahms' four. Yesterday it seemed to hold that proud place without serious rivalry, so eloquent in both the larger and the lesser details was the performance of it.

From a conductor and orchestra clearly lifted above themselves came this music yesterday, every measure, so it seemed, glowing with the flame of inspiration.

SPEED TEST IS

106

Symphony Festival Enshrines Brahms Among Immortals

Adv Mar 1[illegible]

By Morris Hastings

BRAHMS' day is come at last. The most conclusive sign is at Symphony Hall where the Brahms Festival is now in full swing.

As he is so firmly ensconced on his lofty throne, it is diverting to look back into those years when Brahms' music was little understood. It takes no great amount of delving to detect musicians, even, who regarded his orchestral scores as austere mountains, admirably proportioned but quite unapproachable. The great public shied away from his symphonies, treating them as they would a learned, but heartlessly boring discourse by Prof. Dry-as-Dust.

* * *

JAMES HUNEKER, discerning critic though he was, spoke of the tremendous remoteness of Brahms' compositions for orchestra. "Yet," he continued, "how intimate, how full of charm, of graciousness, are his lyrics!" And, to give the public its due, it has always held the German composer as a master of song. The lyric is ever more comprehensible than the symphonic form.

* * *

VOYAGERS to the country of Brahms' songs find it a serene, twilight land. It is peopled with romantic knights. There are sorrowful maidens who wander through darkling forests as they weep over the faithlessness of their beloved ones. Country lasses naively tell of the strength of their sweethearts. Occasionally the melancholy song of a nightingale pierces the heart of a sadly pensive human. Ivied walls, stern castles, deep pools, purling streams add to the grave beauty of this countryside.

* * *

THE question might well arise as to how the composer of these tender and noble songs fashioned them. A friend of Brahms, aware that the musician took Schubert as his model, inquired if the songs flowed as easily from Brahms' pen as they did from Schubert's. Brahms hastily answered: "I have the deuce of a time with them! When I think I have hold of a perfect idea, I take a walk in the woods. And inevitably, I find that it was but the extremely imperfect seed of a fine idea."

* * *

IT was the answer to be expected from a man endowed with such unflinching devotion to art and with such searching self-criticism. We know that when he was impressed with a poem—and if was a worthy one every time—he first probed the depths of the poet's thought. Then, the melody carefully conceived, he calmly and unerringly blended the poetry and the music into one perfect whole. The musical accent had to agree with the metrical accent of the verse; the music could not drown the beauties of the word, and the accompaniment and melody had to maintain and enhance the atmosphere created by the poet.

* * *

SO these lovely songs serve as an excellent introduction to the work of the composer whose greatness so many recitalists are celebrating nowadays. The better we know these lyrics the more prepared we are to understand his more gigantic utterances. And with an understanding of these latter there comes the realization that he was as profound a Titan as ever set pen to paper.

Herald Mar 24

MUSIC

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The amended program contained the Song of Destiny (Schicksalslied), op. 54, for chorus and orchestra; the 2d pianoforte concerto, op. 83, in B flat major, and the 4th symphony, op. 98, in E minor. Arthur Schnabel, the eminent pianist who has not been heard here since 1923, appeared as soloist in the concerto; the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society joined forces with the orchestra in the Song of Destiny.

The highwater mark of an afternoon which gave evident pleasure throughout to a numerous and vigorous plauditory audience was Mr. Schnabel's magnificently virile and intelligent performance of the concerto. The great length of this work, the number of its movements, and the relative subordination of the exceedingly difficult piano part, have caused it to be called "a symphony with piano obbligato." It has also been remarked that the strenuousness of its piano part is out of all proportion to the result achieved. Certainly there is less than usual here either of the placid cantilena in which a pianist may revel in beauty of tone and elegance of phrase or of the artfully disposed bravura by which he may easily delight and astonish his hearers. The pianist has too often to work like a demon with the unpleasing knowledge that the results of his toil, however excellent, are covered up by the orchestra. So it has been said. But Mr. Schnabel demonstrated yesterday that it is possible to play this music respectfully, with full sense of its unity and of his own inglorious function as part of the orchestra (though this view of the B flat concerto is a greatly exaggerated one) and still astonish an audience by brilliant virtuosity, stir it to excitement by urgently impelling rhythm, arouse it to admiration by finely sensitive phrasing and tasteful musicianship. Yesterday's audience applauded loud and long, banged the seats, and shouted in token of its enthusiasm.

A careful but not emotionally convincing performance of the Schicksalslied had left the impression that in 1868 Brahms was more successful in depicting the bliss of the inhabitants of the celestial regions than the distress of mortal men. The serene and uplifting beauty of the orchestral prelude and epilogue, and of the earlier choral portions of the work, are what remain in the memory.

Mr. Koussevitzky's well-known interpretation of the E minor symphony, perhaps a shade too stressful and vigorous a performance for music so purely musical (despite its elegiac or tragic feeling), music which relies so little on emotional cliches for its effect. Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly applauded.

Tomorrow's program will be devoted to the German Requiem. S. S.

England.

SCHNABEL HEARD AT BRAHMS FESTIVAL

Great Pianist Receives an Ovation

Globe Mar 24

Arthur Schnabel, the celebrated pianist, who has come to this country from Berlin especially to play at three of the Brahms Festival concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was given an ovation yesterday at the end of a remarkably fine performance of the Second concerto of Brahms. An audience, which crowded Symphnoy Hall, clapped for many minutes. People stamped their feet, and there were shouts of 'bravo!" Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra shared in the applause, but most of the very unusual demonstration was plainly meant for Mr Schnabel. In recent seasons Horowitz and Iturbi have been the only pianists similarly applauded by Symphony Hall audiences.

Yesterday did not mark Mr Schnabel's Boston debut. He was soloist at a pair of Boston Symphony concerts in 1923, conducted by Bruno Walter.

Born in 1882, he studied with Leschetizky at Vienna from 1888 to 1897. His reputation as a virtuoso pianist, and as a teacher has long been world wide among musicians.

If his name is not familiar to the general public in the United States, it is merely because he has visited this country but once before. In Europe he is particularly noted as an interpreter of Brahms, more of whose piano music he is to play at the concerts of the current Brahms Festival Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Mr Schnabel's playing must compel the admiration of those who care for technical virtuosity. The difficulties of Brahms' B flat major concerto are considerable. For this pianist they do not appear to exist. More important to the majority of listeners than his technique is Mr Schnabel's subtle and powerful musical imagination. He is a musician of the first rank, as well as a remarkable pianist. One doubts whether anyone else has ever played his concerto with as complete a comprehension of its musical meaning. Certainly it never before sounded to one listener as noble and as soul-satisfying as it did yesterday.

Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra did their best to second Mr Schnabel, though their feeling for the rhythm and melodic line of Brahms seemed at times less sensitive than his.

Yesterday's concert, the second program of the Brahms Festival, began with the "Song of Destiny," one of the most beautiful of Brahms' choral pieces, in which the orchestra was, as so often, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. This brief setting of a pessimistic poem by Hoelderlin is distinguished by the txtraordinary beauty of an important and oft-repeated melodic phrase, recurring in the orchestral postlude to dispel the gloom of the last lines of the poem.

Dr Koussevitzky's conception of this music is Byronic, but its true spirit seems closer to Milton than to Byron. Brahms, like Milton, would dismiss his audience feeling that "All is best, though we oft doubt."

The Fourth Symphony of Brahms, the last number on the lengthy program, attains in its first two movements the same dignity and power one finds in the "Song of Destiny," and in much of the B flat major concerto. This music has the "high seriousness" which to such 19th century critics as Matthew Arnold was the distinguishing quality of all really great art. Beethoven had in fuller measure than Brahms this same moral earnestness. Our own age, war weary and disillusioned, too often, perhaps, turns from Beethoven and from Brahms to geniuses less obsessed by "eternal verities," and less intent on giving them noble and ponderous utterance.

But after all, even if Rossini and Stravinsky are cleverer and less exacting than Beethoven and Brahms, the 19th century was certainly right in preferring the "high serious" music to the merely entertaining.

Tonight the Brahms Festival will continue with a performance of "A German Requiem." P., R.

[illegible] CHRISTIANITY

BRAHMS, STARKIE AND NEWMAN

Herald Mar 22

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LIST CHANGED FOR BETTER

The change in yesterday's programme which substituted the "Song of Destiny" for the originally announced orchestral Variations on a Theme by Haydn was a fortunate one, the three media: chorus and orchestra, piano and orchestra and orchestra alone, offsetting the monotony that might arise—and on Friday did arise—in an entire concert devoted to the music of one composer. Yesterday's concert was full long, but few indeed must have been the members of the large and exceedingly enthusiastic audience who found a single moment of it dull, a circumstance for which the performances as well as the pieces performed were responsible.

The "Song of Destiny," to discuss the music in the order in which it was played or sung, is one of Brahms' finest compositions, although its finest pages are not those in which the chorus is used but the serene opening and the postlude in which this initial mood is renewed and prolonged. Here Brahms sounded a note of other-worldly serenity that has seldom enough been sounded in music with such felicity. The only parallel instances which come readily to mind are the final movement of Beethoven's last piano sonata and the closing pages of Mahler's "Song of the Earth."

Schnabel a Brahms Master

The participation in this Festival of Mr. Schnabel, who came to this country especially for that purpose, had caused a deal of anticipatory interest. Since his appearance at a pair of Symphony Concerts here seven years ago Mr. Schnabel's European fame has waxed and there are many who do not hesitate to call him the greatest living master of his instrument. In the music of Brahms, too, Mr. Schnabel has been known as something of a specialist. Thus was his performance yesterday of the B-flat major Concerto eagerly awaited, nor did the result occasion disappointment.

To call Mr. Schnabel's performance masterly is to understand the case. Mere technique was subordinated in his playing to the demands of musicianship and interpretation, yet the remarkable nature of Mr. Schnabel's technical equipment could be noted. But what chiefly impressed the listener was the loftiness joined to fervor in the pianist's conception of the music, the greatness of soul as well as the clarity of vision that marked his interpretation. Deservedly was Mr. Schnabel applauded to the echo. There were many who stamped their feet as well as clapped their hands, and the recalls were many.

The Great Fourth

Finally there came the Symphony that disputes with the first the title of the greatest of Brahms' four. Yesterday it seemed to hold that proud place without serious rivalry, so eloquent in both the larger and the lesser details was the performance of it.

From a conductor and orchestra clearly lifted above themselves came this music yesterday, every measure, so it seemed, glowing with the flame of inspiration.

SPEED TEST IS

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Symphony Festival Enshrines Brahms Among Immortals

Adv Mar 18

By Morris Hastings

BRAHMS' day is come at last. The most conclusive sign is at Symphony Hall where the Brahms Festival is now in full swing.

As he is so firmly ensconced on his lofty throne, it is diverting to look back into those years when Brahms' music was little understood. It takes no great amount of delving to detect musicians, even, who regarded his orchestral scores as austere mountains, admirably proportioned but quite unapproachable. The great public shied away from his symphonies, treating them as they would a learned, but heartlessly boring discourse by Prof. Dry-as-Dust.

* * *

JAMES HUNEKER, discerning critic though he was, spoke of the tremendous remoteness of Brahms' compositions for orchestra. "Yet," he continued, "how intimate, how full of charm, of graciousness, are his lyrics!" And, to give the public its due, it has always held the German composer as a master of song. The lyric is ever more comprehensible than the symphonic form.

* * *

VOYAGERS to the country of Brahms' songs find it a serene, twilight land. It is peopled with romantic knights. There are sorrowful maidens who wander through darkling forests as they weep over the faithlessness of their beloved ones. Country lasses naively tell of the strength of their sweethearts. Occasionally the melancholy song of a nightingale pierces the heart of a sadly pensive human. Ivied walls, stern castles, deep pools, purling streams add to the grave beauty of this countryside.

* * *

THE question might well arise as to how the composer of these tender and noble songs fashioned them. A friend of Brahms, aware that the musician took Schubert as his model, inquired if the songs flowed as easily from Brahms' pen as they did from Schubert's. Brahms hastily answered: "I have the deuce of a time with them! When I think I have hold of a perfect idea, I take a walk in the woods. And inevitably, I find that it was but the extremely imperfect seed of a fine idea."

* * *

IT was the answer to be expected from a man endowed with such unflinching devotion to art and with such searching self-criticism. We know that when he was impressed with a poem—and if was a worthy one every time—he first probed the depths of the poet's thought. Then, the melody carefully conceived, he calmly and unerringly blended the poetry and the music into one perfect whole. The musical accent had to agree with the metrical accent of the verse; the music could not drown the beauties of the word, and the accompaniment and melody had to maintain and enhance the atmosphere created by the poet.

* * *

SO these lovely songs serve as an excellent introduction to the work of the composer whose greatness so many recitalists are celebrating nowadays. The better we know these lyrics the more prepared we are to understand his more gigantic utterances. And with an understanding of these latter there comes the realization that he was as profound a Titan as ever set pen to paper.

Herald Mar 24

MUSIC

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The amended program contained the Song of Destiny (Schicksalslied), op. 54, for chorus and orchestra; the 2d pianoforte concerto, op. 83, in B flat major, and the 4th symphony, op. 98, in E minor. Arthur Schnabel, the eminent pianist who has not been heard here since 1923, appeared as soloist in the concerto; the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society joined forces with the orchestra in the Song of Destiny.

The highwater mark of an afternoon which gave evident pleasure throughout to a numerous and vigorously plauditory audience was Mr. Schnabel's magnificently virile and intelligent performance of the concerto. The great length of this work, the number of its movements, and the relative subordination of the exceedingly difficult piano part, have caused it to be called "a symphony with piano obbligato." It has also been remarked that the strenuousness of its piano part is out of all proportion to the result achieved. Certainly there is less than usual here either of the placid cantilena in which a pianist may revel in beauty of tone and elegance of phrase or of the artfully disposed bravura by which he may easily delight and astonish his hearers. The pianist has too often to work like a demon with the unpleasing knowledge that the results of his toil, however excellent, are covered up by the orchestra. So it has been said. But Mr. Schnabel demonstrated yesterday that it is possible to play this music respectfully, with full sense of its unity and of his own inglorious function as part of the orchestra (though this view of the B flat concerto is a greatly exaggerated one) and still astonish an audience by brilliant virtuosity, stir it to excitement by urgently impelling rhythm, arouse its admiration by finely sensitive phrasing and tasteful musicianship. Yesterday's audience applauded loud and long, banged the seats, and shouted in token of its enthusiasm.

A careful but not emotionally convincing performance of the Schicksalslied had left the impression that in 1868 Brahms was more successful in depicting the bliss of the inhabitants of the celestial regions than the distress of mortal men. The serene and uplifting beauty of the orchestral prelude and epilogue, and of the earlier choral portions of the work, are what remain in the memory.

Mr. Koussevitzky's well-known interpretation of the E minor symphony, perhaps a shade too stressful and vigorous a performance for music so purely musical (despite its elegiac or tragic feeling), music which relies so little on emotional cliches for its effect. Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly applauded.

Tomorrow's program will be devoted to the German Requiem. S. S.

England.

SCHNABEL HEARD AT BRAHMS FESTIVAL

Great Pianist Receives an Ovation

Globe Mar 24

Arthur Schnabel, the celebrated pianist, who has come to this country from Berlin especially to play at three of the Brahms Festival concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was given an ovation yesterday at the end of a remarkably fine performance of the Second concerto of Brahms. An audience, which crowded Symphnoy Hall, clapped for many minutes. People stamped their feet, and there were shouts of 'bravo!" Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra shared in the applause, but most of the very unusual demonstration was plainly meant for Mr Schnabel. In recent seasons Horowitz and Iturbi have been the only pianists similarly applauded by Symphony Hall audiences.

Yesterday did not mark Mr Schnabel's Boston debut. He was soloist at a pair of Boston Symphony concerts in 1923, conducted by Bruno Walter.

Born in 1882, he studied with Leschetizky at Vienna from 1888 to 1897. His reputation as a virtuoso pianist, and as a teacher has long been world wide among musicians.

If his name is not familiar to the general public in the United States, it is merely because he has visited this country but once before. In Europe he is particularly noted as an interpreter of Brahms, more of whose music he is to play at the concerts of the current Brahms Festival today and Wednesday evenings.

Mr Schnabel's playing must compel admiration of those who care for technical virtuosity. The difficulties of Brahms' B flat major concerto are formidable. For this pianist they do not appear to exist. More important than the majority of listeners than his technique is Mr Schnabel's subtle and powerful musical imagination. He is a pianist of the first rank, as well as a remarkable pianist. One doubts whether anyone else has ever played the concerto with as complete a comprehension of its musical meaning. Rarely it never before sounded to the listener as noble and as soul-stirring as it did yesterday.

Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra did their best to second Mr Schnabel, and their feeling for the rhythm and melodic line of Brahms seemed at times less sensitive than his.

Yesterday's concert, the second program of the Brahms Festival, began with the "Song of Destiny," one of the most beautiful of Brahms' choral works in which the orchestra was, at times, often, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. This brief setting of a pessimistic poem by Hoelderlin is distinguished by extraordinary beauty of an impressive and oft-repeated melodic theme, recurring in the orchestral interludes to dispel the gloom of the sombre lines of the poem.

Dr Koussevitzky's conception of this work is Byronic, but its true spirit is much closer to Milton than to Byron. Brahms, like Milton, would dismiss with the audience feeling that "All is best, though we oft doubt."

The Fourth Symphony of Brahms, last number on the lengthy program, attains in its first two movements the same dignity and power one finds in the "Song of Destiny," and much of the B flat major concerto. The music has the "high seriousness" which to such 19th century critics as Matthew Arnold was the distinguishing quality of all really great music. Beethoven had in fuller measure than Brahms this same moral earnestness.

Our own age, war weary and disillusioned, too often, perhaps, turns from Beethoven and from Brahms to composers less obsessed by "eternal verities" and less intent on giving them weighty and ponderous utterance.

But after all, even if Rossini and Offenbach are cleverer and less exciting than Beethoven and Brahms, the 19th century was certainly right in preferring the "high serious" music to be merely entertaining.

Tonight the Brahms Festival will continue with a performance of "A German Requiem." P. R.

OPERATIVE CHRISTIANITY

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1930

Plays and Players === Music and Musicians

Afternoon of Brahms and Of Schnabel

The Remarkable Pianist and Three Pieces in Signal Performance

THE Brahms Festival, properly so-called, began yesterday afternoon, with sufficient evidence of a sustaining public. It filled Symphony Hall. It remained steadfast through a concert two hours and a quarter long. It was too engrossed even to cough. It distributed applause both readily and justly. For some of us who believe that symphonic music can endure in Boston only as the younger generation goes to hear it, this audience was rather too middle-aged and elderly. Possibly, the youngsters take Brahms for granted, as they took Beethoven three years ago through a similar festival. So doing they deceive themselves; for there was new-found pleasure to be had from it the joined hands of Mr. Schnabel and Dr. Koussevitzky in the Concerto, of conductor and orchestra in the Symphony.

Our overt conservatives were also present in a using numbers. "This is all music," they said at opportune pauses; then looked around to mark the impression of this saying. It made none because most within earshot were absorbed in Brahms and were giving not a thought to Stravinsky, Honegger, other bêtes noirs of the standpatters. While the long Piano-Concerto it was proceeding, the youth of Harvard and Radcliffe, released from duty on the stage, lined every foot of standing room, listening eagerly. Yet these same young men and maidens sing the choruses of "Œdipus Rex" and "King David" with gusto because they enjoy them also. Once more in open-mindedness young years kept their fortunate advantage over old.

The figure of the afternoon was unmistakable Mr. Schnabel. Few in the audience could have remembered his earlier appearance at Symphony Hall seven years ago. He was then overshadowed by Bruno Walter who was guest-conductor; nor had he gained in 1923 the high and wide European note that he now enjoys. The curious over outer semblances looked upon a stocky gentleman at middle age, whose black hair is graying; whose face is lighted by quiet intelligence; whose bearing is that of a cultivated man of the world; whose dress—to provide the last essential detail—was the jacket of work rather than the formal garb of the concert-hall. Mr. Schnabel has no "audience manner"; practises no platform or pianistic mannerisms. If the applause at the pauses in the Concerto irked him—and in Europe he is averse to it—his response was eminently courteous. More honest than is the custom seemed also his acknowledgments to conductor and orchestra.

Mr. Schnabel's technical resources are ready and inexhaustible. If Brahms wrote his Concerto in B-flat by the sweat of his brow, he took like toll of the pianist; for there are long passages which the piano must fertilize and set into the musical design, or they go for nothing except the composer's mental striving. With them, as with all else, Mr. Schnabel was notably fortunate. He is pianist and musician of intellectual cast and habit. With no mere temperament and technique does he approach the music in hand. He apprehends and assimilates the composer's design; then makes it audible in clarity and logic, proportioning the lesser to the larger matter, setting detail in what seems fore-ordained place, commanding the necessary means to the willed end. He accomplishes these things by a remarkable sense of rhythm—not the rhythm that consists of well-placed and sustained accents; but an underlying and unfailingly plastic rhythm that informs the entire Concerto and binds it together as organic whole. With reason, Dr. Koussevitzky renounced throughout the prerogatives of the conductor and let the masterful pianist-musician beside him take the lead.

Mr. Schnabel achieves this unity and vitality by yet another means. He possesses an uncommon sense of continuity. Each phrase, each note within the phrase, seems to flow out of its predecessor and into its successor. His paragraphing knows no break. Each of the four movements in this B-flat Concerto was all compact of interlaced periods. Each movement had, no less, its place in the whole design. The listener heard that reciprocity and fusion between piano and orchestra sought by Brahms in both Concertos. He also heard this Second in an unfolding unity and a concentrated progress that were new sensations of the concert-hall. Here was Brahms writing a music of sustained substance conducted and animated by intellectual power, interspersed with songful beauty, from first to last unflagging.

More particularly, Mr. Schnabel set free—and also in order—a first movement that often seems overladen with matter and, therefore, in cumbrous progress. Into it he let light and logic, warmth and motion. In the ensuing Scherzo, his tone teemed with Brahmsian quality—rugged yet rounded, elastic yet firm, now suave, again springing into force. From the slow movement, he drew a Brahmsian beauty—sentiment that never declined into sentimentality, that out of tenderness rose into noble fervor; in that exaltation ran deep and glowing. He played the Rondo-Finale with that continent grace and ease, in rhythm and play of motivs, which are token of Brahms in cheerful tranquillity. Measure by measure, with the lightest of hands, this ardor quickened into the exhilaration of the close.

Brahms does not spare development through this Second Concerto. Mr. Schnabel persuaded the dryest of those over-thoughtful and over-labored pages to sound as though they meant something. He played critically and he played imaginatively. Here Brahms must be clarified or intensified, and he found the means. The orchestra itself—as in the song of the clarinet in the Andante—answered to these new warmths. Above all else, and throughout, Mr. Schnabel vitalized the Concerto; while on that score Dr. Koussevitzky met him half way. So—came again and again the thought—Brahms heard this Second Concerto in imagination as he wrote.

The afternoon began with that outcast of the festival, the "Song of Destiny," sung by the Harvard and Radcliffe choirs crowded into scant standing-space behind the orchestra. If, as the conductor believed, it sounded out of place before the "German Requiem," it sounded no more in order before the Second Piano-Concerto and the Fourth Symphony, for which, as originally proposed, the Haydn Variations (which are the whole symphonic Brahms in epitome) would have logically prepared the way. . . . Brahms lived and died in the Protestant faith that is North-German heritage. Within reason he believed and practised. Yet he was haunted by the antique fatalism which imagined the high gods serene, bright, indifferent, while the race of men strove vainly and bitterly with the life those divinities gave them. Brahms was too honest-minded to use this sub-conscious fatalism as composing device and machinery. Rather it was spell laid upon him by his regard and aspiration for the antique beauty.

Out of both the fatalism and the beauty Brahms made this "Song of Destiny." The beauty informs the pages in which chorus and orchestra sing the remote bliss of the gods. The fatalism racks the succeeding pages of the sons of men toiling in blindness, to no purpose tossed and tortured. Then, possibly, the Christian Brahms intervenes, transforming the orchestral prelude of Olympian serenities into an orchestral postlude of solace and of hope. Throughout he fills the musical design, accomplishes the poetizing purpose. For once, for a mortal composer and mortal listeners, there is something very like complete achievement. The clear young voices of the Radcliffe chorus lent a rarified beauty to the music of the Olympians; while the vigorous tone, clean phrasing, incisive rhythms, of the Harvard choir dramatized the vain struggle of men. The performance matched the music in full accomplishment. Such a chorus has become indispensable to the Symphony Orchestra.

The afternoon ended with the Symphony in E minor, last and most Brahms-like of the four. Most Brahms-like because not a little in the First may be referred back to Beethoven; because the Second is cast in variations upon a single mood; because in the Third the obscure and laboring composer sometimes alloys the clear, warm, outspeaking Brahms. Through the Passacaglia that concludes the Fourth strides the Brahms who is man of power with the complexities of rhythm and the fertilities of variation. Here is the classical pattern of the Chaconne—thirty variations upon a persistent, yet hardly to be followed ground bass. It scales heights and sounds depths. It is Brahms writing a music like a Gothic cathedral. The Scherzo, for all the Allegro giocoso written over it, is of the rugged Brahms in counter-motion from strength to strength. He fills the slow movement with the misted, autumnal music of his later years, drawn into slender, open patterns, then woven closer into golden beauty. E minor is no pallid key for the Brahms of the first movement. The rugged Brahms is writing again, driving it into larger and larger shape, firmer and firmer tissue, before the autumnal mood shall descend upon it. Even the pizzicati are plucked with power. A masterpiece of music giving room for every warmth of Dr. Koussevitzky's temperament, for every sensibility of his ear and hand; inviting the orchestra no less to run the gamut from outflung energy to delicate filagree—as in the multifold finale, or the contrasts of the first and the second movements. . . . The assembled forces must look to their mettle or this first concert of the Brahms Festival may prove also its climax.

H. T. P.

Putting Their Backs Into It

Artur Schnabel and Serge Koussevitzky

As Sketched Yesterday Afternoon at Symphony Hall

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Schnabel will play the piano-part in the four songs of Brahms to be sung by Mme. Matzenauer at Symphony Hall tomorrow evening in the chamber-concert of the current festival. He will also be heard at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge on Thursday of next week.

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Globe Mar 25

BRAHMS' "REQUIEM" AT SYMPHONY HALL

Choral Masterpiece at Festival Concert

"A German Requiem" filled the third program of the current Brahms Festival at Symphony Hall last evening. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society again assisted the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr Koussevitzky conducted. The assisting solo singers were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Another very large audience seemed greatly pleased. Of the popular success of the Brahms Festival there can be no doubt.

Brahms was, of course, a Protestant. For "A German Requiem" he chose passages from the Bible, which set the work apart from the great requiem masses of Roman Catholic composers. Begun as a tribute to the memory of his dead friend, Schumann, "A German Requiem" was completed by Brahms in the months following his mother's death. It is now everywhere regarded as one of his masterpieces, though outside of Germany performances are infrequent. Dr Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, assisted by the chorus of Harvard and Radcliffe students, gave it here in 1926.

Last night's performance afforded further proof of the remarkable and in this country unprecedented success of Dr A. T. Davison in training college students to sing great choral works. The eager and intelligent singing of the Harvard Glee Club, which he had rehearsed, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by G. Wallace Woodworth, one of his many able pupils, reached a standard of artistry few amateur and not many professional choruses attain.

Only those who know the usual attitude of American undergraduates toward what they are accustomed to call "classical music" can fully realize the extent of Dr Davison's and Mr Woodworth's achievement. The fresh, youthful quality of the voices, the unflagging zeal and artistry of the singing were delightful.

Dr Koussevitzky, an enthusiast for the music of Brahms, is not bound down by any pedantic reverence for the composer's printed text. With this "Requiem," as with all the music he conducts, Koussevitzky takes his own way in the details of interpretation. His tempi, for instance, were consistently much slower than one would expect from reading the music or from consulting people fortunate enough to have heard several other conductors in it.

He broadens many phrases, delights at times in tempo rubato, emphasizes beyond the point of exaggeration the contrasts between soft and loud. It is as though he always saw double when he read a "p" or an "f" in the score.

All this, he would claim, is well within the conductor's province. What are conductors for, if not to offer their hearers individual and eloquent readings that lend a personal touch to all music? Yet there are listeners who would very much prefer to hear, for instance, the second chorus in this requiem taken at a more rapid and an unwaveringly steady pace, as it would seem that Brahms himself wished it to be. There is no denying, however, that Dr Koussevitzky's conducting is highly satisfactory to the majority in his audiences.

Miss Vreeland sang the soprano solo competently in a loud, full tone, a trifle forced in quality. Mr Gange's rather rhetorical interpretation of the baritone solos had the curious ring of insincerity one so often detects in oratorio singing these days. One could scarcely believe that it was from the heart that he sang such words as "Lord, make me to know the measure of my days on earth, to consider my frailty that I must perish."

Why, to mention a significant detail, did he use a text different from that sung by the chorus? The Bible passages must, of course, be translated from the German Brahms set, in order to fit the music, but the performers could easily agree on a single version.

The Brahms festival will continue tonight with a chamber concert.

P. R.

YOUTH DIES OF INJURY SUSTAINED IN NIGHTMARE

MALDEN, March 24—Loss of blood from a severe cut on his right hand sustained when he pushed his hand through a window, during a nightmare, caused the death today in Malden Hospital of Ralph Myers of this city.

Myers' stepfather, Thomas Anderson and the latter's wife told the police that the youth had gone to bed about 11 o'clock last night. Soon after midnight, the couple said, they heard the noise of breaking glass and found Myers lying on the floor suffering from a bad cut. Dr Samuel Norman was summoned and the patient was removed to the Malden Hospital where he died.

BRAHMS' REQUIEM FOR THIRD

Harvard and Radcliffe Singers Sing With Symphony

Post Mar 25

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The German Requiem is a work that no Brahms Festival of any comprehensiveness could well ignore, and last evening it found place as the third programme of the current rites at Symphony Hall. The chorus was composed, as in past performances under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, of the combined forces of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The soprano and baritone soloists were, respectively, Jeannette Vreeland and Fraser Gange.

GREAT CHORD MUSIC

There is no need at this time to speak at great length of the German Requiem itself. It goes without saying that it is one of Brahms' most considerable efforts, and it needs no great weight of argument to establish it as the chief monument in German choral music after Bach. Granted that the Requiem, for all the loftiness, the beauty, the impressiveness of many pages, is not sustained at an even level throughout, yet compared with most choral pieces of similar dimensions it may almost be said to exhibit plenary inspiration.

It seemed last evening that in the opening number the tone of the chorus was not quite firm and secure, but this timidness, if that it was, soon passed, and from then until the end the singers quite covered themselves with glory. That a student chorus should perform so difficult a work with such artistry and assurance reflects no small credit upon Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth, who have trained it. And when, at the conclusion of the concert, Dr. Koussevitsky personally escorted these, his able assistants, to the stage, the volume of applause was swelled 10-fold, the singers themselves contributing in large measure to the general enthusiasm.

Great pleasure was afforded last evening by the singing of Mr. Gange, previous performances of the Requiem here had suffered from the lack of a baritone of his calibre. It were difficult last evening to decide which to praise the more, the richness and the resonance of his voice or the earnestness and fervor with which he delivered his measures. Miss Vreeland's opportunity was not so great, but of it she made much.

As for Dr. Koussevitzky, instigator and presiding genius of the festival, it may be added, although almost superfluously, that he conducted last evening with deep devotion to the music in hand and with a communicating ardor to which chorus, orchestra and solo singers alike responded.

MUSIC

Herald Mar 25

BRAHMS'S "GERMAN REQUIEM"

For the third program of the Brahms festival at Symphony hall, the Boston Symphony orchestra co-operated last night with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society in a performance of the "German Requiem." The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Dr. Koussevitzky, of course, was in command.

If, as is very probable, the "German Requiem" was composed in memory of Robert Schumann (and nothing could be more appropriate, not only by reason of the love, admiration, and gratitude he bore him, but also because it was Schumann who had urged the promising young composer to turn his attention to choral and orchestral forms), nevertheless, last night's performance must have been felt by most of those present as a solemn tribute to Brahms himself. It was on the whole an admirable performance that was given of this great but intensely human and German music, that matches so thoroughly the comfortable and reassuring doctrine of the chosen text. It was a performance lifted to occasional heights of superlative beauty by the superb singing of the soloists (how rarely can such a thing be said!). The powerfully dramatic effort achieved by chorus and orchestra in the second chorus ("Behold, All Flesh Is as the Grass"), the moments of brilliance and expressive beauty in which these young Radcliffe and Harvard singers reminded one of their splendid work in the great Beethoven Mass two years ago, were offset by barren stretches in which the timidity of the sopranos and altos, the gentlemanly restraint of the male singers, a certain lack of movement in the slower tempi, made for an effect lacking in the fullest conviction.

But the vitality and beauty and expressive force of Mr. Gange's singing in the solos "Lord, make me to know the measure of my days" and "Here on earth have we no continuing place," the exquisite charm of Miss Vreeland's beautiful voice and her delightfully modulated and expressive phrasing in "Ye now are sorrowful"—surely one of the loveliest things in the whole "Requiem"—were things to be long remembered. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded.

Tonight's program will contain piano pieces played by Mr. Schnabel, songs rendered by Mme. Matzenauer, and the F minor quintet performed by Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin string quartet.

S. S.

'German Requiem' Sung At Festival in Boston

Harvard and Radcliffe Singers Included in Brahms Concert

Special to the Herald Tribune

BOSTON, March 24.—For the third program of the Brahms festival at Symphony Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra co-operated tonight with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society in a performance of the "German Requiem." The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, barytone. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

If, as is probable, the "German Requiem" was composed in memory of Robert Schumann, tonight's performance must have ben regarded by most of those present as a tribute to Brahms himself. It was a performance lifted to occasional heights by the soloists.

The dramatic effect achieved by chorus and orchestra in the second chorus, "Behold all flesh is as the grass," and the moments of brilliance of the Radcliffe and Harvard singers were offset by the timidity of the sopranos and altos, the restraint of the male singers and a certain lack of movement in the slower tempi.

But the vitality of Mr. Gange's singing in the solos, "Lord, Make Me to Know the Measure of My Days," and "Here on Earth Have We No Continuing Place," the charm of Miss Vreeland's voice and her expressive phrasing in "Ye Now Are Sorrowful," were things long to be remembered.

The audience was enthusiastic.

NY Trib Mar 25

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Plays and Players --- Music and Musicians --- The Scr

To the Brahms Who also Made Chamber-Pieces

The Pre-eminent Mr. Schnabel, Mme. Matzenauer and the Cambridge Choirs

THOUGH Symphony Hall, as every reviewer will say today, is an uninviting room for chamber-music, in a Brahms or a Beethoven Festival there must be a chamber-concert. First, because the master to be honored and exemplified wrote not a little of it; second, because conductor and orchestra must have an evening's surcease from continuous labors. (Audiences forget the rehearsals that, morning after morning, prepare the way.) There can, however, be variations and what the theaters name "added attractions" in such chamber-concerts. Three years ago at the Beethoven Festival, as some may recall, Mr. Ernest Newman diversified the occasion by the reading of an essay about the composer that would have graced any text-book for schools and colleges; Dr. Koussevitzky, to the general pleasure, made the one speech, thus far, of his career in Boston; while upon the platform the musically illustrious of this town were amusingly on view. "We feebly labor; they in glory shine," as the hymn has it.

In the case of Brahms last evening, a small choir picked from the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club sang six numbers out of the two books of "Liebeslieder"; Mme. Matzenauer, in flaming red and at the top of her powers—though the Metropolitan Opera House no longer has need of them—sang four familiar songs; while Mr. Schnabel, though according to his custom he faithfully served the composer, was in general and in particular the figure of the occasion. He played four of Brahms's later piano-pieces; accompanied Mme. Matzenauer in her songs; joined, and led, the Burgin Quartet through the Quintet for Piano and Strings in F minor. An audience that filled the hall—such is the call of Brahms, his prophets and a festival—hailed him with long and hearty applause; renewed it after the solo-pieces until it discovered that he gives no "extras"; recalled Mme. Matzenauer again and again in the expectation that at least once her "accompanist" would join her. Not he, who has a sense of proportion. Decidedly, Mr. Schnabel is the figure of the musical hour in Boston: bids fair to remain such through ten days to come.

The piano-pieces were the last that Brahms wrote—the three Intermezzi and the Rhapsody of Opus 119, put to paper in a summer at Ischl only four years before his death. The titles are arbitrary, suggesting next to nothing except the necessity of designations. The Intermezzi are not interludes—save in the courses of Brahms's musical thought. The Rhapsody shuns the conventional usage of that word; if a modernist had written it, would be simply "Piece" in E-flat major. The Intermezzi are a wholly subjective music. Brahms sits at the piano—the one instrument that he knew and loved, above even the cherished clarinet and horn—thinks and dreams,

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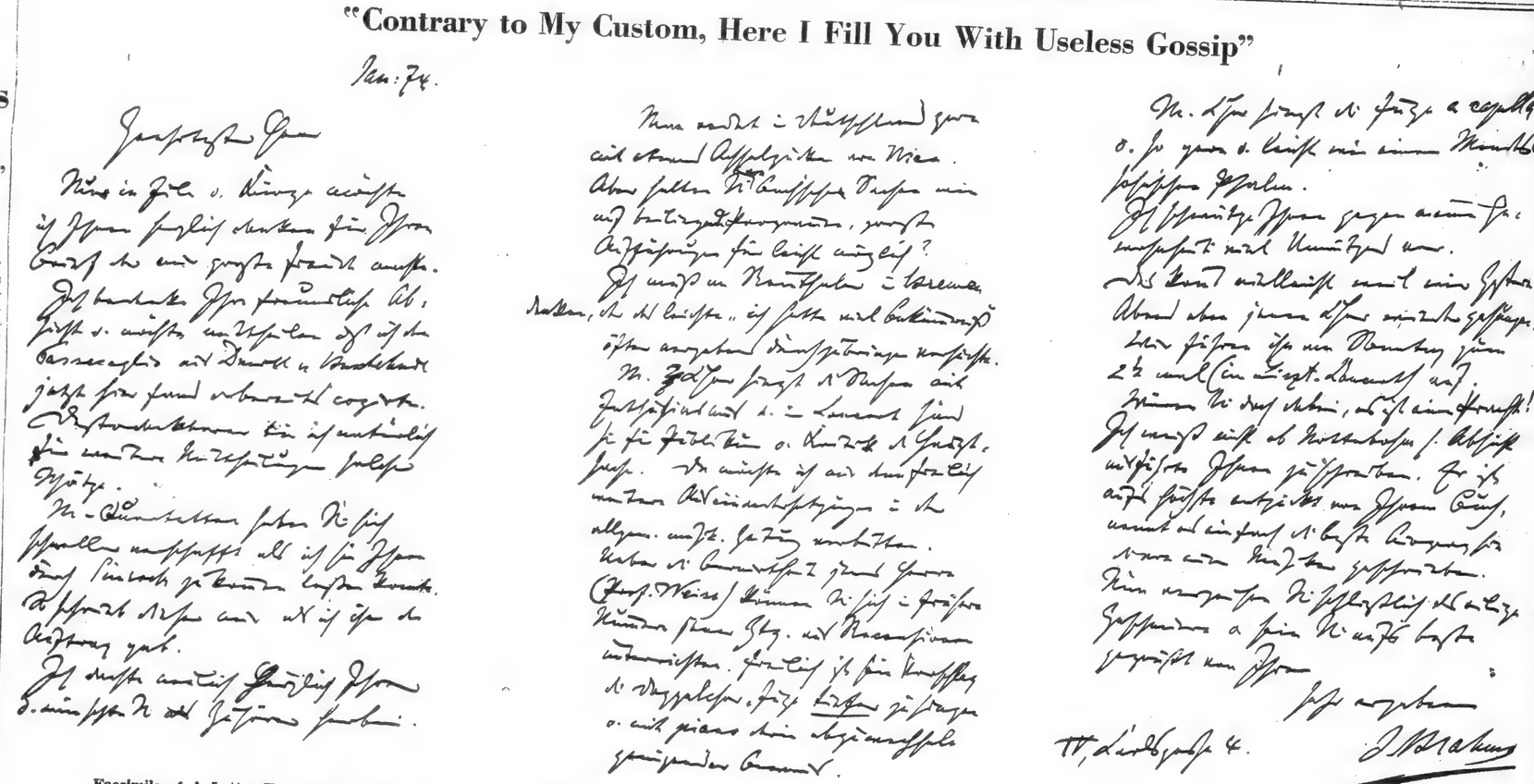
"Contrary to My Custom, Here I Fill You With Useless Gossip"



Facsimile of A Letter From Brahms to His Friend, Philipp Spitta, the Biographer of Bach. The Original, Written on Three Pages of a Double Sheet of Note-Paper, Is in The Collection of Boaz Piller of The Symphony Orchestra, Who Lent It for Reproduction Here in Connection with The Current Brahms Festival. After Fifty-Six Years the Ink Is Little Faded, The Paper Unbroken. Brahms Writes in German Script and Here Follows a Free Translation:

Jan. 7¼ (Postmarked Jan. 6, 1874)

Most Honored Sir:

Only in haste and in brief am I able to thank you heartily for your letter, which gave me great pleasure. Thanks for your friendly intention, and may I inform you that I have just found Buxtehude's Passacaglia in D minor, and already copied it. Naturally, I am all the more grateful for news of such treasures.

You have procured my Quartets sooner than I could have had them sent to you through Simrock [Brahms's publisher]. Which is what he wrote to me when I gave him the order.

I thought cordially of you recently, and wished that you might be here listening.

In Germany people like to shrug their shoulders when they talk of Vienna.

But do you consider grand performances of Bach's compositions, such as those on the accompanying program, easily possible? I can't help thinking of Reinthaler, in Bremen, who frequently tried to perform the easy "Ich hatte viel Bekummernis"—and in vain. My choir [the chorus of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde at Vienna] sings these things enthusiastically, and in a concert they are, for the public, the chief interest. And here I should like to forbid further comment in the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung. As for that gentleman's (Prof. Weiss's) limitations, you may further inform yourself from reviews in earlier issues of his periodical. Happily, his proposal to sing the Double Choir Fugue deeper and to vary it with piano is sufficient proof.

My choir sings the fugue a capella, as lightly and smoothly as a Mendelssohn psalm. But, contrary to my custom, here I fill you with useless gossip. Maybe it's because we sang that selfsame chorus last evening. We perform it for the second time on Sunday (at the Liszt concert). If you could only be there it would be splendid! I don't know whether Nottebohm wrote to you as he intended. He's infinitely delighted with your book and calls it simply the best biography of a composer ever written. Well, in conclusion, forgive me this hasty scribbling and receive the best greetings from your

IV Carlsgasse 4 *Very devoted*

J. Brahms

1.10 FROM 109

dreams and thinks; falls into a kind of introspective improvisation; gives gentle rein to the autumnal mood that in these final years possessed him. The winding pattern, the soft clang, the wandering thought, now and again pulled together as by a dreamer who remembers that he also is composer, are touching to hear.

Imagination sees the ageing, wasting Brahms at his work-table in the lodging at Ischl, the sunlight streaming through the windows, the mountain-air blowing sweet, the wooded slopes themselves in view, the distant rush of the mountain-river perhaps in his ears. His music-paper lies before him. On it he is setting less black notes and bars and signs than the thoughts in tones of an old man living an inner, tranquil, gentle and submissive life. The thoughts become emotion. A faint golden glow suffuses the tones. From them drop "the tears of things." For Brahms, a cultivated and a reading man, with a taste for classics, may have known also Vergil. . . . The mood changes, he gathers himself; out of the pendant Rhapsody sounds the old heroic note of the first movement of the Third Symphony—sounds and dies away.

In the playing of the four pieces Mr. Schnabel was the technician, the virtuoso, the musician, who is also poetizing interpreter. He summoned a tone limpid, soft and bright, so edgeless, so luminous that it gave no hint, even in the treble, of an instrument of hammers and wires. He used the pedals with an artful economy; for the most part the touch of wrists and fingers sufficed. Again, as on Sunday in the Second Concerto, a music unfolded upon the ear note into note, phrase into phrase, period into period, to make at last full-rounded and self-contained whole. And a music not only accomplished in substance, course and style, but infiltrated with the mood that engendered it. Mr. Schnabel is not content to be clear-minded and imparting expositor, nor to restrict himself to musical thought and structure. Out of both he conjures an atmosphere, like the overtones of his piano, in which the piece goes charac-

Continued on ...

Brahms Festival

Continued from Preceding Page

tered. In it, for the Intermezzi, since Brahms so willed, was autumnal beauty.

Master-songs though they are, Mme. Matzenauer's numbers were thrice-familiar: "Sapphische Ode"; Von ewiger Liebe"; "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer"; "Meine Liebe ist grün." As so much Brahms, they recalled the German folk-tunes in which his muse is rooted; the concentration into which he wrought his songs, particularly in the piano-part; his regard for the verse without a mechanized or super-artful elaboration; his feeling for the common life whatever the emotion that touched it. "Meine Liebe ist grün" outflung his lyric ardors. "Von ewiger Liebe" darkened them with his sombrer note. "Immer leiser" is of the brooding, foreboding Brahms by the coming of death secretly haunted. In "Sapphische Ode" writes the classic Brahms who, however sensuous, cherished contour, reticence and poised emotion. Needless to say, Mme. Matzenauer sang all four out of the rich depths and the flowing tide of her contralto tones; enriched them with musical understanding and imaginative response; gave to each its Brahmsian quality and its individual note. As Brahmsian was Mr. Schnabel's playing of the piano-parts. He subordinated them; kept them like to a bass below the voice; held pause and modulation in the justest proportion; gave them uncommon clarity and flow. To his every task Mr. Schnabel measures his playing.

For the other vocal numbers, the picked chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe, with Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth to play the four-handed piano-part, repeated the six "Liebeslieder" sung at their own concert last December. Then the choir gained transparent, supple, warm and rounded tone, unanimous phrase and accent, sensitive mood and sensitive shading, pervasive freedom and glow. Therewith the performance became a marvel of choral singing. Yesterday, it was less technically secure, less alert to tone, less generally and particularly in the vein. Perhaps, it might not do twice the same miracle; perhaps circumstance, like the place at the beginning of the concert, embarrassed it. One listened; while one's thoughts drifted away to the strange mating, for Brahms, of subtilized and idealized waltz-rhythms, with miscellaneous folk-song verse and spirit. Yet not so strange, since the Ländler, out of which the slow waltz was born, were peasant dances.

If a Quintet for Piano and Strings may have a conductor, Mr. Schnabel was such through the final number. To him at every turn "The Burgins" deferred; from him took pace and accent; measured their tone by his; as he would have it, upreared the structure, released the thought and the passion; under such stimulus, and through many pages, played above themselves. Mr. Schnabel is all for the Quintet in F minor as a superbly sonorous music. Out of a light and open written score he bids piano and strings to large resonance. He is all, again, for incisive rhythms, full-mouthed phrases, broad and intensive instrumental song. He would release the Brahms of chamber-music, as Nikisch or Toscanini or Koussevitzky has released the symphonic Brahms. He is all, finally, for a rugged and puissant Brahms waxing out of young ardor into maturing strength.

So treated, the huddled musical matter of the first movement gains at last free shape, course and cogency. The slow movement sings as a Schubertian Brahms turned sensuous or a Brahmsian Schubert deepened. The scherzo strides, thunders, swells into the broad exultant melody of the trio. For the instant the finale sways in mystery; then leaps away quick-paced and rough-coated. Possibly Mr. Schnabel finds in the Quintet a Brahms who can be heir to the driving force of Beethoven and the songful splendor of Schubert, thereby lifting chamber music into a new-blended power and beauty. To no other end he seemed to play the piano-part and whip forward the assisting strings. H. T. P.

Around Symphony Hall

Dr. Koussevitzky has put by his projected performance, at the Symphony Concerts in April of Stravinsky's opera-oratorio, "Œdipus Rex," unheard since he produced it in America two years ago. Among other reasons for the decision is lack of time to prepare the Harvard chorus.

"Bolero" was lately played, with some excitement, for the first time in London. The reviewer for The Times made this neat comment:

> It is like a cumulative game, every soloist joins the chorus of accompaniment when he has said his say; after the soloists have given out the tune one by one, they do it again in groups. The method is that of simple arithmetic; the effect potent and witty; simplicity and audacity are rewarded.

Mr. Schnabel, the present illustrious guest at Symphony Hall, has a witty tongue. Without a thought of the underlying irony, a London newspaper quotes him as saying: "How different from the warmth of English audiences! What generosity they show! Bad, good, and indifferent performers are equally acclaimed—so, as I tell my pupils, there is a place for everybody." And again: "Some accuse me of being too serious. It is not I that am serious, but Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert."

While the memory of Mr. Bax's Second Symphony lingers in Boston, Sir Henry Wood in London lately produced his Third. It is dated 1928-29, whereas the Second was written six years ago. Says the Daily Telegraph:

> One will not be surprised to hear the new Symphony spoken of as romantic. And this in spite of its no-program basis. For the three movements are full of color and imagination that call out for literary significance. The second subject of the first is a melody that good Victorians would have called a song without words. There is a horn tune in the slow movement that Weber would love to put to good operatic use—or Wagner himself. There is a troll-dance-tune in the finale and an allegro that have the spontaneity of true inspiration. The harmonic texture is as opulent as ever, the rhythm as subtle. The whole is Bax at his best.

COLLEGIAN SINGERS AT SYMPHONY

Appear in Brahms' Festival Fourth Programme

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A well ordered miscellany made last evening the fourth programme of the Brahms' Festival, now in progress at Symphony Hall, and those contributing to it were a small chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe, Artur Schnabel, the pianist of the Festival: Margaret Matzenauer, notable contralto, and the Burgin Quartet. The audience, conspicuously enthusiastic, filled every seat.

WALTZES BY CHORUS

From the small chorus aforesaid there came, in excellent performance, certain of the delightful Liebeslieder Waltzes, Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth, the two directors of these college choirs, playing in sympathetic fashion the four-hand pianoforte accompaniment.

Followed from Mr. Schnabel the three Intermezzi and the Rhapsody that make Brahms' Opus 119, and in the playing of them Mr. Schnabel renewed, and here and there even strengthened the impression that he made last Sunday. Again there was reason to admire the virility of his rhythm, the clarity of his phrasing, the importance that he gave to every note while never sacrificing the larger effect. And it was possible again to note in his attitude an air of reverence, an almost devotional absorption in his task, that surely was not assumed. It is said that in his recitals abroad Mr. Schnabel refuses to play extra pieces, and so last evening he politely declined the audience's insistent and at length noisy demands for an encore.

With Mr. Schnabel to play the accompaniments, Mme. Matznauer sang five of the better known songs of Brahms. If to the frequenter of song recitals these pieces might, under certain circumstances, seem almost hackneyed, so often do they appear on programmes, last evening by singer and accompanist new beauties and new significances were disclosed in each one of them. Always is Mme. Matzenauer a great interpreter of songs, whoever the composer, and last night her magnificent voice was heard at its best. Seldom indeed is the climax of "Von ewige Liebe" of such thrilling effect as it was last evening.

For conclusion from the Burgins and Mr. Schnabel came the Piano Quintet in F minor, a work which, if not all that some of its admirers have claimed it to be, still deserves to be ranked with those of Schumann and Cesar Franck as one of the three outstanding pieces in its particular form. Though Mr. Schnabel did not permit the piano to overpower the other instruments, it was still to be felt that he was the dominating factor in an eloquent performance. There are passages, a few in the first movement and more in the last, where no performance can save the music from a certain perfunctoriness. But always the performers met the composer more than halfway and the charming Andante and the brilliant Scherzo were played with rare persuasiveness.

After all, Mr. Schnabel will be heard at a regular pair of Symphony Concerts—on Friday and Saturday of next week, when he will play the piano-part in an "all-Beethoven" program. The "Pastoral Symphony" will begin the concert; the third "Leonora" overture end it. Yes; the subscribers are to have their share of Mr. Schnabel.

night.

FOURTH CONCERT OF BRAHMS FESTIVAL

Burgin Quartet, Schnabel and Matzenauer Heard

The fourth program of the current Brahms Festival, given last evening to an enthusiastic audience which filled Symphony Hall, was composed of an admirably representative selection of his chamber pieces, in which the Burgin Quartet, Artur Schnabel, pianist, Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, a small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, and Dr A. T. Davison and G. Wallace Woodworth, as accompanists, took part.

Mr Schnabel played four piano pieces from opus 119, accompaniments for four songs sung by Mme Matzenauer, and the piano part in the Quintet, opus 34 a. The chorus sang some of the "Liebeslieder Waltzes."

In the intermezzi in B minor, E minor and C major, Mr Schnabel's remarkably poetic and sympathetic interpretations were memorable. It is doubtful if any pianist has ever played these pieces better than he did. Except for a hardness of tone in the brilliant opening measures of the E flat rhapsody, in fact, Mr Schnabel's playing throughout the evening was wholly admirable.

The audience tried in vain to get him to break the rule against encores which prevails at all concerts given by the Boston Symphony. As the orchestra did not itself appear last night no doubt most people forgot that the rule would prevent encores.

Mme Matzenauer, in four of Brahms' finest songs, "Sapphische Ode," "Von ewiger Liebe," "Immer Leiser" and "Meine Liebe ist Gruen," sang with emotional intensity and musical understanding. Her voice retains its beauty of quality. She nowadays is less often betrayed than of old into using excesssive volume of tone. Nobody nowadays is less often betrayed than of old into using excessive volume of tone. Nobody one can recall has in the past 15 years sung "Immer Leiser wird mein Schlummer" here more poignantly than she. The audience recalled her many times, but she, too, was bound by the no-encore rule.

Dr Davison and Mr Woodworth, both excellent pianists, played the four-hand accompaniment of the "Liebeslieder" well. The chorus carried out skillfully Dr Davison's conception of the music. Instead of treating these pieces as so many simple waltzes he wishes them sung with many nuances of rhythm and phrasing. Interesting as his version of the music is, one wonders whether it is quite what Brahms had in mind.

The Burgin Quartet played so well in the Quintet that one regretted anew the failure of this admirable organization, composed of leading members of the Boston Symphony, to offer a series of quartet concerts here. Now that the Flonzaleys have retired, Boston does not regularly hear any string quartet as good as this one. Surely an opportunity like that so finely taken by the Kneisel Quartet years ago awaits the Burgin Quartet. But it must find a Maj Higginson willing to undertake its concerts, as he did those of the Kneisel Quartet, as the paying public for chamber music concerts in this country is woefully small and undependable.

The Brahms Festival will end tonight with the performance of the Rhapsody for alto and chorus, the first piano concerto and the C minor Symphony.

P. R.

BY MOSES SMITH

The Brahms Festival was brought to a close with its director, Serge Koussevitzky, enveloped in a blaze of glory that took on the aspects of a conflagration. To use plain English, when the last chord of the C minor Symphony had sounded, the audience broke into a demonstration of applause, cheering and stamping that lasted several minutes.

One of the remarkable features of this demonstration was that it came at the close of a very long concert, which had begun 20 minutes late, so that normally the commuters would have made a rush for the last train. But the surge—no pun intended—was entirely spontaneous. It had its origin not in recognition of an especially brilliant performance of a piece (as was the case with Schnabel's magnificent piano-playing), but in the desire to express gratitude to an untiring, imaginative, brilliant leader, who was most responsible for this remarkable festival.

The closing program—to get down to details—included the Symphony as aforesaid, the Rhapsody for Alto, male chorus and orchestra to Goethe's "Aber Abseits Wer Ist's?", and the First Piano Concerto in D minor. The solo singer in the Rhapsody was Mme. Matzenauer, who was even more nobly impressive than in the songs of the preceding evening. With the Harvard Glee Club and the superb orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky she gave a beautiful performance.

The pianist in the Concerto was the indefatigable Mr. Schnabel. As in his previous appearances, he so moved an audience with his artistry and power that the outburst of applause was like a thunderclap.

Nor was the performance of the Symphony a lull after this storm, despite the lateness of the hour, Mr. Koussevitzky's penchant for "dramatizing" Brahms music was here most fitting. A technically brilliant orchestra carried out his every wish.

MUSIC

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Brahms festival took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: "Liebeslieder" waltzes for pianoforte duet (Mr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth), and four vocal parts (small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society). Piano pieces: op. 119—intermezzo, B minor, intermezzo, E minor, intermezzo, C major, rhapsody, E flat major (Arthur Schnabel, pianist). Songs: Sapphische Ode, Von ewige Liebe, Immer leiserwird mein Schlummer, Meine leibe ist gruen (Margaret Matzenauer). Pianoforte quintet, F minor, op. 34a (Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin string quartet).

Again an enthusiastic audience that completely filled the hall, an audience impartial in its distribution of applause, and by its rapt attention during each performance paying, after all, the highest tribute. The waltzes were a revelation to some who had known the composer only by his austere, granitic works. If they expected waltz melodies after the manner of Schubert, Lanner or Johann Strauss, father and son, they could not have been reasonably disappointed, so admirable was the interpretation. Especially noteworthy were the pure, fresh virginal voices of the Radcliffe girls. How admirably, how musically this little chorus had been trained! The varied colors of the girls' costumes, artistically contrasted, delighted the eye.

Some one, and one not ignorant nor unappreciative of Brahms's instrumental works, had the courage to say that the composer would be longest and best remembered by his songs. The management of the Festival was fortunate in securing Mme. Matzenauer to sing the ones selected for the occasion. Her rich, luscious voice and her technical skill were at the service of the composer, not merely for her own glory. Whether the song called for tenderness or passion; whether the spirit of text and music was contemplative or one of wild regret for days that would be no more, the singer gave each sentiment and emotion full expression with an intimacy of appeal. Here was a singer famous in opera, that worked an irresistible spell by her art and womanly feeling as a mistress of the Lied. Mr. Schnabel's sympathetic, beautiful accompaniments emphasized the worth of the music and the rare ability of the singer.

Mr. Schnabel played the Intermezzi and the Rhapsody with a fine understanding that was something more than painstaking dissection of the musical body. He was especially fortunate in the performance of the Intermezzo in E minor. His playing as a whole was more objective than subjective. Perhaps that is what Brahms demands, but could not the individuality of a pianist be fused with that of the composer? If tone did not always carry, but stopped abruptly, if tone did not always sing, that no doubt was due to a condition over which Mr. Schnabel had no control. In the piano quintet, which was for years a stumbling block to many admirers of Brahms, he showed himself again the true artist, regarding himself as one of five, all working together in eloquent preaching. The gospel according to Johanns.

The fifth and last concert of the Festival will take place tonight: The Alto Rhapsody (Mme. Matzenauer, male chorus and orchestra); piano concerto, D minor, No. 1 (Mr. Schnabel, pianist); Symphony C minor, No. 1. Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

Music Notes and Comment

Dr Koussevitzky announces an all-Beethoven program for this week's Symphony concerts, on which the Pastoral Symphony, recently recorded for phonograph by the Boston Symphony, is the chief item. The soloist in the Fourth concerto will be the admirable pianist, Artur Schnabel, whose great artistic and popular success was an outstanding feature of the Brahms Festival last week. Mr Schnabel played this concerto with the Boston Symphony in 1923 under Bruno Walter, guest conductor.

The Brahms Festival, on the conspicuous success of which there is no need to dwell at length, must have added a considerable sum to the receipts of the 49th season of the Boston Symphony. The estimated deficit last Fall was $100,000 on the current season. Toward this sum not quite $84,000 had been pledged up to March 7. It is possible that the Brahms Festival will meet the rest of the deficit, if its receipts had not been calculated upon in announcing the

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The Puissant Brahms Ends The Festival

High-Pitched Performance Brings An Evening Of Excitements

May 27 — Evans

EVENT belied anticipation. Not last Sunday afternoon, with the Second Piano-Concerto and the Fourth Symphony, but last evening with the First Piano-Concerto and the First Symphony, came the climax of the Brahms Festival. For a fourth occasion a notable audience filled Symphony Hall; was patient under fifteen minutes' delay in beginning—rare lapse from promptness in that seat of precision; from the outset gavé signs of latent excitement. It bubbled when Mme. Matzenauer was warmly and repeatedly recalled after she had sung the alto-part in the "Winter Rhapsody." It was in flow when Mr. Schnabel, long and heartily greeted, came to his place at the piano for the First Concerto. It beat higher when he had done, when Dr. Koussevitzky at last joined him, when both saluted the standing orchestra. It ran full tide at the close of the First Symphony, the concert, and the festival. The house rang with the plaudits. By the new Bostonian custom, feet now stamped for the conductor as they had for Mr. Schnabel. Shouts rose besides. Flowers were handed upward. Time and again Dr. Koussevitzky was recalled until at last the whole audience was on its feet for better acclamation. In his years at Symphony Hall, he has known many such scenes; but not one, to the best recollection, of equal ardor. Even the ends of seasons were no comparison.

By many a sign through these four concerts, Dr. Koussevitzky is establishing the occasional festival in the musical life of Boston. Three years ago the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's death gave him first opportunity. Six concerts then assembled the symphonies, the mass, the chamber pieces of the master. They drew and stirred as much of the town as frequents symphonic music. The quality of performance ran high. When the conductor proposed a second festival, this time to the greater glory of Brahms, came doubts and fears. No centenary, no anniversary of any kind, gave it reason. Vaguely, as he knows Shakspeare, the man in the street knows Beethoven—and responds. Brahms, to him, is an unknown quantity. Many a page of Beethoven may thrill unpractised listeners. The approach to Brahms exacts musical background, a degree of musical culture. The Beethoven canon teems with masterpieces. There are not so many in the collected work of Brahms. A chorus, an orchestra, a conductor, a few solo-voices —and Beethoven may prevail. At the least, Brahms needs, besides, a masterful pianist.

Dr. Koussevitzky persisted; Mr. Schnabel was at hand; not a doubt or a fear now stands justified. Again a festival has assembled and excited the musical town. Again the standard of performance has run high. Again as much of the achieving Brahms as could be compressed into five programs has held as many audiences intent. (Only the Haydn Variations were really missed.) On second occasion the end has crowned the work and the conductor, if for so long he tarries here, may go courageously forward to a third festival. Some predict Debussy. But is there enough of him and in sufficient variety? Moreover, "Pelléas and Mélisande" is essential; whereas Symphony Hall is no opera house. More probably, the manifold and inexhaustible Bach, with the Mass in B minor, through a whole generation unheard in Boston, for climax.

In the festival now ended there was reason to demur to some of Dr. Koussevitzky's program-making; but he chose wisely when he set on the final list three of the more dramatic works of Brahms. The first was the so-called Alto or Winter Rhapsody—fragments of Goethe's poem "Winter Journey to the Harz," set for alto voice—Mme. Matzenauer's; men's chorus—from the Harvard Glee Club; the usual Brahmsian orchestra. One of the chosen fragments pictures a youth, within the poet's acquaintance, wandering the mountains in prey to anguished melancholy, self-reproach and misanthropy. The other is prayer to the kind gods that he be enlightened, stayed and comforted. The orchestra and the solo-voice sound the woes and the fate of the youth; the chorus in half voice enters the petitioning close. For Brahms, the music throughout is surprisingly dramatic and objective. Into orchestra and singing voice pass the youth's mental agony and spiritual stress, often in unmistakable accents of music-drama. Farther on, and the solo-voice is searching out his heart. The chorus flows deep and high in devout fervors; ends as in the descent of peace.

It pleased Brahms to talk now and again of an opera, to pretend to be groping for a suitable text. Though he frequented the theater, it was alien to him as field for composition. His clear, self-critical mind readily perceived that limitation. None the less, the "Winter Rhapsody" is clear proof of his occasional will, his commensurate ability, to make music-drama for the stage of the imagination. It was not less so with the graphic and passioned singing of Mme. Matzenauer; with the vocal background, warming and brightening, of the Harvard choir.

Then ensued the Piano-Concerto of Brahms's young years, the First, in D minor, with Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Schnabel and the orchestra with them mutually resolved to carry it in the grand style, the sonorous voice, the utmost release, at need, of tone and passion. The first movement ran in titanic conflict. The orchestra flung out its declamation; the piano, though it was but a single man—and a composer—answered and overtopped it. (Remember the superb trills between them divided). A seething, swirling music cried its passion of defiance and revolt; was hardly to be stilled when the piano at last adventured the gentler calming motiv. There was "development" that developed, inasmuch as each new measure had motion and meaning; sonorities that smote the air; rhythms that clove it; the sense, rare from Brahms, of incandescent phrase and tone. The "Winter Rhapsody," likewise from his younger years, had discovered him as dramatic composer. Now, through the first movement of the Piano-Concerto he raged in native wildness. Mr. Schnabel emerged as heroical pianist of boundless yet measured power; of conquering resonances that were never mere violence upon the ear; of great sweeps of tone out of which salient detail suddenly flashed. Or else they softened and stayed into some euphony with the orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky was riding a music of contrasts, now torrential, again rigid. The orchestra played as though pianist and conductor were looking over each man's shoulder. . . .

The foil was the beauty of the slow division, played by Mr. Schnabel with sensibility to every note and phrase, yet as though the whole were a chorale in noble and aspiring course. Under the conductor's hand and ear, the orchestra was his complement. They passed to the final Rondo, which is music of a semi-exhausted Brahms withdrawing within himself, recalled to the necessities of the occasion only when he must make a pianist's cadenza. Mr. Schnabel, who can be subjective as well as objective, followed him; yet would not have such an end to such a Concerto decline altogether into musical reflection upon three motivs. Underneath the fire still smoldered; the heroic voice yet spoke out. One and the other pianist and conductor have played this Concerto in Symphony Hall. It remained for Mr. Schnabel and Dr. Koussevitzky to transpose it into grandeur.

The First Symphony in C minor brought the end, with conductor, orchestra, and audience besides, lifted by the excitements of the evening well above themselves. Within memory the violins have not played with such wealth and unanimity of tone. The whole string choir, indeed, was full-rounded unity or measured diversity as the composer willed. The horns, the clarinets, the deep-voiced trombones, were truly Brahmsian. The valiant tympanist accomplished prodigies of rhythm. In turn, Dr. Koussevitzky could light and kindle, passion and dramatize, his Brahms, Nikisch-like; while no one, with reason, might say him nay in this First Symphony. The transition from the introduction to the first movement, the returns of the principal theme, the infusion into the musical structure of the second, gentler subject, the tossing rhythms, the distribution of harmonic and instrumental color—all, from orchestra and conductor, laid hold upon the imagination. Toward grandeur again was Brahms lifted; through the slow movement as well, where Dr. Koussevitzky does not spare vigor, though woodwinds and horns may sing never so musingly. The light, misty orchestral tone was veil of beauty upon the intermezzo-like Allegretto. Neither Nikisch nor Dr. Muck himself wrought more suspensively the slow introduction to the finale; received from the horns more mysterious, from the trombones more sonorous, tone. And the finale itself? There are some of us who love not Beethoven's jigging, shouting Ode to Joy to climax the Ninth Symphony, would fain have it end with the Adagio. For them, be it prejudice or blasphemy, Brahms's finale touches a spare and exultant grandeur—Dr. Koussevitzky has reason for his added horns and trombones—while Beethoven's blindly flails the air. And this is a Brahmsian time.

H. T. P.

Amusements

Concert-Chronicle

For First Hearing

TO a program of repetitions of novelties introduced during the last few months, Dr. Koussevitzky on Friday and Saturday of this week will add a single work as yet unheard anywhere—in fact not heard even by its composer until Tuesday morning of this week. The repetitions of works well in hand are easily explainable. Through last evening the orchestra and conductor have been busied—and that strenuously—with the Brahms festival. Rehearsal of other matters must needs be scant. Today alone can be given in full to the week's program. As result the program for the regular concerts lists the recently found symphony of Haydn, the sixth symphony of Sibelius, the new Schönbergian orchestration of Bach's prelude and fugue for organ generally known as Saint Anne's.

To these works Dr. Koussevitzky adds a new suite by Mr. Walter Piston, of the faculties of the Division of Music of Harvard University and of Radcliffe College. At last accounts it was rumored that Mr. Piston, who has experience with a baton, might conduct his suite. At the moment of writing these lines the final decision was still in the hands of the gods. Mr. Piston gives vigorous assurance that the suite is not in any sense

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Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Page Twelve

programmatic. It is an adventure of themes pure and simple, through forms direct and clear. Its three movements are an Allegro, an Andante, an Introduction and Fugue. The piano is included as an orchestral instrument.

The first movement is light in character. Mr. Piston writes that it makes "some allusions to 'jazz,' but is not an attempt to write jazz nor to produce "American" music." A staccato figure in the bass makes beginning; more rapid figures are added. Above them, in a moment, bassoons sing the chief theme, definitely jazz-rhythmed. After some development, strings sing a slightly more lyrical theme, still phrased and accented somewhat jazz-wise. More development, and brass and percussion dissonantly repeat the chief theme. After this follows the middle section, introduced by a theme for 'cellos and containing many "solo phrases for various instruments and groups—oboes, solo violin, muted trumpets, trombone, etc., building up in a gradual crescendo." The return to the first part is introduced by horns and trombones, proclaiming fortissimo a rhythmically augmented version of the first accompaniment figure. After this the recapitulation takes normal course.

The second movement, Andante, is of a quiet nature. The heavier brass instruments, trumpets, trombones, tuba, are not used. Two themes are introduced very early, the first a flowing one by violas, the second, somewhat more sustained, by an English horn. Many times these two themes are alternated; through a number of simple phases of development they proceed.

The Introduction to the fugue begins at once with a motto of three notes, played by horns; they are strongly accented, each dissonant to the others. The introduction is dominated by this motto and grows through a crescendo to full orchestra. The subject of the fugue begins with these three notes. It is introduced by the second violins. The subject as a whole is interesting, after the first three notes light in character, well imagined. The counter-subject appears to be made up of a motif from the contrast theme of the first movement, together with a motif from the staccato figure of the very beginning. When the analytical interviewer, poring over the score with Mr. Piston, called his attention to this, the composer smilingly admitted the fact, but gave assurance that it had not been "consciously and intentionally so planned." Thus it is easy for commentators to see in music, erudite relationships which the composers themselves have never even thought of. On the other hand, probably among the finest unities to be found in music are those which the subconscious mind of the composer draws out of the material in hand, subtly repeating this or that, and handling it as if it were entirely new and fresh—which in such a case it would be to the composer.

Mr. Piston, in the course of his fugue, employs successively the various choirs of the orchestra. The original exposition is for strings alone. An episode which culminates in another entry of the subject, uses woodwinds and horns. A second episode, based on a rhythmic motif from the subject, goes to brass against a persistent bass in bassoons and piano. This time full strings enter with the subject, which is answered in the woodwinds. After another episode there are various powerful, climactic stretti leading to an energetic close for full orchestra.

A. H. M.

Programs to Hand:

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theater at Cambridge on Thursday evening of next week:

Unfinished Symphony in B minor.....Schubert
Suite for Orchestra.....Piston
(The Composer Conducting)
Concerto, No. 4, in G minor for Piano and Orchestra.....Beethoven
(Pianist: A. Schnabel)
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3.....Beethoven

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts in Boston on Friday afternoon, April 4, and Saturday evening, April 5:

Symphony, No. 6, in F major ("The Pastoral").....Beethoven
Concerto, No. 4, in G major for Piano and Orchestra.....Beethoven
(Pianist: A. Schnabel)
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3.....Beethoven

Incidents and Prospects

Twenty-one members of the Symphony Orchestra, who are also Frenchmen, have joined together as La Symphonie Française; made Abdon Laus, the bassoonist, conductor and Gaston Hamelin, the clarinetist, assistant conductor; announce a concert in Hancock Hall for Wednesday evening, April 30. Thirteen players in the new orchestra come from the string choir at Symphony Hall. The other eight comprise one flute, one oboe, one clarinet, one bassoon, one horn, one trumpet, two trombones. The whole makes a workable chamber orchestra.

Before the season ends, Dr. Koussevitzky is likely to produce, for the first times at any concerts, "Broadway," symphonic piece by Samuel Gardiner, the violinist and composer. By report it was placed next to Mr. Bloch's "America" in the competition in which that Rhapsody received first prize

Mr. Wendt will again return to Bos-

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Cantabrigian Refinements

If Cantabrigians are given to counting their blessings, do they ever include Sanders Theater? Quite possibly they more often wish it demolished than cher-

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Hans. Amusements Nov 8

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

wise; but for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra it affords an auditorium the like of which it would be difficult to produce. So one thought mus-ingly last evening while listening to the orchestra play Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, a suite from Stravinsky's "Firebird," Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. More than ever before Dr. Koussevitzky's handling of the orchestra approached—indeed, one sometimes thought exceeded—the refinements and subtleties of chamber music. Now in large halls such refinements are lost or minimized to dwarf-like and inconsequential proportions. In Sanders Theater last evening the music came forth with a wealth and richness of detail such as one would expect from the performance of an ensemble in a large private drawing room, but never from an orchestra of one hundred and ten musicians.

One might recite passage after passage in support of this thesis. Strings in "Egmont" repeatedly sounded like single instruments slightly amplified. Time after time woodwinds in "Firebird" breathed an intimacy which suggested much smaller proportions than those of the large concert orchestra. Of course, while Sanders Theater brings this sort of playing to its fullest realiation, it presupposes at least two other things to bring it into existence at all: an orchestra capable of such subtleties, such refined nuances, a conductor sensitive and able to draw them from the orchestra.

Dr. Koussevitzky probably possesses no more desirable quality than his capacity for growth. At every stage one asks oneself, is anything further possible? Is there still a beyond which has not been attained? And in a matter of weeks or months comes the answer in something hitherto unsuspected. This fall it is increasing refinement towards the chamber-music ideal. And how perfectly wrought is this new high level. It does not militate against the best kind of orchestral fullness. It does not become cold in its perfections,—the warm-blooded Koussevitzky is guarantee against such misfortune. It does increase sheer artistry beyond belief.

Again, one seems to note this fall, together with the growth in sensibility, an advance in the universality of Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretations. As one listened last night, through the glories of Beethoven, the subtleties and sophistications of Stravinsky, the lush heats of Chaikovsky, one reflected also upon the downright, compelling truth of the handling of this music. Not through the evening did one detect a single "personal" reading. To tell after the composer, in fullest and most significant manner, the truth which that composer has tried to tell, that is after all the greatest achievement of such playing as that of last evening.

One must also write a paragraph upon the receptive qualities, the sure judgment of audiences. Time was, and not too long ago, when applause which caused the conductor to ask the men to rise to their feet, was an occurrence worthy of special note. In these latter days it occurs with a frequency which makes it almost a matter of course. And be it remembered, the audience is not speculating upon qualities of performance; the audience is responding spontaneously to what it receives. Last evening it was stilled after "Firebird" only when Dr. Koussevitzky brought the men from their seats. Again, after the third movement of the symphony there welled up a tide of approval against which Dr. Koussevitzky did not even attempt to raise the accustomed hand in request for continued quiet. Gravely he bowed acknowledgment and proceeded to the final lament of the symphony. A concert long to be remembered.

A. H. M.

Mr. Gruenberg, the composer, whose symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle" is heard at the current Symphony Concerts, prefers to be labelled American rather than Russian and sets high his labors for American music. An error of the linotypes on Thursday called the music of his tone-poem "pro" instead of "pre" Stravinskian.

Gruenberg Music Fails to Impress

Read Nov 9

This week's Symphony concert provides an afternoon of sheer contrast. At one end of the artistic scale stands Mr. Koussevitsky's apt and able reading of the Mozart symphony in E-flat major; at the other is "The Enchanted Isle," new and previously unheard symphonic poem by Louis Gruenberg.

To Mozart, Mr. Koussevitsky brings grace and ardor, he maintains an agreeable sense of balance, he infuses his men with something of his own spirit and (what is even more important), with the very spirit of Mozart.

But Mr. Gruenberg's new poem contained little but sheer disappointment. Imaginative in theme, its treatment fell far short.

The remainder of the somewhat strangely balanced program was devoted to Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite" and to the merry pranks of Till Eulenspiegel as chronicled by one Richard Strauss.

Symphony Concert

The Pleasure Of Outspread Masterpieces

Strauss and Mozart Renewed At the Symphony Concert, Two Others Heard

THE ORCHESTRA of power that Dr. Koussevitzky sometimes drives before him was yesterday an orchestra of finesse. As at need he can infuse passion into its tone, so on Friday afternoon it gave him back poignancy. In "Till Eulenspiegel" are measures of piercing orchestral resonance; but nowhere in that piece does Strauss unroll the thick-bodied, full-throated periods at the close of "Death and Transfiguration" or through the middle section of the "Sinfonia Domestica." Above all else the orchestral voices in "Till" must be plastic and graphic, under which necessity they cannot also be fat. The Suite of Ravel from his ballet, "Mother Goose," is a succession of adroit felicities, finely woven, delicately pointed. Amusing the nursery—with the grown-ups clustering about the door—he does not raise his voice. Mr. Gruenberg's new tone-poem, "Enchanted Isle," containing nearly everything in the common stock of music, did deploy orotund moments. They were not many nor were they over-driven. Mozart's Symphony in E-flat began the concert. Throughout, it asks an orchestral tone that, whether it lightens or darkens, runs fleet or slow, remains limpid, piquant, naturally undulating. The shadows fall as in the Introduction; the skies brighten as from moment to moment in the first or the second movement, but the tonal landscape, so to say, is always luminous.

Consequently an afternoon of sensibility and virtuosity in the playing; of sensuous pleasure, in the hearing, that was warmth or piquancy to the soul. Mr. Gruenberg's scherzo-like pages, racing from shimmer to shimmer, sounded as in composing imagination he may have heard them. The streaming harmonies that suffuse the end of Ravel's Suite were magical in texture and color. Drug-like they beguiled the ear. The wistful measures of Hop-o'-My Thumb went as transparent as the child-like mood. The woodwinds in the slow movement of Mozart's Symphony were ravishingly sweet; the strings countered with finely pointed poignancy. The swiftness of the little orchestra in the Finale never once thinned tone or blurred accent.

Throughout "Till Eulenspiegel" an orchestra nearly a hundred strong played as though the conductor were manipulating an etcher's needle. (Not until the listener has heard Strauss's Rondo many times does he reflect how little it depends upon harmonic or instrumental color, how much and how often it is music of line and rhythm.) Here also was a tone that characterized as though Strauss's notes, generating it, were a vitalizing force. While the ear heard Till, the kindled eye actually saw him teetering, striding, sprawling. Indeed the only flaw upon the executive and the tonal perfection was the dulled rhythm of the "Pagodes"—wagging silly little heads as they pitty-patted over a dozen pages of Ravel's Suite. Seemingly, at Symphony Hall, only Dr. Muck caught the secret of those grotesque miniatures.

The masterpieces of the day—two of them!—were Strauss's tone-picture and Mozart's Symphony. When the historians cast up accounts for the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, they will surely reckon "Till Eulenspiegel" a triumph—perhaps the triumph—of objective symphonic music. In his other tone-poems, Strauss is primarily concerned with the inner sensations and emotions of his personages. The descriptive pages are incidental and external. For the most part he is writing what pedantic Germans call an Innigkeit-Musik. In "Till," on the other hand, his composing eyes are undetachably fixed upon the object. He may permit himself a few introductory measures of the "Listen-my-children-and-you-shall-hear" sort. He may further contemplate the emptied tonal scene, after a minor seventh has conducted Till into another world, with a half-gentle, half-sardonic smile. He may even lift his head for a more sardonic glance, while he is working at his etched tone-picture. Otherwise it, and only it, absorbs him.

To this day—and Till's Rondo is thirty-four years old—it remains the miracle and marvel of delineative music. To hear Strauss's rogue is to see him. The orchestra does not simulate him. It calls him into very life. Ear and imagination do not pant after a tonal narrative, clearer unfolded in the program-book. They are caught into it, carried along with it. All this, not in the fitful, fuzzy suggestion of most "descriptive" music, but with the incisive precision of black and white. With what wit Strauss works at his etching, with what enjoyment manipulates his orchestral acid and needle! In those days in Munich his friends used to liken him to a stripped mental and musical athlete all sinew without, all keenness within. "Till" is the enduring masterpiece of that fortunate condition. And Dr. Koussevitzky, now and again reproached as sentimentalist, can bite this etching in as though he had no other temperament.

In turn, the Symphony in E-flat is as clear characterization of the elder Mozart, who wrote it, unsuspecting, with death no more than three years away. He agreed to the conventions, followed the fashions of his musical time. Though one was a genius, one had also to live in the Salzburg of the Prince-Bishop or the Vienna of Emperor Joseph. Therefore the Minuet and the Finale heard yesterday—Mozartian readiness and fecundity, Mozartian deftness and shimmer and style. He must do his technical feat in a Finale that skips about rondo-like within nominal sonata-form. The Minuet, no less, flows and postures and flows again, with a silken elegance.

In these mature days—for him—Mozart lived also an inner life stressed and saddened. He loved beauty—for he made it—yet doubted whether it would endure; loved life, yet by the dread of death was ever haunted. His spiritual sensations were poignant; being such, they cut sometimes to the quick. Hence, the Introduction, the first Allegro, the slow movement of this same Symphony. There is beauty—till it hurts; pleasure but it passes; life—with death at the end. To listen to the darkling, low-voiced Introduction; to the first movement evading and deferring until that principal theme must come back like some dread fate returned; to the sweetness cut by swift poignancy in the Andante—so to hear is to believe and with Mozart imagine. In all his later music the Mozart of passion within, the Mozart of convention without, alternate or would blend. From the twenties onward, most of all in these final years, he was sensitive human being, finding thought and emotion in life—not the "sunny child" of the traditionalists or a "celestial spirit," whatever that may be.

For the other tw numbers, it was possible to wonder a little why, after intermission, Dr. Koussevitzky set Ravel's "Mother-Goose" immediately before Strauss's "Till." To hear, one after the other, was to find the conductor in reason. Ravel's "Children's Pieces"—to what precocious infants must the French give birth if the little Mimi and the little Jean (for whom they were written) really enjoyed them!—Ravel's "Children's Pieces" are as precise as "Till," shine with the same dry-clear light. Yet across another field; for the Parisian is fanciful and witty; whereas the Münchener is realistic and folk-humored, each, indeed, properly sensitive to subject-matter and composing purpose. Ravel's Ma Mère l'Oye wears a salon, a music-room, air; Strauss's Till braves it across the market place. Ravel's music is a music of minute felicities oftenest achieved by color; Strauss's cuts sharp and deep with line. Yet from each the pleasure that a many-sided orchestra should give and an open-minded audience receive. Though Beethoven's name stands on the keystone of the proscenium arch at Symphony Hall, under it we may also trifle.

The "common stock of music" is common phrase among reviewers in these days. By it they mean the procedures and idiosyncrasies of highly individualized modern composers—say Wagner, Strauss, Debussy or Sibelius—that have gradually become a common fund of matter and method. From it less endowed successors now daily draw. From it, in particular, Mr. Gruenberg drew liberally and steadily as he composed his tone-poem of "The Enchanted Isle." It abounds with everything that the listener can remember; while the original and veritable Gruenberg is hard to discover. And what a manifold, inexhaustible toy for such a composer, looking up from the stock-pot, is a modern virtuoso-orchestra! He can caress or he can whip it; "try out" choirs and separate instruments bring off this stroke or that for its own sake; dash in color; clothe king-like a singing theme that in itself is no better than a little naked boy; touch in and toss off—all for instant impression. What a game it is! How Mr. Gruenberg enjoyed it! And Dr. Koussevitzky. The audience as well. Long and loud, it clapped a modest, and maybe slightly surprised, composer, while the conductor beamed and beckoned. . . . It takes all sorts of compositions to make a program.

H. T. P.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fourth concert, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, was as follows: Mozart, Symphony, E flat major (K. 543); Gruenberg, "The Enchanted Isle," a symphonic poem (first time in Boston); Ravel, "Mother Goose" Suite; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Dr. Koussevitzky wisely reduced the size of the orchestra for Mozart, as he did at the recent Beethoven Festival for that composer's first symphony when he gave a memorable performance. The performance yesterday of Mozart's Symphony is to be ranked with that playing of Beethoven's music, for exquisite proportion, euphony, and above all for creating—to use a phrase of Mr. W. J. Henderson's "The atmosphere of celestial beauty which surrounded the true Mozartian art." It is true that large orchestras were not unknown in Vienna when Mozart lived there. Seven years before the composition of the symphony played yesterday he spoke of one of his symphonies performed by an orchestra in which there were 40 violins, 10 violas, 8 violoncellos, 10 double basses, and wind instruments doubled; an orchestra of 200 took part in a performance of an oratorio by Dittersdorf; but as a rule the orchestras were small and compositions were planned accordingly. There were only twelve violins in all at the Vienna opera house; only six at the opera house in Prague when "Don Giovanni" was produced there.

Yesterday the various walks of the wind instruments were clearly defined, more so than if the instruments had been doubled for playing against 30 odd violins with other members of the quartet in proportion. For once the skill and taste with which Mozart employed the wind was disclosed to even the usually indifferent hearers, who were content enough if they saw "Mozart" on the program, feeling sure that no surprise would rouse them from genteel apathy. Dr. Koussevitzky has conducted many poetic or stirring performances of the old masters—if Mozart can justly be called an old one and not a modern—but never one more charming, more entrancing than that of yesterday. Mozart wished his music to "sound." Yesterday it sang. The finale had the dashing gaiety that characterizes his overture to "Nozze di Figaro."

Mr. Gruenberg wrote to us that having laid aside "The Enchanted Isle," projected during the world war; finding it on his return from Europe, he came across melodies and passages that brought back to him the wistful, romantic days of his youth. He determined to recapture "a whiff of these enchanted islands of memory." And so his isle was not far off in some far sea. Yet as the music was playing one hearer could not help remembering Prospero's Island as described by Caliban:

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep
Will make me sleep again."

(Mr. Gruenberg, though he believes that a composition should stand firmly as music without the aid of any literal or pictorial association as a prop, will pardon the intrusion here of Shakespeare).

It is no wonder that this symphonic poem, first heard at the recent Worcester festival, delighted the audience. Here is music by a contemporary that is melodious, imaginative, and, when contrast is required, poetically dramatic. Perhaps at the beginning the influence of Debussy is slightly shown; but it is hard for any modern composer with a poetic soul to escape wholly this influence. There is here no imitation; no obvious recollection; only a sympathy in expression. The idiom is modern, but healthily so. There is nothing morbid, naturally or designedly in Mr. Gruenberg's musical thoughts; nothing forced or labored in his expression of the thoughts. Melodically, harmonically and rhythmically the music is his own. Nothing to show mere ingenuity; nothing, by a barren exhibition of technical skill, to impress the pedant. The last pages admit apparently a few superfluous measures. It seems ungracious to say this when the work as a whole gave so much pleasure. This pleasure was enhanced by the modesty with which Mr. Gruenberg responded to the applause. He did not with the last chord jump frantically from his seat and with coat tails flying make a wild rush to the platform. He was slow in rising at Dr. Koussevitzky's invitation; he walked down the main aisle, shook the conductor's hand, bowed to the audience, and then, without grin or smirk, with his chest in his natural position, resumed his seat. And it is not impertinent to say that preparing and interpreting the composition of an American, native or adopted, Dr. Koussevitzky shows the interest, the zeal that he would bestow on a new work by a European or on an important classic, and puts it in the clearest, most favorable light by his genius for interpretation.

The charming suite of Ravel's and the rondo of Strauss brilliant in itself and by the performance completed the program of a most interesting concert. It will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Spohr's Notturno for wind instruments and Turkish music—to be played as a whole for the first time in Boston; Eichheim's "Burma" and "Java"—first time in Boston; Strauss's Symphonia Domestica.

FINE PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe nov 9

Mozart, Ravel, Strouss and Gruenberg Pieces

Koussevitzky's Brilliant Readings of Modern Music Applauded

Dr Koussevitzky's brilliant readings of Ravel's "Mother Goose," Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle" made yesterday's Symphony concert unusually interesting. The program, a remarkably fine one, also included Mozart's E flat major symphony, which fared less well than the modern pieces at the conductor's hands.

Mr Gruenberg, whose home in is Brooklyn, was present to hear the first Boston performance of his tone poem, which was produced at the Worcester Festival last month. Dr Koussevitzky beckoned to him to come forward to share in the applause.

Mr Gruenberg, in a program note, explained his conviction that " a composition should stand on its own legs" unaided by verbal description. "The Enchanted Isle" is a revision of a piece written during the World War as a part of a projected series of four tone poems, "in an attempt to make a world somewhat pleasanter than the one existing then." The score has been published by the Juilliard Foundation.

This tone poem, scored for large modern orchestras, is fluent and well-written music, in a style which is sufficiently eclectic to remind the hearer of Richard Strauss, Debussy, Ravel and Stravinsky by turns. There are several finely imagined and eloquent passages, but these pages do not redeem the work as a whole from a certain vagueness and monotony of substance. It lacks dramatic unity. What one recalls afterward is a theme here, and a passage there, not an artistic unit.

One felt in listening to "Till Eulenspiegel" that this, if not the finest thing Richard Strauss has done, is certainly the best of his tone poems, and assured of a permanent place in the repertory. But it is dangerous work guessing at what will turn out to be the classics of our great granchildren. Dr Koussevitzky's keen feeling for dramatic contrasts, his ability to make music tell a story or paint a picture was admirably illustrated in his reading of this number, in which the orchestra played with splendid clarity and sonority.

Ravel's "Mother Goose," substituted on the program for the Spohr notturno for wind instruments, which is now scheduled for next week, also showed Dr Koussevitzky at his best. The brilliance and sonority he demands of the players in this seemingly delicate and tenuous music is quite in accordance with the way Ravel himself interpreted his works when heard here as guest conductor and as pianist.

But one wished yesterday that there had been more glamour and less intensity in the interpretation of the last number in this little suite. It failed to suggest "The Fairy Garden." Perhaps in Russia fairies are more strenuous and robust than they are usually supposed to be elsewhere, and disport themselves in gardens filled with California big trees.

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Post nov 9 BOS

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SYMPHONY IN BRILLIANT PROGRAM

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Only a single unfamiliar piece appears on this list—and that is enough for the general audience. If you averaged up the dates in which all the pieces were written you would get approximately the year 1878 as the average year—and that is a good average, too. In fact, the average is really a bit lower, since Gruenberg's work is by no means ultra-modern, as the listener would expect in advance.

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Herald nov 10

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Much comment and favorable has been made upon the conductor's Beethoven. Mr. Newman, here at the Beethoven festival of a few years ago, paid high tribute to it. One wonders what he would say to these performances with which the year 1929-30 is beginning. Last evening there were those in the halls who showed little enthusiasm at the prospect of hearing again the fifth symphony. Some of the same, seen again after the concert, said that they would not have missed this present fifth for anything that might have been substituted for it. Its high points are the last portions of the first movement and most of the last movement. The first movement grows and grows until it ends with a full-blooded weightiness that words cannot well describe. (After all, is it not the function of music to utter something that is crying for utterance, but which words cannot express?). And the last movement is nothing short of a blaze of glory. Between stands, of course, the expressive song of the 'cellos with its triumphant answer from winds, both repeated more and more elaborately; the scherzo with its humors variously; and then that long, tense, subdued ascent which leads to the blinding, overpowering finale.

An exceedingly pleasant bit of music is the interlude from Strauss's opera "Intermezzo." It is love-music,—of the musing wife thinking of her absent husband just before the arrival of the letter that will make her so suspicious, so jealous. But it is far from being a music of youthful passion. Domestic contentment, conjugal satisfactions, a feeling that all's well with the world as long as this wife and this husband remain "one", these emanate from the music. Once again Strauss is a painter in tones of a music of domesticity—not from many composers a theme for musical treatment. 'Cellos sing, other instruments sing, there are rich smooth harmonies, expansive transitions. And one says, "Isn't it nice? Indeed Strauss can write;" and passes on to the notes on the next number in the program book.

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FINE PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Nov 9

Mozart, Ravel, Strouss and Gruenberg Pieces

Koussevitzky's Brilliant Readings of Modern Music Applauded

Dr Koussevitzky's brilliant readings of Ravel's "Mother Goose," Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle" made yesterday's Symphony concert unusually interesting. The program, a remarkably fine one, also included Mozart's E flat major symphony, which fared less well than the modern pieces at the conductor's hands.

Mr Gruenberg, whose home in is Brooklyn, was present to hear the first Boston performance of his tone poem, which was produced at the Worcester Festival last month. Dr Koussevitzky beckoned to him to come forward to share in the applause.

Mr Gruenberg, in a program note, explained his conviction that " a composition should stand on its own legs" unaided by verbal description. "The Enchanted Isle" is a revision of a piece written during the World War as a part of a projected series of four tone poems, "in an attempt to make a world somewhat pleasanter than the one existing then." The score has been published by the Juilliard Foundation.

This tone poem, scored for large modern orchestras, is fluent and well-written music, in a style which is sufficiently eclectic to remind the hearer of Richard Strauss, Debussy, Ravel and Stravinsky by turns. There are several finely imagined and eloquent passages, but these pages do not redeem the work as a whole from a certain vagueness and monotony of substance. It lacks dramatic unity. What one recalls afterward is a theme here, and a passage there, not an artistic unit.

One felt in listening to "Till Eulenspiegel" that this, if not the finest thing Richard Strauss has done, is certainly the best of his tone poems, and assured of a permanent place in the repertory. But it is dangerous work guessing at what will turn out to be the classics of our great granchildren. Dr Koussevitzky's keen feeling for dramatic contrasts, his ability to make music tell a story or paint a picture was admirably illustrated in his reading of this number, in which the orchestra played with splendid clarity and sonority.

Ravel's "Mother Goose," substituted on the program for the Spohr notturno for wind instruments, which is now scheduled for next week, also showed Dr Koussevitzky at his best. The brilliance and sonority he demands of the players in this seemingly delicate and tenuous music is quite in accordance with the way Ravel himself interpreted his works when heard here as guest conductor and as pianist.

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Special Officer Manning

Arlington

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INFORMATION OBSCURED

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FIRST MONDAY NIGHT CONCERT

Symphony Opens Series With Admirable List

The current series of Monday evening Symphony Concerts had its beginning at Symphony Hall last evening, and there was the to-be-expected enthusiastic welcome to Dr. Koussevitzky, as he made his first appearance upon the stage. In that it commenced with Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" and ended with that composer's Fifth Symphony, the programme resembled that which opened this year's regular series of Symphony Concerts some five weeks ago. The other items, culled from subsequent programmes of that series, were the Interlude from Strauss' opera "Intermezzo" and the suite drawn from Stravinsky's ballet "The Fire-Bird."

Regarded as a medium to display conductor and orchestra to the best advantage, the programme of last evening served its purpose admirably. As before, Dr. Koussevitzky was singularly happy in his reading of Beethoven's Overture, and if his version of the Fifth Symphony is in some ways an unconventional one it stresses admirably the romantic and dramatic side of the music. As for the scintillant music of Stravinsky, it could scarcely receive at any hands a juster, more illuminating presentation and an appreciative audience continued its plaudits until Dr. Koussevitzky brought the orchestra to its feet to share in them.

Like that of a previous Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, last evening's audience received gladly the music of Strauss, which this year made its first appearance on the programmes of the Boston orchestra. An autobiographical domestic comedy, "Intermezzo" discloses an aspect of Strauss' artistic nature little evidenced elsewhere. The Interlude which in the opera first accompanies and then serves as postlude to the evening musings of the wife left at home while her husband pursues his career as conductor in a far-off city. The music, of innate simplicity and charm, is made with a mastery granted to few composers, whether of our own or another day and, artless as it seems, an exceeding artfulness has gone into the fashioning of it.

SYMPHONY OPENS MONDAY SERIES

First Program Is Given Brilliant Performance

An audience which left very few vacant seats gave Dr Koussevitzky an enthusiastic welcome at the opening of the first concert of the Boston Symphony's annual Monday evening series.

The program contained as its only "novelty" the Interlude from Richard Strauss' recent opera, "Intermezzo," to which Friday and Saturday subscribers have already been treated. This is suave and polished but supremely unimportant music, reminding one of the more sentimental portions of a Viennese light opera. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect an extract from a work which was intended as little more than a light and amusing diversion to be anything more than this. Certainly, despite its graceful insignificance, it is impossible not to enjoy the almost insolent skill that went into its weaving.

An intensely dramatic performance of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture had opened the concert stirringly, with moods admirably established and sustained and with emphasis effectively placed, if a trifle too vigorously insistent. The same composer's ever-popular 5th symphony stood at the foot of the program. It was performed with all the brilliance and energy to which Dr Koussevitzky in this work has accustomed his audiences.

His interpretation is planned with evident care—with an obvious desire both to clarify the structure of each movement and to let slip no opportunity of producing an effect to which the music may seem to lend itself. The result is sometimes illuminating; inner parts usually submerged are occasionally brought to light; the effect seems often excessively strenuous, but it is always alert and alive.

Stravinsky's Suite from the ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu" (Stravinsky of the vintage of 1910, of which the composer of today, with his neo-classic austerity, is probably ashamed) lent a note of legendary glamor to the evening's proceeding. The uncannily ingenious orchestral and harmonic coloring, and the pungently racial thematic material to which it is applied, never fail of their effect. Last night Dr Koussevitzky and his orchestra gave the work a most brilliant and imaginative performance, to enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

The second concert of this series will take place Monday evening, Dec 2.

Nov 16

TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, N

Symphony

Old and New, East, West, and Spohr Besides

Strauss of "The Domestica," Eichheim of The Orient, At Symphony Hall

THE STRANGENESS of the stage to the incoming eye, yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, matched the subsequent strangeness to the ear of Mr. Eichheim's tone-poems of the Orient. In both "Java" and "Burma" he employed native instruments that he had himself collected — gongs, metal bars and tubs, bells, other means to fine and novel resonance. From front to rear, they filled the right-hand corner of the stage, where usually the harps rise in gilded state. The interlopers were yet more golden; while upon brightly painted or lacquered stands most were disposed. Were the sun permitted to enter the concert room and had it fallen upon what one wit named "the Eichheim Collection," gongs, tubs and tables would have flashed back a manifold radiance. As it was, they gleamed uncommonly bright through the neutral atmosphere of Symphony Hall on a wet November afternoon as though this shimmer was counterpart to their light or gently dissonant tinkle.

To swell this strangeness Dr. Koussevitzky began the afternoon with the Nocturne that Richard Strauss suggested to him as worthy of resurrection from Spohr. It was played upon twenty-odd instruments, woodwind, brass, percussion, clustered and set well back in the center of the stage; while the empty chairs and desks of the string choir yawned about them. Indeed, not until the intermission had cleared the stage of Oriental spoil, did it resume its normal aspect, with the full orchestra of Strauss for the "Sinfonia Domestica"—a mere 108—in customary place.

Spohr's Nocturne occupied the listeners, and need occupy the reviewer, only briefly. Taking second thought, Dr. Koussevitzky prudently reduced the six numbers to four, excising an Adagio and a Polonaise, retaining a March, a Minuet, an Andante (with variations) and the Finale. As it was, before these "selections" had run course, the relatively narrow, and here undiversified, timbre of the wind choir began to cloy; while Spohr's neat little, tame little, melodic ideas endured not too well his elegant expansions. If Spohr began music-making as contemporary of Beethoven, he ended that calling as contemporary of Mendelssohn. Now and again the ear caught, or fancied that it caught, a Mendelssohnian finesse and felicity in the elder composer's uses of the wind choir and there was modicum of interest, pleasure—and speculation. Why, for example, did Spohr overlook the flutes and give all his best, or his virtuoso, measures—as in the Variations—to the clarinets or the oboes? At moments also he was ingenious when the bass-drum, padded lightly along in the background or the horns deepened a shallow music.

Spohr wrote the Nocturne for the entertainment of a rich man of business in Vienna; evidently believed him easily entertained; utilized, seemingly, whatever matter came slipping off his pen. To him the treatment was everything, and throughout the Nocturne is apt and neat. Yet Mozart, in his house-music for the great and rich of Salzburg, has many times the better of it. The kindly disposed made a mental note of "quaint" against this first item of the afternoon; the more irritable or austere demurred impatiently. One guardian of the temple—and frequenter of the theater—even declared that if she must hear "this sort of thing" at Symphony Hall, then Kern did it better than Spohr. Strauss, however, who brought about the resurrection, always was a connoisseur of wind instruments. "I like to listen to them," he told a friend when he was conductor at the Royal Opera at Berlin and was plodding on a sultry evening through "Lohengrin."

Mr. Eichheim's new tone-poems out of Java and Burma, measurably renewed the illusion, wonder and delight of his first "Oriental Impressions," seven years back. Then he, and we listeners with him, were discoverers of musical sounds touching the ear with strange softness and sweetness, caressing it with subtle dissonance, jangling upon it swiftly and suddenly, by all three holding imagination spelled. Both the new pieces are fresher, more original, graphic and poetized than the "Chinese Legend" of 1925. As occidental composer, Mr. Eichheim tends to a Debussyan idiom. It wore not too persuasively the Chinese trappings in which he would then dress it. In "Burma" and "Java" is relatively little trace of that Parisian speech and he resorts to it, primarily, as conveyance for his Oriental discoveries.

Beyond this pitfall escaped, another opens. "Java," for example, unfolds from motivs heard and noted there or elsewhere in Malaysia. From them Mr. Eichheim draws a series of variations. Before they have all come to pass, he has exhausted his material. The hearer catches himself listening only for the strange resonances of metal, in gong or tub or bar, struck by bright-colored, padded sticks. "Burma" suffers less by this limitation—because it is briefer and pithier, because it is more impressionistic and, as it seemed to an outsider, less dependent upon native motivs.

"Burma," moreover, was plentiful in a new interest—of rhythm. Two of the four short divisions are dances: grotesque for the Councillors; sinuous and spiralling for the Maids of Honor; while a third—of the Prince and the Princess—goes in stately motion with ritual-like flourishes. Now these rhythms are novel and piquant to Occidental ears, giving to the music a new beat, to fancy a new compulsion. They renew the strangeness that the first "Oriental Impressions" diffused. Again comes the notion that in this Oriental music is not a little that Occidental composers have yet to discover, employ and impart to audiences. At the outset of "Java" is similar rhythmic surprise. We listen to rice-pounders, and the swirling rhythmic patterns of their blows are intricate and singular.

Elsewhere, "Java" more gains the ear by the concord or the discord, the color and suggestion of novel, subtle timbres. A gong is tapped and the answering note is strangely bright, light, clear and sweet. From a bar and the bamboo resonator beneath proceeds as rare and as musical a sound. Other of these native instruments are touched, contrasted, blended. The notes fall super-subtle, super-shaded; lend a strange, soft glitter to the customary instrumental and harmonic vesture, upon which they are sewn like little stars. There are resonances and radiances in these Javanese timbres that as yet our ears hardly perceive; yet even so are surprise to the imagination. Mr. Eichheim discovers, adjusts, reveals; thereby enlarges less the bounds, than the sensibilities of music. He renews the adventure on a larger, bolder scale in the introduction to "Burma" and listening ears are filled with new resonances, dissonances and suggested mood.

Re-playing, for the second part of a long concert, the "Sinfonia Domestica," Dr. Koussevitzky renewed for Strauss the fine, true discriminating service that he did last month for Chaikovsky in the "Pathetic Symphony." It is easy to deride the tone-poem, when as yesterday, that picturing of Dr. and Mrs. Strauss, of Jacquingasse, 10, Vienna III., follows close upon such musical exoticism as "Burma" and "Java." It is equally easy to emphasize what some call the jocular, and others the vulgar, aspects of "The Domestica." There are German analysts who harp upon "drastic tone-picturing"; English, as well, who profess to know how, when and where the child is bathed and put to bed or husband and wife fall to querulous disputing. There are conductors, no less, who take cue for a similar reading; turn the final fugue into rude din and dissonance; set the clock to striking as though it were alarm for a lumbermen's camp; lard out the songful middle measures thick and greasy; with dull wits and heavy hands, begin and persist turgidly. From such performance the hearer departs ready to agree with the first detractor who happens to flaunt in his face the megalomania, the coarse humor, the tasteless egotism of the composer of "Ein Heldenleben" and this same "Sinfonia Domestica."

Such analysts, commentators and conductors read the tone-poem without the divination which is the only reason for their respective callings. Return to the final fugue and consider it as happy expansion of an awakening, morning mood, to be taken with animation, even exuberance, yet lightly, wittily, fancifully. Open the middle pages and find in them the zest and the passion of living when the artist creates or the man within him loves. Then release these ardent, full-freighted staves. Hark back to the unfolding of husband, wife and child in the motivs of the beginning. They are not semi-literal definitions, but the composer's fancy playing about his imagined household. Follow the course of the succeeding Scherzo and here is no obtrusive fiddle-faddle about "the baby's bath," but Strauss's fantasy upon homely happiness, as dreamful in its way as the sleep-chasings, so called, that link the middle ecstasies to the gay elation of the end. So to read "The Domestica" is to read it for the poetry implicit and discoverable within.

Yesterday, in Symphony Hall, Dr. Koussevitzky opened out such a tone-poem; while the orchestra was its manifold voice. As from one who writes musingly, the individualizing themes took shape and substance. Under the conductor's light pace, rhythm and tone, the Scherzo was idyllic. Cleansed of thickness and heaviness, distilled into cumulating passion of musical sound, through the middle pages went the achievement and the affection which are the fulfillment of living. The tonal texture ran rich and clear; the orchestra pulsed and glowed. The dreamful voice again in the transitional passage; the striking of the clock as sounds faintly stirring through this mist. Then with upspringing hand and tone the bright exuberance of the final fugue. The true, universal, enduring "Domestica," the tone-poem as tone-poem, from Dr. Koussevitzky's perceiving mind, divining imagination and ordering hand. These with an orchestra that at the top of its bent, Strauss might, almost, have added to his vision.

H. T. P.

Herald

URDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1929

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Spohr, March, Minuet, Andante with variations, and Finale from Notturno for Wind Instruments and Janissaries Music. Eichheim, "Java," a symphonic poem and "Burma" (conducted by the composer; first time in Boston). Strauss, Symphonia Domestica.

Symphonic and vocal music by Spohr was performed at the symphony concerts with a certain regularity up to the Nineties; but nothing by him has been listed on the programs since 1906 when Willy Hess played a violin concerto. Yet Spohr for many years cut a prominent figure in the musical world as composer and violinist; he was thought to be a mighty fine fellow in the concert halls. He agreed to this in his autobiography. Today he is known only by two or three violin concertos, a few anthems still sung in churches with choir of mixed voices, and, possibly the overture to "Jessinda." Little is known about the origin of his Notunro, extracts from which were played yesterday. Perhaps the work was composed for some court or other special occasion; perhaps for some orchestra proud of its wind choir.

The Theme with variations (which, transcribed, was performed here 70 years ago by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club) surely tests the proficiency of that orchestral section. Yesterday, it is needless to say, the performance was brilliant; one might justly say unsurpassable. Although the announcement that variations are to be played by an orchestra, violinist or pianist is calculated to strike terror in the soul of any hardened concert-goer. The art of the players yesterday lent interest to the music itself; the hearer refrained from saying aloud or thinking: "Old hat! Hear what Germans, who, Mr. Ludwig insists, are the most musical people in the world, enjoyed in the early years of the 19th century."

Mr. Eichheim, having acquainted the Symphony audience with music of China and Japan, visited Java and Burma for its benefit, studied the music of those countries, and brought with him Javanese instruments, which were added yesterday to those familiar in the West. No doubt this excellent musician, this enthusiastic admirer of Oriental music, will visit Sumatra and Borneo, and in a symphonic poem entitled "Borneo" will introduce the dance of the celebrated "Wild Men."

"Java" was performed by the Philadelphia orchestra last week. "Burma" is an enlargement of music written for a play by Irene Lewisohn, produced in New York in 1926. In its concert form it consists of three exciting dances.

When Saint-Saens heard Javanese musicians at the Paris exhibition of 1889 he described their music as ravishing: "The little bamboo bells; the gamelang, a series of small tuned gongs struck with sticks enveloped in cotton; charm deliciously the ear. There are unexpected rhythms; it is dream music by which some have been hypnotized. What ought the ancient Hindu music to be, with its complicated and characteristic modes? No doubt the master work of oriental music, of that art which responds to a certain state of mind and civilization from which humanity goes farther and farther day by day."

It was manifestly impossible for Mr. Eichheim to reproduce in his symphonic poem, with a huge western orchestra, even with the addition of the instruments brought from afar, the mood that depends largely on the scene, the native players and even the costumes. He was obliged to westernize the music somewhat; yet the chief themes were unmistakably oriental, and the variations of the charming, wistful, Malayan song did not dispel the illusion, or the mood, inspired by that air. There was nothing incongruously academic in these variations; no attempt to show technical skill as encouraged in conservatories. There was no abandonment of the exotic.

But if the exotic delights the soul in the first moments, the prolongation of the mood is a foe to enjoyment. The most sympathetic hearers wish that the music would at last have a more western, even a more familiar flavor. In plain words, "Java" would gain in picturesqueness and charm if it were shortened. Mr. Eichheim knew what he wanted in the performance; the orchestra eloquently responded to his wishes. Warmly welcomed when he came on the platform, hearty applause recalled him after the performance.

Strauss' Symphony in which he dilates in tones on joyful, also harassing, domesticity is known to all. More or less ingenious commentators have told audiences what they should see and hear in Strauss's home; how he, his wife, their relatives, and the baby behave, in peace and in screaming argument. The child is put to bed; there is no passage in which one hears the father like Mr. Babbitt, singing in his bath. Nor is there any table scene, no hint at beer and sausage. In respect the Ode Symphony, "The Pl[illegible] by Jabez Tarbox, produced at San [illegible] in 1854, is a more realistic wo[illegible] the analyst John Phoenix is to b[illegible]lieved. The train has encamped f[illegible] night. "The unpacking of the [illegible] and mess-pans, the unyoking [illegible] oxen, the gathering about the [illegible] camp-fires, the frizzling of the p[illegible] are so clearly expressed by the mus[illegible] that the most untutored savage could [illegible]adily comprehend it. Indeed, so viv[illegible] and lifelike was the representation, that a lady sitting near us, involuntar[illegible]y exclaimed aloud at a certain [illegible]assage. 'Thar, that pork's burning!' an[illegible] it was truly interesting to watch the [illegible]ratified expression of her face when, [illegible] a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished."

Strauss's themes are commonplace, but the orchestral dress in which they and their combinations are clad is gorgeous. The performance was of the virtuoso order and of the highest rank. The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give no concerts here next week. Mr. Burgin will conduct on Nov. 29-30 when the program will comprise Borodin's Symphony, B minor, No. 2; Saint-Saens's violin concerto No. 3 (Mr. Thibaud); Schmitt's Study for Poe's "Haunted Palace," and perhaps a suite from Hindemith's ballet, "The Demon."

EICHHEIM IS GUEST AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

THERE are only three numbers listed on the program for the Symphony concerts of this week, yet the music-making does not cease until two hours and ten minutes after it has begun. Nor is this long program tiresome, for each of the numbers had a special interest for the listener.

There are two novelties—Spohr's "Notturno for Wind Instruments and Janissarics Music," over a century old, and Eichheim's two Oriental pieces, "Java" and "Burma," heard under the composer's direction, for the first time in Boston. The second half of the program is devoted to Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica," which rather completes a Strauss Festival" begun with "Till Eulenspiegel" last week.

Spohr's music proved to be simple, quaint and charming. The instrumentation is not ingenious, for the composer does not single out each instrument with scrupulous regard for its possible timbres, yet the very combination of wind instruments alone is enough to give unusual color. This music is primarily entertaining, with an occasional flair for virtuosity, as in one clarinet roulade, which was brilliantly played by, we assume, Mr. Hamelin.

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Symphony

Matinee Of Thibaud And Lesser Lights

A Master-Violinist, A Lacking Conductor, New Piece Mishandled

UNMISTAKABLY it was Mr. Thibaud's concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. While the audience was cordial to Mr. Burgin, conducting as Dr. Koussevitzky's deputy, it was doubly warm toward the violinist. He was the first "assisting artist" of the season, and for such, though Dr. Koussevitzky usually banishes them, many still hanker. The Parisian, moreover, was remembered figure. Nearly every one recognized the tall, gaunt, life-worn presence when he came unobtrusively to his place beside the conductor's stand. In Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor—the chosen piece—the violin enters immediately. Mr. Thibaud had not played twenty measures before the familiar fineness of tone, the musical sensibility, the clear exposition, pleasured and absorbed the hearer. At each pause the applause was eager; at the end long and hearty; while in it the string choir—an audience of connoisseurs—quickly joined. The merciless program-book recorded the violinist as in his fiftieth year. Yet ear and hand on the one side, musical susceptibility and stylistic felicity on the other gave no sign of waning. Unlike many a violinist at middle age, Mr. Thibaud neither overdoes nor underdoes. At the golden mean he still sits in Gallic poise.

At first thought, the choice of concerto seemed disappointing. Three years ago, in Symphony Hall, Brahms's Concerto engaged Mr. Thibaud; five years back, Lalo's "Spanish Symphony"; in 1921 a Concerto of Mozart. Now he was returning to the Concerto of Saint-Saëns in which he made his début at the Symphony Concerts, ten years since. And in these days Saint-Saëns is a demoded composer, not too often heard in his own Paris. Readers of the program-book may have smiled doubtfully when it quoted some nineteenth-century German about the "stormy or the "intensified passion" here and there in this Concerto in B minor. At the end of the nineteen-twenties neither passion nor deep thought—as the cited Teuton also implied—is precisely the quality to be sought in Saint-Saëns's music. Yet other and more lasting traits still animate this third Violin-Concerto.

Under Saint-Saëns's hand the orthodox form is pliant not cribbing design. Measure after measure, page after page, flow forward, never faltering, never turbid. The musical content may not be remarkable or impressive, but economical are the means, astute the workmanship. Here a scholarly detail pleases; there an agreeable fancy; yet again an unexpected turn or an adroit euphony. The solo-violin shines out of the first movement; in the second, moves across the velvet background of the wood-winds; in the finale, gives the word of command to the whole orchestra. Passion there is not; but throughout just sentiment, tempered elegance, unfailing sense of style.

What Saint-Saëns put to music-paper Mr. Thibaud called to life in the concert-hall. His tone is fine-textured, and there is not a rough measure in the whole concerto. His ear and hand are quick to adroit euphonies; on Saint-Saëns's pages they abound. He shades and accents with a sensibility and a subtlety alert to the composer's every exercise in fancy or finesse. His clearness of mind—and tone—are mirror to substance, shape, sentiment, expanding and diversified. He shares the composer's economy and aptness. Where Saint-Saëns writes the just note, Mr. Thibaud plays it with as just voice and inflection. He is at one with the composer's precision and elegance; but he makes both less bloodless, since in his tone, as so much musical sound, there is life-giving beauty, a gently radiant tone withal to gild this measure now worn threadbare or that progression now running thin. And brittle never.

In the better days of the Comédie-Française, when a tragedy of Racine was acted, the charm of the voices; the felicity of the phrasing, intonations, cadences; the justness of the sentiment or the passion; the flawless measure, the stylistic poise of the whole, laid spell upon the listener. Less the woes of Phædra, Andromache or Berenice stirred him than the rising flow, the ebbing fall of this Racinian music. Similarly when Mr. Thibaud plays Saint-Saëns. The composer's "musical thought," as the learned call it, may be what it will—so long as from end to end the violinist glamours it.

The other numbers of the afternoon were less fortunate. There was the new Symphonic Dance," for example, from Wetzler's opera, "The Basque Venus," current show-piece in many concert-halls. Dr. Muck's audience in Hamburg rose to cheer it. Mr. Toscanini's in New York rent the reverberant air. A show-piece, however, requires showmanship in him who projects it—minor quality in such eminences as the German or the Italian conductor, present and serviceable none the less. It is altogether lacking in Mr. Burgin, intelligent, capable, sympathetic conductor that he proved himself in accompaniment with Saint-Saëns for Mr. Thibaud.

In Basque dances, Wetzler found his motivs; and they are vivid. With a modernist energy, he whipped them from rhythm to rhythm; diversified them with measures to suggest the spell, strange, fatal, irresistible, of Venus the Perturber. He dressed these motivs, repeated or developed, in the multifarious panoply of the modern orchestra. He accomplished that development in stinging progressions, biting harmonies, sudden discords, flicking timbres, nerve-racking climaxes. The outcome is undoubtedly a show-piece, but also current sensation in half the concert-halls of Europe and America. We Bostonians deserved also our excitement, but Mr. Burgin could set to the dance no displayful, nervous, vitalizing will. A laggard orchestra played it. Unjustly to composer and to audience, the whole went for naught.

Like misfortune overtook the processional movement from the Suite out of Rismsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Golden Cockerel." The composer flings up rhythms; sets instrumental colors flaring; the more incisiveness, glare and tumult the better. The showman's hand is essential and, for fault or merit, Mr. Burgin can not ply it. Therefore the Wedding March came tamely off, while in the orchestra inertia sat plain. Nearer to the music was the deputy conductor's version of the drowsy scene in King Dodon's courtyard, broken now and again by distant sounds of war. Rimsky-Korsakov was master, at will, of drugging harmonies, lazy rhythms, somnolent timbres. He could perfume measures with the heavy scents, the thick sweetness, the languorous dalliance of the Orient. In such music he clothes Dodon's slumbrous noontide court, dresses the queen of Shemakha, and Mr. Burgin has a viable notion of it.

Again with Borodin's Second Symphony, much depends upon the conductor. Borodin was no master of symphonic design and development. Visions of a primitive, feudal, oriental, Russia floated before his imagination, sounded in his ears. He saw boyards in concourse and at feasts; heard the chants of minstrels above the throbbing guzzli. An opera, a ballet, even a symphonic suite, might contain and unfold this dreaming. Borodin preferred a symphony, repeating the chosen motivs; making heavy-handed play with them; depending for a motion, body, surface, suggestion, upon emphatic rhythms, changing harmonies and timbres. By reiterated beat, by diversified color he would prevail. Now Borodin, with all his passionate conceiving, is no Rimsky and no Ravel at such imaginative, resourceful workmanship. He remains half-articulate and muscle-bound. The conductor must release the voice, set free the movement, disperse the monotonies. In their time Dr. Muck and Dr. Koussevitzky have done what man may with this Second Symphony of Borodin. Mr. Burgin, intelligent and able musician though he is, lacks the vitalizing force, the projecting imagination to impose such a laboring music upon orchestra and audience. His error throughout the afternoon—the Concerto only excepted—was to play conductors', not composers' music.

H. T. P.

STRAUSS DOMINATES SYMPHONY

His "Domestica" Is Played With Uncommon Eloquence

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the outset of yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert the stage of Symphony Hall presented a curious picture. Seated in the midst of a forest of unoccupied chairs and useless music-stands were less than a score of wind and percussion players, assembled to perform a resurrected Notturno of Spohr, while left stage, to speak theatrically, in readiness for Henry Eichheim's "Java" and "Burma," an array of red tables, heaped with glittering gongs, bells and bars, suggested a deserted Oriental bazaar.

ELDERLY AND TINKLING

The music of Spohr, more than a hundred years old but new to the Symphony concerts, proved to be in the last degree tinkling and innocuous. No doubt it pleased our great-great grandparents, who looked upon Beethoven as a dangerous fellow, and for that matter it pleased yesterday's audience, though it is kindest to suppose the applause was intended for the performance rather than for the music itself. And it was good to hear, for once at least, a portion of the wind-choir in isolation. In this the strings habitually receive more than their share.

This week for a third time a pair of Symphony audiences is being regaled with the musical fruits of Mr. Eichheim's Oriental journeys. Beyond that of any other composer is his mastery of translating the music of the East into the musical language of the West.

Slightly Monotonous

In "Java," his latest score, and in "Burma," music derived from a ballet performed not many seasons ago in New York, Mr. Eichheim has done his translating almost too faithfully. By common consent the music of Eastern nations, however seductive and fascinating some may find it, is by our standards monotonous, and the charge of monotony may well be brought against this most recent music of Mr. Eichheim's. Atmosphere he does obtain, however, and "Java" and "Burma" offer in abundance rhythmic and percussive effects, now exhilarating, now entrancing, while here and there they disclose harmonic and orchestral sonorities of singular beauty.

Mr. Eichheim, who again conducted his own music, was liberally applauded by his fellow-townsmen.

Strauss' "Domestica"

After the penny-whistle tunes of Spohr and the intense exoticism of Eichheim, the audience was ready yesterday for music closer to the current norm, and they received it in lavish, almost too lavish, quantity, since the hour was late, in Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica," once maligned and ridiculed, but now an impressive contestant for first place among the Bavarian composer's symphonic poems. In "Till Eulenspiegel" of last week some felt that Dr. Koussevitzky missed in measure the characteristic humor, but of the warm humanity, the rich musical substance, the imposing architectural design of the "Domestica" not an iota escaped him.

The performance was, indeed, one of uncommon eloquence, and the audience showed itself sensible of that fact.

EICHHEIM CONDUCTS "BURMA" AND "JAVA"

Composer Applauded at Symphony Concert

Spohr Notturno for Wind Instruments and Strauss' Symphonia Domestica

Henry Eichheim was warmly applauded at yesterday's Symphony concert, where he conducted as guest his musical impressions of the Orient entitled "Burma," and "Java," played for the first time in Boston. Dr Koussevitzky's share of the program included Spohr's Notturno for wind instruments, and Richard Strauss' Symphonia Domestica.

Mr Eichheim, a violinist in the Boston Symphony from 1891 to 1912, has in recent years made several visits to the Orient, where he has studied the native music of Japan, China, Burma, Java, and India and collected native instruments. His "Oriental Impressions," and "Chinese Legend" have been played by the Boston Symphony in recent seasons.

"Burma" is a symphonic poem made by Mr Eichheim out of the incidental music he wrote for a play by Irene Lewisohn, produced in New York in 1926. It begins with music intended to portray a twilight scene before a temple at Rangoon. Then follows a set of three dances grouped into what in Burma would be called a "Pwe," or entertainment offered in honor of a special occasion. The piece is scored for a large orchestra, to which gongs and percussion instruments brought by the composer from Mandalay and Rangoon were added yesterday.

"Java" is the first movement of an unfinished trilogy. It has an introduction intended to suggest the music by Javanese women on a hollow log, six feet long, used for rice pounding. The sides and ends of the log are struck with heavy clubs in intricate rhythms. Several native themes, with the aid of variations on them, furnish the material for the rest of the piece. In this piece Javanese instruments are added to the orchestra. They do not, however, include one of these rice-logs.

Mr Eichheim, unlike such European writers of pseudo-Oriental music as Rimsky-Korsakov, is thoroughly familiar with actual Oriental music. His themes and his percussion instruments are genuinely Oriental. What is more important, his imagination is saturated with the color and atmosphere of the Orient. No wonder then that his tone poems contain many passages that evowe that atmosphere even for listeners who have never been East of Suez. If they fail on the whole in blending the technique and the instruments of European music and those of the Orient the fault lies in the nature of things.

Suppose a patient and erudite native of Burma or Java, trained in the music of his own country, should come to America and hear the Boston Symphony, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra, then go home with a collection of saxophones, violins, trumpets, and so on, and try to write for a Javanese orchestra a set of musical impressions of such American scenes as the Harvard Stadium on a Saturday in November, or Park-st Subway at 5 p m. adding to his own orchestra his collection of European instruments. Would not the result be an imperfectly fused musical amalgam?

Spohr's Nocturne for wind instruments, probably written in 1812, was commissioned by a rich and presumably eccentric manufacturer. Dr Koussevitzky's revival of it was suggested by Richard Strauss, who caleld the piece to his attention last Summer. It served yesterday to test the virtuosity of the wood wind and brass players in the Boston Symphony. The suave and spineless character of the music, with its flabby themes and saccharine harmonies, showed clearly enough for Spohr's numerous operas, oratorios, cantatas and symphonies are now never played in public. Only the concert violinists keep his memory green by an occasional revival of one of his concertos, which, after all, are quite as good as the bulk of the violin virtuoso repertory.

Valiantly as Dr Koussevitzky and the orchestra labored yesterday with Strauss' Symphonia Domestica, one could not but feel that it was too long, too elaborate, too pedantic a working out of musical material without profound significance. It is curious that this should be the sort of thing done in the 1900s by the man who in the 1890s could write music so vital, so splendidly dramatic as "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." Strauss' music was badly placed on yesterday's program, after the long and exacting novelties by Eichheim and the dull show piece by Spohr.

So elaborate a work should be placed first on a program, even if latecomers had to be excluded for a long time. In New York and Philadelphia late-comers at orchestral concerts are not admitted until there is an intermission. Why are they in Boston permitted to troop into the hall midway in a piece, as they did yesterday during the Spohr, disturbing the 99 percent of the audience which had arrived on time?

P. R.

BURGIN LEADER AT SYMPHONY

Conducts Orchestra in Skilful Manner During Concert

In Mr. Koussevitzky's absence, Richard Burgin conducted the sixth symphony concert of the season yesterday at Symphony hall. He was more than adequate—and was greeted with gratifying and deserved applause.

The audience seemed particularly enthusiastic throughout the concert, and received with delight the orchestral suite from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or," which opened the program. Motifs from this colorful, melodic number have been plagiarized repeatedly, but they have not suffered. In their own setting they are exquisite.

The broad, moving beauty of Borodin's Symphony in B minor followed. It pleased the audience greatly, a mood for Slavic music having been established by the earlier piece.

Jacques Thibaud performed as guest soloist in Saint Saens concerto in B minor. His skill is amazing. The flawless performance of that sombre yet passionate piece brought rapturous applause from the audience.

Played for the first time in Boston, Wetzler's Symphonic dance in Basque style from "The Basque Venus," concluded the program. It is based on Prosper Merimee's story, "La Venus d'Ille," and comprises four Spanish dances that are vigorous, spirited and significant of the Basque country.

The program will be repeated this evening.

THIBAUD FINE SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

JACQUES THIBAUD, as violin soloist, and Richard Burgin, as conductor in place of Serge Koussevitzky, take this week's Boston Symphony concerts out of the routine. Soloists, especially those of M. Thibaud's stamp, are none too common at these concerts, and they are the more welcome when they come.

It is probably more than a coincidence that Mr. Koussevitzky decided to "rest" when a violinist was scheduled for assisting arrtists. For Mr. Burgin, concert master of the orchestra, has in the past conducted with a fellow-violinist at his side. Yesterday between conductor and soloist, the Saint-Saens B Minor Concerto was given new life. M. Thibaud's silken tone, his faultless artistry, his aristocracy of style, are an old story. Mr. Burgin's support with the orchestra was, to say the least, sympathetic. And the performance was the more notable in that, we understand, there had been no rehearsal with the soloist. The audience was so enthuiastic that if it had been in a New York concert hall it would have cheered.

The concert had other points of interest. Rimsky-Korsakov began it with a Suite from his opera, "Coq d'Or." Borodin's Second Symphony, in B minor, followed. This Russian half of the program was well played by the orchestra. Mr. Burgin has acquired considerable freedom with the baton since his last appearance. He is more confident, more ready to impart his wishes to the men. As a result, Russian music did not sound dull, even though Mr. Koussevitsky was not at hand.

There was one novelty, and it was reserved for the last—a symphonic dance from a recent opera, "The Basque Venus," by Hermann Hans Wetzler, German composer. In a single movement, four dances, Basque fashion, are joined. The music is exhilarating, not to say wild. It is something more than a tour de force, for the native themes are ingeniously developed, with remarkably effective harmonic and orchestral treatment. For once, a novelty was whole-heartedly applauded.

BURGIN LEADS AT SYMPHONY EFFECTIVELY

In the absence of Mr. Koussevitsky, Richard Burgin conducts this week's Symphony concerts wisely and well. He has not set himself the easiest of tasks, for on his program stand Rimsky-Korsakov's suite from "Le Coq d'Or," Borodin's second symphony, Wetzler's dance from "The Basque Venus" and Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor, with Jacques Thibaud for soloist.

To the Rimsky suite, Mr. Burgin brought quick perception and brilliant execution. Discerningly, he brought out the fantastic quality of the suite. He stressed its essential sensuousness lightly. In short, he brought from it all the ingenuity that Rimsky put in, and that is no mean achievement.

With Borodin, it was excellence on excellence. Conductor and orchestra marked well the savage, barbaric passages, were not too heavy handed on those allenly delicate Russian interludes which crop up surprisingly.

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Herald

URDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1929

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

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Some dismiss Borodin as an amateur in music; accomplished in his own profession; no doubt "fond of music", but far inferior to the other members of the "Big Five". Thus they do him gross injustice, as Handel unjustly slighted Gluck, saying that his own cook knew more about counterpoint. Borodin had not the academic training of Balakirev and Rimsky-Korsakov, but he wrote songs of exquisite beauty; here is the symphony played yesterday; there are pages of "Prince Igor"; there is a charming string quartet. No doubt in all these works, except the songs, a learned professor could point out some technical flaws, shortcomings and so on, but Borodin had musical ideas, imaginative, poetic; he was not slavishly bound to the theory that extreme nationalism is all-important; he knew and was proud of his country's history; he realized the value of Russian and Asiatic folk-songs; but he knew that music to endure for a time must pass national boundaries; that oriental flavoring must be for orthodox forms to please western ears; for nothing in music so quickly palls on the so-called civilized world as extreme and obstinate exoticism. Take the symphony in B minor, for example, of which The Finale is the least important section.

Only a composer of a poetic nature, a lover of the beautiful which includes fancy, could have written the Scherzo, the Andante, and much of the opening Allegro. In these pages there are fine harmonic and instrumental expressions that are Borodin's, not another's. The Suite from "Le Coq d'Or" preceded, delightful music in large part, but chiefly so by reason of piquant instrumentation. The difference does not lie in the fact that Rimsky-Korsakov's music is for the opera house; Borodin's for the concert hall; it lies in the musical nature of the two men. Borodin while he was writing his symphony was also at work on his opera. It is not surprising that there are measures in the symphony that recall the Polovtsian dances with chorus in "Prince Igor"; but there is nothing in the symphony that can be called strictly operatic; nor is Rimsky-Korsakov in his happiest mood when he attempts in any one of his works to be strictly symphonic, although he put himself under a rigorous course of counterpoint, when he found out that he needed this instruction.

Mr. Wetzler, knowing that the scene of Merimee's "La Venus d'Ille" is not far from the Basque country, helped himself reasonably to Biscayan rhythms. He chose the Fandango, though it is especially a Spanish dance; the Zortzico, a complicated dance in which many join toward the end; Espatadantz, a Basque sword dance that admits pantomime; and for a Finale the Arin-Arin, the last figure of the Zortzico.

The suite derived from the opera was first performed at Hamburg under Dr. Muck's leadership. The Chicago orchestra gave the first performance in this country last February. The opera itself was produced at Leipsic last November.

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Mr. Burgin had firm control of the orchestra. He conducted tastefully, with spirit, with authority. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for strings. Fairchild, "Chants Negres" (first time in Boston). Ravel, Bolero (first time in Boston). Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2.

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Mrs. W. E. Gray of Boston is a guest the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall in Atlan- City, N. J.

30, 1929

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Wetzler's "Basque Venus" an Orchestral Treat

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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Mr. Burgin's task in the pair of concerts he annually conducts is a difficult one. Audience and orchestra alike are more easily impressed by an "outsider" when it comes to the filling of Dr. Koussevitzky's shoes. Yet Mr. Burgin came through yesterday with flying colors. His programme, which, in addition to Wetzler's piece, listed the suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "Le Coq d'Or;" Borodin's Second Symphony and Saint-Saens' Third Violin Concerto, was shrewdly chosen. From first to last the orchestra responded nobly to his efforts, and the audience, as it chanced, was more consistently enthusiastic than it has been at more than one of the preceding concerts.

A goodly portion of this applause went, of course, to Mr. Thibaud, playing with familiar artistry, elegance, taste, musicianship and technical skill, the adroitly fashioned, superficially attractive music of him who has been called the French Mendelssohn.

Wetzler's Group Liked

But there was applause aplenty at the end of the concert for Wetzler's group of dances, a masterly symphonic development in the Straussian manner of tunes from the Basque country. After this brilliant, formidably difficult composition, most brilliantly played, Mr. Burgin, more than once recalled to the stage, bade his fellow musicians rise and share in the plaudits.

Cordial, too, was the reception accorded the suite in which, with Mr. Burgin as his spokeman, the grave-faced, bearded and be-spectacled Professor Rimsky narrated with the skill peculiarly his own these portions of a fable out of Russian legend, displaying to his enraptured listeners the magical and manifold tints of his orchestral palatte.

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The Russian Five were not meant to write symphonies. In the opera, the symphonic poem, the orchestral suite and the song lay the fields for their talents.

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Globe Nov 30

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Yesterday the appearance as soloist of the distinguished French violinist, Jacques Thibaud, offered some compensation for the absence of Dr Koussevitzky to those who think of concerts in terms of the notable personalities to be seen and heard. To those for whom the music is the chief thing at a concert, the admirable playing by the great orchestra under Mr Burgin's unassuming yet thoroughly competent leadership of an interesting program was wholly satisfactory One noted with interest, however, that a very large number of Friday subscribers had given their tickets to friends.

Mr Thibaud's interpretation of Saint-Saens' B minor concerto was warmly applauded. The violinist played with the type of sentiment and the suavity of style this music, essentially a salon piece, demands. For its technical exactions he was, of course, more than adequate. But Mr Thibaud's playing of Beethoven and Brahms on former occasions, has, however, roused more heartfelt admiration in the listener.

A suite of dances from Wetzler's opera "The Basque Venus" the novelty of the afternoon proved to be effective treatments of Spanish rhythms, scored for large modern orchestra, and given a highly spiced modern harmonic flavor. The composer, who was long a resident of New York, has not heretofore been represented on Boston Symphony programs.

The dances heard yesterday are drawn from an opera based on Merimee's story "The Venus of Ille." They may well take their place in the repertory with the many pseudo-Spanish works such as Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice," Chabrier's "Espana," and Bizet's "Carmen" whose vivid rhythms and coloristic orchestration so delight audiences. Genuine Spanish music, from Vittoria to de Falla, is curiously somber and serious in tone compared to the non-Spanish composer's notions of what Spain in music should be like.

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MONITOR DEC 16-

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Boston Symphony

Dr. Koussevitzky set an oddly assorted bill of fare before his paying guests at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fifth banquet of the season. For opening, he conducted Spohr's "Notturno for Wind Instruments and Janissaries Music," op. 34. Then he yielded the podium to Henry Eichheim, a former violinist in the Boston band, who now spends much of his time in the Far East. Mr. Eichheim took advantage of the opportunity to conduct his two recent orchestral pieces, "Java" and "Burma." After the intermission, Dr. Koussevitzky, who seems to be having a run on Strauss this year, returned to direct his forces in the "Sinfonia Domestica."

Dr. Strauss, indeed, had a further hand in the proceedings, for it was he, by report, who recommended the Spohr relic to the Boston conductor; hoping perhaps that it might find place on a program with one of his own compositions. Janissaries Music, as readers of Philip Hale's program notes learned, is Turkish music; that is, triangle, cymbals and bass drum. In short, this is military band music. It might well alternate with Beethoven's Turkish March in concerts for children. It is innocent, unpretentious stuff. Its chief interest lies in the variations of the Andante. It was gayly published by the wind [illegible] the United States.

choirs and gladly received by the Friday afternoon audience.

Mr. Eichheim has added two souvenirs to his memoirs of eastern travels. In his latest, the "Java," he joins to the usual orchestral instruments of the West those of the Javanese orchestra, including metal tubes, metal bars, marimba and gongs. These inevitably supply a certain color and atmosphere. The themes are native, but their harmonic treatment is that of the French impressionists. There is a great deal of repetition but no apparent development. We had always understood that Eastern music was very monotonous. Mr. Eichheim in "Java" gave us nothing to modify the impression.

The "Burma," written originally for a play, probably would be more expressive if heard in the theater. Of its two sections the first is a tone picture of "Twilight at Shwe Dagon." The impression left by this was not materially different from that made by the "Java." Both, we think, would be more effective if they were shorter. And it is possible that they would have profited if they had been conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky instead of the composer. Mr. Eichheim allowed the bells which accompany the entire twilight picture to be sounded so loudly that in the end they became annoying. Very likely this is the way they sound at Shwe Dagon. But Dr. Koussevitzky no doubt would have realized that, regardless of "realism," considerations of artistic balance required that they should be subdued. By the way, what do they do with sleighbells in Burma?

The remainder of the Burma poem consisted of three dances, making up a "pwé," or entertainment. These were more acceptable than the preceding measures, chiefly because they were shorter and yielded contrast among themselves. On the whole, Mr. Eichheim's impressions of the East are very definitely those of a traveler from the West, and we are not convinced that the attempt to make the twain meet by expressing the musical thoughts of the one in the musical idiom of the other is completely successful.

For conclusion, another nitid revelation of a Strauss score; in this instance, a score which would benefit by pruning—and this is not said because it came at the end of a program which endured for more than two hours. There are stunning pages, here are also dull pages here. But here were few dull moments in this efulgent performance. L. A. S.

BOSTON SYMPHONY MONDAY CONCERT

Martha Baird Soloist in Schumann Concerto

Globe Dec 3

Last night, in Symphony Hall, occured the second Symphony concert of the Monday evening series, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. As usual there was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Opening the program with Handel's "Concerto Grosso" for string orchestra, the conductor drew from his men their customary smoothness of tone and beauty of color. There are, however, those to whom Dr Koussevitzky's conducting is a thing unpleasingly studied, too definitely planned and posed. With not a note from the orchestra, the full emotional content of the music would have been vividly portrayed, now tensely dramatic, now languid. Surely music is enough in itself; it cannot need additional interpretation through plastic expression. The orchestra, however, admirably sustained the mood of the Lento, and to the Allegro it brought enticing grace.

The soloist of the evening was Martha Baird, already known to her Boston public thorough Jordan Hall programs. This time she was heard in the Schumann Concerto in A minor for pianoforte and orchestra. Unfortunately Miss Baird is not possessed of a tone of sufficient body to be altogether successful in appearance with so large an orchestra and in so large a hall. Again, one felt that her music was confined to two planes only. Gently she did her work, with a certain continuity, a certain tonal beauty. Occasionally she rose to bigger moments, but for the most part, it remained on a single level. However, she had the good taste to refrain from forcing, even if such restraint meant the sacrifice of interest.

The program closed with the Tchaikovsky "Symphony in B minor" (Pathetic), long a favorite with Symphony audiences. Here was emotionalism at its darkest. Sheer pathos against a background of storm and stress. Emotion grippingly sensuous; morbid sullen, relentless and inevitable, tearing its way along towards poignant climaxes. Rich and full was the Allegro con grazia, stormy the Allegro molto vivace, Well equipped, both technically and temperamentally were conductor and orchestra for an interpretation vivid and moving. A spell-bound audience waited breathlessly for a final note, then gave its customary tribute of delighted approval.

Some Men Have Hard Fists

He—Dearie, would this be an opportune time to ask your dad what my chances are?

She—Well, he's in his stocking feet.—Capper's Weekly.

Concert-Chronicle

For Second Monday

LAST evening at Symphony Hall the orchestra played its second Monday program. Upon that program stood Handel's concerto grosso for string orchestra, in D minor, Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony in B minor. Between there was Schumann's concerto for piano, with Miss Martha Baird, favorably remembered from recitals in Jordan Hall, as soloist.

With Handel's concerto, through its

Continued on Following Page

Concert-Chronicle

Dec 3

Continued from Preceding Page

ing thus upon solid ground, devoting more attention to the general ensemble overture first majestic, then playful; its "air" of accustomed Handelian melodic felicities, broadly suggesting the grave sarabande; the succeeding rippling Allegretto, played last evening with muted strings; the final energetic Allegro; with all these the orchestra last eveping excelled itself. Messrs. Burgin, Theodorowicz,. Bedetti, as the "concertino," played with luminous tone of surpassing beauty. Orchestra and conductor were somehow especially on their mettle. And Handel gave them ample occasion.

Thus also with Chaikovsky's symphony. Dr. Koussevitzky has long been noted for his masterful way with this symphony. To its poignancies, its griefs, in first movement and last, he gives sympathetic and persuasive voice. Does it move to more ecstatic moments, he is in the lead. Does gloom give way for the moment to good cheer, the mood is his also. And the charm of its second movement, the elfin-like scherzo, the ascending march of the third have been, and are, his forte. And the men, to the last stand of the fiddles, are with him. Dr. Koussevitzky has given many surpassing performances of this symphony. That of last evening was no exception.

As new matter (for the season) came last evening the concerto of Schumann. Probably in a concerto the attention centers more upon the soloist than upon the music. And Miss Martha Baird, last evening, was the soloist. Be it said at once, Miss Baird played well. As upon several occasions in Jordan Hall, so now in this larger field, her technique did not falter, her tone held beauties. And her Schumann rang true. The energetic, rhythmic Schumann, the Schumann of far flung melodies and of tender sentiment was hers. And yet something seemed lacking. The answer is not far to seek. The background furnished by that superb instrument, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, dwarfed the soloist in comparison. When her turn came to dominate, there was no domination. It would be the part of wisdom for her to play with those orchestras, and they are not few, above which she can rise. And do not the Monday concerts deserve, let us say, a Thibaud or an Iturbi?

A. H. M.

Post Dec 3, 1929

SYMPHONY IN 2D MONDAY

Martha Baird, Pianist Soloist With Orchestra

Martha Baird as the soloist in Schumann's A minor Concerto for piano and orchestra was undoubtedly regarded by many as the outstanding feature of last evening's Symphony concert, the second of the current season's Monday evening series. But the playing of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony by the Boston orchestra in its present estate under the direction of Dr. Koussevitzky must remain an event of major importance, even though the conductor's vivifying and poetizing way with the piece is no longer a new story to Bostonian ears.

For the matter of that, Schumann's A minor Concerto is scarcely a novelty hereabouts. Whether the marked warmth with which it was received by last evening's audience was tribute to the continued popularity of the music itself or to Miss Baird's playing of the solo portion may not be estimated. Certain it is that the young pianist, several times recalled to the stage, may well count last evening's reception another addition to the list of successes which she has achieved both here and in Europe. Nor was the enthusiasm unmerited. Miss Baird does not belong to the generation brought up in the Schumann "tradition," but she brings to the service of this music of an earlier and more romantic day an excellent and abundant technique and a fresh and youthful enthusiasm. That there was breadth and beauty in the orchestral support goes without the saying.

Handel's Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, Opus 6, No. 10, recently heard at one of the regular pairs of Symphony concerts, began the programme of last evening and once again displayed the surpassing excellence of the orchestra's string choir.

No. 1.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first of the Monday evening concerts this season last night in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows:

Herald Dec 3

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Handel's Concerto Grosso op. 6, No. 10; Schumann's Piano Concerto (Martha Baird, pianist); Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

As the music by Handel and Tchaikovsky has been performed here recently and as the music itself is familiar to Boston's audiences, there remains little to be said except that the performance again excited enthusiastic admiration. Again the charming air and the joyous allegros of Handel; again the pathos and the splendor of Tchaikovsky's symphony made their irresistible way. The fiery, exciting March was played superbly.

Some have expressed the opinion in recent years that Schumann's concerto is not for large halls; that it is too intimate. Yet pianists of the first rank do not agree to this and those of lesser fame find the music grateful especially if they have developed a fine rhythmic sense. Miss Baird who gave a recital here last October displayed an agreeable touch and well-trained fingers.

The next concert of the series will be on Jan. 27.

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Plays and Players --- Music and Musicians

Spoils From The East for Western Ears

To Symphony Hall Eichheim, Returned Anew, Brings "Java" and "Burma"

OLD HANDS when they read, a week ago, Dr. Koussevitzky's program for the Symphony Concerts of today and tomorrow, believed it no more than a preliminary run over the course. It read strangely; was sure to be altered, perhaps more than once. On the contrary it stood, and still stands, firm: Spohr's Nocturne for Wind Instruments as beginning; then Mr. Eichheim's two tone-poems, "Burma" and "Java"; finally Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," battle-horse that the conductor rides gladly. To the three novel pieces, then—for it contains that unusual number—with what speed and space we may. This article shall traverse the Orient early.

Henry Eichheim will be remembered by some for his "Oriental Impressions" and his "Chinese Legend," played here respectively in 1922 and 1925; by others from the fact that he belonged to the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1890 to 1912. He is now a world-traveller, though his legal residence is in Santa Barbara, California. As a composer he devotes his energies to the music of the Orient. Upon this week's program at Symphony Hall stand two of his latest works, "Burma," originally composed as music for a play by Irene Lewisohn at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York in 1926, later enlarged and played by the Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia orchestras; "Java," entirely new, which the composer conducted for the first time at Philadelphia on Friday, Saturday and Monday last. In them Mr. Eichheim uses the instruments of the Gamelang or Javanese orchestra,—the bonang, made of twelve small metal tubes; the saron, seven heavy bronze bars on a resonator; the demong, seven bronze bars each under its own resonator; the gender, thirteen metal bars strung over bamboo resonators; a marimba; five tuned gongs. These, by word of mouth from Mr. Eichheim, are "all authentic and used by the natives of Java. They were brought from Samarang and Solokarta. In playing them the natives sit on the floor." There are also Burmese instruments, "brought from Rangoon and Mandalay." Together these two groups of instruments fill most of the space where usually the last desks of violas have place; from there to back-center of the orchestral platform. To play them there will be nine percussion-players, drawn from various choirs of the orchestra.

"'Java'" said Mr. Eichheim yesterday, "is the result of my last trip (1927-28) to the Orient, and is the first movement of an Oriental Symphony which I am writing. It is dedicated to my wife. The second movement, 'Angkor,' depicting the masses of great temples in Cambodia, is dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky. This Cambodian architecture includes the most impressively beautiful temples in French Indo-China. The building left by the Khmers are a fruitful field for an artist to dream and think in. The effect at night of this dead grandeur was overpowering and fantastic in the extreme and a strange contrast to Chinese ruins, as for example the Temple of Heaven in Peiping.

"The finale of this Symphony, 'Bali,' is based on the brilliant and scintillating music of this people. It will be dedicated to Mr. Stokowski. Bali is a delightful paradise sixty by ninety miles in size, thirty-six hours by steamer directly east of Java. Its inhabitants are the handsomest, most lovable people on earth. They are all peasants—farmers first of all, then artists: goldsmiths and silversmiths, weavers, architects, painters, actors, musicians, wood-carvers. Their music is of extravagantly brilliant intensity. They use the same instruments as the Javanese, but strike them with hard hammers, while the Javanese use soft hammers. Hence the brilliance of their music. Javanese music, in contrast, is liquid and golden, the most beautiful music in the world. There are in it no edges or joints; it is an unending flow of entrancing sound. One never hears the impact of hammers, is never aware of the fact that the music is being made; rather is it like lovely streams that flow out of rocks—coming from nowhere, going nowhere; simply existing as a thing of sourceless beauty. Intricate rhythmical patterns follow one another with extreme logic. They are a basic principle for this refined, highly organized, perfected art. For this art is the result of the tropically warm inspiration of a profoundly talented race.

"This last trip of mine," continued Mr. Eichheim, "took me 1500 miles up the Yangtze River. While I was there the war broke out. More than one bullet from a Mauser rifle passed through my cabin on the river-boat. One day, about five hundred miles from nowhere, I remarked upon the artistic beauty of an inscription in Chinese characters on the grass of a river-bank. What was my surprise when I learned that these characters which I had been admiring spelled the words, 'Kill the foreigners.' I go on these trips, by the way, not as a musician, but as a lover of Oriental architecture: Then I hear music; it may be of orchestras, it may be the song of peasants at work, or of vendors selling their wares on the streets. But when I hear them I make note of them. So this last trip yielded me about four hundred examples.

On the island of Java I attended a royal wedding of five princesses at Djokjakarta. The beautiful young brides were covered with priceless jewels, in costumes of medieval gorgeousness. The ceremony was of great dignity and impressiveness, and ended only when the grooms carried the brides away in their arms. Forty days after the wedding there was an elaborate ceremonial celebrated by a three-day festival, lasting each day from six in the morning until ten at night. There were plays founded on the Hindu classics. There were dancing and the ceremonial music. Here was this golden music at its finest, played by one of the three best Javanese orchestras in the world. Through these long hours the orchestra was playing incessantly, leaving a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon the mind of the Occidental musician.

"My 'Java' begins with the music of rice-pounders; a hollow log six or seven feet long, used for threshing rice, is struck by six women with heavy clubs. The resulting sounds have caused it to be used as a musical instrument. The sounds are of astonishing intensity and the players weave intricate rhythmic patterns of asymmetric design. I use four of these rhythms in the introduction. Then after a transition there is a melody of five notes which I heard in the theater at Djokjakarta, which is the basis of the entire piece. There are also two counter-melodies heard in the courts of Djokjakarta. 'Java' ends with a section depicting the calm of early morning at the Borobudur, the largest Buddhistic shrine in the world."

"Burma" is divided into two main parts: (1) Twilight at the Shwe Dagon; (2) a Pwé. A Pwé consists of three dances: I. The prince and princess, personages taken from the Hindu classics and appearing as principal figures in Burmese and Javanese stage plays. II. Grotesquerie. Grotesque figures which are part of all theatrical performances in Java and Burma. They relieve the tension of tragedy with their clowning add contrast. III. A final dance of the maids of honor. Said Mr. Eichheim:

"The beginning of 'Burma' pictures twilight on the platform of the Shwe Dagon, the most beautiful Buddhistic shrine in Burma, a huge golden spire. This twilight mood brings the peasants, the priests, the musicians, the boys playing ball, the water-carriers, the aged and the young, into the sacred precincts of this holy shrine. This teeming life is soon engulfed in the night and ends with the tinkling of the little bells that are suspended from the pagoda, swayed by the wind. The second part is composed of three dances and is called a Pwé. It is a form of entertainment common throughout Burma in which musicians and dancers and singers play their grotesque or serious music on platforms before a newly opened store, or at the house of a merchant who is celebrating the birth of a son, or some other festive occasion in Burmese life." A. H. M.

Concert-Chronicle

Incidents and Prospects

In the course of the season Dr. Koussevitzky is planning to repeat Stravinsky's opera-oratorio, "Œdipus Rex," first heard at the Symphony Concerts in February of 1927. Again the Harvard Glee Club will provide the chorus. Such a masterpiece should indeed escape the common fate of a single production.

"Eichheim of The Orient"

Composer-Conductor at the Symphony Concerts This Week

He Will Be Heard as Explorer and Translator of The Music of The Far East

Introduction for New-Old Composer

Dr. Koussevitzky Presents Herr Ludwig Spohr to Audiences of 1929

THE third novel number on the program for the Symphony Concerts this week—the other two are described elsewhere on these pages—is a piece for wind choir by Ludwig Spohr, composer once often heard at these concerts. In the days of Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch and Pauer, the Overture to his opera, "Jessonda," was played seven times; the eighth Violin-Concerto thirteen times, the ninth, nine times. Eight of his compositions had distinct place in the repertory—four of them violin-concertos, two overtures, two symphonies. The last Spohr performance occurred Oct. 20, 1906, when Willy Hess played the ninth Violin-Concerto and Dr. Muck conducted at his second pair of concerts in America. More recently, if memory does not slip Albert Spalding, the violinist, has played pieces by Spohr in recital, possibly in Boston. In his time and long after there was no doubting his vogue.

Spohr was a contemporary of Beethoven for no less than forty-three years. For Spohr's birth occurred in 1784, Beethoven's death not until 1827. But the two men did not meet until late in Beethoven's life. It is said that Spohr never fully understood or appreciated either Beethoven or Weber. But he was among the first to champion the cause of Wagner, giving early performances of "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" against much opposition. He was also greatly interested in Schumann.

Spohr himself was violinist, conductor, composer of powers in his day considered extraordinary. As violinist he played one of his own duos concertante with Paganini in Rome; was the teacher of many of the noted violinists of the succeeding generation; wrote a "violin-school" which long remained a classic in pedagogical literature. As a conductor he was famous all over Europe. Like Haydn before him, he was once guest of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. "It was at that time still the custom there," according to his autobiography, "that

Continued on Following Page

Amusements

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Introduction for New-Old Composer

Continued from Preceding Page

when symphonies and overtures were performed, the pianist had the score before him, not exactly to conduct from it, but only to read after and to play in with the orchestra at pleasure, which when it was heard [nota bene!] had a very bad effect. The real conductor was the first violin, who gave the tempi, and now and then when the orchestra began to falter, gave the beat with the bow of his violin." This was the state of orchestral performance only a hundred years ago. There was actual conducting only "when the orchestra began to falter"! It was with some difficulty that Spohr persuaded the directors of the Philharmonic Society to allow him to conduct with a baton, in which method of conducting he was a pioneer.

Spohr composed in all forms. His opus numbers mount to nearly one hundred and fifty. Best known among them was a symphony with title, "The Consecration of Tones"; the opera, "Jessonda"; the oratorio, "The Last Judgment"; the eighth Violin-Concerto. Historically he stands in the van-guard of romanticists. Indeed he has been called a "link between the old and new romantic schools" in German music. Like Schubert he had a taste for harmonic color; [illegible] modulations, [illegible] chromatic [illegible] least) sweet[illegible] modern ears, at [illegible] in favor, abound in his works. This first definite step in the direction of chromaticism was, of course, eventually to result in a "Tristan." But his style was prolix and amiable, circumlocutory and excessively mellifluous. Perhaps Schumann's dictum—"As he looks at everything as though through tears, his figures run into each other like formless, ethereal shapes, for which we can scarcely find a name"—would make him also an unconscious prophet of modern impressionism!

Upon the title-page of the piece to be played tomorrow stand these words: "Notturno für Harmonie-und Janitscharen-Musik; Sr. Durchlaucht Herrn Gunther Friedrich Carl, regierenden Fürsten zu Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, unterthänigst zugeeignet von Louis Spohr." An obviously literal translation of this title would be, "Nocturne for Harmony-and Janissary-Music," etc. Symphony Hall has translated it "Nocturne for Woodwinds and Turkish Music." A little research will be to the point. Grove's Distionary of Music and Musicians, under Janissary, says, "See Turkish music"; and under that caption writes, "(Turkish of Janitscharen-Musik)—term which was once used to describe the percussion instruments in the orchestra, base-drum, cymbals and triangle. The band of the Janissaries, abolished in 1825, is said to have comprised a piccolo and oboes in addition to the percussion instruments named." So far, so good. Spohr first heard "Janissary' music at a popular festival held in honor of the birthday of his prince. There was dancing. He writes in his autobiography: "In answer to my question as to where so many musicians would be found, I learned that the 'Janitscharen-Musik' would play for the peasants . . ."

To Spohr then, in agreement with Grove above, "Janitscharen-Musik" was a kind of band rather than a type of composition. Final confirmation of this view comes from Meyer's [German] Lexikon, which under Janitscharen-Musik refers to Militär-Musik and there writes: "A type of music, or a reference to the kind of orchestra which accompanies troops. One distinguishes: Infantry-(Harmonie-formerly Janissary-) Music, consisting of woodwinds, brass, percussion, also glockenspiel; Hunting (horn-) Music, consisting entirely of brass, with doubled French horns; Cavalry (trumpet-) Music, in which woodwinds are lacking, alto-horns replace French horns, trumpets stand in the foreground and drums are added. Each of these types has its peculiar tone-color. Infantry-music with its high wood-winds is suitable for modern music; Hunting music sounds well for song-like cantabile melodies; for Cavalry music with its piercing trumpets and resounding drums marches are most effective." From which discussion it is apparent that Spohr's piece might well be entitled in English, "Nocturne for military band."

Herr Doktor Richard Strauss, encountering Dr. Koussevitzky in Berlin last June, recommended the Nocturne. It falls into six divisions—march, minuet andante with variations, a polonaise, an adagio, finale. The score calls for a triangle, bass drum and cymbals, piccolo, flutes, oboes, clarinets horns, trumpets, bassoons, double-bassoon and trombone. The polonaise adds a "corno di posta." The square-cut eight-and-sixteen-measure rhythms of most of these movements preclude, of course, the meandering style which has been charged against Spohr as his worst fault. Per contra, except in the variations and adagio he does not rise above the style of military band music. The Nocturne was popular in Spohr's day. In Boston, the Andante with variations was played in 1859 by the Mendelssohn Quintet.

Plays and Players --- Music and Musicians

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Herr Doktor Richard Strauss, encountering Dr. Koussevitzky in Berlin last June, recommended the Nocturne. It falls into six divisions—march, minuet andante with variations, a polonaise, an adagio, finale. The score calls for a triangle, bass drum and cymbals, piccolo, flutes, oboes, clarinets horns, trumpets, bassoons, double-bassoon and trombone. The polonaise adds a "corno di posta." The square-cut eight-and-sixteen-measure rhythms of most of these movements preclude, of course, the meandering style which has been charged against Spohr as his worst fault. Per contra, except in the variations and adagio he does not rise above the style of military band music. The Nocturne was popular in Spohr's day. In Boston, the Andante with variations was played in 1859 by the Mendelssohn Quintet.

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GENERAL BOSTON NOTICES.

Plays and Players --- Music and Musicians

Spoils From The East for Western Ears

To Symphony Hall Eichheim, Returned Anew, Brings "Java" and "Burma"

OLD HANDS when they read, a week ago, Dr. Koussevitzky's program for the Symphony Concerts of today and tomorrow, believed it no more than a preliminary run over the course. It read strangely; was sure to be altered, perhaps more than once. On the contrary it stood, and still stands, firm: Spohr's Nocturne for Wind Instruments as beginning; then Mr. Eichheim's two tone-poems, "Burma" and "Java"; finally Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," battle-horse that the conductor rides gladly. To the three novel pieces, then—for it contains that unusual number—with what speed and space we may. This article shall traverse the Orient early.

Henry Eichheim will be remembered by some for his "Oriental Impressions" and his "Chinese Legend," played here respectively in 1922 and 1925; by others from the fact that he belonged to the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1890 to 1912. He is now a world-traveller, though his legal residence is in Santa Barbara, California. As a composer he devotes his energies to the music of the Orient. Upon this week's program at Symphony Hall stand two of his latest works, "Burma," originally composed as music for a play by Irene Lewisohn at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York in 1926, later enlarged and played by the Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia orchestras; "Java," entirely new, which the composer conducted for the first time at Philadelphia on Friday, Saturday and Monday last. In them Mr. Eichheim uses the instruments of the Gamelang or Javanese orchestra,—the bonang, made of twelve small metal tubes; the saron, seven heavy bronze bars on a resonator; the demong, seven bronze bars each under its own resonator; the gender, thirteen metal bars strung over bamboo resonators; a marimba; five tuned gongs. These, by word of mouth from Mr. Eichheim, are "all authentic and used by the natives of Java. They were brought from Samarang and Solokarta. In playing them the natives sit on the floor." There are also Burmese instruments, "brought from Rangoon and Mandalay." Together these two groups of instruments fill most of the space where usually the last desks of violas have place; from there to back-center of the orchestral platform. To play them there will be nine percussion-players, drawn from various choirs of the orchestra.

" 'Java' " said Mr. Eichheim yesterday, "is the result of my last trip (1927-28) to the Orient, and is the first movement of an Oriental Symphony which I am writing. It is dedicated to my wife. The second movement, 'Angkor,' depicting the masses of great temples in Cambodia, is dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky. This Cambodian architecture includes the most impressively beautiful temples in French Indo-China. The building left by the Khmers are a fruitful field for an artist to dream and think in. The effect at night of this dead grandeur was overpowering and fantastic in the extreme and a strange contrast to Chinese ruins, as for example the Temple of Heaven in Peiping.

"The finale of this Symphony, 'Bali,' is based on the brilliant and scintillating music of this people. It will be dedicated to Mr. Stokowski. Bali is a delightful paradise sixty by ninety miles in size, thirty-six hours by steamer directly east of Java. Its inhabitants are the handsomest, most lovable people on earth. They are all peasants—farmers first of all, then artists: goldsmiths and silversmiths, weavers, architects, painters, actors, musicians, wood-carvers. Their music is of extravagantly brilliant intensity. They use the same instruments as the Javanese, but strike them with hard hammers, while the Javanese use soft hammers. Hence the brilliance of their music. Javanese music, in contrast, is liquid and golden, the most beautiful music in the world. There are in it no edges or joints; it is an unending flow of entrancing sound. One never hears the impact of hammers, is never aware of the fact that the music is being made: rather is it like lovely streams that flow out of rocks—coming from nowhere, going nowhere; simply existing as a thing of sourceless beauty. Intricate rhythmical patterns follow one another with extreme logic. They are a basic principle for this refined, highly organized, perfected art. For this art is the result of the tropically warm inspiration of a profoundly talented race.

"This last trip of mine," continued Mr. Eichheim, "took me 1500 miles up the Yangtze River. While I was there the war broke out. More than one bullet from a Mauser rifle passed through my cabin on the river-boat. One day, about five hundred miles from nowhere, I remarked upon the artistic beauty of an inscription in Chinese characters on the grass of a river-bank. What was my surprise when I learned that these characters which I had been admiring spelled the words, 'Kill the foreigners.' I go on these trips, by the way, not as a musician, but as a lover of Oriental architecture: Then I hear music; it may be of orchestras, it may be the song of peasants at work, or of vendors selling their wares on the streets. But when I hear them I make note of them. So this last trip yielded me about four hundred examples.

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Herr Doktor Richard Strauss, encountering Dr. Koussevitzky in Berlin last June, recommended the Nocturne. It falls into six divisions—march, minuet, andante with variations, a polonaise, an adagio, finale. The score calls for a triangle, bass drum and cymbals, piccolo, flutes, oboes, clarinets horns, trumpets, bassoons, double-bassoon and trombone. The polonaise adds a "corno di posta." The square-cut eight-and-sixteen-measure rhythms of most of these movements preclude, of course, the meandering style which has been charged against Spohr as his worst fault. Per contra, except in the variations and adagio he does not rise above the style of military band music. The Nocturne was popular in Spohr's day. In Boston, the Andante with variations was played in 1859 by the Mendelssohn Quintet.

Concert-Chronicle

ew: First Time Trans Nov 7

NOW that Spohr's resurrected Nocturne for Wind Instruments is deferred to the Symphony Concerts next week—for correction of badly opied parts—Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "Enchanted Isle," stands alone as novel piece on Dr. Koussevitzky's program for tomorrow and Saturday. Gruenberg is a Russian, born in 1885, now living and working in New York, best known in American concert-halls by a swirling setting of Vachel Lindsay's "Daniel Jazz" to the hilt characterizing that riotous poem. When "Enchanted Isle" was produced at the Worcester Festival on Oct. 3, 1929, the program-book contained this biographical note:

> Gruenberg is a pianist and composer. He came to America in 1885 and was educated in the public schools of New York. He made his studies with Adele Margulies in New York; at the Master-School in the Vienna Conservatory; with Busoni. He traveled as pianist through Russia, Germany, Norway, Sweden; was guest-conductor at the State Theater in various cities. He returned to America with Busoni and composed an opera, "The Bride of the Gods," for which Busoni wrote the text. In 1921 he was awarded a prize of $1000 for a symphonic poem, "The Hill of Dreams," played by the New York Symphony Orchestra. Other works are sonatas for violin and piano, songs, piano-pieces, a symphony, a piano-concerto, chamber music. Gruenberg was a founder of the American Composers' Guild. Recently he was made president of the American section of the International Society for Contemporary Music.

Interviewed at Symphony Hall, yesterday, Mr. Gruenberg proved a willing but modest subject. To the above sketch he added nothing material beyond the fact that he has been in Europe for the last eight years, returning to the United States only last year. "I was born," said Mr. Gruenberg, "I couldn't help it; what more is there to say?—to talk about myself—I stand revealed before the world in my works, for better or worse. You can read from them all my faults and weaknesses, as well as my good points. To add anything in words would be unsatisfactory."

Mr. Gruenberg answered the direct question whether there were a program for "Enchanted Isle" with a direct "No; I never have believed that music should be the handmaid of any of the other arts. It is absolute music and must stand on its own feet as music." It was written before the war, the second of four symphonic poems, "The Hill of Dreams," "Enchanted Isle," "Valley Voices," "Blue Castles."

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As is the case with Debussy's "La Mer" and many another piece, the title is undoubtedly sufficient program for "Enchanted Isle." It is written for full modern orchestra. It begins very slowly. In the second measure the English horn sings a sinuous, languid sort of melody. In the seventh measure a clarinet joins with mated tune. These furnish the basis for the first portion. But the themes probably tell only the least part of the story. The ornamentation gives significance to the title. Supporting all is harmony rich and sonorous, without being particularly "advanced." Upper strings add weird sonority resulting from playing on the bridge of the violin. Flutes give a colorful, undulating, gently skipping figure. Harp and celesta do their part in bringing about exotic illusion. After several climaxes upon a development of the English horn tune, there is a delightfully fragrant episode upon the clarinet theme. Even greater than before are the efforts of the instruments that lend color and atmosphere. Then comes a scherzo division in tempo presto. Swift as the wind and as free is this section. A single motif may hardly be pointed to as its "theme." It is as if all the scherzos of the world had contributed their share toward the making of this one exceedingly imaginative scherzo. Then andante and scherzo alternately enter, after which there is a huge final climax on the original themes. The general style is decidedly pro-Stravinskian.

A. H. M.

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Symphonic Poem, "Enchanted Isle"...Gruenberg
Suite from The Ballet, "Mother Goose"...Ravel
Rondo for Orchestra, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....Strauss

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Polonaise in C-sharp minor—Impromptu in A-flat—Brilliant Waltz.....Chopin
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Nocturne and Turkish Music for Wind Instruments.....Spohr
Burma.....Eichheim
Java.....Eichheim
Night in Minneapolis.....Strauss

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There is no doubt about Koussevitzky's own appreciation of the reception given him. He even made a little speech just long enough to tell the audience that the new hall was the finest in the world. That was quite enough; for it was what everybody wished to hear. Then he proceeded to break every rule of the organization he leads with such supreme mastery by adding to the program a part of the Chaikovsky "Pathetic" Symphony.

How many times he was recalled during the evening it is impossible to say. After the Ravel number I counted up to half a dozen and then wearied. The audience remained long after the program was concluded. It might have been there still, had it been posible to make Mr. Koussevitzky miss his train. They did their best anyway and to a man the orchestra responded.

Concert-Chronicle

Nov 6 Trans.

"Back to Mozart"

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Most, however, Mozart and his music were the gainers. Since there was no over-weight of strings, no consequent doubling of the wood-winds, the orchestral tone was transparent, supple, finely charactered. A full orchestra may hardly escape sluggishness at a quick Mozartean turn or transition. Its bulk blurs Mozartean clearness; especially in forte passages dulls Mozartean crispness. It stamps when it accents a Minuet; its fleetness is self-conscious and labored in a Finale. Substitute the small orchestra of Dr. Koussevitzky and every measure sounds with Mozartean clarity, pith and ease. Restored to the medium in which he sub-consciously heard it, again it speaks from his mind, heart and hand. There are plenty of all three in this Symphony in E-flat.

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Eichheim of The Orient

AT the Symphony Concerts of next week Henry Eichheim, over-long absent from a public that knows and admires him, will be guest of the orchestra as composer and conductor. Two of his pieces, both new to Boston, will then be heard, by title "Java" and "Burma." The first is Mr. Eichheim's most recent work, to be produced this week by the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is Part One of a trilogy to be completed by Part Two, "Bali," and Part Three, "Angkor"—both shrines of the Far East. "Burma" is adaptation into the symphonic form of a Burmese ballet, written by Mr. Eichheim for the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York in the days of the Lewisohns. Needless to say, both "Java" and "Burma" are fruit of the composer's frequent journeys to the Orient, his studies of its music and its instruments, the instinct for both that he has developed and refined, the sparks these contacts set to his own creative imagination. By the precedent of the past,

Mr. Eichheim has again discovered new, strange, fascinating sounds.

That Babel of Sounds Which Is the Orient

Backgrounds to the Music Which Eichheim Has Transcribed

ALL life in the Orient, from its most momentous to its least consequential acts, is accompanied by music. The peddling of fish in the streets of Peiping, the begging of alms in the Nanking road, the arduous occupations of Seoul street laborers, the solicitations of blind Chinese masseurs, the plying of boatmen up and down yellow rivers, the tasks of actors in native theaters, all have their investitures of song or primitive percussion or both. In bazaars the beat of woodblocks and skin drums is never stilled . . . the flute never stops its thin wailing . . . the resonance of the "lo" is insistent, and it might be thought life itself would suddenly cease if there were no cymbals. Chinese soldiers oblige the citizenry to be respectful by blowing furious blasts on the "haiio," a sort of conch. In the cloistered temples of the hills priests conduct their worship, and all other tasks as well, to the appointed rhythms of the "yung chung" or large bell. In the cities priests beg or conduct itinerant ceremonies to the sound of the "mu-lu" or block of hollow wood, shaped like a skull.

The Orient has its concert halls wherein the customary orchestra comprises two balloon shaped guitars, a three string guitar, a violin or two, a flute, a "yang-ch'in" or foreign harpsichord, and one small drum: on these instruments the performers play in time and well together. But the characteristic music of the Orient is to be heard in its by-ways and bazaars, its main thoroughfares and along its waterways where it becomes the spontaneous voice of mankind.

Music was originated in the East to express gratitude for all nature; it was thought by imitating the phases of nature men could ally themselves harmoniously with her. Essentially there has been little change in the motivation of Oriental music since those far centuries when it was thus devised to give thanksgiving and expression to the multiplications of human emotion. The soul of mankind in the East today expresses itself in much the same musical terms which were adequate many centuries before Christ. There is a Persian saying "Nothing which has quickened the soul of mankind can be entirely lost." There have been periods of musical anæsthesia in the Orient; for instance the one superinduced in 200 B. C. by the order of a great emperor who demanded that all musical instruments and such manuscripts as existed be forthwith destroyed. The later task of musical re-establishment was made especially difficult because of the imperfection that had previously characterized what musical notation existed.

As it had centuries back, the natural music of every Eastern nation today has mystic influence on the passions of its peoples. It is used to express the grave and gay in life, to hearten the weary, to inspire idealism, to stir patriotism and reverence, to propitiate the spirits of heaven and earth, to mark, variously, holidays and sombre obsequies, in large to make articulate all experiences of mankind. At the death of an Imperial Concubine in 1464 all music in the Chinese Empire was stopped for five days. But at the usual music hour the choirs and orchestras assembled, instruments in hand, to spend the appointed time in silence.

The Occident in general considers Oriental music a mere succession of monotonous and cacaphonous sounds. If, however, these sounds seem careless, judged by Occidental musical standards, it should be remembered that the entrancing harmonies they possess for Oriental ears are had only by using such instruments as seem appropriate and sound well together, and that what we consider unusual and irregular sounds express, on the contrary a spontaneous and profound admiration for all Nature, according to Oriental thought.

In the East, too, the music of the West is unenviable. Henry Eichheim, whose Javanese and Burmese sketches are included in the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for yesterday afternoon and this evening, and whose "Oriental Impressions," "Malay Mosaic" and "Chinese Legend" have been played by eminent European and American symphony orchestras, tells of dining on an evening with Mrs. Eichheim at the Tokyo home of Prince Tokugawa. After dinner a fellow guest drew from the sleeve of his kimona a "sho," traditional Japanese instrument of reed, fashioned of bamboo and having seventeen tubes. In the silence of a beautiful room this man played a cycle of ancient Japanese songs. The music, as his fingers moved with gentle precision among the tubes, was acutely pleasing to the Eastern ear but as inexplicable as it was lovely to the Western. When its sounds had drifted away Mr. and Mrs. Eichheim played, upon piano and violin, some of Debussy, a little of Saint Saëns, other things seemingly suitable to the occasion; but they were vaguely dubious of their music. Dim phantoms hovered in the room of a too different mode of music; and the contrast was sharp between the imaginative music of the East played with wondrous simplicity by a grave scholar upon an almost primitive instrument, and what is known as modern music in the West. A contrast not entirely helpful to the Western music. It was Prof. Tenabe, conductor of the Tokyo Imperial Orchestra, who has played upon the "sho," and it is a fact that Prof. Tenabe believes no good music has been written in 300 years.

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To the Oriental the music of his race is the distillation of harmony existing between mankind and heaven and earth. It was not Confucius alone who believed music vitally affected the constitution of the State, hence that to govern men was to guide their feelings rightly; and how better than by music "which softens the manners, disarms force by grace, brings nearer and binds together the various elements of society"? In China students commonly agree that the Emperor Fu Hsi (B. C. 2852) originated the first formal arrangements of music. These, it is said, were inspired by the emperor's own appreciation of and gratitude for all nature. The sounds he devised imitated sounds in nature, and were fashioned into a system whose arrangement made them agreeable to the ear. In 2000 B. C. the Emperor Hwang Ti was commanding his ministers to cut bamboo tubes which could be blown to imitate the notes of the phoenix.

Music is indispensable to the masses in the East. It is not an art merely reserved for those with leisure for the acquisition of culture, but is found everywhere, particularly in humble settings. For instance, the motives of a Japanese Nocturne, which Eichheim has translated into the modern orchestral idiom of the West, were heard at night in Ikao and Matsushima, in Yokohama and Tokyo, variously sung and played on instruments by blind masseurs, chanted by old men beating small wooden bells, shrilly piped by food vendors; they reproduce the sounds of the "koto," fish head drums, flutes, the mixed, muted and murmurous music of Japanese night. The materials of a Chinese sketch, likewise, were heard in temples and in theaters, tea houses and streets, during the following after of wedding and funeral processions, in the listening to street cries and the thousand sounds of city and country life heard in Peiping, Hang Chow and the Buddhistic temples of the Western hills.

On the other hand this Chinese Legend opens with an example of the formalized, traditional music of a Chinese ceremonial, written about 700 A. D. by an emperor. In Korea travelers often remark the theme of a song of street laborers of Seoul. Ordinarily five men sing this song during their working hours. One sings the refrain, the other four answer. Since such laborers work only when it occurs to them the flavor of the pieces is distinctly humorous.

The incessant indispensibility of music, as an adjunct to all eastern activity, will be understood when the variety of its uses is considered. Music constantly accompanies labor, study, meditation and celebration; it is relied upon to appease spirits, and is formally credited with exerting happy prenatal influence over mothers and their children; as it is essential to the conduct of religious festivals it is likewise necessary to the proper observance of all great occasions such as coronations, receptions of foreign ministers and guests, the festivities of weddings and birthdays. Civic calamity has instant musical accompaniment, and the greeting of ordinary household guests, thanksgiving for rain or good harvests, lightening of labors in the rice fields, heartening of beggars and wayfarers, charming of society; variously the animation of strife or peace are habitually accomplished with the appointed influence of music. It has two essential forms, sacred and secular, with minutely prescribed forms to govern the worship of heaven and earth and ancestors. Llama priests at Wu Tai Shan intone their prayers in deep notes a fifth, or even an octave, apart. And it is obvious that no happening of any consequence anywhere in the East, whether religious or secular, can take place without its accompanying music.

The progress of Christianity and civilization in the Orient has gradually lifted its music to a loftier plane. No music in civilization possesses such crystallization of romance and phantasy as the music of China and Japan, of Java, Korea and India. Its study by the Occidental student opens new fields for the cultivation and adaptation of new harmonies, timbres, progressions and linear suggestions. Rimsky-Korsakov worked from a music of the nearer East as Bartok has worked from the tunes of the Hungarian gypsies, and Gilbert from those of the Indians, but a great treasure waits for the student of that strange magic which is the music of the Far East.

In China, it was during the reign of Huang Ti, "The Yellow Emperor," (B.C. 2697) that certain tones were taken as basic, sounds were fixed, names attached to them and an association definitely drawn between notes and celestial bodies. Music forthwith became an avenue to good government and was recognized throughout the empire as an influence for making people better and happier. Succeeding emperors composed hymns to reflect national life. It is recorded that in 655 B. C. Confucius was so impressed with a hymn composed by the great Shun (B. C. 2255) that he "abstained from meat for three months," which is a charming way of saying that for three months he concentrated study upon the beauty and significance of the hymn. In China music rests on two principles; the 's'hen-li" or spiritual, and the "ch'ishu" or substan-

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TRANSCRIPT
NOVEMBER 16, 1929

Oriental Music

Continued from Page Five

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Concert-Chronicle

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Amusements ... *Page*

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That Babel of Sounds Which Is the Orient

Backgrounds to the Music Which Eichheim Has Transcribed

ALL life in the Orient, from its most momentous to its least consequential acts, is accompanied by music. The peddling of fish in the streets of Peiping, the begging of alms in the Nanking road, the arduous occupations of Seoul street laborers, the solicitations of blind Chinese masseurs, the plying of boatmen up and down yellow rivers, the tasks of actors in native theaters, all have their investitures of song or primitive percussion or both. In bazaars the beat of woodblocks and skin drums is never stilled . . . the flute never stops its thin wailing . . . the resonance of the "lo" is insistent, and it might be thought life itself would suddenly cease if there were no cymbals. Chinese soldiers oblige the citizenry to be respectful by blowing furious blasts on the "halio," a sort of conch. In the cloistered temples of the hills priests conduct their worship, and all other tasks as well, to the appointed rhythms of the "yung chung" or large bell. In the cities priests beg or conduct itinerant ceremonies to the sound of the "mu-lu" or block of hollow wood, shaped like a skull.

The Orient has its concert halls wherein the customary orchestra comprises two balloon shaped guitars, a three string guitar, a violin or two, a flute, a "yang-ch'in" or foreign harpsichord, and one small drum; on these instruments the performers play in time and well together. But the characteristic music of the Orient is to be heard in its by-ways and bazaars, its main thoroughfares and along its waterways where it becomes the spontaneous voice of mankind.

Music was originated in the East to express gratitude for all nature; it was thought by imitating the phases of nature men could ally themselves harmoniously with her. Essentially there has been little change in the motivation of Oriental music since those far centuries when it was thus devised to give thanksgiving and expression to the multiplications of human emotion. The soul of mankind in the East today expresses itself in much the same musical terms which were adequate many centuries before Christ. There is a Persian saying "Nothing which has quickened the soul of mankind can be entirely lost." There have been periods of musical anæsthesia in the Orient; for instance the one superinduced in 200 B. C. by the order of a great emperor who demanded that all musical instruments and such manuscripts as existed be forthwith destroyed. The later task of musical reestablishment was made especially difficult because of the imperfection that had previously characterized what musical notation existed.

As it had centuries back, the natural music of every Eastern nation today has mystic influence on the passions of its peoples. It is used to express the grave and gay in life, to hearten the weary, to inspire idealism, to stir patriotism and reverence, to propitiate the spirits of heaven and earth, to mark, variously, holidays and sombre obsequies, in large to make articulate all experiences of mankind. At the death of an Imperial Concubine in 1464 all music in the Chinese Empire was stopped for five days. But at the usual music hour the choirs and orchestras assembled, instruments in hand, to spend the appointed time in silence.

The Occident in general considers Oriental music a mere succession of monotonous and cacaphonous sounds. If, however, these sounds seem careless, judged by Occidental musical standards, it should be remembered that the entrancing harmonies they possess for Oriental ears are had only by using such instruments as seem appropriate and sound well together, and that what we consider unusual and irregular sounds express, on the contrary a spontaneous and profound admiration for all Nature, according to Oriental thought.

In the East, too, the music of the West is unenviable. Henry Eichheim, whose Javanese and Burmese sketches are included in the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for yesterday afternoon and this evening, and whose "Oriental Impressions," "Malay Mosaic" and "Chinese Legend" have been played by eminent European and American symphony orchestras, tells of dining one evening with Mrs. Eichheim at the Tokyo home of Prince Tokugawa. After dinner a fellow guest drew from the sleeve of his kimona a "sho," traditional Japanese instrument of reed, fashioned of bamboo and having seventeen tubes. In the silence of a beautiful room this man played a cycle of ancient Japanese songs. The music, as his fingers moved with gentle precision among the tubes, was acutely pleasing to the Eastern ear, but as inexplicable as it was lovely to the Western. When its sounds had drifted away Mr. and Mrs. Eichheim played, upon piano and violin, some of Debussy, a little of Saint-Saëns, other things seemingly suitable to the occasion; but they were vaguely dubious of their music. Dim phantoms hovered in the room of a too different mode of music; and the contrast was sharp between the imaginative music of the East, played with wondrous simplicity by a grave scholar upon an almost primitive instrument, and what is known as modern music in the West. A contrast not entirely helpful to the Western music. It was Prof. Tenabe, conductor of the Tokyo Imperial Orchestra, who had played upon the "sho," and it is a fact that Prof. Tenabe believes no good music has been written in 300 years.

To the Oriental the music of his race is the distillation of harmony existing between mankind and heaven and earth. It was not Confucius alone who believed music vitally affected the constitution of the State, hence that to govern men was to guide their feelings rightly; and how better than by music "which softens the manners, disarms force by grace, brings nearer and binds together the various elements of society"? In China students commonly agree that the Emperor Fu Hsi (B. C. 2852) originated the first formal arrangements of music. These, it is said, were inspired by the emperor's own appreciation of and gratitude for all nature. The sounds he devised imitated sounds in nature, and were fashioned into a system whose arrangement made them agreeable to the ear. In 2000 B. C. the Emperor Hwang Ti was commanding his ministers to cut bamboo tubes which could be blown to imitate the notes of the phoenix.

Music is indispensable to the masses in the East. It is not an art merely reserved for those with leisure for the acquisition of culture, but is found every where, particularly in humble settings. For instance, the motives of a Japanese Nocturne, which Eichheim has translated into the modern orchestral idiom of the West, were heard at night in Ikao and Matsushima, in Yokohama and Tokyo, variously sung and played on instruments by blind masseurs, chanted by old men beating small wooden bells, shrilly piped by food vendors; they reproduce the sounds of the "koto," fish head drums, flutes, the mixed, muted and murmurous music of Japanese night. The materials of a Chinese sketch, likewise, were heard in temples and in theaters, tea houses and streets, during the following after of wedding and funeral processions, in the listening to street cries and the thousand sounds of city and country life heard in Peiping, Hang Chow and the Buddhistic temples of the Western hills.

On the other hand this Chinese Legend opens with an example of the formalized, traditional music of a Chinese ceremonial, written about 700 A. D. by an emperor. In Korea travelers often remark the theme of a song of street laborers of Seoul. Ordinarily five men sing this song during their working hours. One sings the refrain, the other four answer. Since such laborers work only when it occurs to them the flavor of the pieces is distinctly humorous.

The incessant indispensibility of music, as an adjunct to all eastern activity, will be understood when the variety of its uses is considered. Music constantly accompanies labor, study, meditation and celebration; it is relied upon to appease spirits, and is formally credited with exerting happy prenatal influence over mothers and their children; as it is essential to the conduct of religious festivals it is likewise necessary to the proper observance of all great occasions such as coronations, receptions of foreign ministers and guests, the festivities of weddings and birthdays. Civic calamity has instant musical accompaniment, and the greeting of ordinary household guests, thanksgiving for rain or good harvests, lightening of labors in the rice fields, heartening of beggars and wayfarers, charming of society; variously the animation of strife or peace are habitually accomplished with the appointed influence of music. It has two essential forms, sacred and secular, with minutely prescribed forms to govern the worship of heaven and earth and ancestors. "— priests at Wu Tai Shan intone prayers in deep notes a fifth, or ...n octave, apart. And it is obvious ...o happening of any consequence ...ere in the East, whether relig... secular, can take place without ...ompanying music.

...progress of Christianity and civili...n the Orient has gradually lifted ...e to a loftier plane. No music in ...ion possesses such crystallization ...nce and phantasy as the music of ...nd Japan, of Java, Korea and ...lts study by the Occidental stu...ns new fields for the cultivation ...ptation of new harmonies, tim...gressions and linear suggestions. ...orsakov worked from a music ...rer East as Bartok has worked ...unes of the Hungarian gypsies, ...rt from those of the Indians, ... treasure waits for the student ...inge magic which is the music ... East.

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tial. The touchstone of Eastern music is, generally, spiritual harmony. The Chinese have a saying that harmony of the heart produces harmony of the breath, harmony of the breath produces harmony of the voice, and that the voice is symbolic of the ineffable harmony existing between heaven and earth. The Oriental generally believes that music without poetry is scarcely music, and that worship without poetry is no worship at all.

The element of fitness which inevitably surrounds eastern musical expression is very impressive. Although the vast shimmer of sound which is inseparable from all Oriental neighborhoods bespeaks the spontaneous expression of natural emotions it largely follows characteristic forms. The milliner has his own music, made with a drum to whose upper side is affixed a "T'ao-Ku" or gong. When the milliner makes the musical noises typically associated with his calling there is no likelihood of his being mistaken, let us say, for the candy merchant who has a small "lo" or gong of a different type as aid to his business. And it would not be possible in all the east to find a milliner who would relinquish his drum and "T'ao-Ku" for the simple "lo."

Fitness is a predominant characteristic of the music of India too. For a time one Abdul Kahrim, an Hindu musician of Persian extraction, was going about on a musical pilgrimage from the north through the south, teaching those he could interest in the ancient music of his people. He was singing with the utmost simplicity and virtuosity, many folk songs that had come down across the centuries, dependent for perpetuation in the knowledge of succeeding generations upon such devotees of their beauties as he. He was known to be able to sing one song in particular about a blue flower. Abdul Kahrim was one of the few who knew the song. And one day an Occidental ran across him and asked him to sing the song of the blue flower. Abdul Kahrim smiled with gentle gravity after an instant's silence, and then he said that the song about the blue flower might only be sung at 2 o'clock upon a certain afternoon after the rice harvest. At 2 o'clock upon the afternoon after the rice harvest the Occidental would be gone from the country. . . . So he never heard the song about the blue flower.

The original five notes of China denote the essence of five major planets in heaven and on earth, the soul of the five elements, and, in a man, the sound of his five organs. They correspond also to the five virtues.

Professional musicians are happily numerous, travelling in groups or singly. The individual musicians are an important part of the Oriental picture, various portions of their persons having affixed instruments sufficient to make a small but complete band; bells are attached to their heads, bones to their ankles, cymbals to their knees and they carry fiddles or flutes to play as well. Blind musicians invariably play only secular music; music is practically the only occupation open to them and the mission schools have classes for them. Then there are the troubadours which come to the villages at eventide and play while one of their number tells legends of the great life of their countries, or the stories of famous men and women. The accompaniment is upon two or three instruments, a sort of guitar, a fiddle, perchance a flute and any of a variety of drums. The villagers, their work finished, gather around the musicians in some convenient place and give an hour or two to the most apparent enoyment of the incident. In the cities numerous bands parade the streets, and offer their services wherever there seems to be something going on. The most wrapt attention is given the ballad singers as they exhibit emotion, picturing suffering or laughing heartily as the occasion requires, and the bands have a variety of cheap, simple instruments with which addition is made to the din.

Eastern music has pronounced seasonal significance. There is, for example, a certain kind of music heard in China at the Winter Solstice, "when the sun commences to beat warmly and to revive all things." There is music for the passing of the Summer Solstice, "to provide a sort of solemn recessional for the sun." The Chinese relate their music to the twelve moons of the year, and there are various kinds of music to suit the five types of etiquette; for joyful occasions, for calamity, for martial pageants, for congratulations and for a welcome to guests. Music for ancestral worship is, of course, a survival of the very earliest periods of civilization in the Orient.

When the Oriental worships Confucius his music is slow, and the notes traverse a small compass. Confucius was perhaps the greatest exponent of the "Doctrine of the Mean," and it would be manifestly unseemly, therefore, to worship him with elaborate or sumptuous music.

The composer desiring to secure in the Orient themes to be made intelligible to audiences 12,000 miles away to the West must go to the East empty-handed. He must go looking for everything yet looking for nothing. He must have forgotten the classics of the West, he must have forgotten the major and minor scales, particularly in China, for the Chinese scale is made up of irregular, untempered intervals and has no leading notes in it, so that it may not be called either major or minor, although it has suggestions of both. Chinese instruments are often not carefully made although they are frequently made of the richest materials imaginable. The melody of Chinese tunes is never supported by the chords and harmonies we believe give substance and richness to Western music. Our chords and intricate harmonies have earned for us in the Orient a reputation for toleration of barbarous sound. Our progress in scientific and other fields is pointed to and it is considered pitiable that we have remained musically at a standstill. Our melodic principles are generally conceded to be the symbol not of artistic virtue but of arrested development.

Thinness of sound is basic in the free-voiced music of the East. Western melodic line has no approximation and a quite different balance of instruments replaces the sumptuous instrumental resources common to the conventional Western symphony orchestra.

Instruments of the Orient fall into eight classifications. Metal, stone, earthen or porcelain, silk or stringed, melon or wind, leather, bambo and wood. In 785, in the reign of the Emperor Teh Tsung, jade instruments were used in India by the Buddhists and some were taken at that time into China. In 1056 the Emperor TuTsung had a flute made of a substance resembling tortoise shell. Often Eastern instruments have been made of red ivory, sometimes of the bark of beech trees or leaves. The "sung" is made of perfect reeds. There is the "sho" which is a traditional instrument continuing in use today. There are harps and musical stones, the considerable variety of bells and drums, the moon-shaped guitar, three stringed guitar, two stringed violin, clarinet, cymbals and flutes. The marimba, which is a kind of xylophone, is probably of Javanese origin, discovered in 1704 on one of Churchill's voyages. On the Emerald Buddhist Temple in Siam, where the King of Siam worships when he is in Bankok, four bells hang and when they wave in the wind they make an irregular and much admired sound. The roofs of the Temple are of Chinese Imperial Yellow tile bordered with indigo blue pillars of exquisite mosaic, and the centre of interest is the Emerald Buddha, that green jade figure enthroned under golden umbrellas and surrounded by praying devas. The image was unearthed at Kiong-Hai nearly five centuries ago, was subsequently stolen by invading Cambodians and later recovered by the Siamese. The temple was begun in 1785 and there was a considerable period during which it remained half finished. In 1879 the King vowed to complete it and it was dedicated April 21, 1882.

In Java all things are done with the utmost subtlety and glowing beauty. For sheer musical beauty Java is particularly rich. Its music is one of the most lovely treasuries of sound to be found anywhere in the East. The "gamelang" or theater of Java is possibly unsurpassed, with its combined music and acting. The two are wedded to such a degree of perfection that they seem to have advanced far beyond European culture. Even "Pelleas and Melisande" is unlikely to give such pleasure as this extra-stage art of Java which has the Noh drama of Japan for its only rival. The Javanese orchestra consists of wind, string and percussion instruments, the latter in preponderance to the other two.

The only possible means of reproducing the music of the Orient in the West is by borrowing a few of the more readily mastered instruments, such as bells, cymbals, small gongs and native drums and of approximating the sounds of others with instruments commonly in use by Western players. The typical attenuation of sound can be produced by the use of a few players instead of many; the fragile tones of the "chao" psaltery, "which begin and end on the bridge of the silver-crested love pheasant" (a purely symbolic term meaning, of course, that the instrument is the proper one for the playing of love songs) can be reproduced reasonably accurately with reed or string. It would be useless to try to bring from the East into the West the "Yu-ti" and "Yu-hsio," flutes of marble, so made because they are less susceptible to changes of temperature; the "Hai-lo" or soldier's conch finds a very excellent likeness in the European bugle. And, curiously enough, although it requires considerable experimenting with tonal quality, Chinese woodblock, the piccolo, flutes, oboes, the English horn, bassoons, harps and a variety of cymbals and drums will very creditably reproduce characteristic street sounds of the East; the song of the water carrier who balances his waterpots upon a bambo rod swung across his neck; the strange chant of the aged man busy with his evening prayers; the whining melody of the street musician playing his "ekeh" or reed instrument of bamboo; the shrill cries of female peddlers and the

Music Notes and Comment

Globe Nov 27

D[illegible]zky's contract with the Bo[illegible]ony is understood to permit [illegible]ust not more than three pai[illegible]ts out of the 24 in the reg[illegible] to other leaders. It is his [illegible] turn over the pair of Boston[illegible] following the orchestra's first [illegible] to New York to Richard Burgin, concert master of the orchestra, and now officially announced from Symphony Hall as its assistant conductor. For two pairs at mid-season guest leaders are invited. This year the Russian composer Glazunov will lead those in the week of Jan 13. It is said that Mr Arbos, the admirable Spanish conductor heard here last season, may again appear as guest leader in January. One hope that he will, remembering the remarkably fine playing of the orchestra under his baton last Winter. For this week's concert Mr Burgin now proposes a revised program with Wetzler's "Basque Venus" as its novelty. Thibaud will appear as soloist, lest subscribers complain that no notable figure is to take part in the concert.

The Wetzler work is taken from an opera of the same name which had its premiere at the Leipzig Stadttheatre Nov 18, 1928. The libretto was written by the composer's wife, Lini Wetzler, after the Merimee book, "La Venus d'Ile." The story deals with the pervasive and evil influence of every one coming within range of a statue of the Goddess of Love, which had been unearthed on the ancestral estate of a Basque nobleman. The excerpt from the opera which will be played by the Symphony Orchestra, is a dance elaborately developed from four themes.

Trans Nov 27

Concert-Chronicle

Straussian Delirium

FOR the Symphony Concerts of next Friday and Saturday two new works (at least to Boston) were originally listed—from Schmitt and Hindemith. Both are now replaced by a very new novelty from the German, Hermann Hans Wetzler—the "Symphonic Dance" from his opera, "The Basque Venus," lately played in New York under Toscanini, then rivaling Ravel's "Bolero" as generator of excitement.

Wetzler was born at Frankfort-on-the Main, Sept. 8, 1870. But he spent his childhood years in America. In 1882, at the age of twelve, he was sent back to Frankfort to study music at the Conservatory. There his teacher for the piano was Clara Schumann; for the violin, Hugo Heermann; in composition, Engelbert Humperdinck. In 1892 he returned to America, and from 1897 to 1901 was organist of Trinity Church in New York. In 1903 he established the Wetzler Symphony Concerts, in the orchestra of which Richard Strauss conducted during his first visit to this country. It was with this orchestra that he gave the first performance anywhere of his "Sinfonia Domestica," March 1, 1904. The following year Wetzler returned to Germany, where he has held important positions as operatic conductor.

"Die Baskische Venus," Wetzler's fourteenth work, is based on Prosper Merimée's story, "La Venus d'Ille." The

Continued on Following Page

Amusements

quality of complete persuasion for the first and only time to the Guild's performance of M. Rolland's play. [The Evening Post

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Continued from Preceding Page

libretto was written by the composer's wife. Actually there is no "Basque Venus," except in the imaginations of composer and librettist; for Merimée's story runs course in southern France. For purposes of their own, the Wetzlers moved the scene slightly—across the Pyrenees. Thus the composer could delve deeply into that now fashionable source of materia musica—Spanish dances, rhythms and "local color." Thus furnished, he could give the opera the treatment he desired.

In the program book of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Gilman summarizes the action of the opera: "It springs from the discovery of a bronze statue, supposed to have been made by the Greek sculptor Myron. The chief actor in the tale takes a ring from his finger during a game of tennis, and places it on one of the fingers of the statue. Remembering, late in the evening, where he had put it, he reports with much perturbation that the Venus has closed her hand on the ring, and that he is unable to remove it. The next day he is found crushed to death, presumably after having been embraced by the bronze Venus." The opera was first performed at the Municipal Opera House in Leipzig, Nov. 18, 1928.

The "Symphonic Dance in Basque Style," as the title on the flyleaf runs occurs at the beginning of the second act. The score, published separately calls for a large, Straussian orchestra. In concert it was played first by Dr. Muck at Hamburg, Jan. 7, 1929. It has been heard in America from the Chicago Orchestra (Feb. 8, 1929), from the Detroit Orchestra (Oct. 31, 1929), from the Philharmonic Society of New York (Nov. 14, 1929). Among the many currents of modern music, it flows out of the Straussian channel. Though the dance is played without pause, it runs in five divisions: I. Basque Fandango; II. Zortziko; III. Andante-Misterioso; IV. Espata-Dantza; V. Arin-Arin. The instrumentation of all five is full and brilliant. Wetzler prefaces the music with an anlytical summary:

> Basque youths and maidens dance the characteristic national dances before the guests at the wedding-feast in the castle. They are under the spell of the demoniacal force of the mysterious antique bronze statue of Venus, the silver eyes of which exercise a magic influence upon all the actors and events of the opera. Under this weird influence the dance assumes an ever-changing character.
>
> At the beginning, the sprightly strains of the Basque fandango are gradually worked to a climax of amorous ecstasy. The bold spirited Zortziko [a dance accompanied by tambourines, fifes and a kind of flageolet] which follows, is interrupted by a suggestion of the mysterious power that emanates from the staue and takes hold of the dancers. It is followed by an Ezpata-dantza [a sword-dance] on a Basque theme. Towards the end, the wild Arin-Arin [a highly rhythmical dance] grows more and more impetuous and reaches a climax of orgiastic frenzy.
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> This dance-fantasy is the crystallization, in free symphonic form, of the impressions which the composer received from the ancient national dances of the Basque people. With the exception of the melody in the Sword-Dance, which is symphonically developed, no original Basque themes have been employed.

Forthcoming Programs

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the supplementary concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Monday evening in Symphony Hall:

Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra No. 10, in D minor .... Handel
Concerto for Piano with Orchestra in A minor .... Schumann
(Pianist: Martha Baird)
Symphony, No. 6, in B minor ("The Pathetic") .... Chaikovsky

From Mr. Iturbi, the notable pianist, who will be heard for the first time in Boston next Monday afternoon and who has reconsidered the program originally proposed

Sonata in A major .... Mozart
Arabesque .... Schumann
Waltz in G-flat—Polonaise in A-flat .... Chopin
Variations on a Theme of Paganini .... Brahms
(Abridges Version by The Pianist)
Pavane .... Ravel
Danse de la prayeur .... de Falla
Corpus-Christi at Seville .... Albeniz
Pelele (The Basque Game) .... Granados

From Beatrice Harrison, the eminent

The Round of Concerts Now Running Full

Ravel's Impending "Bolero," The Harvard Glee Club Widens Its Field

Trans. Nov. 29

NEARLY every musical year brings its sensational piece. Within memory, it was Respighi's "Pines of Rome," or more particularly the high-rhythmed crescendo, in the fourth division, of legionaries marching the Appian Way. Now, it is "Bolero," Ravel's tour de force, originally brief ballet for Mme. Ida Rubinstein in Paris, heard as symphonic piece two week's ago from Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic Society in New York; to be played for the first times in Boston at the Symphony Concerts next week. At the first performance and at several repetitions, the Manhattanese shouted their pleasure, and talked of little else in the concert. Yet a few hissed, inasmuch as "Bolero" is modernistic and devoid of that precious commodity, "spirituality." Whether Bostonians will rise to like pitch remains to be seen; but they are little likely to hiss, since Ravel's name has long been sanctified among them.

Having heard "Bolero," Mr. Gilman wrote in The Herald Tribune: "The problem that Ravel set himself 'was to repeat a single theme incessantly over a basso ostinato, without the relief of any trick of development, of any change in rhythm, of any change of key (until a dozen bars before the end), and without any incidental passage, contenting himself with giving different colors to the motif by the most varied play of instrumentation, thus achieveing a sonorous progression uninterrupted virtually until the close.'

"The outcome is irresistible. Ravel has turned off, in his brilliant and fluent way, an astonishing piece of bravura, captivating to the sense and the fancy. The result may not survive among the major products of Ravel's assured and necromantic art, but it is likely to remain with us and yield us joy. The insolent disdain of monotony's dire peril; the wit (insolent too) of the manner in which the saxophones are employed; the long and insidious crescendo; the effect of the modulation to E major just before the close—these things are irresistible; and Thursday night they quite took the house by storm, and Ravel turned out to be the hero of the evening—not unaided, perhaps, by the Milanese mage."

Programs in Prospect

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of next week, Dec. 6 and 7:

Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, in G major for String Orchestra .... Bach
Chants Nègres .... Fairchild
Bolero .... Ravel
Symphony, No. 2, in C major .... Schumann

About "Bolero" there is a note elsewhere in these columns. Mr. Fairchild is a Parisian composer of American origin, whose music has seldom made way westward. Not before, in Boston has the conductor set his hand to Schumann's Symphony "of a dark time."

From Dr Koussevitzky for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening in Sanders Theater at Cambridge:

Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, in G major for String Orchestra .... Bach
Symphony No. 2, in C major .... Schumann
"Mother Goose" (Five Children's Pieces) .... Ravel
Rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" .... Strauss

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the first supplementary matinée of the Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday, Dec. 10:

Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, for String Orchestra .... Bach
Symphony in E-flat major (K. 543) .... Mozart
Symphony, No. 5, in C minor .... Beethoven

From Mr. Kreisler for his concert of

the Buren Quartet.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra will give a special concert in New York on Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, for the profit of the Russian exiles, familiar charity in Boston as well. . . . The Senate of the Free City of Hamburg has commanded a portrait of Dr. Muck, to be hung in the Rathaus as memorial of his services to music as conductor of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society.

The Associated Press devotes a considerable telegram to the approaching performance in Cincinnati of a Symphony by Frederick the Great, quite innocent of the fact that Dr. Koussevitzky produced it last winter in both Boston and New York. Even the New York Times, which usually remembers things, caught at the bait. . . . Mr. Kreisler lately sent a draft of $3500 to the High School of Music in Vienna as principle of a scholarship for young violinists.

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tial. The touchstone of Eastern music is, generally, spiritual harmony. The Chinese have a saying that harmony of the heart produces harmony of the breath, harmony of the breath produces harmony of the voice, and that the voice is symbolic of the ineffable harmony existing between heaven and earth. The Oriental generally believes that music without poetry is scarcely music, and that worship without poetry is no worship at all.

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Fitness is a predominant characteristic of the music of India too. For a time one Abdul Kahrim, an Hindu musician of Persian extraction, was going about on a musical pilgrimage from the north through the south, teaching those he could interest in the ancient music of his people. He was singing with the utmost simplicity and virtuosity, many folk songs that had come down across the centuries, dependent for perpetuation in the knowledge of succeeding generations upon such devotees of their beauties as he. He was known to be able to sing one song in particular about a blue flower. Abdul Kahrim was one of the few who knew the song. And one day an Occidental ran across him and asked him to sing the song of the blue flower. Abdul Kahrim smiled with gentle gravity after an instant's silence, and then he said that the song about the blue flower might only be sung at 2 o'clock upon a certain afternoon after the rice harvest. At 2 o'clock upon the afternoon after the rice harvest the Occidental would be gone from the country. . . . So he never heard the song about the blue flower.

The original five notes of China denote the essence of five major planets in heaven and on earth, the soul of the five elements, and, in a man, the sound of his five organs. They correspond also to the five virtues.

Professional musicians are happily numerous, travelling in groups or singly. The individual musicians are an important part of the Oriental picture, various portions of their persons having affixed instruments sufficient to make a small but complete band; bells are attached to their heads, bones to their ankles, cymbals to their knees and they carry fiddles or flutes to play as well. Blind musicians invariably play only secular music; music is practically the only occupation open to them and the mission schools have classes for them. Then there are the troubadours which come to the villages at eventide and play while one of their number tells legends of the great life of their countries, or the stories of famous men and women. The accompaniment is upon two or three instruments, a sort of guitar, a fiddle, perchance a flute and any of a variety of drums. The villagers, their work finished, gather around the musicians in some convenient place and give an hour or two to the most apparent enoyment of the incident. In the cities numerous bands parade the streets and offer their services wherever there seems to be something going on. The most wrapt attention is given the ballad singers as they exhibit emotion, picturing suffering or laughing heartily as the occasion requires, and the bands have a variety of cheap, simple instruments with which addition is made to the din.

Eastern music has pronounced seasonal significance. There is, for example, a certain kind of music heard in China at the Winter Solstice, "when the sun commences to beat warmly and to revive all things." There is music for the passing of the Summer Solstice, "to provide a sort of solemn recessional for the sun." The Chinese relate their music to the twelve moons of the year, and there are various kinds of music to suit the five types of etiquette; for joyful occasions, for calamity, for martial pageants, for congratulations and for a welcome to guests. Music for ancestral worship is, of course, a survival of the very earliest periods of civilization in the Orient.

When the Oriental worships Confucius his music is slow, and the notes traverse a small compass. Confucius was perhaps the greatest exponent of the "Doctrine of the Mean," and it would be manifestly unseemly, therefore, to worship him with elaborate or sumptuous music.

The composer desiring to secure in the Orient themes to be made intelligible to audiences 12,000 miles away to the West must go to the East empty-handed. He must go looking for everything yet looking for nothing. He must have forgotten the classics of the West, he must have forgotten the major and minor scales, particularly in China, for the Chinese scale is made up of irregular, untempered intervals and has no leading notes in it, so that it may not be called either major or minor, although it has suggestions of both. Chinese instruments are often not carefully made although they are frequently made of the richest materials imaginable. The melody of Chinese tunes is never supported by the chords and harmonies we believe give substance and richness to Western music. Our chords and intricate harmonies have earned for us in the Orient a reputation for toleration of barbarous sound. Our progress in scientific and other fields is pointed to and it is considered pitiable that we have remained musically at a standstill. Our melodic principles are generally conceded to be the symbol not of artistic virtue but of arrested development.

Thinness of sound is basic in the free-voiced music of the East. Western melodic line has no approximation and a quite different balance of instruments replaces the sumptuous instrumental resources common to the conventional Western symphony orchestra.

Instruments of the Orient fall into eight classifications. Metal, stone, earthen or porcelain, silk or stringed, melon or wind, leather, bambo and wood. In 785, in the reign of the Emperor Teh Tsung, jade instruments were used in India by the Buddhists and some were taken at that time into China. In 1056 the Emperor TuTsung had a flute made of a substance resembling tortoise shell. Often Eastern instruments have been made of red ivory, sometimes of the bark of beech trees or leaves. The "sung" is made of perfect reeds. There is the "sho" which is a traditional instrument continuing in use today. There are harps and musical stones, the considerable variety of bells and drums, the moon-shaped guitar, three stringed guitar, two stringed violin, clarinet, cymbals and flutes. The marimba, which is a kind of xylophone, is probably of Javanese origin, discovered in 1704 on one of Churchill's voyages. On the Emerald Buddhist Temple in Siam, where the King of Siam worships when he is in Bankok, four bells hang and when they wave in the wind they make an irregular and much admired sound. The roofs of the Temple are of Chinese Imperial Yellow tile bordered with indigo blue pillars of exquisite mosaic, and the centre of interest is the Emerald Buddha, that green jade figure enthroned under golden umbrellas and surrounded by praying devas. The image was unearthed at Kiong-Hai nearly five centuries ago, was subsequently stolen by invading Cambodians and later recovered by the Siamese. The temple was begun in 1785 and there was a considerable period during which it remained half finished. In 1879 the King vowed to complete it and it was dedicated April 21, 1882.

In Java all things are done with the utmost subtlety and glowing beauty. For sheer musical beauty Java is particularly rich. Its music is one of the most lovely treasuries of sound to be found anywhere in the East. The "gamelang" or theater of Java is possibly unsurpassed, with its combined music and acting. The two are wedded to such a degree of perfection that they seem to have advanced far beyond European culture. Even "Pelleas and Melisande" is unlikely to give such pleasure as this extra-stage art of Java, which has the Noh drama of Japan for its only rival. The Javanese orchestra consists of wind, string and percussion instruments, the latter in preponderance to the other two.

The only possible means of reproducing the music of the Orient in the West is by borrowing a few of the more readily mastered instruments, such as bells, cymbals, small gongs and native drums and of approximating the sounds of others with instruments commonly in use by Western players. The typical attenuation of sound can be produced by the use of a few players instead of many; the fragile tones of the "chao" psaltery, "which begin and end on the bridge of the silver-crested love pheasant" (a purely symbolic term meaning, of course, that the instrument is the proper one for the playing of love songs) can be reproduced reasonably accurately with reed or string. It would be useless to try to bring from the East into the West the "Yu-ti" and "Yu-hsio," flutes of marble, so made because they are less susceptible to changes of temperature; the "Hai-lo" or soldier's conch finds a very excellent likeness in the European bugle. And, curiously enough, although it requires considerable experimenting with tonal quality, Chinese woodblock, the piccolo, flutes, oboes, the English horn, bassoons, harps and a variety of cymbals and drums will very creditably reproduce characteristic street sounds of the East; the song of the water carrier who balances his waterpots upon a bambo rod swung across his neck; the strange chant of the aged man busy with his evening prayers; the whining melody of the street musician playing his "ekeh" or reed instrument of bamboo; the shrill cries of female peddlers and the rhythmic, somber song of boatmen maneuvering their boats about cluttered yellow streams; and the more consequential temple music, and still more nerve-stretching fascinations of Chinese dins which gradually sort themselves and fall into arrangements than can be fixed and verified.

JANET MABIE

THANKS for a Show That's RKO

TALK SING

Globe

...from Symphony Hall as ... conductor. For two pairs at mid-season guest leaders are invited. This year the Russian composer Glazunov will lead those in the week of Jan 13. It is said that Mr Arbos, the admirable Spanish conductor heard here last season, may again appear as guest leader in January. One hope that he will, remembering the remarkably fine playing of the orchestra under his baton last Winter. For this week's concert Mr Burgin now proposes a revised program with Wetzler's "Basque Venus" as its novelty. Thibaud will appear as soloist, lest subscribers complain that no notable figure is to take part in the concert.

The Wetzler work is taken from an opera of the same name which had its premiere at the Leipzig Stadttheatre Nov 18, 1928. The libretto was written by the composer's wife, Lini Wetzler, after the Merimee book, "La Venus d'Ile." The story deals with the pervasive and evil influence of every one coming within range of a statue of the Goddess of Love, which had been unearthed on the ancestral estate of a Basque nobleman. The excerpt from the opera which will be played by the Symphony Orchestra, is a dance elaborately developed from four themes.

Trans. Nov. 27

Concert-Chronicle

Straussian Delirium

FOR the Symphony Concerts of next Friday and Saturday two new works (at least to Boston) were originally listed—from Schmitt and Hindemith. Both are now replaced by a very new novelty from the German, Hermann Hans Wetzler—the "Symphonic Dance" from his opera, "The Basque Venus," lately played in New York under Toscanini, then rivaling Ravel's "Bolero" as generator of excitement.

Wetzler was born at Frankfort-on-the Main, Sept. 8, 1870. But he spent his childhood years in America. In 1882, at the age of twelve, he was sent back to Frankfort to study music at the Conservatory. There his teacher for the piano was Clara Schumann; for the violin, Hugo Heermann; in composition, Engelbert Humperdinck. In 1892 he returned to America, and from 1897 to 1901 was organist of Trinity Church in New York. In 1903 he established the Wetzler Symphony Concerts, in the orchestra of which Richard Strauss conducted during his first visit to this country. It was with this orchestra that he gave the first performance anywhere of his "Sinfonia Domestica," March 1, 1904. The following year Wetzler returned to Germany, where he has held important positions as operatic conductor.

"Die Baskische Venus," Wetzler's fourteenth work, is based on Prosper Merimée's story, "La Venus d'Ille." The

Continued on Following Page

Amusements

quality of complete persuasion for the first and only time to the Guild's performance of M. Rolland's play. [The Evening Post

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

libretto was written by the composer's wife. Actually there is no "Basque Venus," except in the imaginations of composer and librettist; for Merimée's story runs course in southern France. For purposes of their own, the Wetzlers moved the scene slightly—across the Pyrenees. Thus the composer could delve deeply into that now fashionable source of materia musica—Spanish dances, rhythms and "local color." Thus furnished, he could give the opera the treatment he desired.

In the program book of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Gilman summarizes the action of the opera: "It springs from the discovery of a bronze statue, supposed to have been made by the Greek sculptor Myron. The chief actor in the tale takes a ring from his finger during a game of tennis, and places it on one of the fingers of the statue. Remembering, late in the evening, where he had put it, he reports with much perturbation that the Venus has closed her hand on the ring, and that he is unable to remove it. The next day he is found crushed to death, presumably after having been embraced by the bronze Venus." The opera was first performed at the Municipal Opera House in Leipzig, Nov. 18, 1928.

The "Symphonic Dance in Basque Style," as the title on the flyleaf runs, occurs at the beginning of the second act. The score, published separately, calls for a large, Straussian orchestra. In concert it was played first by Dr. Muck at Hamburg, Jan. 7, 1929. It has been heard in America from the Chicago Orchestra (Feb. 8, 1929), from the Detroit Orchestra (Oct. 31, 1929), from the Philharmonic Society of New York (Nov. 14, 1929). Among the many currents of modern music, it flows out of the Straussian channel. Though the dance is played without pause, it runs in five divisions: I. Basque Fandango; II. Zortziko; III. Andante-Misterioso; IV. Espata-Dantza; V. Arin-Arin. The instrumentation of all five is full and brilliant. Wetzler prefaces the music with an anlytical summary:

Basque youths and maidens dance the characteristic national dances before the guests at the wedding-feast in the castle. They are under the spell of the demoniacal force of the mysterious antique bronze statue of Venus, the silver eyes of which exercise a magic influence upon all the actors and events of the opera. Under this weird influence the dance assumes an ever-changing character.

At the beginning, the sprightly strains of the Basque fandango are gradually worked to a climax of amorous ecstasy. The bold spirited Zortziko [a dance accompanied by tambourines, fifes and a kind of flageolet] which follows, is interrupted by a suggestion of the mysterious power that emanates from the staue and takes hold of the dancers. It is followed by an Ezpata-dantza [a sword-dance] on a Basque theme. Towards the end, the wild Arin-Arin [a highly rhythmical dance] grows more and more impetuous and reaches a climax of orgiastic frenzy.

This dance-fantasy is the crystallization, in free symphonic form, of the impressions which the composer received from the ancient national dances of the Basque people. With the exception of the melody in the Sword-Dance, which is symphonically developed, no original Basque themes have been employed.

Forthcoming Programs

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the supplementary concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Monday evening in Symphony Hall:

Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra No. 10, in D minor .... Handel
Concerto for Piano with Orchestra in A minor .... Schumann
(Pianist: Martha Baird)
Symphony, No. 6, in B minor ("The Pathetic") .... Chaikovsky

From Mr. Iturbi, the notable pianist, who will be heard for the first time in Boston next Monday afternoon and who has reconsidered the program originally proposed

Sonata in A major .... Mozart
Arabesque .... Schumann
Waltz in G-flat—Polonaise in A-flat .... Chopin
Variations on a Theme of Paganini .... Brahms
(Abridges Version by The Pianist)
Pavane .... Ravel
Danse de la prayeur .... de Falla
Corpus-Christi at Seville .... Albeniz
Pelele (The Basque Game) .... Granados

From Beatrice Harrison, the eminent

The Round of Concerts Now Running Full

Ravel's Impending "Bolero," The Harvard Glee Club Widens Its Field

Trans. Nov. 29

NEARLY every musical year brings its sensational piece. Within memory, it was Respighi's "Pines of Rome," or more particularly the high-rhythmed crescendo, in the fourth division, of legionaries marching the Appian Way. Now, it is "Bolero," Ravel's tour de force, originally brief ballet for Mme. Ida Rubinstein in Paris, heard as symphonic piece two week's ago from Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic Society in New York; to be played for the first times in Boston at the Symphony Concerts next week. At the first performance and at several repetitions, the Manhattanese shouted their pleasure, and talked of little else in the concert. Yet a few hissed, inasmuch as "Bolero" is modernistic and devoid of that precious commodity, "spirituality." Whether Bostonians will rise to like pitch remains to be seen; but they are little likely to hiss, since Ravel's name has long been sanctified among them.

Having heard "Bolero," Mr. Gilman wrote in The Herald Tribune: "The problem that Ravel set himself was to repeat a single theme incessantly over a basso ostinato, without the relief of any trick of development, of any change in rhythm, of any change of key (until a dozen bars before the end), and without any incidental passage, contenting himself with giving different colors to the motif by the most varied play of instrumentation, thus achieveing a sonorous progression uninterrupted virtually until the close.

"The outcome is irresistible. Ravel has turned off, in his brilliant and fluent way, an astonishing piece of bravura, captivating to the sense and the fancy. The result may not survive among the major products of Ravel's assured and neat romantic art, but it is likely to remain with us and yield us joy. The insolent disdain of monotony's dire peril; the wit (it is wit, too) of the manner in which the saxophones are employed; the long and insidious crescendo; the effect of the modulation to E major just before the close; these things are irresistible; and Thursday night they quite took the house by storm, and Ravel turned out to be the hero of the evening—not unaided, perhaps, by the Milanese mage."

Programs in Prospect

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of next week, Dec. 6 and 7:

Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, in G major for String Orchestra .... Bach
Chants Négres .... Fairchild
Bolero .... Ravel
Symphony, No. 2, in C major .... Schumann

About "Bolero" there is a note elsewhere in these columns. Mr. Fairchild is a Parisian composer of American origin, whose music has seldom made way westward. Not before, in Boston has the conductor set his hand to Schumann's Symphony "of a dark time."

From Dr Koussevitzky for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening in Sanders Theater at Cambridge:

Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, in G major for String Orchestra .... Bach
Symphony No. 2, in C major .... Schumann
"Mother Goose" (Five Children's Pieces) .... Ravel
Rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" .... Strauss

From Dr. Koussevitzky for the first supplementary matinée of the Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday, Dec. 10:

Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, for String Orchestra .... Bach
Symphony in E-flat major (K. 543) .... Mozart
Symphony, No. 5, in C minor .... Beethoven

...the Durell Quartet.

Dr. Koussevitsky and the Symphony Orchestra will give a special concert in New York on Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, for the profit of the Russian exiles, familiar charity in Boston as well. . . . The Senate of the Free City of Hamburg has commanded a portrait of Dr. Muck, to be hung in the Rathaus as memorial of his services to music as conductor of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society.

The Associated Press devotes a considerable telegram to the approaching performance in Cincinnati of a Symphony by Frederick the Great, quite innocent of the fact that Dr. Koussevitzky produced it last winter in both Boston and New York. Even the New York Times, which usually remembers things, caught at the bait. . . . Mr. Kreisler lately sent a draft of $3500 to the High School of Music in Vienna as principle of a scholarship for young violinists.

H. T. P.

Concert-Chronicle

Music Notes and Comment

Dr Koussevitzky has put on this week's Symphony program in the regular series Ravel's Bolero, the concert version of ballet music written two years ago for Mme Rubinstein. Played the other day in New York by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Toscanini this piece made a sensation described by the reviewers as unequalled since the first New York performances of Stravinsky's "Sacre" some years ago. It is built up from a single rhythmic figure. In the working out Ravel has employed some of the procedures of American jazz, with which he was greatly impressed on his tour of this country. Other novelties will be the "Chants Negres" of the American composer Blair Fairchild, long resident in France.

The soloist at the second of the Boston Symphony's Monday concerts tomorrow night will be Martha Baird, a pianist from California who won the Mason and Hamlin prize at the New England Conservatory several years ago, and has since been heard here in several Jordan Hall recitals. The management of the orchestra has apparently gone back to the time-hallowed policy of allowing young and aspiring artists the privilege of becoming soloists in the Monday series, the original excuse for which was that American audiences demanded soloists. But the Monday concerts are sold out for the current season, and no soloists were announced in advance.

Jose Iturbi, who will make his Boston debut tomorrow afternoon at the Statler in a charity concert, is the most notable new pianist of the current musical season in this country, if his Chicago and Philadelphia press notices may be trusted. Reviewers in those cities speak of him as of the eminence of Horowitz and Gieseking.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
APR 13 1929

SYMPHONY FUND NEARS FIRST GOAL

New Guarantees of $1020 Raise Total to $3939 of $4000 Minimum Needed.

ADDITIONAL SUM WANTED

Desired to Underwrite Popular Concert Series Here in Addition to Boston Orchestra Season

Within reach of its first objective, the Music Association last night acknowledged new guarantees totalling $1020 and turned its efforts to securing the last sums necessary to insure the return of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Providence next season. A minimum of $4000 is needed to continue this winter concert series that has become the feature of the year's music, and $3939 have been subscribed to date.

It is the hope of the association, however, that an additional three or four thousand dollars will be forthcoming to underwrite a concert group to correspond with that which has included the enormously successful appearances of Jascha Heifetz, Dusolina Giannini and Alexander Brailowsky this spring. The Cleveland Orchestra and Richard Bonelli are still to fill engagements under the Music Association's auspices.

Any surplus from the Symphony underwriting will be diverted to another popular series, and officers of the association are appealing for more subcriptions with that in mind.

Seven major guarantees are cited on the latest list, including one of $150 from Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, and six of $100 each from Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Hare Powel, Wilson G. Wing, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Innis, Mr. and Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., James C. Collins, and Donald E. Jackson.

The complete roster of new guarantors follows:

Mary Carver Smith	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. E. Jones	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Hare Powel	100.00
Annette M. Ham	25.00
Mrs. William B. M. Miller	10.00
Mrs. Walter Savage Ball	10.00
Evangeline Larry	5.00
A. P. S.	25.00
Mrs. Henry B. Gardner	10.00
Mrs. C. J. Steedman	25.00
W. H. P. Faunce	20.00
Monday Morning Musical Club	10.00
Wilson G. Wing	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Carl B. Marshall	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. William S. Innis	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe	150.00
Mr. and Mrs. William Gammell, Jr.	100.00
James C. Collins	100.00
John O. Ames	50.00
Donald E. Jackson	100.00
Total	$1020.00
Previously acknowledged	2919.00
Total to date	$3939.00

Herald Dec, 5

pieces by Lecuona in a way to give real pleasure.

There was a large audience. Mr. Thomas had to add to his program.

CONCERTS—OPERAS

Dr. Koussevitzky will bring out at the Symphony concerts this week Ravel's Bolero which made a sensation when it was performed recently by the Philharmonic Society of New York. The work is practically a repetition of a dance theme, given to various instruments in turn, then in groups, without change of key—a long crescendo with a final modulation and a stentorian climax. This Bolero was first performed in Paris when Ida Rubenstein danced it with more and more excited spectators on the stage. Blair Fairchild—he was born at Belmont and has lived and composed many years in Paris—has scored his piano piece "Chants Negres" for orchestra. The performance this week will be the first. Mr. Fairchild wrote that the tunes have been familiar to him for many years, but he has forgotten the titles. The program will also comprise Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in two movements, and Schumann's Symphony, G major, No. 2, which Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct for the first time in this country.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Bax, Symphony No. 2 (first performance); Lizst, Piano Concerto No. 1 (Jose Iturbi, pianist); Respighi, "The Pines of Rome."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PLATTSBURG, N. Y.
REPUBLICAN
MAY 21 1929

CONDUCTOR QUITS IN OPERA QUARREL

PARIS, May 20 (UP)— Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who was to have conducted the opera Boris Godunof at the Paris opera has broken his contract because members of the orchestra refused to submit to three rehearsals instead of the customary two, it was said today.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD
MAY 12

Music Public Growing, Survey of Season Shows

100,000 a Week Hear Programs; Men Numerous

By Martha Dreiblatt

over $1,000,000 worth of tickets, according to Mr. Heck.

As an indication of the increased popularity of concerts, Mr. Heck points to the fact that for the first time the Boston Symphony series is completely sold out this year, as well as the Philharmonic series. The Philadelphia Symphony has for some years been fully sold out.

Another proof advanced by Mr. Heck

6 Paris Herald May 8

Rise of American Music Noted by Koussevitzky

Boston Symphony Director Inspired by "Phenomenal Renaissance."

INTENSITY AIDS ART

Sees Active Temperament as Great Stimulant to Production of Worthy Work.

"On travaille—on désire," were the two phrases used last night by Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to describe the "phenomenal musical renaissance" in America. Mr. Koussevitzky arrived on the Cunarder Mauretania and went directly to his home at 8 avenue du Conseiller Colignon. He plans to stay in Europe only a month "because America is now the country which has the most intense musical development in the world."

Mr. Koussevitzky is so decided in his opinions that every phrase he uttered rang with definition. "Americans have 'le tempérament actif'—the active temperament" he declared. Instead of retarding their artistic perceptions as is insisted by so many bitten with the back-to-Europe-for-art's-sake - phobia, Mr. Koussevitzky, stressed that this very activity has been salvation of America's artistic development.

"Everyone is active, and especially the women. Therefore they have stimulated orchestral development just as they have created immense business enterprises. The American people have an inordinate genius for growth."

In this connection Mr. Koussevitzky made the following statement: "What is most stimulating about the musical situation in America is that the majority of the people have musical taste. In Europe one finds always a certain circle who attend concerts but in America it is the rank and file who form an enthusiastic audience."

Mr. Koussevitzky gave as specific instances of America's musical development "her twenty superb orchestras," and also "her promising young composers, such as Aaron Copeland, Homer Sessions and Carpenter." The conductor believes that jazz has finished its major rôle as an influence in American music and will henceforth be relegated to the realm of dance. He also considers Stravinsky as perhaps the outstanding influence in modern music in America. However, no matter how much modern musicians have been influenced by this composer, they are always striving to break away from him too. A real musician is always influenced by evolution but not by imitation."

Mr. Koussevitzky will direct the orchestra at the Opera here during the forthcoming performance of Boris Godunoff. Next year the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give a European tour of six weeks under his direction.

One of the ultimate springtime joys in Paris, consists in attending the Tuesday and Friday evening concerts at the Salle Pleyel. The present series is under the direction of M. Pierre Monteux, who in recent years has become as well known in America as in Europe. After leading the Boston Symphony Orchestra for five years and being engaged at the Metropolitan in New York for several years, he also conducted for some time the Philadelphia Symphony. He has more recently been sharing with Mengelberg the direction of the famous Concertgebouw of Amsterdam. Few conductors possess such prestige as Pierre Monteux; he has, along with the chosen few great living wielders of the baton, the power of galvanizing not only his band but his audience. He is also, as those familiar with his work know, a deviser of most interesting programs. Last night he led an all-Russian program, the two features of which were Tchaikowsky's *Fourth Symphony*, all too rarely heard. The scherzo, with the pizzicati ensemble, quite reproduces the effect of the balalaika. This seemed a surprise to the groundlings. The other feature of the program was Rachmaninoff's great *Concerto in B Minor*, probably played as brilliantly by Wladimir Horowitz as anyone could play it except that supreme master, the composer himself. Horowitz's execution last night elicited ten minutes of enthusiastic applause.

For the rest of the season the series is equally promising. Next Friday night the program includes Beethoven's *Leonore No. 3*, César Franck's *B. Minor Symphony*, Florent Schmitt's *Mirages*, and Richard Strauss' *Salome* dances. The soloist, Mme. Elizabeth Schumann, will sing Schubert's *Salve Regina*, and a group of songs by Strauss. Tuesday of next week will be an all-Wagner affair, with the usual favorites. The Tristan music, as well as the familiar selections from the *Crépuscule des Dieux*, will be sung by Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, long an outstanding figure at the Metropolitan Opera.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
EXAMINER
MAY 11 1929

Symphony Needs Aid

IT costs about $270,000 to run the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra a year. In Boston last year the Boston Symphony's DEFICIT was $261,000, which is within $9,000 of the entire amount spent by the local one. That shows that our orchestra is run economically.

In Los Angeles one private citizen gives $20,000 a year to support the Symphony Orchestra.

The Board of Supervisors here, knowing that the San Francisco Symphony is economically managed, should have no hesitation about budgeting at least $25,000 a year for it. That would help to meet the inevitable $60,000 deficit which has to be met every year. It would assure the permanence of an institution which gives us all pleasure, and which does much to make our city famous.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

KOUSSEVITZKY PRAISES US.

Says America Leads World in Appreciation of Good Music.

PARIS, May 23 (AP).—Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who is here to direct five presentations of the opera "Boris Goudonow," before starting on his Summer vacation in the Pyrenees, believes that America has the most intense musical development of any country in the world and leads in appreciation of good music.

"A phenomenal musical renaissance is in progress in the United States," said Mr. Koussevitzky, who before his appointment to the Boston post was leader of the Russian State Orchestra. "Americans have the active temperament which, instead of retarding their artistic perceptions, as is insisted by many, has been the salvation of America's artistic development. They have stimulated orchestral advancement, just as they have created immense business enterprises. The American people have an inordinate genius for growth."

Koussevitzky said he found Stravinsky the most outstanding influence in modern music in America, and eulogized "America's promising young composers, such as Aaron Copeland, Homer Sessions and Carpenter." He declared American composers "no longer find jazz a suitable medium."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ALBANY, N. Y.
EVE. NEWS

CONDUCTOR QUITS IN OPERA QUARREL

PARIS, May 20 (UP).—Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who was to have conducted the opera Boris Godunof at the Paris opera has broken his contract because members of the orchestra refused to submit to three rehearsals instead of the customary two, it was said today.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
MAY 9 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY CANCELS PARIS OPERA CONTRACT

Paris, May 19.—(UP)—Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, who was invited to conduct the Paris Opera, has cancelled his contract, it was learned here today.

The contract was terminated when members of the orchestra here refused to submit to three rehearsals instead of the customary two for the opera "Boris Gudunow."

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
ITEM
MOBILE, ALA.

JUN 2 8 1929

MAY TOUR EUROPE

Boston Symphony Orchestra May Make Trip if Plans Work Out.

BOSTON, June 28.—Boston Symphony orchestra may make tour of Europe if Serge Koussevitzky is able to carry out his plan. Koussevitzky is eager to show the people of Paris [illegible] orchestra. Raising of funds is Serge's chief worry.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
MIRROR
ALTOONA, PA.
JUN 6 1929

MUSICAL PROGRESS

(Chicago Evening News.)

IN AN INTERVIEW with a French newspaper representative the other day, Sergei Koussevitzky, the eminent director of the Bost[illegible] orchestra, asserted that leadership in appreciation of good music, in all its forms and varieties, had passed from Europe to the United States.

Though this may seem to many an extraordinary claim, traveled lovers of music know it is true. The remarkable change has been effected in the last two decades. There are perhaps only two or three orchestras in Europe today that deserve to be placed in the same category with the several first-rate American orchestras. Even the best old-world orchestras cannot achieve the technical and interpretative perfection which is conceded to be characteristic of American performances at their best. And American audiences are conceded to be more critical and more exacting than are those of European music capitals.

These notable and gratifying results are due, of course, to many factors, but the principal one is American generosity. Great orchestras are not self-supporting, and have to be subsidized by governments or private citizens of culture, wealth and public spirit. Without elaborate preparation, thorough rehearsing and painstaking direction, the performances of the best orchestra are mechanical and uninspired. Rehearsals cost money.

American concert and opera audiences demand the best obtainable music regardless of cost, and they are willing to foot the bills, directly or indirectly. The United States is supporting at least ten symphony orchestras and several opera companies. The summer season of opera at Ravinia park, near Chicago, for example, is the wonder of European visitors.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
JUN 1 3 1929

Boston

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EVE. LEADER
LOWELL, MASS.
JUN 14 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
MERCURY

JUN 14 1929

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Next week he will visit Boston for a few days to receive an honorary degree from Harvard university. Although friends of the conductor and officers in charge of the Symphony hall management declined to comment on the possibility of the orchestra's leaving the country, Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the trustees, said that it is a matter of raising sufficient funds.

"If some individual or group comes forward with money to pay the expenses of such a trip, then I shall call the trustees together, and I think it probable that they would vote to sanction the tour," he said. "I think it would be a very desirable thing to make the trip."

Mr. Koussevitzky's recent experiences in Paris are said to have added impetus to plans that he had held for several years to take the orchestra abroad.

He cancelled his performance of "Boris Godounoff" at the opera because players who had not rehearsed under his direction were substituted at the last moment for musicians of the orchestra who had other engagements. Rebelling against this custom, he is said to have determined and declared that a year hence he will show Paris what can be done wiht a properly rehearsed orchestra.

Mr. Koussevitzky is quoted as saying that the tour he plans will include Great Britain, France and Germany, with each city of the European circuit to be thought of as a special problem.

"A piece by an American composer at every concert," he said, according to dispatches from Paris, "the modern school of American composition. That's the idea."

Final decision on the tour rests with the trustees, according to Judge Cabot, who further explained:

"We conceive it to be our duties as trustees to provide for the maintenance of the orchestra at home. Since the orchestra operates at a deficit, which we must ask the public to make up, we would not feel justified in going to the public at the same time to ask for money for a trip to Europe. If somebody chooses to give the money, that is another matter."

Although Mr. Koussevitzky has not disclosed where the money is to come from, dispatches indicate that he is quite confident that he can carry out his plans. The sum required would be much more than $100,000, according to Judge Cabot.

Walter Damrosch succeeded in taking the New York Symphony orchestra [illegible]

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
JUN 15 [illegible]

Charity at Home.

From the Boston Herald.

It has been known for some time that Mr. Koussevitzky is eager to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in cities of Europe. It is natural that he should wish to do this: To acquaint foreign audiences with the remarkable plasticity and euphony of the orchestra that he has shaped to perfection; to show what as conductor, as interpreter, he can do with his superb band of musicians.

It has been rumored for some months that one or more public spirited Bostonians are prepared to defray the cost of the tour. The expense would necessarily be great. Although Mr. Koussevitzky's poetic and magnetic nature was fully recognized before he came to Boston; although the fame of our orchestra has spread throughout the musical world, it is doubtful whether receipts from European concerts would materially lessen the expense. Even if curiosity alone filled the concert halls to overflowing, there would still be a loss. There would possibly be an American rival in the field, for it has been stated that the Philharmonic Society of New York, led by Mr. Toscanini, will tour Europe at the end of next season.

Boston would rejoice in the triumph of its orchestra in foreign cities. Boston would applaud the generosity of the citizens who would largely aid in making this triumph possible. Yet some may say, and not in a carping spirit why should not these lovers of music, these friends and admirers of the conductor and his men, first put the orchestra on a firm foundation in Boston, their home; lead in procuring an endowment fund, so that there would not be a deficit with appeals for pecuniary assistance at the end of each season? Other American cities proud of their orchestras, have given this substantial token of appreciation. Surely the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its present state with Mr. Koussevitzky, its inspired and inspiring leader, deserves the recognition that would ensure the utmost freedom in the giving of concerts and provide for a long continuance of its glorious reputation.

And some may say that charity begins at home—nor is the proverb musty.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
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JOURNAL
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES
JUN 20 1929

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Brings Provisional Itinerary for Boston Symphony—To Receive Degree From Harvard.

Special to The New York Times.

BOSTON, Mass., June 19.—Serge Kousevitzky, who has come to Boston for a two days' stay to receive an honorary degree from Harvard, has brought with him a provisional itinerary for a European tour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Spring.

The second Continental visit of an American orchestral group will take the Boston musicians to Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Switzerland, provided some one donates funds and provided the trustees will permit the trip.

His proposed schedule provides for an opening in London and a final concert in Paris, with enough concerts in each city visited to make a little season. In Great Britain the planned itinerary calls for concerts in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as London. The last concert will be at the Sorbonne in Paris.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
OMAHA, NEB.
NEWS BEE
JUL 21 1929

Boston Orchestra

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
GAZETTE

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JUN [illegible] 1929

A remarkable contrast is offered [illegible] the cost of recordings by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Until a few years ago members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave their services free for phonograph recordings. The records were made at Camden, N. J., at only such times as the orchestra being in New York on tour, might stop off long enough to make a record or two. Since then the system has radically changed so that each member of the orchestra, aside from some extra arrangement for Conductor Koussevitsky, received $15 per session. A session was usualy three hours of playing.

The Beethoven Pastoral Symphony was made in from one and a half to two sessions, it is said, and cost for the salaries of the members of the orchestra, alone, something more than $1575. Now the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, it is claimed, has altogether changed system of contracts. Instead of a uniform rate for all musicians, some of whom are recognized virtuosi and some merely hack players, the system is to pay each man 25 per cent of his weekly salary for every recording of two and a half and three hours.

The members of this orchestra, because of certain union rulings, it is said, received until this new arrangement, $20 a man for each two and a half or three-hour session. The information is also that while the Boston Symphony Orchestra made nine recordings last year, the Philadelphia Symphony made 33.

* * * *

Snappy Songs

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MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
PRESS
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Walter Damrosch succeeded in taking the New York Symphony orchestra across Europe and the Cleveland orchestra has visited Cuba, but in spite of the efforts of Leopold Stokowski to obtain authorization to take his Philadelphia orchestra abroad, the management could not see its way clear to provide the funds.

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The time has come for the United States to mobilize its musical resources and organize annual music festivals on the model of Salzburg and Munich. It has the artists, the auditors and the means to make such festivals brilliantly successful.

FADING OF THE MAYFLOWER.

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Finance Commission forwards report District Attorney on investigation land-taking and urges Mayor to ... City Appraiser Warren F. ...

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...of the states are complaining

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
JUN 22 1929

Boston Symphony May Go to Europe

Koussevitsky Confident of Surmounting Financial Difficulties.

Special to The Springfield Union.

BOSTON, June 21—Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and special pet of Boston's musical set, in Boston after having made a flying trip from Paris to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University, is planning for a European trip of the Boston orchestra next summer.

There is only one hitch to the Koussevitsky program, a lack of funds, but the fiery Russian conductor seems perfectly confident that the money to make the trip will be forthcoming. Trustees of the orchestra are perfectly willing that the orchestra should go abroad to show Europe how a really great American band can play, but are not in a position to use the funds of the orchestra, whose annual deficit is made up by contributions, for the purpose.

If the plan on which Koussevitsky is now working materializes, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in England, France, Holland, Germany and Austria. American music will be featured but not overfeatured.

Of course, the expense of transportation of more than 100 men, the lower admission prices charged in Europe and some of the large jumps that the orchestra will have to take, will make a deficit certain. Administrators of the finances of the orchestra believe that this deficit will be at least $100,000. No intimation is made as to what music lover will contribute the

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
NEWS
JUN 27 1929

Boston Orchestra May Tour Europe

(International News Service)
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BETHLEHEM, PA.
GLOBE TIMES
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OIL CITY, PA.
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KANSAS CITY, MO.
JOURNAL
JUN 30

Rumor has it, that the Boston Symphony orchestra is to make a European tour next summer under the direction of Koussevitzky. Boston, by the way, will offer its citizenry free orchestral concerts for the first time this summer.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DETROIT, MICH.
TIMES

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHRONICLE
JUN 30 1929

* * * *

Nothing is heard of the spring European tour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was talked of last winter.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
JOURNAL
JUN 25 1929

ORCHESTRA CONCERT PRICES

New Orleans Times Picayune

We hesitate to take position as prophet of evil regarding that fine institution, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but we fear that organization is headed for the rocks when it adopts the policy of further increasing its prices. Our belief is that entertainments of all kind in the United States have reached the point of charging all the traffic will bear and that additions to the charge will attract no added total at the box office. For one season such advances may work, but beware later on! A writer in the Boston Transcript, favorable to the increase, after saying that increased costs have made it impossible for the orchestra to meet its expenses at past rates, concludes: "The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive." Has the writer forgotten that for more than 50 years the organization was strictly philanthropic? That it or any other institution of the kind will survive unless given philanthropic support we gravely doubt.

FOUNDED 1900 BY CHARLES F. FRENCH

FLORENCE FRENCH
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

TELEPHONE { 4839 HARRISON / 5408
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MUSICAL LEADER

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J. DEMERATH
F. M. WARD

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CANADIAN $4.00 FOR YEAR
FOREIGN $4.50 FOR YEAR

501 McCORMICK BUILDING
332 SO. MICHIGAN AVE

123

YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTACHED CLIPPING WHICH APPEARED IN LAST THURSDAY'S ISSUE OF THE MUSICAL LEADER.

If some individual of civic pride will provide $100,000 or more for traveling expenses, the Boston Symphony orchestra will make a European tour and show Paris and a few other continental cities what we have in America in the way of symphonic organizations. The Boston conductor is said to have cancelled a performance of Boris Godunoff because the rehearsals were not properly attended. Judge Cabot, president of the Boston Symphony trustees, said that in his opinion the sum required for the tour would be considerably in excess of $100,000. He also said: "We conceive it to be our duties as trustees to provide for the maintenance of the orchestra at home. Since the orchestra operates at a deficit, which we must ask the public to make up, we would not feel justified in going to the public at the same time to ask for money for a trip to Europe. If somebody chooses to give the money, that is another matter."

The deficit last year was $110,000 and Bostonians agree with Judge Cabot that the home season must be given first consideration.

Some time ago it was rumored that the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra was planning a European tour, but the management balked at the enormous expense involved and the idea was abandoned.

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EASTON, PA.
EXPRESS

MUSICAL PROGRESS IN AMERICA

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Though this may seem to many an extraordinary claim, traveled lovers of music know it is true. The remarkable change has been effected in the last two decades. There are perhaps only two or three orchestras in Europe today that deserve to be placed in the same category with the several first-rate American orchestras. Even the best old-world orchestras cannot achieve the technical and interpretative perfection which is conceded to be characteristic of American performances at their best. And American audiences are conceded to be more critical and more exacting than are those of European music capitals.

These notable and gratifying results are due, of course, to many factors, but the principal one is American generosity. Great orchestras are not self-supporting, and have to be subsidized by governments or private citizens of culture, wealth and public spirit. Without elaborate preparation, thorough rehearsing and painstaking direction, the performances of the best orchestra are mechanical and uninspired. Rehearsals cost money.

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ELWOOD CITY, PA.
LEDGER
JUN 28 1929

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DEMOCRAT
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
JUN 22 1929

Boston Symphony May Go to Europe

Koussevitsky Confident of Surmounting Financial Difficulties.

Special to The Springfield Union.

BOSTON, June 21—Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and special pet of Boston's musical set, in Boston after having made a flying trip from Paris to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University, is planning for a European trip of the Boston orchestra next summer.

There is only one hitch to the Koussevitsky program, a lack of funds, but the fiery Russian conductor seems perfectly confident that the money to make the trip will be forthcoming. Trustees of the orchestra are perfectly willing that the orchestra should go abroad to show Europe how a really great American band can play, but are not in a position to use the funds of the orchestra, whose annual deficit is made up by contributions for the purpose.

If the plan on which Koussevitsky is now working materializes, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard in England, France, Holland, Germany and Austria. American music will be featured but not overfeatured.

Of course, the expense of transportation of more than 100 men, the lower admission prices charged in Europe and some of the large jumps that the orchestra will have to take, will make a deficit certain. Administrators of the finances of the orchestra believe that this deficit will be at least $100,000. No intimation is made as to what music lover will contribute the

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
NEWS
New Castle, Pa.
2
JUN 27 1929

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(International News Service)
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BETHLEHEM, PA.
GLOBE TIMES
JUN 27 1929

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JOURNAL
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KANSAS CITY, MO.
JOURNAL
JUN 30 1929

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KANSAS CITY, MO.
JOURNAL
JUN 30 1929

Rumor has it, that the Boston Symphony orchestra is to make a European tour next summer under the direction of Koussevitzky. Boston, by the way, will offer its citizenry free orchestral concerts for the first time this summer.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DETROIT, MICH.
TIMES
JUN 30

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LEXINGTON, KY.
HERALD
JUN 30 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHRONICLE
JUN 30 1929

* * * *

Nothing is heard of the spring European tour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was talked of last winter. The idea has been dropped, apparently.

* * * *

...nation is headed for the rocks when it adopts the policy of further increasing its prices. Our belief is that entertainments of all kind in the United States have reached the point of charging all the traffic will bear and that additions to the charge will attract no added total at the box office. For one season such advances may work, but beware later on! A writer in the Boston Transcript, favorable to the increase, after saying that increased costs have made it impossible for the orchestra to meet its expenses at past rates, concludes: "The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive." Has the writer forgotten that for more than 50 years the organization was strictly philanthropic? That it or any other institution of the kind will survive unless given philanthropic support we gravely doubt.

FOUNDED 1900 BY CHARLES F. FRENCH

FLORENCE FRENCH
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

MUSICAL LEADER

E. F. SMITH
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123

YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTACHED CLIPPING WHICH APPEARED IN LAST THURSDAY'S ISSUE OF THE MUSICAL LEADER.

If some individual of civic pride will provide $100,000 or more for traveling expenses, the Boston Symphony orchestra will make a European tour and show Paris and a few other continental cities what we have in America in the way of symphonic organizations. The Boston conductor is said to have cancelled a performance of Boris Godunoff because the rehearsals were not properly attended. Judge Cabot, president of the Boston Symphony trustees, said that in his opinion the sum required for the tour would be considerably in excess of $100,000. He also said: "We conceive it to be our duties as trustees to provide for the maintenance of the orchestra at home. Since the orchestra operates at a deficit, which we must ask the public to make up, we would not feel justified in going to the public at the same time to ask for money for a trip to Europe. If somebody chooses to give the money, that is another matter."

The deficit last year was $110,000 and Bostonians agree with Judge Cabot that the home season must be given first consideration.

Some time ago it was rumored that the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra was planning a European tour, but the management balked at the enormous expense involved and the idea was abandoned.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
EASTON, PA.
EXPRESS
N 26 1929

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100 mm

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WAUKEGAN, ILL.
SUN
JUL 2 - 1929

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NEW YORK
EVE. POST
JUL 3 - 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
JUL 5 - 1929

Boston

More than 5,000 hear first of series of concerts on Esplanade by members of Boston Symphony Orchestra, directed by Arthur Fiedler, and made possible by philanthropy of citizens' group.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CINCINNATI, O.
BILLBOARD
JUL 6 1929

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Charlie Van, property man at the Shubert Theater for the last 20 years, was given a testimonial banquet at the Elks Hotel by stage and vaudeville artists assembled from near and far, including Joe Cook, Paul McCullough of Clark and McCullough; Fred Dempsey, national vice-president of the Theatrical Stage Employees, and others. Samuel Dody, who helped arrange the affair, presented a white gold wrist watch and purse of gold to Van on behalf of the guests. The committee in charge of this testimonial included George Johnson, director of public celebrations in Boston; George E. Curran, former member of the governor's council; Attorney Samuel Dody, Edward Wollenberg, William Goldston, Victor Morris, Joseph Brennan, Charles Winston and Samuel Shepherd.

Serge Kousevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has returned to Europe following the Harvard University commencement at which he received the honorary degree of doctor of laws.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
STAR
MARION, O.
1
JUL 6 1929

mercial aviation field.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE
SUN
JUL 7 - 1929

Koussevitzky Would Take Men Abroad

European Tour For Boston Symphony Under Advisement And Itinerary Is Planned

Series Of Concerts In England And On The Continent Urged As Desirable Now

By LESLIE HARRIS
Special Correspondence.
NEW YORK.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, returning from his sojourn in Europe for a three-day visit to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University, brought with him some plans which have aroused considerable interest in musical circles here—plans for taking the Boston Symphony on a tour of Europe next spring.

Rumors of Mr. Koussevitzky's plans had preceded him across the Atlantic, and eager music critics who went down to meet him on the Ile de France were greeted with the assurance that an itinerary had been completed for a two-month tour, including Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Switzerland. It remains only to secure the consent of the board of trustees of the orchestra and moderate financial backing—matters which seemed to give Mr. Koussevitzky little concern.

TIME CALLED RIPE

As he presented the matter, the time has arrived for such a tour, and it should prove a source of pleasure and inspiration to European listeners and of satisfaction to American musicians and to those who have fostered the development of our orchestras. It cannot be denied that American orchestral performance has shown an extraordinary development of late, and that the "American orchestral idea," as it is termed, should have international recognition. In addition, there is the advantage to American composers, as Mr. Koussevitzky has always given due attention to the modern American school of composition and has promised to include a number by an American composer on every program he gives abroad.

But, in view of another piece of news which reached this country about Mr. Koussevitzky's doings abroad, the project assumes still greater significance. Refusing recently to go on with preparations for a performance at the Opera in Paris because the players would not practice enough and because they were allowed to send substitutes to rehearsals, he laid emphasis on the conflict between the high orchestral standards here and the laxity in such things in Europe. He has, as a consequence, accepted a challenge, and, according to his own words, has a "particular proof to make" in Paris.

METHODS LAX THERE

European orchestras, it is said, have long suffered from inadequate rehearsals and the custom of "substitution" of players. This latter custom permits players who have more remunerative engagements to send substitutes to rehearsals, and even to concerts themselves. Thus a conductor is frequently faced at a final performance by players who have not rehearsed under his baton at all. On the other hand, Mr. Koussevitzky's domination as conductor of the Boston Symphony is unrestricted, and his men are under very strict regulations, not being allowed to accept engagements which would interfere in any way with their obligations to the orchestra.

Such were the nature and the causes of his rebellion against the customs at the Opera, and the artistic result of the American symphonic order is what he must prove to Paris. But he is confident enough, having said recently to an American critic who met him in Paris: "A picked body of players, works that enchain attention, persuasive handling of the baton, assure positive success in Paris."

ITINERARY LAID OUT

But to return to the itinerary. It starts at London and ends at Paris, with enough concerts in each place to compose a little season. Besides London, British cities to be visited are Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Crossing to the Continent, the orchestra will make a circular tour, beginning and ending with Paris. In between there will be stops at Brussels, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Zurich and Geneva. After the last public concert in Paris there will be a special program given at the Sorbonne, which will conclude the tour as it is now planned.

With regard to the other details which must be arranged, it does not seem that any insurmountable difficulties need be expected. The writer chanced to be in Boston when the first

(Continued on page 2.)

(Continued from page 1.)

rumors of Mr. Koussevitzky's plans reached this shore, and the eagerness of the daily press to find out exactly how the matter stood drew forth from Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president and spokesman of the board of trustees, the encouraging statement that he was well disposed to such an idea.

"If," he said, "some individual or group comes forward with sufficient money to pay the expenses of such a trip, then I shall call the trustees together and I think it very probable that they would vote to sanction the trip."

QUESTION OF FUNDS

And so the question becomes one of funds. The amount necessary has been estimated at anywhere from $100,000 to $200,000, but those who have considered the subject seriously declare that it would be well worth the cost. Mr. Koussevitzky himself has not spoken on this subject; undoubtedly he is sufficiently certain of the means to have gone so far with his plans.

A European tour is an ambition which has existed within the Boston Symphony for at least twenty-five years, and a similar ambition existed as long in the New York Philharmonic, recently merged with the New York Symphony. Unwilling to be outdone by the Boston organization, it is rumored here that similar plans are under consideration by the present New York orchestra.

With Arturo Toscanini as a guiding influence, the latter organization is possibly nearer its goal than ever before.

DAMROSCH'S TOUR

If the Boston orchestra does go abroad, it will not be the first American symphony to do such a thing. Soon after the close of the war Walter Damrosch took the New York Symphony on a similar tour, but not with the degree of success which should be attained by the Boston orchestra with its present standards of performance and the recognition already accorded its conductor abroad.

Once such a precedent has been established with marked success it may become a regular thing for all of the larger American orchestras to make springtime voyages across the Atlantic. The Cleveland Orchestra has already visited Cuba, and several others have made trips into Canada. Toscanini brought his orchestra from La Scala, in Milan, to this country for a tour of the larger cities several years ago.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES
JUL 7 - 1929

Orchestras Abroad

FIVE concerts will be offered in Berlin next summer by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society with Arturo Toscanini conducting. Official confirmation of the foreign invasion by the local orchestra came last week, several days after Herbert M. Johnson, director of the Chicago Civic Opera Association sent word to this effect.

Clarence H. Mackay, chairman of the orchestra's directors, confirmed Mr. Johnson's announcement by stating that the Philharmonic is expected to tour in May and June, returning in time for the annual Stadium series.

Walter Damrosch took the Symphony Society abroad in 1920 and gave concerts in France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England, marking the first foreign tour by an American symphonic organization.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is also expected to travel next summer with Serge Koussevitsky directing the concerts, but of the trips of both orchestras are still being worked out.

According to Mr. Johnson's dispatches from Berlin, Giorgio Polacco, musical director of the Chicago organization, is scoring a distinct hit abroad as an orchestral conductor, despite the glamor of Toscanini.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
Photoplay Magazine
JUL - 1929

WRITE your own headline. Jascha Heifetz recently played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra before a distinguished audience. Many people remained after the performance to congratulate him.

But when they recognized Florence Vidor, his wife, Jascha was almost forgotten. Oh, well, even famous violinists ought to get used to playing second fiddle to lovely wives.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JUL 7 - 1929

Boston Symphony Orchestra Considering European Trip

BOSTON, July 6—Boston Symphony Orchestra may make a tour of Europe if Serge Koussevitzky is able to carry out his plan. Koussevitzky is eager to show the people of Paris a properly rehearsed orchestra. Raising of funds is Serge's chief worry.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MOUNT VERNON, ILL.
HERALD
JUL 7 - 1929

TO TOUR EUROPE

By International News Service

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LOUISVILLE, KY.
HERALD POST

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
ZIT'S WEEKLY
JUL 13 1929

New York and Boston Orchestras Plan Tour

Reports that the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra would make a European tour after the close of the season of 1929-'30 were confirmed this week by an announcement from Clarence H. Mackay, chairman of the board of directors of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New Yok, stating that arrangements had been virtually completed for such a tour in April, May and June, 1930.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, uder Serge Koussevitzky, also is expected to play in Europe next

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
JUL 14 -

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO TOUR EUROPE?

From various sources it is heard that the Boston Symphony Orchestra may tour Europe next spring and that Serge Koussevitsky has all the arrangements made except the money. The Boston Globe says:

Mr. Koussevitsky is very anxious to take the Boston Symphony on tour in Europe next May or June. The trustees of the orchestra do not feel justified in spending the large sum needed to defray the inevitable deficit on such a tour, but have intimated that they would raise no objection if others should desire to pay the expenses.

Leslie Harris, New York correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says that the Symphony's director believes the time and that the "Amer- ," as it is termed, ational recognition. an advantage to 's, whose works the nised to include on

nother piece of news country about Mr. ings abroad, the project assumes still greater significance, the Sun's correspondent continues. Refusing recently to go on with preparations for a performance at the Opera in Paris because the players would not practice enough and because they were allowed to send substitutes to rehearsals, he laid emphasis on the conflict between the high orchestral standards here and the laxity in such things in Europe. He has, as a consequence, accepted a challenge, and, according to his own words, has a "particular proof to make" in Paris.

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Judge Frederick P. Cabot, President and spokesman of the board of trustees, was quoted as saying: "If some individual or group comes forward with sufficient money to pay the expenses of such a trip, then I shall call the trustees together and I think it very probable that they would vote to sanction the trip."

And so the question becomes one of funds, the account continues. The amount necessary has been estimated at anywhere from $100,000 to $200,000

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHRONICLE

American Orchestras Will Tour in Europe

Two American orchestras are to tour in Europe next spring, it is declared in the East. The New York Philharmonic - Symphony is definitely announced to be arranging a tour in April, May and June, with all concerts led by Arturo Toscanini. The Boston Symphony, it is said less definitely, is to go abroad at about the same time, headed by Serge Koussevitzky.

Walter Damrosch led his New York Symphony Orchestra in a European tour in 1920. John Powell, pianist, and Albert Spalding, violinist, both Americans, were featured as soloists in France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and England. Harry Harkness Flagler footed the bill. European orchestras have toured in this country on several occasions, the London Symphony, under Arthur Nikisch in 1912; the Paris Conservatoire in 1918, under Andre Messager, and the Milan La Scala, under Toscanini in 1920.

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WAUKEGAN, ILL.
SUN

JUL 2 1929

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EVE. POST

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MARION, O.

1 JUL 6 1929

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SUN

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Such were the nature and the causes of his rebellion against the customs at the Opera, and the artistic result of the American symphonic order is what he must prove to Paris. But he is confident enough, having said recently to an American critic who met him in Paris: "A picked body of players, works that enchain attention, persuasive handling of the baton, assure positive success in Paris."

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(Continued on page 2.)
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"If," he said, "some individual or group comes forward with sufficient money to pay the expenses of such a trip, then I shall call the trustees together and I think it very probable that they would vote to sanction the trip."

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And so the question becomes one of funds. The amount necessary has been estimated at anywhere from $100,000 to $200,000, but those who have considered the subject seriously declare that it would be well worth the cost. Mr. Koussevitzky himself has not spoken on this subject; undoubtedly he is sufficiently certain of the means to have gone so far with his plans.

A European tour is an ambition which has existed within the Boston Symphony for at least twenty-five years, and a similar ambition existed as long in the New York Philharmonic, recently merged with the New York Symphony. Unwilling to be outdone by the Boston organization, it is rumored here that similar plans are under consideration by the present New York orchestra.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES

JUL 7 - 1929

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra is also expected to travel next summer with Serge Koussevitsky directing the concerts. Details of the trips of both orchestras are still being worked out.

According to Mr. Johnson's dispatches from Berlin, Giorgio Polacco, musical director of the Chicago organization, is scoring a distinct hit abroad as an orchestral conductor, despite the glamor of Toscanini.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
Photoplay Magazine

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

JUL 7

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MOUNT VERNON, ILL.
HERALD

TO TOUR EUROPE
By International News Service

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HERALD POST

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
ZIT'S WEEKLY
JUL 13 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

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Mr. Koussevitsky is very anxious to take the Boston Symphony on tour in Europe next May or June. The trustees of the orchestra do not feel justified in spending the large sum needed to defray the inevitable deficit on such a tour, but have intimated that they would raise no objection if others should desire to pay the expenses.

Leslie Harris, New York correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says that the Symphony's director believes the time ripe for such a tour and that the "American orchestral idea," as it is termed, should have international recognition. There will also be an advantage to American composers, whose works the conductor has promised to include on his programs.

But, in view of another piece of news which reached this country about Mr. Koussevitsky's doings abroad, the project assumes still greater significance, the Sun's correspondent continues. Refusing recently to go on with preparations for a performance at the Opera in Paris because the players would not practice enough and because they were allowed to send substitutes to rehearsals, he laid emphasis on the conflict between the high orchestral standards here and the laxity in such things in Europe. He has, as a consequence, accepted a challenge, and, according to his own words, has a "particular proof to make" in Paris.

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[illegible] least) sweet

124

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WAUKEGAN, ILL.
SUN

1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST

JUL 3 -

Two American Symphony Orchestras to Visit Europe

A tour of Europe will be made next spring by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Arturo Toscanini, immediately after the close of the season of 1929-1930 here.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has practically decided to tour Europe in the coming spring under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST

JUL 5 - 1929

Boston

More than 5,000 hear first of series of concerts on Esplanade by members of Boston Symphony Orchestra, directed by Arthur Fiedler, and made possible by philanthropy of citizens' group.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CINCINNATI, O.
BILLBOARD

JUL

Boston

Charlie Van, property man at the Shubert Theater for the last 20 years, was given a testimonial banquet at the Elks Hotel by stage and vaudeville artists assembled from near and far, including Joe Cook, Paul McCullough of Clark and McCullough; Fred Dempsey, national vice-president of the Theatrical Stage Employees, and others. Samuel Dody, who helped arrange the affair, presented a white gold wrist watch and purse of gold to Van on behalf of the guests. The committee in charge of this testimonial included George Johnson, director of public celebrations in Boston; George E. Curran, former member of the governor's council; Attorney Samuel Dody, Edward Wollenberg, William Goldston, Victor Morris, Joseph Brennan, Charles Winston and Samuel Shepherd.

Serge Kousevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has returned to Europe following the Harvard University commencement at which he received the honorary degree of doctor of laws.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
STAR
MARION, O.

1 JUL 6 1929

mercial aviation field.

Boston Orchestra May Make Tour of Europe

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE
SUN

JUL 7 - 1929

Koussevitzky Would Take Men Abroad

European Tour For Boston Symphony Under Advisement And Itinerary Is Planned

Series Of Concerts In England And On The Continent Urged As Desirable Now

By LESLIE HARRIS
Special Correspondence.
NEW YORK.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, returning from his sojourn in Europe for a three-day visit to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University, brought with him some plans which have aroused considerable interest in musical circles here—plans for taking the Boston Symphony on a tour of Europe next spring.

Rumors of Mr. Koussevitzky's plans had preceded him across the Atlantic, and eager music critics who went down to meet him on the Ile de France were greeted with the assurance that an itinerary had been completed for a two-month tour, including Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Switzerland. It remains only to secure the consent of the board of trustees of the orchestra and moderate financial backing—matters which seemed to give Mr. Koussevitzky little concern.

TIME CALLED RIPE

As he presented the matter, the time has arrived for such a tour, and it should prove a source of pleasure and inspiration to European listeners and of satisfaction to American musicians and to those who have fostered the development of our orchestras. It cannot be denied that American orchestral performance has shown an extraordinary development of late, and that the "American orchestral idea," as it is termed, should have international recognition. In addition, there is the advantage to American composers, as Mr. Koussevitzky has always given due attention to the modern American school of composition and has promised to include a number by an American composer on every program he gives abroad.

But, in view of another piece of news which reached this country about Mr. Koussevitzky's doings abroad, the project assumes still greater significance. Refusing recently to go on with preparations for a performance at the Opera in Paris because the players would not practice enough and because they were allowed to send substitutes to rehearsals, he laid emphasis on the conflict between the high orchestral standards here and the laxity in such things in Europe. He has, as a consequence, accepted a challenge, and, according to his own words, has a "particular proof to make" in Paris.

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BROOKLYN
TIMES

JUL 7 - 1929

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HERALD

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REDUCTION RATIO

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR

JUL 14 1929

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plans European Tour

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will appear in Washington once during the coming season as an attraction of Mrs. Wilson-Greene's artists' course, has announced that a European tour is planned for next Spring.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the orchestra, recently returned from Europe for a three-day sojourn in America to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University. Newspaper writers who greeted Mr. Koussevitzky as he landed were assured that an itinerary has been completed for a two-month tour to include Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Switzerland.

The only details lacking, Mr. Koussevitzky told the reporters, were the consent of the orchestra's board of trustees and the necessary financial backing. The conductor betrayed no concern over surmounting these difficulties.

Mr. Koussevitzky desires to take the Boston Symphony on a European tour to obtain international recognition for the merits of the so-called "American orchestral idea," the "idea" consisting, it appears, of the American method of orchestral rehearsing which does not permit the easy-going European practice of permitting players tc send substitutes to rehearsal.

As Mr. Koussevitzky presented the matter, a European tour of the Boston Symphony should provide pleasure to European listeners and satisfaction to American musicians and those who have fostered the development of American orchestras. It is thought that Mr. Koussevitzky would enjoy demonstrating the efficiency of Boston rehearsal methods, especially in Paris, for it is at the Paris Opera where, according to reports, Mr. Koussevitzky declined to go on with preparations for a performance on the ground that the players who were rehearsing might not, under the Paris rules, be the same players at all who faced him when the time came for the regular performance.

The amount necessary to take the Boston Symphony abroad has been estimated as being anywhere from $100,000 to $200,000. Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of and spokesman for the board of trustees, has shown himself favorably disposed toward the enterprise. A European tour is an ambition which has existed within the ranks of the Boston Symphony for 25 years.

The New York Phil...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CLEVELAND, O.
PLAIN DEALER

JUL 21 1929

Concerts Canceled.

Why did Serge Koussevitzky decide not to conduct at the Opera in Paris? We have heard many stories, but cannot seem to get the true one. Is the Boston Orchestra going abroad in the fall? B. C.

Worcester, Mass.

The story that the Paris Herald printed declared that Mr. Koussevitzky wanted three rehearsals for Moussorgsky's "Boris," and the men would only give him two.

Privately, he thought they needed four. So he canceled the engagements altogether, feeling that poor p eparation would make for bad performances.

It is not certain as to whether the Boston band will make the trip across the ...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
MORN. WORLD

JUL 21 1929

Serge Koussivitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the recent guest of honor of the Association Francaise d'Expansion at Exchanges Artistiques at the Restaurant Laurent, Champs-Elysees. Among those present were M. Francois Poncet, Under Secretary of Fine Arts, and Emile Hamblot, President of the society, who delivered a speech and extended a cordial welcome to all American ...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
FORT WORTH, TEX.
STAR TELEGRAM

JUL 21 1929

Is it true that some of the American orchestras are going to Europe next year? I have heard rumors about the New York Philharmonic and the Boston Orchestra. Are they the only ones? What happened to the Philadelphia Orchestra's plans to tour abroad? R. Y.

It is practically settled that the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Toscanini and th Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky are to tour in the early summer in Europe. Dates are not yet announced. The Philadelphians' plans went a-glimmering, much to the disgust, it is said, of Leopold Stokowski.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD

JUL 15 1929

Boston Orchestra Plans Tour Abroad

BOSTON, July 14.—Boston Symphony Orchestra may make a tour of Europe if Serge Koussevitzky is able to carry out his plan. Koussevitzky is eager to show the people of Paris a properly rehearsed orchestra. Raising of funds is Serge's chief worry.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ALBANY, N. Y.
TIMES UNION

JUL 21 1929

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BOSTON, July 18 (INS).—Boston Symphony Orchestra may make a tour of Europe if Serge Koussevitzky is able to carry out his plan. Koussevitzky is eager to show the people of Paris a properly rehearsed orchestra. Raising of funds is Serge's chief worry.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SEATTLE, WASH.
Post-Intelligencer

JUL 28 1929

Boston Orchestra May Tour Europe

BOSTON, July 27.—Boston Symphony Orchestra may make a tour of Europe if Serge Koussevitzky is

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HAMMOND, IND.
LAKE CO. TIMES

AUG ...

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ATLANTA, GA.
GEORGIAN

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and rate of descent.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

AUG 10 1929

* * *

From Boston comes the word that there are now seventy-one beneficiaries of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra, receiving a little more than $17,000 annually. Each member of the orchestra contributes annual dues until he has paid $750, but this, even with the aid of the annual pension fund concert, would be entirely inadequate without the aid of numerous gifts made by public spirited citizens of Boston. The maximum pension paid is only $500, a sum which it is hoped to increase in the near future. Only musicians who have served with the orchestra for ten years or more are entitled to assistance, which varies according to age, residence and earnings.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
JOURNAL

AUG 26 1929

BOSTON ORCHESTRA MAY TOUR EUROPE

BOSTON, Aug. 26.—Boston Symphony orchestra may make a tour of Europe if Serge Koussevitzky is able to carry out his plan. Kou... vitzky is eager to ... of ...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS

JUL 9 ...

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NEWS
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

AUG 24 1929

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

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Plans Already Under Consideration for Festival on Fiftieth Anniversary

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which, if forty years younger than the Philharmonic, of New York, is one of the four or five oldest among extant American organizations of this type, is approaching the end of its first half century. The beginning of the fiftieth season is still a year off, but plans for special events tc commemorate the semi-centennial are already under consideration. One feature is to be a Bach festival in the spring of 1931, including the B minor Mass. Professor Archibald T. Davidson, it is said, has already been engaged in conducting preliminary rehearsals of Harvard and Radcliffe students for the choral parts of this work.

According to "The Boston Evening Transcript," Serge Koussevitzky has commissioned Igor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofieff to write works for the Boston Symphony's semi-centennial, and it is planned to invite the first conductor of this orchestra, Sir George Henschel, who was in charge from 1881 to 1885, to come here from England next season to conduct at least part of a concert. Official announcement of Mr. Koussevitzky's plans for the semi-centennial season, and of the new or unfamiliar music he intends to produce during the forty-ninth season, beginning next month, awaits the Russian conductor's return next week.

During the season of 1929-'30, the Boston Symphony will pay its usual five visits to New York, giving five evening concerts and five afternoon concerts in Carnegie Hall and five evening concerts in the Brooklyn Philharmonic series at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There will be one exception to the usual schedule of Thursday nights and Saturday afternoons in Carnegie Hall and Friday nights at the Academy, the evening dates of the orchestra's third trip being transposed, since the Academy was not available that particular Friday.

The dates of the concerts are: Carnegie Hall, evenings: Thursday, November 21, January 9; Friday, February 7, Thursday, March 8, April 10; Saturday afternoons, November 23, January 11, February 8, March 8, April 12.

Brooklyn Academy: Friday, November 22, January 10; Thursday, February 6; Friday, March 7, April 11.

In Boston, the orchestra will give the usual twenty-four pairs of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts, as well as six Monday evening and six Tuesday afternoon performances. Ernest Schelling will conduct a series of children's concerts.

Towards the end of October, the orchestra will tour the central states, paying its second visit to Chicago and what is believed to be its first to Minneapolis, and will also play in Indianapolis, Buffalo and Pittsburgh.

In February Mr. Koussevitzky and his musicians will visit Richmond, Baltimore and Washington. Four concerts will be given in Providence and occasional appearances will be made in New England college cities, such as New Haven and Northampton.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct all the concerts on tour and all those in Boston, except for a two weeks' vacation, when he will be relieved by guests. The Boston Symphony, however, has never gone in for intensive guest conducting in the way pursued, by choice or necessity, by some other American orchestras. It is said that a Brahms festival is under consideration next spring as a culminating feature of the Boston season.

Mr. W. H. Brennan, who has been manager of the Boston Symphony for twenty years, said yesterday that the orchestra's Carnegie Hall concerts have been sold out by subscription, and all its Boston concerts except for a few places in the recently established Tuesday afternoon series, which caters particularly to residents in Boston's suburbs.

From 1881 to 1918 the orchestra was supported by its founder, the late Major Henry L. Higginson. It has since been supported by contributions from a large number of patrons.

F. D. P.

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HERALD TRIBUNE

SEP 22 1929

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F. D. P.

Eleonora de Cisneros has been added to the faculty of the vocal department of the Malkin Conservatory of Music, which has taken up new and enlarged quarters at 316 Riverside Drive.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR

JUL 14 [illegible]

Boston Symphony Orchestra Plans European Tour

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The only details lacking, Mr. Koussevitzky told the reporters, were the consent of the orchestra's board of trustees and the necessary financial backing. The conductor betrayed no concern over surmounting these difficulties.

Mr. Koussevitzky desires to take the Boston Symphony on a European tour to obtain international recognition for the merits of the so-called "American orchestral idea," the "idea" consisting, it appears, of the American method of orchestral rehearsing which does not permit the easy-going European practice of permitting players to send substitutes to rehearsal.

As Mr. Koussevitzky presented the matter, a European tour of the Boston Symphony should provide pleasure to European listeners and satisfaction to American musicians and those who have fostered the development of American orchestras. It is thought that Mr. Koussevitzky would enjoy demonstrating the efficiency of Boston rehearsal methods, especially in Paris, for it is at the Paris Opera where, according to reports, Mr. Koussevitzky declined to go on with preparations for a performance on the ground that the players who were rehearsing might not, under the Paris rules, be the same players at all who faced him when the time came for the regular performance.

The amount necessary to take the Boston Symphony abroad has been estimated as being anywhere from $100,000 to $200,000. Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of and spokesman for the board of trustees, has shown himself favorably disposed toward the enterprise. A European tour is an ambition which has existed within the ranks of the Boston Symphony for 25 years.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, not to be outdone by Boston, is said to be planning a European tour of its own. Walter Damrosch took the New York Symphony on a similar tour on the close of the World War.

Worcester, Mass.

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It is not certain as to whether the Boston band will make the trip across the ...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
MORN. WORLD

JUL 21 1929

Serge Koussivitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the recent guest of honor of the Association Française d'Expansion at Exchanges Artistiques at the Restaurant Laurent, Champs-Elysees. Among those present were M. Francois Poncet, Under Secretary of Fine Arts, and Emile Hamblot, President of the society, who delivered a speech and extended a cordial welcome to all American artists ...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
FORT WORTH, TEX.
STAR TELEGRAM

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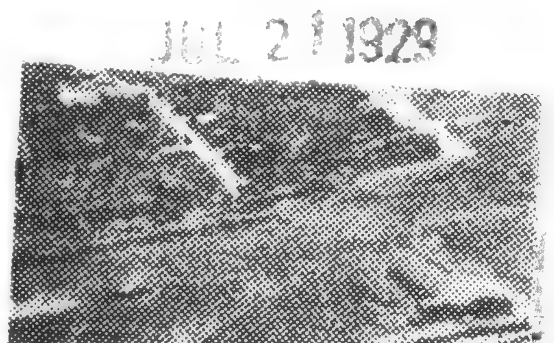
ALBANY, N. Y.
TIMES UNION

JUL 21 1929



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Post-Intelligencer

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TIMES

AUG 10 1929

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NEWS
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Music Notes

The American Opera Artists, Inc., an association organized last spring as a protective league for the benefit of singers, will hold their first meeting of the season at Mecca Temple on September 30 at 8:30 p. m. A campaign to double the present membership will be launched at that time.

Emil Mlynarski, Polish composer and symphony and operatic conductor, has just arrived in this country to assume his new duties as head of the orchestral department of the Curtis Institute of Music and also as musical director of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company.

The Westchester Choral Society resumes activities this week with a campaign for new members planned by Mrs. Eugene Meyer, chairman of the society, and Mrs. Kate A. Wasserscheid, executive secretary. The society is planning to hold the 1930 music festival in the new county center on the Bronx River Parkway. This will be the sixth annual festival of the ...

... come her . . . but it might quite as pertinently be said that Pasetti himself is to be congratulated upon a partner who so instantly comprehends and carries out his ideals. Not all of these Munich costumes, part and parcel as they are of the local settings and backgrounds, will be worn in New York. With what scant information he can obtain concerning our scenery, plus an acute natural perception, Mr. Pasetti is already at work upon several new ones to be carried across the sea. And we may rest assured that they will be both expressive and beautiful.

When she arrives in New York early in January the new soprano will have not only her imported family about her, but will be welcomed by two ... established American ...

666

64

220 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK
Tel. Chelsea 8860

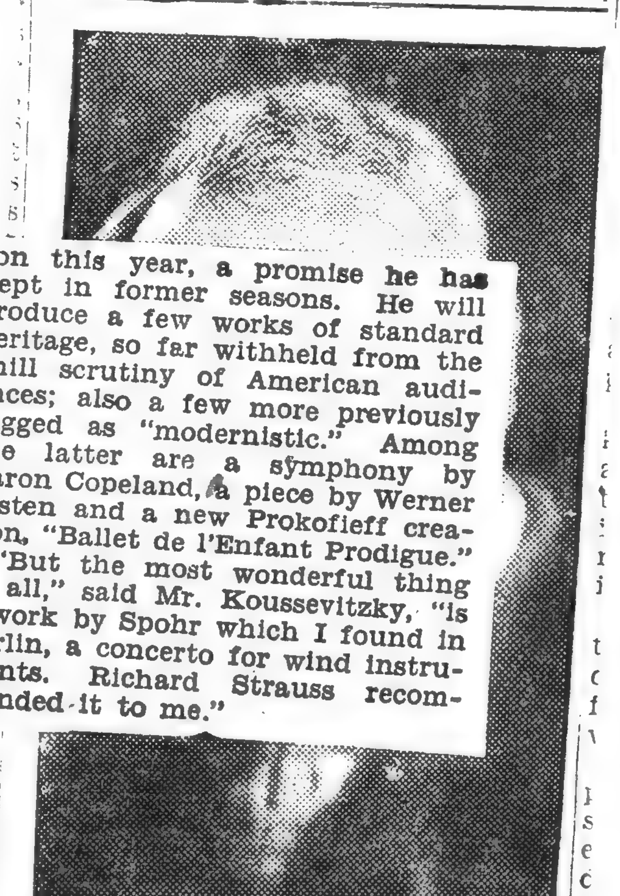
THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD

CONDUCTOR of Boston Symphony Orchestra Here to Resume Baton

SERGE A. KOUSSEVITZKY

The seasonal future of the Boston Symphony seems to be assured, for Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitzky, its conductor, has returned from Europe for his annual American pilgrimage. He arrived yesterday on the Ile de France and paused for remarks before taking train for Philadelphia and Boston. He promises new works for Boston this year, a promise he has kept in former seasons. He will produce a few works of standard heritage, so far withheld from the chill scrutiny of American audiences; also a few more previously tagged as "modernistic." Among the latter are a symphony by Aaron Copeland, a piece by Werner Josten and a new Prokofieff creation, "Ballet de l'Enfant Prodigue."

"But the most wonderful thing of all," said Mr. Koussevitzky, "is a work by Spohr which I found in Berlin, a concerto for wind instruments. Richard Strauss recommended it to me."



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JUL [illegible]

Concerts Canceled.

Why did Serge Koussevitzky decide not to conduct at the Opera in Paris? We have heard many stories, but cannot seem to get the true one. Is the Boston Orchestra going abroad in the fall? B. C.
Worcester, Mass.

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220 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK
Tel. Chelsea 8860

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NEW YORK
WORLD

Marriage of Miss Alva E. Kingsland on Sept. 12 Is Announced

Society was much interested in the

SERGE A. KOUSSEVITZKY

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
SEP 9

Music Notes

Reminder of Coming Boston Symphony Season in Return of Koussevitzky from Abroad. Local Series Starts Nov. 19. Items on Musical Activities

With the return of Serge Koussevitsky last week from his summer in Europe Providence concertgoers are reminded of the approaching season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city. Early in the summer local subscribers were notified that the books were open for the re-engagement of seats. Until Oct. 15 remittances may be forwarded to the Boston office in Symphony Hall. The dates for the Providence concerts, as arranged, are the Tuesdays of Nov. 19, Dec. 17, Jan. 21 and April 1. The E. F. Albee Theatre continues as the concert hall.

The Boston season opens on Oct. 11. This will be the 49th year of the celebrated orchestra and its sixth under the noted Russian conductor. Koussevitsky said to reporters on his arrival that he was confident that a season of unusual musical interest was in store. He has in the course of the summer conferred with the foremost living composers and, accordingly, has brought back in his portfolio a Suite from the new ballet of Prokofieff, "L'Enfant Prodigue," which he will give its first American performance. New American scores which he will likewise introduce are a Symphony of Aaron Copland, and the latest work of Werner Josten. An interesting revival will be a Wood-wind Concerto of Spohr, which was lately recommended to the conductor by Richard Strauss.

The morning mail of last Tuesday in Boston brought a letter from Koussevitsky, aboard the Ile de France, to W. H. Brennan, manager of the orchestra, even before the liner had landed in New York. The letter was carried via seaplane by Lieut. Leon Domergue who flew from the decks of the vessel when she was 150 miles out. He made the flight in 1 hour and 45 minutes, it was reported, and carried three sacks of mail to the port of Boston, establishing a regular air mail service, according to the announcement of the French Line.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
SEP 9

League of [illegible]

TEN BOSTON CONCERTS

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give ten New York concerts this season, and from what Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, its conductor, told me when he returned from Europe last week, there will be some extraordinarily interesting features on the program. Each program will include at least one new work, although this will not always be a modern composition. He has, among those he brought from Europe, several interesting scores of nineteenth-century compositions which never have been played in the United States.

Among the modern composers to be represented on his programs this year will be a number of Americans, including Aaron Copeland and Roger Sessions.

"I will play a new symphony by Copeland which is quite extraordinary," Dr. Koussevitzky said, "and will undoubtedly be the most interesting of the new things to be heard in the United States this winter."

Dr. Koussevitzky said that leading musicians throughout Europe are becoming more and more interested in the work of contemporary American composers.

I asked him about the rumor that hev was going to postpone his European tour with the orchestra until the spring of 1931 because the Philharmonic Symphony had announced a European trip for next April. His expression was sufficient to contradict any such rumor.

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra will go abroad this year or never," hed said firmly. "It is not interested in imitating other organizations. Europe has been waiting for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and not for any other American organization." He will take up the matter of the European trip with the trustees as soon as he returns to Boston, he said.

MR. KOUSSEVITSKI RETURNS
Leader Of The Boston Symphony As He Landed At New York From Europe
(Acme)

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
SEP 29

THIS CLIPPING FROM
KANSAS CITY, MO.
POST
OCT 6

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Although the beginning of the fiftieth season still is a year off plans to commemorate the semi-centennial already are on foot. Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor, has commissioned Igor Stravinsky and Prokofieff to write special works for the occasion. It also is planned to invite the first conductor of the orchestra, Sir George Henschel, who was in charge from 1881 to 1885, to return to Boston from England next season to conduct at least part of a concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

Koussevitzky Here Nov. 21

Boston Symphony to Present 3 New American Works

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has announced that he will give three new works by American composers during the coming Boston season: a symphony by Aaron Copland, of New York; a tone poem by Roger Sessions, and a tone poem by Professor Werner Josten, of Smith College. Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" also will be played. European scores new to America include Prokofieff's third symphony, a concerto grosso by Filip Lazar and a ballet suite arranged by Honegger from music of Bach.

Among works not often played to be given by the Boston Symphony this season are Mahler's ninth symphony and song cycle "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's unfinished ninth symphony, Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martydom of Saint Sebastian" with the choral portions. Mr. Koussevitzky will also offer an unknown concerto for wind in-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

Koussevitzky Returns From European Trip

Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra Will Come Here on Feb. 3

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Mr. Koussevitzky crossed the Atlantic four times last summer. Having gone to Europe earlier in the season than usual, he returned for a brief stay to receive the honorary degree of doctor of laws whic hwas conferred upon him at the Harvard University commencement exercises held June 20. Other celebrities who then received similar degrees were Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York State, and Secretaries Adams and Kellogg. The conductor of the oBston Symphony Orchestra then sailed again for Europe.

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Koussevitzky Returns From European Trip

Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra Will Come Here on Feb. 3

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has returned to this country after spending the greater part of the summer in Europe, where he has been filling engagements as guest conductor for leading orchestras and enjoying his customary summer holiday in the Old World. He will bring his aggregation of 112 musicians to the Mosque for their annual visit Monday, February 3, under the management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, assisted by Miss Vera Palmer.

Mr. Koussevitzky crossed the Atlantic four times last summer. Having gone to Europe earlier in the season than usual, he returned for a brief stay to receive the honorary degree of doctor of laws whic hwas conferred upon him at the Harvard University commencement exercises held June 20. Other celebrities who then received similar degrees were Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York State, and Secretaries Adams and Kellogg. The conductor of the oBston Symphony Orchestra then sailed again for Europe.

He is now assembling the personnel of the orchestra in preparation for the opening of the forty-ninth season in Boston on October 11 and 12. This will be the sixth American season for the Russian conductor. The annual visit of the Boston Symphony to Richmond will be as the second attraction in the artists' course of five concerts, reservations for which are now available at Walter D. Moses & Company.

The course will open on January 8, when Lucrezia Bori will give a costume recital. On February 10 Jascha Heifetz, famous violinist, will come here for the first time in many years. On March 3 Emma Otero, new Cuban coloratura soprano, will be at the Mosque, and one week later John Charles Thomas, the widely-known baritone, will complete the list.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
...RD, ILL.
...BLIC
30 1929

...a Symphony To ...pear In Europe

York—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston ...phony orchestra, has just returned here from Europe on board the steamship Ile de France, of the French Line, and, on his return to Boston, will recommend to the trustees of the orchestra organization that they authorize the European trip for the orchestra which he has long been planning for next spring.

Dr. Koussevitzky categorically denied reports that the Boston Symphony Orchestra's tour of Europe would be postponed until 1931 because of the plans of the Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra to go abroad in April.

"You can quote me as saying that the Boston Symphony orchestra will go to Europe this spring or never," Dr. Koussevitzky said. "It is not interested in imitating other organizations. Furthermore, Europe has been waiting for the Boston Symphony orchestra and not for any other American organization."

Further announcements, he said, would be made on this subject after he returns to Boston and confers with the trustees of the orchestra.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
OCT 3

Three New Compositions by Young Americans Secured by Koussevitzky

"THE young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans. I much prefer the young Americans," said Serge Koussevitzky, when the Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived in Boston on his return from Europe. In support of this belief, he disclosed the names of three compositions by young Americans which he is to give their first performances in the course of the pending Boston symphony season. These are a symphony by Aaron Copland and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten. Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" will also be played.

European scores new to America will be the Third Symphony of Prokofieff, a Concerto Grosso, by Lazar and a ballet suite drawn from the music of Sebastian Bach, by Honegger.

Notable revivals will be the Ninth Symphony of Mahler, and the same composer's song cycle, "Kindertotenlieder"; likewise the unfinished Ninth Symphony of Bruckner, Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martryrdom of St. Sebastian," with choral portions. When Koussevitzky went to Berlin last summer to attend the Strauss festival there, the famous composer drew his attention to an unknown concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, the only existing copy of which he had discovered in the archives of the Berlin State Opera. Koussevitzky was most enthusiastic about the piece and had it copied and will produce it in America. The conductor is rehearsing for the opening on October 11, when he will introduce Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue and also play Debussy's "La Mer," Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and "Egmont" Overture.

The New York season of this orchestra will open in Carnegie Hall on November 21. The other dates will be November 23, January 9 and 11, February 7 and 8, March 6 and 8 and April 10 and 12. The series of five Thursday evening and five Saturday afternoon concerts are both fully subscribed.

Koussevitzky Here Nov. 21

Boston Symphony to Present 3 New American Works

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has announced that he will give three new works by American composers during the coming Boston season: a symphony by Aaron Copland, of New York; a tone poem by Roger Sessions, and a tone poem by Professor Werner Josten, of Smith College. Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" also will be played. European scores new to America include Prokofieff's third symphony, a concerto grosso by Filip Lazar and a ballet suite arranged by Honegger from music of Bach.

Among works not often played to be given by the Boston Symphony this season are Mahler's ninth symphony and song cycle "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's unfinished ninth symphony, Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martydom of Saint Sebastian" with the choral portions. Mr. Koussevitzky will also offer an unknown concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, which he discovered in Berlin.

The orchestra will open its New York season in Carnegie Hall on November 21. The series of five Thursday evening and five Saturday afternoon concerts have been fully subscribed. Five concerts will also be given on Friday evenings at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

...e known today that the ten concerts which his Boston Symphony Orchestra will give in New York are to bring forward a number of new compositions by young Americans as well as novelties by other modern composers.

A new symphony by Aaron Copland, now well known here as one of the leaders of the American modernists; a tone poem by Roger Sessions, also among the more prominent of these composers; a tone poem by Werner Josten head of the music department of Smith College; the violinist Samuel Gardner's "Broadway"; the Third Symphony of Serge Prokofieff the Russian radical; a concerto grosso by Filip Lazar, a young Rumanian, and a ballet suite made by Arthur Hoenegger from music of Bach.

Some of the notable revivals which will be presented by Mr. Koussevitzky this season include Mahler's Ninth Symphony and his cycle "Death Songs of Childhood"; Bruckner's uncompleted Ninth Symphony; Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" (which Arturo Toscanini and the Philharmonic will play tomorrow), and the music written by Debussy for d'Annunzio's "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian."

The Boston Symphony's season begins in Boston on October 11.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle
OCT 4 - 1929

Along With the Teams

Are orchestras going to climb in public estimation to a parity with the baseball teams? There is something quite exhilarating in the note of asperity that begins to be heard from Boston and New York in connection with the plans for European tours by the Boston Symphony and New York Philharmonic Symphony. The Boston Symphony tour was discussed last season as probable either in 1930 or 1931; nothing much at that time was heard from New York.

But quite suddenly this season comes the announcement that the New York orchestra is to be heard in Europe next Spring with Toscanini conducting. And now comes Koussevitski, newly returned to Boston, to say that the Boston Symphony will tour Europe in 1930 or not at all; that Europe has long waited for the Boston Symphony and that this is the orchestra it wants to hear.

There seems little cause to doubt that Europe would welcome the Boston Symphony of which it knows much; it has sent a number of its most noted conductors to lead that orchestra. Many of its well known orchestral players have come over to play in it; Koussevitski is a known quantity. But there can be as little doubt as to the welcome which will await the New York Philharmonic with Toscanini as conductor. He is easily the most admired of opera conductors of today; where he has been heard as orchestra conductor he has been equally admired. There is more curiosity about his interpretations and about the technical results he secures than about those of any conductor.

On the whole, a little civic rivalry, a stir in the press that leads to considerable public attention, a centralizing of interest consequent on the civic phase of the [illegible], all [illegible]. "Far[illegible]. But [illegible] will [illegible].

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER
OCT 4 - 1929

MPORTANT BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON

Koussevitzky Discloses Plans Of Notable Organization Which Is To Play Here.

"The young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans. I much prefer the young American." This opinion was given out to Serge Koussevitsky in interviews when the Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived in Boston last Friday, September 27, on his return from Europe. In support of this belief, he disclosed the names of three compositions by young Americans which he is to give their first performances in the course of the pending Boston Symphony season. These are a Symphony by Aaron Copland, and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten. Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" will also be played.

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The conductor has called rehearsals next week for the opening of the Boston Symphony season, in Symphony Hall, on October 11th. This will be the 49th season of the orchestra and the sixth under Koussevitzky's leadership. On this occasion, he will introduce Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude & Fugue, and also play Debussy's "La Mer," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and "Eggmont" Overture.

The Boston Symphony, along with Josef Hofmann, Mischa Elman, Roland Hayes and Elizabeth Rethberg will comprise the Woolsey Hall Concert Series this season.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
OCT 4 - 1929

NOTED CONDUCTOR IN N. Y. WITH NEW SYMPHONY WORKS

The Ile de France brought to New York Tuesday as perhaps its most distinguished passenger, Serge Koussevitzky, who returned from Europe prepared for the opening of the 49th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, Boston, on October 11. This will be the sixth American season of the great Russian leader.

Koussevitzky told reporters on his arrival that he was confident that a season of unusual musical interest was in store. He has in the course of the Summer conferred with the foremost living composers, and accordingly has brought back in his portfolio a Suite from the new ballet of Prokofieff. "L'Enfant Prodigue", which he will give its first American performance. New American scores which he will likewise introduce are a Symphony of Aaron Copland, and the latest work of Werner Josten. An interesting revival will be a Woodwind Concerto of Spohr, which was lately recommended to the conductor by Richard Strauss.

The morning mail of September 24 in Boston brought a letter from Koussevitzky to W. H. Brennan, manager of the orchestra, even before the steamer had landed in New York. This letter was carried by seaplane from the Ile de France when its pilot, Lieutenant Leon Domergue, flew from the decks of [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
POST
OCT 6 - 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY RETURNS WITH NEW CLASSICS

Although the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will make but one appearance in Washington during the coming season of 1929-30, when it appears here as one of the attractions of Mrs. Wilson-Greene's Artists' Course of afternoon concerts at Poli's Theater, it is highly probable that Mr. Koussevitzky will offer Washington one or more of the superb group of new American and European compositions he obtained during his summer holiday abroad.

Koussevitzky arrived in Boston last week to open his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which, incidentally, is about to launch out on its forty-ninth season. Almost immediately upon his arrival, Koussevitzky spoke at length on his plans for the coming season and was not at all reluctant to say that he finds the work of young American composers more interesting than their European confreres.

By way of illustrating his interest in the native composers, Koussevitzky will offer, during the coming season, a symphony by Aaron Copland, several tone poems by Werner Josten, and Roger Sessions, as well as a remarkable new composition by a fourth American, Samuel Gardner, called "Broadway," which will require four expert saxophonists for its rendition. At least one saxophonist of the requisite virtuosity will have to be engaged specially for this performance.

However, there are a number of European works that Koussevitzky has brought back for presentation in America this season. There will be a concerto grosso by the Roumanian, Lazar, whose name has appeared before on Koussevitzky programs, and Prokofieff's Third Symphony is another scheduled for performance. Mr Koussevitzky's portfolio includes a prelude and fugue by the Italian, Pick-Mangiagalli, whose name is a new one in American ears. Honegger, the composer of that much-discussed "Pacific 231," has composed a suite of Bach transcriptions which Koussevitzky, who usually "detests" Bach transcriptions, calls "too charming to be resisted."

The older composers will be heard from, too. Boston will hear for the first time this winter—and possibly, Washington also—the Ninth Symphony, by Mahler, as well as a Mahler cycle of five songs with orchestra There will be played also a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, the only existing copy of which has lain in the archives of the Berlin State Opera until last summer, when Richard Strauss commended the work to Koussevitzky, who had the work copied forthwith.

From Strauss' own music Koussevitzky has selected a revival of "Don Quixote," while from Bruckner will come the unfinished Ninth Symphony. During the winter, the symphony will also give a performance of Debussy's incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," the choral portions of which will be heard in America for the first time

Last Friday afternoon Koussevitzky assembled the Boston Symphony for its rehearsal, and the season will open next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, October 11 and 12.

In addition to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mrs. Wilson-Greene's Artists' Course of concerts will include concerts by Horowitz, the pianist; La Argentina, danseuse; Lucrezia Bori, soprano, and Gigli, the "Met" tenor star.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
OCT 6 - 1929

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Among works not often played, Mr. Koussevitzky will offer Mahler's Ninth Symphony and song cycle "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's unfinished Ninth Symphony and Debussy's incidental music for "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" including the choral numbers. When in Berlin last summer, Richard Strauss drew Koussevitzky's attention to an unknown concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, which he had discovered in the archives of the Berlin State Opera. Mr. Koussevitzky had it copied and will give it in this country.

The Boston season opens next Friday with a program including Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue, Debussy's "La Mer," Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and "Egmont" overture.

The New York concerts begin at Carnegie Hall on November 21-23, and November 22 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The five Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon concerts in Carnegie Hall are fully subscribed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN
OCT 9 1929

Boston Programs.

Friday and Saturday this week come the first concerts of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the sixth [illegible] under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. The program will include Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue; Debussy's "La Mer;" Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the Overture to "Egmont."

Mr. Koussevitzky plans during the season to present a symphony by Aaron Copland and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten besides Samuel Gardner's "Broadway."

According to the New York Times, European scores new to America will be the Third symphony of Prokofieff, a Concerto Grosso by Lazar and a ballet suite drawn from Honegger.

Notable revivals will be the Ninth symphony of Mahler and the same composer's song cycle, "Kindertotenlieder;" likewise the unfinished Ninth symphony of Bruckner, Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," with choral portions.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS-LEADER
OCT 12 [illegible]

Boston Symphony To Be at Mosque

Music lovers are looking forward to the appearance of Ethel Leginska, distinguished pianist-composer-conductor, who is to bring her Boston Woman's Symphony orchestra to the Mosque the night of Monday, Oct. 21, one week from next Monday at 8:30 o'clock. The box office at Walter D. Moses and Company reports a tremendous business for the first concert of the season, which is being presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, assisted by Miss Vera Palmer.

Leginska is known as one of the world's most dynamic artists, and those who have seen her conduct declare that her rare magnetism and sound musicianship carry all before them. She has just returned from England and will open her autumn concert tour next Monday night.

The Boston Woman's Symphony orchestra is the first orchestra in this country, the complete personnel of which, including conductor, is composed entirely of women. It is now in its fourth season. At her concert here she will appear as soloist as well as conductor.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CITIZEN
OCT 13 [illegible]

Serge Koussevitzky Prefers Young American Composers

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
OCT [illegible]

GARDNER'S "BROADWAY" BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Providence friends of Samuel Gardner will be interested to know that his "Broadway" is among the works by American composers Serge Koussevitzky has announced for the Boston Symphony concerts this season, which began last week in Boston. Interviewed in Boston on his return from abroad the Russian conductor said: "The young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans. I much prefer the young Americans.

In support of this belief he disclosed the names of three compositions which he is to give their first performances. These are a Symphony by Aaron Copeland and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten. European scores new to this country will be the Third Symphony of Prokofieff, a "Concerto Grosso," by Lazar, and a ballet suite drawn from the music of Sebastian Bach, by Honegger.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
COLUMBUS, OHIO
DISPATCH
OCT 13 1929

Next season the Boston Symphony will celebrate a grand jubilee in honor of its fiftieth birthday. Stravinsky and Prokofieff have been commissioned to write new works for the event, which will remain the exclusive property of the orchestra.

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Democrat Chronicle
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But quite suddenly this season comes the announcement that the New York orchestra is to be heard in Europe next Spring with Toscanini conducting. And now comes Koussevitski, newly returned to Boston, to say that the Boston Symphony will tour Europe in 1930 or not at all; that Europe has long waited for the Boston Symphony and that this is the orchestra it wants to hear.

There seems little cause to doubt that Europe would welcome the Boston Symphony of which it knows much; it has sent a number of its most noted conductors to lead that orchestra. Many of its well known orchestral players have come over to play in it; Koussevitski is a known quantity. But there can be as little doubt as to the welcome which will await the New York Philharmonic with Toscanini as conductor. He is easily the most admired of opera conductors of today; where he has been heard as orchestra conductor he has been equally admired. There is more curiosity about his interpretations and about the technical results he secures than about those of any conductor.

On the whole, a little civic rivalry, a stir in the press that leads to considerable public attention, a centralizing of interest consequent on the civic phase of the matter, all will tend to aid orchestral affairs. "Fans" belong in the sports, not the arts. But a little spirit like to that of fandom will not harm the civic status of the arts.

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REGISTER
OCT 4 - 1929

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HERALD-TRIBUNE
OCT 6 - 1929

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CITIZEN
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SYMPHONY SEASON

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From Strauss' own music Koussevitzky has selected a revival of "Don Quixote," while from Bruckner will come the unfinished Ninth Symphony. During the winter, the symphony will also give a performance of Debussy's incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," the choral portions of which will be heard in America for the first time.

Last Friday afternoon Koussevitzky assembled the Boston Symphony for its rehearsal, and the season will open next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, October 11 and 12.

In addition to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mrs. Wilson-Greene's Artists' Course of concerts will include concerts by Horowitz, the pianist; La Argentina, danseuse; Lucrezia Bori, soprano, and Gigli, the "Met" tenor star.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN
OCT 9 1929

Boston Programs.

Friday and Saturday this week come the first concerts of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the sixth under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. The program will include Pick-Mangiagalli's Prelude and Fugue; Debussy's "La Mer;" Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the Overture to "Egmont."

Mr. Koussevitzky plans during the season to present a symphony by Aaron Copland and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten besides Samuel Gardner's "Broadway."

According to the New York Times, European scores new to America will be the Third symphony of Prokofieff, a Concerto Grosso by Lazar and a ballet suite drawn from Honegger.

Notable revivals will be the Ninth symphony of Mahler and the same composer's song cycle, "Kindertotenlieder;" likewise the unfinished Ninth symphony of Bruckner, Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," with choral portions.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS-LEADER
OCT 12 1929

Boston Symphony To Be at Mosque

Music lovers are looking forward to the appearance of Ethel Leginska, distinguished pianist-composer-conductor, who is to bring her Boston Woman's Symphony orchestra to the Mosque the night of Monday, Oct. 21, one week from next Monday at 8:30 o'clock. The box office at Walter D. Moses and Company reports a tremendous business for the first concert of the season, which is being presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, assisted by Miss Vera Palmer.

Leginska is known as one of the world's most dynamic artists, and those who have seen her conduct declare that her rare magnetism and sound musicianship carry all before them. She has just returned from England and will open her autumn concert tour next Monday night.

The Boston Woman's Symphony orchestra is the first orchestra in this country, the complete personnel of which, including conductor, is composed entirely of women. It is now in its fourth season. At her concert here she will appear as soloist as well as conductor.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
OCT 13

GARDNER'S "BROADWAY" BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Providence friends of Samuel Gardner will be interested to know that his "Broadway" is among the works by American composers Serge Koussevitzky has announced for the Boston Symphony concerts this season, which began last week in Boston. Interviewed in Boston on his return from abroad the Russian conductor said: "The young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans. I much prefer the young Americans.

In support of this belief he disclosed the names of three compositions which he is to give their first performances. These are a Symphony by Aaron Copeland and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten. European scores new to this country will be the Third Symphony of Prokofieff, a "Concerto Grosso," by Lazar, and a ballet suite drawn from the music of Sebastian Bach, by Honegger.

Notable revivals will be the Ninth Symphony of Mahler, and the same composers's song cycle "Kindertotenlieder;" likewise the unfinished Ninth Symphony of Bruckner, Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," with choral portions. When Koussevitzky went to Berlin last summer to attend the Strauss festival, the famous composer drew his attention to an unknown concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, the only existing copy of which he had discovered in the archives of the Berlin State Opera. Koussevitzky was most enthusiastic about the piece and had it copied, and will produce it in America.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
COLUMBUS, OHIO
DISPATCH
OCT 13 1929

Next season the Boston Symphony will celebrate a grand jubilee in honor of its fiftieth birthday. Stravinsky and Prokofieff have been commissioned to write new works for the event, which will remain the exclusive property of the orchestra.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PEORIA, ILL.
TRANSCRIPT
OCT 13 1929

LINES and SPACES

By
WILLIAM E. DONOVAN
JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT
MUSIC EDITOR

There is a new movie now with the elegant title of "The Cock Eyed W[illegible]." This being so, we feel that we would be quite competent to [illegible] some Cock Eyed incidental music to it, what with furnishing a new studio and the way the Cubs let us down in the Worlds Serious, in our minds.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Next year the Boston Symphony orchestra will hold a jubilee to honor its fiftieth birthday. This great occasion will be made greater due to the fact that new compositions by Stravinsky and Prokofieff, two of the foremost living composers will be performed for the first time. Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated conductor of the orchestra has commissioned these masters to write especially for the event, the compositions to remain the exclusive property of the orchestra.

If the proper arrangements can be made, the first conductor of the orchestra, Sir George Henschel, will conduct at least a part of the program, to add to the glory of the occasion. Sir George, now a venerable old man, is residing in London and Scotland, enjoying the best of health and maintaining a close contact with prominent musicians and leading musical events.

We have heard the Boston symphony a countless number of times, during our student and teaching years in Boston. From 1912 to 1918 Dr. Karl Muck was the conductor. At the outbreak of the war, Doctor Muck was accused of Pro-Germanism and was banished from Boston to be interned at Atlanta, Ga. The charges against him were never proven and never could be because they were founded on a false supposition. At the conclusion of the war, Doctor Muck returned to Germany, a broken hearted man but still retaining the high musical ideals of the artist he is. He is now residing in Hamburg where he conducts the Philharmonic orchestra as well as some performances at the Stats-Oper. He is also one of the leading conductors of Wagnerian Opera at the annual Bayreuth festival, each year. Doctor Muck is a man of striking appearance and has a profile that bears a close resemblance to Wagner, so much so, that he is said to be the illegitimate son of Mathilde Wessendock and the illustrious Wagner. But as we were about to say above, never, either in this county or Europe, have we heard an orchestra with such a depth and beauty in the string sections, velvet delicacy in the wood wind sections, pomposity and stridency in the brass sections, as the Boston symphony of this period. For great musical conceptions, beautifully rich tone, sheer virtousity and dazzling brilliance none there were who could compare with them.

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Audience Is Swayed

Two years ago we heard this same orchestra in Chicago. We wanted to see and hear for ourselves, if all the glowing accounts were true. We went, with the glorious memory of the old orchestra under Doctor Muck, in our mind. The orchestra was seated on the stage and had completed that bedlam of noise and sound, known as the pre-concert tuning, a hush fell on the audience as an aristocratic man, slightly stooped and with greying hair, ascended the conductors rostrum. This was Serge Koussevitzky and he was greeted with the customary polite applause

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We went to the musicians room after the concert to see one of our old pals, in the orchestra, John Murray, a violinist and one of the finest Scotchman to ever roll an r. We found him and said to him: "John, what do you fellows think of Koussevitzky by this time?" And John replied—"Weel, Willie, he's a devil of a mon to work forrrrrr, but what a musician he is."

And that ladies and gentlemen, is the highest praise a conductor could ever want, coming as it does from

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SALT LAKE CITY
TRIBUNE

BOSTON SYMPHONY SETS BIG JUBILEE

BOSTON.—Next season the Boston Symphony orchestra will hold a grand jubilee in honor of its fiftieth birthday. The occasion will be made glorious by the rendition of new pieces by two of our foremost living composers, Stravinsky and Prokofieff, for Mrs. Koussevitzky has commissioned these masters to compose pieces especially for the event. The selections will remain the exclusive property of the orchestra.

If satisfactory arrangements can be made, the first conductor of the orchestra, Sir George Henschel, will wield his old baton for a few moments to add to the glory of the commemoration. Sir Henschel, now living in London and in Scotland, enjoys splendid health, coaches prominent musicians and receives well-merited veneration.

An unofficial report has it that the jubilee programs will include a performance of Bach's Mass in B minor, with the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
OCT 13 1929

Bach Festival Is Planned By Koussevitzky

Boston Symphony Orchestra to Play Here in February; One of Series of Concerts

Preparations are already underway for the celebration by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of its semi-centennial, which is to take place in the season of 1930-31, and will include a Bach festival in the spring with Harvard and Radcliffe students singing the choral parts. Serge Koussevitzky, it is understood, has already commissioned Ivor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofieff to write works for the celebration, while it is planned to invite the first conductor of this famous orchestra, Sir George Henschel, who was in charge from 1881-85, to come from England to conduct at least a part of a concert.

Meantime, the great organization with its distinguished conductor will appear at the Mosque next February on its anrual visit as one of the attractions in the "artists' course" of five concerts. During the season now opening the Boston Symphony will pay its usual five visits to New York, giving five evening concerts and five afternoon concerts in Carnegie Hall and five evening concerts at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. In Boston, the orchestra will give the usual forty-eight Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts, as well as six Monday evening and six Tuesday afternoon performances. Ernest Schelling will conduct a series of children's concerts.

This busy orchestra, the 112 members of which are employed full time by Mr. Koussevitzky, will leave Boston the end of this month to tour the central states. It will pay its second visit to Chicago and what is its first to Minneapolis, and will also play in Indianapolis, Buffalo and Pittsburgh. In February, when it comes here it will appear, too, in Washington and Baltimore, all under the management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene, who, with T. Michaux Moody, is bringing the Boston to Richmond. Four concerts will be given in Providence and occasional appearances will be made in New England college towns, such as New Haven and Northampton.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct all the concerts on tour and all t[illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD
OCT 13 1929

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
OCT 6 - 1929

Boston Symphony Leader Features American Works

WHEN Serge Koussevitzky arrived in Boston last week to open his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he spoke at length upon his plans to feature works by young American composers. He stated that he found them much more interesting than those of Europeans who are contemporary. Moreover, it should interest Washingtonians to know that Mr. Koussevitzky has intimated that he will bring one or more of these new works here for the one performance scheduled by this orchestra in the National Capital. It is listed to appear the afternoon of February 4 at Poli's in Mrs. Wilson-Greene's Artist course.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is about to launch its forty-ninth season. Almost immediately upon his arrival, Mr. Koussevitzky spoke at length on his plans for the coming season and was not at all reluctant to say that he finds the work of young American composers more interesting than their European confreres.

By way of illustrating his interest in the native composers, Koussevitzky will offer, during the coming season, a symphony by Aaron Copland, several tone poems by Werner Josten and Roser Sessions, and a remarkable new composition by a fourth American, Samuel Gardner, called "Broadway," which will require four expert saxophonists for its rendition. At least one saxophonist of the requisite virtuosity will have to be engaged specially for this performance.

There also are, however, a number of European works which this Russian conductor has brought back for presentation in America this season. There will be a "Concerto Grosso" by the Rumanian, Laz, whose name has appeared before on Koussevitzky programs. Prokofieff's "Third Symphony" is scheduled for performance. Mr. Koussevitzky's portfolio includes a prelude and fugue by the Italian, Pick-Mangiagalli, whose name is a new one in American ears. Honegger, composer of the much-discussed "Pacific 231," and "Rugby," has composed a suite of Bach transcriptions which Koussevitzky, who does not usually care for Bach transcriptions, calls "too charming to be resisted."

Earlier composers of symphonic works will be heard from, too. Boston, it is announced, will hear for the first time this winter—and possibly Washington also will hear—the "Ninth Symphony," by Mahler, as well as a Mahler cycle of five songs with orchestra. There also is listed a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, the only existing copy of which has lain in the archives of the Berlin State Opera until last Summer, when Richard Strauss commended the work to Koussevitzky, who forthwith had the work copied.

From Strauss' own music, Koussevitzky has selected a revival of "Don Quixote," while from Bruckner will come the unfinished "Ninth Symphony." During the Winter the symphony is to give a performance of Debussy's incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," the choral portions of which, it is said, will be heard in America for the first time.

Last Friday afternoon Koussevitzky assembled the Boston Symphony for its first rehearsal this year. The season will open next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, October 11 and 12.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES
OCT 6 - 1929

NEW WORKS FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY.

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European scores new to America will be the Third symphony of Prokofieff, a Concerto Grosso by Lazar and a ballet suite drawn from the music of Sebastian Bach by Honegger.

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The conductor has called rehearsals for the opening of the Boston Symphony season in Symphony Hall on Oct. 11. This will be the forty-ninth season of the orchestra and the sixth under Koussevitzky's leadership. On this occasion he will introduce Pick-Mangiagalli's prelude and fugue and will also play Debussy's "La Mer," Beethoven's Fifth symphony and the "Egmont" overture.

The New York season of this orchestra will open in Carnegie Hall on Nov. 21. The other dates will be Nov. 23, Jan. 9 and 11, Feb. 7 and 8, March 6 and 8 and April 10 and 12. The series of five Thursday evening and five Saturday afternoon concerts are both fully subscribed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE
OCT 6 - 1929

The Boston [illegible] Symphony Orchestra is open[illegible] ninth season. Besides its a[illegible]nnual five visits to New York, the or[illegible]chestra, led by Serge Koussevitzky, will have tours in the Middle West and in the South. Its concerts in N[illegible]ew York and at home are sold out by subscription.

* * * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TRENTON, N. J.
TIMES

Boston Symphony To Play New Works

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MACON, GA.
TELEGRAPH
OCT [illegible] 1929

While the Philharmonic orchestra has reached the venerable age of nearly 90 years, the Boston symphony is preparing to celebrate its first half-century as a musical organization.

A number of momentous plans are being discussed. One is for a Bach festival, which will include the B minor mass, so admirably sung each year at South Bethlehem. The Boston Evening Transcript adds that Serge Koussevitsky has commissioned Igor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofieff to write works for the Boston symphony's semi-centennial, and it is planned to invite the first conductor of this orchestra, Sir George Henschel, who was in charge from 1881 to 1885, to come here from England next season to conduct at least part of a concert.

Orchestras and Ensembles

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PEORIA, ILL.
TRANSCRIPT
OCT 13 1929

LINES and SPACES

By
WILLIAM E. DONOVAN
JOURNAL-TRANSCRIPT
MUSIC EDITOR

There is a new movie now with the elegant title of "The Cock Eyed W[illegible]." This being so, we feel that we would be quite competent to some Cock Eyed incidental music to it, what with furnishing a new studio and the way the Cubs let us down in the Worlds Serious, in our minds.

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If the proper arrangements can be made, the first conductor of the orchestra, Sir George Henschel, will conduct at least a part of the program, to add to the glory of the occasion. Sir George, now a venerable old man, is residing in London and Scotland, enjoying the best of health and maintaining a close contact with prominent musicians and leading musical events.

We have heard the Boston symphony a countless number of times, during our student and teaching years in Boston. From 1912 to 1918 Dr. Karl Muck was the conductor. At the outbreak of the war, Doctor Muck was accused of Pro-Germanism and was banished from Boston to be interned at Atlanta, Ga. The charges against him were never proven and never could be because they were founded on a false supposition. At the conclusion of the war, Doctor Muck returned to Germany, a broken hearted man but still retaining the high musical ideals of the artist he is. He is now residing in Hamburg where he conducts the Philharmonic orchestra as well as some performances at the Stats-Oper. He is also one of the leading conductors of Wagnerian Opera at the annual Bayreuth festival, each year. Doctor Muck is a man of striking appearance and has a profile that bears a close resemblance to Wagner, so much so, that he is said to be the illegitimate son of Mathilde Wessendock and the illustrious Wagner. But as we were about to say above, never, either in this county or Europe, have we heard an orchestra with such a depth and beauty in the string sections, velvet delicacy in the wood wind sections, pomposity and stridency in the brass sections, as the Boston symphony of this period. For great musical conceptions, beautifully rich tone, sheer virtousity and dazzling brilliance none there were who could compare with them.

Then the Deluge

Then came the deluge—the Great war. After Doctor Muck left, several conductors, including Monteux and Rabaud, were engaged, but each went their own way after a space of time. The orchestra was deteriorating in quality because of conductors who lacked vision, personality, magnetism, and because there seemed to be a dearth of good material for the orchestra personnel. After several lean years, during which the attendance at the concerts grew less and the board of directors became near-sighted looking askance at shrinking receipts, along came Serge Koussevitzky, a Russian, whose chief reputation was that he was a virtuoso on that most awkward of instruments, the double bass. He had also conducted some concerts in Paris, known as the Concerts Koussevitzky. The board of directors deemed it wise to try another experiment. They had had both German and French conductors, now they would see what a Russian could do. But Koussevitzky had great courage, vision, personality and an intense magnetism that attracted people to him and held them. We received numerous letters from various friends in Boston saying he was a "prima donna conductor," "knew only a few of the classics," "tried to conduct from memory, forgot and floundered about miserably," etc., etc., ad infinitum. Nevertheless he kept on, new orchestral material in the shape of fine musicians came to him for enlistment in the orchestra. He drove his men, they slaved, he cracked the whip, they responded by doing a little better than before and results began to appear. The old beauty and luster of tone was there, the great virtuosity and brilliance that was once theirs had come back. Finally the people of Boston said: "What mahner of man is this and what miracle has he wrought!" Old Philip Hale, dean of music critics, rubbed his eyes and probably rubbed both of his musical ears. The astonishment was great, for a lowly double virtuoso had achieved the remarkable result in a fairly short space of time. The orchestra's visits to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore grew to be triumphs and ovations were accorded them.

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Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct all the concerts on tour and all those in Boston except for a two week's vacation, when he will be relieved by guest conductors.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
OCT 6 - 1929

Boston Symphony Leader Features American Works

WHEN Serge Koussevitzky arrived in Boston last week to open his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he spoke at length upon his plans to feature works by young American composers. He stated that he found them much more interesting than those of Europeans who are contemporary. Moreover, it should interest Washingtonians to know that Mr. Koussevitzky has intimated that he will bring one or more of these new works here for the one performance scheduled by this orchestra in the National Capital. It is listed to appear the afternoon of February 4 at Poli's in Mrs. Wilson-Greene's Artist course.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is about to launch its forty-ninth season. Almost immediately upon his arrival, Mr. Koussevitzky spoke at length on his plans for the coming season and was not at all reluctant to say that he finds the work of young American composers more interesting than their European confreres.

By way of illustrating his interest in the native composers, Koussevitzky will offer, during the coming season, a symphony by Aaron Copland, several tone poems by Werner Josten and Roser Sessions, and a remarkable new composition by a fourth American, Samuel Gardner, called "Broadway," which will require four expert saxophonists for its rendition. At least one saxophonist of the requisite virtuosity will have to be engaged specially for this performance.

There also are, however, a number of European works which this Russian conductor has brought back for presentation in America this season. There will be a "Concerto Grosso" by the Rumanian, Laz, whose name has appeared before on Koussevitzky programs. Prokofieff's "Third Symphony" is scheduled for performance. Mr. Koussevitzky's portfolio includes a prelude and fugue by the Italian, Pick-Mangiagalli, whose name is a new one in American ears. Honegger, composer of the much-discussed "Pacific 231," and "Rugby," has composed a suite of Bach transcriptions which Koussevitzky, who does not usually care for Bach transcriptions, calls "too charming to be resisted."

Earlier composers of symphonic works will be heard from, too. Boston, it is announced, will hear for the first time this winter—and possibly Washington also will hear—the "Ninth Symphony," by Mahler, as well as a Mahler cycle of five songs with orchestra. There also is listed a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, the only existing copy of which has lain in the archives of the Berlin State Opera until last Summer, when Richard Strauss commended the work to Koussevitzky, who forthwith had the work copied.

From Strauss' own music, Koussevitzky has selected a revival of "Don Quixote," while from Bruckner will come the unfinished "Ninth Symphony." During the Winter the symphony is to give a performance of Debussy's incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," the choral portions of which, it is said, will be heard in America for the first time.

Last Friday afternoon Koussevitzky assembled the Boston Symphony for its first rehearsal this year. The season will open next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, October 11 and 12.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES
OCT 6 - 1929

NEW WORKS FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY.

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European scores new to America will be the Third symphony of Prokofieff, a Concerto Grosso by Lazar and a ballet suite drawn from the music of Sebastian Bach by Honegger.

Notable revivals will be the Ninth symphony of Mahler and the same composer's song cycle, "Kindertotenlieder"; likewise the unfinished Ninth symphony of Bruckner, Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," with choral portions. When Koussevitzky went to Berlin last Summer to attend the Strauss festival there, the composer drew his attention to a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr, said to be the only existing copy, which he had discovered in the archives of the Berlin State Opera. Mr. Koussevitzky had it copied and will produce it in America.

The conductor has called rehearsals for the opening of the Boston Symphony season in Symphony Hall on Oct. 11. This will be the forty-ninth season of the orchestra and the sixth under Koussevitzky's leadership. On this occasion he will introduce Pick-Mangiagalli's prelude and fugue and will also play Debussy's "La Mer," Beethoven's Fifth symphony and the "Egmont" overture.

The New York season of this orchestra will open in Carnegie Hall on Nov. 21. The other dates will be Nov. 23, Jan. 9 and 11, Feb. 7 and 8, March 6 and 8 and April 10 and 12. The series of five Thursday evening and five Saturday afternoon concerts are both fully subscribed.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE
OCT 6 - 1929

* * * *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is opening its forty-ninth season. Besides its annual five visits to New York, the orchestra, led by Serge Koussevitzky, will have tours in the Middle West and in the South. Its concerts in New York and at home are sold out by subscription.

* * * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TRENTON, N. J.
TIMES

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MACON, GA.
TELEGRAPH
OCT [illegible]

While the Philharmonic orchestra has reached the venerable age of nearly 90 years, the Boston symphony is preparing to celebrate its first half-century as a musical organization.

A number of momentous plans are being discussed. One is for a Bach festival, which will include the B minor mass, so admirably sung each year at South Bethlehem. The Boston Evening Transcript adds that Serge Koussevitsky has commissioned Igor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofieff to write works for the Boston symphony's semi-centennial, and it is planned to invite the first conductor of this orchestra, Sir George Henschel, who was in charge from 1881 to 1885, to come here from England next season to conduct at least part of a concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD
COURANT

The Obser

By Walter Brown

Boston Symphony Schedule.

The season's list—that may be slightly revised, but not much—of concerts scheduled by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has reached my desk. And as usual it is an interesting document; for it tells me when and where there will be fine music in the land during the season just beginning. I do not think, of course, that the Boston Orchestra furnishes all the fine music in America, but I do know that wherever that orchestra is, there is fine music!

The subscribers in Boston may, and some of them will, hear no less than 66 concerts in Symphony Hall by the orchestra. The old, old walls of Sanders's Theater in Cambridge will resound with the well-considered applause of Harvard faculty and students on the occasion of nine concerts; New York gets 10 and Brooklyn 5 according to this list, Providence will have four and Pittsburgh must be satisfied with its two.

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Other places in the excellent company of Hartford, Connecticut, on the orchestra's list are, (alphabetically, so as to damage no one's feelings) Baltimore, Buffalo, Chicago, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, New Haven, Northampton, Richmond, Springfield, Washington, and Wellesley.

The making up of the orchestra's itinerary must be a big job. The long trip of the season comes early this year, beginning at Buffalo on October 28. The southern trip will be in February, and Hartford will be served between Boston and New York concerts and, consequently, should hear the orchestra in its best condition.

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NEWS
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DISPATCH
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COURIER
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OCT 23 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
SUN
LEWISTOWN, ME.
(2) OCT 23 1929

ON BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PROGRAM

Serge Koussevitzky's glistening schedule of new works for the Boston Symphony is on every tongue says "Top Notes" as follows:

"We like to think that three Americans are given their niches of Boston programs: Aaron Copland, Roger Sessions and Werner Josten, and we shall also hear Samuel Gardner's "Broadway."

"From Europe will come Prokofieff's third symphony, a ballet suite arranged by Honegger from Bach's music and a concerto grosso by Philip Lazar.

"Mahler, Bruckner, Strauss and Debussy are also on the novelty list, for Boston has seldom heard the ninth symphony, the unfinished ninth symphony, and 'Don Quixote' and the 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian' of the four respective composers."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

SMITH TEACHER'S WORK PERFORMED AT BOSTON

Symphony Orchestra Presents Premiere of Prof Werner Josten's "Jungle"

Northampton, Oct. 25—The first presentation of "Jungle," composed by Prof Werner Josten of the Smith college department of music, was given by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Symphony hall, Boston, this afternoon and will be repeated tomorrow night. This composition intended to express the sensations of a European on first entering the jungle, is in accord with the recent announcement by Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, that he intends to produce this season several new compositions of contemporary American composers.

"Jungle" is not the first work of Prof Josten's to be performed by the Boston orchestra. April 19 the last two movements of his "Concerto Sacro" were presented at Boston and were received with enthusiasm by the audience and critics as a work of individuality, dramatic beauty and deep religious significance. During the second half of the present season the concerto will be performed in its entirety by the Boston Symphony.

Since 1923 Mr Josten had been professor of fugue and composition at Smith where he has attracted attention by his revivals of the operas of Monteverdi and Handel. Under his direction the college department of music has given the first performances in America of Monteverdi's "Coronation of Poppaea," "Combat of Tancred and Clorinda," and "Orpheus," and of Handel's "Julius Caesar," "Xerxes" and "Apollo and Daphne."

This year Prof Josten is to be absent on sabbatical leave and will sail November 1 for Rome. There will be, therefore, no revival of ancient opera at Smith this year, but Mr Josten hopes in the spring of 1931 to present the American premiere of Handel's "Rhodelinde."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
KANSAS CITY, MO.
POST
OCT 27 1929

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
REPUBLICAN
Springfield Mass
OCT 13 1929

Koussevitzky's plans to take the Boston Symphony orchestra abroad will give these foremost American musicians a good chance to visit the scenes of their childhood.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

129

Boston Symphony Opens Season Here On November 21

Orchestra Is in Its 49th Season; Plans Under Way for Its Golden Jubilee

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is nearing its fiftieth anniversary, opened on October 11 its forty-ninth season and its sixth under the direction of the Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitzky. This will be its [illegible] season of visits to New York, where it will play in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evenings, November 21 and January 9; Friday evening, February 7; Thursday evenings, March 6 and April 10, and on Saturday afternoons, November 23, January 11, February 8, March 8 and April 10. The concerts at the Brooklyn Academy of Music will be on the corresponding Friday evenings, except for [illegible] season in Sym- of twenty-four [illegible]oon and Satur- six Monday eve- [illegible] Tuesday after- [illegible]ecently organized [illegible]efit of suburban [illegible]elling will con- [illegible]rts for children. [illegible]duled—a fall trip [illegible] a February visit to Baltimore, Washington and Richmond. The orchestra also gives four concerts in Providence and occasional concerts in New England college cities, such as New Haven and Northampton.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct all the New York concerts and all the others, except during a two weeks' vacation, when the orchestra will be led by guests.

Among new or unfamiliar American works to be given in Boston by Mr. Koussevitzky this season are Daniel Gregory Mason's overture "Chanticler," Samuel Gardner's "Broadway," Aaron Copland's symphony, Blair Fairchild's "Chants Negres," Louis Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle" and Werner Josten's Poem for orchestra.

New or unfamiliar European works scheduled for this season include three pieces for strings by Alban Berg, Spohr's suite for wind instruments, the second symphony of Arnold Bax, Prokofieff's third symphony, Hindemith's concerto for wind instruments, Wetzler's "The Basque Venus," a suite by Georges Enesco, Pick-Mangiagalli's prelude and fugue, the first performance anywhere of a suite by Albert Roussel, Klein's "Chant de David," Martelli's "Bas-Reliefs," five "Grimaces" by Eric Satie, Filip Lazar's Concerto Grosso and Schönberg's Variations; also Mahler's ninth symphony and "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's ninth symphony and Debussy's incidental music from "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," with the choral portions. Mr. Koussevitzky will also produce a concerto for wind instruments by Louis Spohr, which Richard Strauss discovered in Berlin.

For the golden jubilee season, 1930-'31, there is talk of ambitious plans, although there has yet been no official announcement. It is said that Mr. Koussevitzky has commissioned Stravinsky and Prokofieff to write special scores, and that it is hoped to bring over Sir George Henschel from England to conduct at least part of one concert. Henschel, who was born in Breslau in 1850, was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony, from 1881 to 1884, before he settled in England; he was also well known as a baritone.

Including Mr. Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony has had nine conductors. Henschel was followed by Wilhelm Gericke, 1884-'89 and 1897-1906; Arthur Nikisch, 1889-'93; Emil Paur, later conductor of the New York Philharmonic, 1893-'97; Dr. Karl Muck, 1906-'08 and 1912-'18; Max Fiedler, 1908-'12; Henri Rabaud, 1918-'19; [illegible] Monteux, 1919-'24, and Mr

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
Oct. 7

For his appearances as solist with the Rochester Symphony on November 15 and the Boston Symphony on December 27 and 28, Felix Salmond will play Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo." In New York the English cellist will give recitals on December 14 and March 9.

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ON POSTAR WHIST AT DEWITT

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EIGHT COCOANUTS

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
OCT 27

For his appearances as solist with the Rochester Symphony on November 15 and the Boston Symphony on December 27 and 28, Felix Salmond will play Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo." In New York the English cellist will give recitals on December 14 and March 9.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD
COURANT

OCT 17 1929

The Obser[ver]

By Walter Brown

Boston Symphony Schedule.

The season's list—that may be [illegible] summer [illegible] slightly revised, but not much—of concerts scheduled by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has reached my desk. And as usual it is an interesting document; for it tells me when and where there will be fine music in the land during the season just beginning. I do not think, of course, that the Boston Orchestra furnishes all the fine music in America, but I do know that wherever that orchestra is, there is fine music!

The subscribers in Boston may, and some of them will, hear no less than 66 concerts in Symphony Hall by the orchestra. The old, old walls of Sanders's Theater in Cambridge will resound with the well-considered applause of Harvard faculty and students on the occasion of nine concerts; New York gets 10 and Brooklyn 5 according to this list; Providence will have four and Pittsburgh must be satisfied with its two.

Hartford, of course, is in the "single" list; our concert by the Boston Orchestra comes on Wednesday evening, April 9, at the new Bushnell Memorial. I think, by the bye, that I called the day as Sunday in one of my hopeful lookings forward toward orchestral music; if so please forgive. Wednesday evening, April 9, looks as interesting to me as any Sunday afternoon that I may have named in error!

Other places in the excellent company of Hartford, Connecticut, on the orchestra's list are, (alphabetically, so as to damage no one's feelings) Baltimore, Buffalo, Chicago, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, New Haven, Northampton, Richmond, Springfield, Washington, and Wellesley.

The making up of the orchestra's itinerary must be a big job. The long trip of the season comes early this year, beginning at Buffalo on October 28. The southern trip will be in February, and Hartford will be served between Boston and New York concerts and, consequently, should hear the orchestra in its best condition.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MOBILE, ALA.
REGISTER

OCT 20 1929

IN PRAISE OF AMERICANS

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THIS CLIPPING FROM TH[E]
~~ADVERTISER~~
MOBILE, ALA.

(1) Register

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
COURIER
LOWELL, MASS.

OCT 23 1929

For the regular concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week F[illegible] and Saturday evening Mr. Koussevitzky has arranged a program which will include a Concerto in D minor for Orchestra and Organ by Vivaldix in a version by Siloti, in which Mr. Snow will be the organist; Tone-Poem, "The Jungle" by Mr. Josten of the musical department at Smith College, several of whose compositions in the larger forms have come to the public attention of late, this one to be performed for the first time; Symphony No. 6, in B minor (The Pathetique) Aschaikowsky.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
SUN
LEWISTOWN, ME.

(2)

OCT 23 1929

ON BOSTO[N]

Serg[e] ... sched[u]... ton S... says ... "We ... icans a... ton pro... Session... shall a... "Broadw... "From...

STAR WHIST AT DEWITT

Mrs. C. C. Wilson of Main str[eet] Auburn, was hostess to the memb[ers] of the Star Whist club at the DeW[itt] hotel Tuesday afternoon. Lunche[on] was served at 1 o'clock, follow[ed by] which three tables were in p[lay]. Mrs. George P. Emmons and [Mrs.] H. G. Foss had high score. S[ub]stitutes were Mrs. Harry Stet[...], Mrs. Charles B. Day, Mrs. John Coburn, Mrs. Arthur H. Cooper [and] Mrs. Emmons.

EIGHT COCOANUTS

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

OCT 27 [illegible]

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SALT LAKE CITY
TRIBUNE

OCT 20 1929

Stravinsky and Prokofieff have been commissioned to write special compositions for the Boston Symphony Jubilee.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

OCT 26 1929

SMITH TEACHER'S WORK PERFORMED AT BOSTON

Symphony Orchestra Presents Premiere of Prof Werner Josten's "Jungle"

Northampton, Oct. 25—The first presentation of "Jungle," composed by Prof Werner Josten of the Smith college department of music, was given by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Symphony hall, Boston, this afternoon and will be repeated tomorrow night. This composition intended to express the sensations of a European on first entering the jungle, is in accord with the recent announcement by Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, that he intends to produce this season several new compositions of contemporary American composers.

"Jungle" is not the first work of Prof Josten's to be performed by the Boston orchestra. April 19 the last two movements of his "Concerto Sacro" were presented at Boston and were received with enthusiasm by the audience and critics as a work of individuality, dramatic beauty and deep religious significance. During the second half of the present season the concerto will be performed in its entirety by the Boston Symphony.

Since 1923 Mr Josten had been professor of fugue and composition at Smith where he has attracted attention by his revivals of the operas of Monteverdi and Handel. Under his direction the college department of music has given the first performances in America of Monteverdi's "Coronation of Poppaea," "Combat of Tancred and Clorinda," and "Orpheus," and of Handel's "Julius Caesar," "Xerxes" and "Apollo and Daphne."

This year Prof Josten is to be absent on sabbatical leave and will sail November 1 for Rome. There will be, therefore, no revival of ancient opera at Smith this year, but Mr Josten hopes in the spring of 1931 to present the American premiere of Handel's "Rhodelinde."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS

OCT 19 1929

ON MONDAY evening, Oct. 26, in Elmwood Music hall, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra in a program of remarkable beauty, playing the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, with which he opened this season in Symphony hall, Boston.

This is the opening program in the Orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical foundation. Complete, it reads as follows:

Concerto in D Mnor .... Vivaldi
Nocturnes, Clouds and Festivals .... Debussy
Poem of Ecstasy .... Scriabin
Fifth Symphony .... Beethoven

On the printed program, which the Boston Symphony always furnishes for its concerts on tour, the conductor's name is now given for the first time as Dr. Koussevitzky. He received an honorary degree last June from Harvard. He also holds an honorary degree from Brown.

Dr. Koussevitzky returns for his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony; comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument. The Boston Symphony is an orchestra still unsurpassed in the world.

At the opening concert of the season in Boston, Oct. 12, a standing audience and orchestra greeted the famous conductor as he stepped upon the stage in Symphony hall to begin the orchestra's 49th season. Not a single new face is to be seen in the orchestra this year. It is said by Boston critics to be a more nearly perfect ensemble now than it has ever been at this time in any other sason.

Koussevitzky's interpretation of the music by Beethoven is justly famous. Triumphantly, according to recent Boston reviews, he leads his forces from mountain peak to mountain peak in the Fifth Symphony, disclosing new heights in its sublimity and grandeur.

In the same series Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be welcomed back Dec. 3, after a year's absene, conducting the opening concert for this season of the Detroit Symphony orchestra. The Chicago symphony, Frederic Stock, [illegible] ductor, comes Jan. 21 to give another brilliant high light in this musical season. The Cincinnati symphony, with Fritz Reiner, and the Cleveland orches-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE

OCT 20 1929

Boston Symphony to Fete 50th Birthday

Conductor Serge Koussevitzky has commissioned Igor Stravinsky and Sergei Prokofieff to compose pieces in honor of the semicentennial of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1930-31. If possible, Sir George Henschel, first conductor of the orchestra, will be invited from England to wield his old baton for a few moments, at least.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
COLUMBUS, OHIO
DISPATCH

OCT 20 1929

Serge Koussevitzky [illegible] from the Contine[nt] [illegible]ounces, with his customary impetuous positiveness that brooks no denying, that: "The young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans." To prove his faith in his creed, he will lead the Boston Symphony in four new American works during this season. They are a symphony by Aaron Copland, a tone poem by Werner Janssen, a tone poem by Roger Sessions and "Broadway" by Samuel Gardner.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIME

OCT 21 1929

Openings

Boston, according to a recent statement by Conductor Sergei Koussevitzky, "is the most esthetic and intellectual city in the U. S." Koussevitzky, according to the Bostonians who pack his concerts and pay him what he asks, is king of conductors. Hence last week in mutual admiration began the fifth season of the Koussevitzky administration, the forty-ninth since the symphony's founding by the late Major Henry Lee Higginson. New music played: a noisy and optimistic Prelude and Fugue, written by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, a Bohemian-born Italian.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
KANSAS CITY, MO.
POST

... Sergei Kousse[vitzky] ... [cit]y in the United ... interesting, if true.

HERALD TRIBUNE
NEW YORK

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CHICAGO OCT 28 1929

YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTACHED CLIPPING WHICH APPEARED IN LAST THURSDAY'S ISSUE OF THE MUSICAL LEADER.

* * *

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the ...ony Orchestra, states that he is ...ew work on each of this season's ...ot all are by modern composers, ...e heard in this country for the

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
RECORD

MAKE PLANS FOR MUSIC PROGRAM

Koussevitzky to Direct Boston Symphony in Hartford Next Spring.

Hartford, Nov. 5—Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a brilliant program at the new Horace Bushnell Memorial hall, Wednesday evening, April 9th.

Through the munificent generosity of Mrs. A. R. Hillyer, Hartford's musical patrons are extremely fortunate finally, in having available, a music hall, suitable for the rendition of a symphony concert, which can be thoroughly enjoyed under perfect conditions. Mr. Koussevitzky is keenly interested in the New Horace Bushnell Music hall, and is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to conducting an unusually attractive program.

Scientific engineers, who have made an exhaustive study of acoustics (which is the foremost consideration and requisite for the rendition of a musical performance) have given this subject great study and thought in the completion of this hall.

There is every reason to expect that the acoustic properties of the Horace Bushnell Memorial hall will be perfect. Every item of interior treatment and construction was carefully considered from the angle of perfect acoustics by a committee of experts in this line. The chief architect who planned the hall is Harvey Wiley Corbett of New York, who is one of the most famous architects of this day. He is a member of the New York mayor's com- ... league of New York, and advisory architect on the regional plan of New York. Mr. Corbett is one of four architects selected by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., from Europe and America, to plan the new four-block edifice which will serve as the future home of the Metropolitan Opera company.

No one could be more competent to design an auditorium especially dedicated to the art of music.

The ceiling which is such an important factor for good acoustics, is specially constructed of materials possessing acoustic properties. It is of the suspended type, and covers the auditorium, to form a megaphone. The ceiling steps up as it recedes from the proscenium arch. These steps are calculated to break up the sound waves which will be easily absorbed by specially prepared plaster. The side walls run from the proscenius arch to the rear of the hall in two diverging lines, without interruption, eliminating all pockets. These factors, with other technical details remove all possibility of echoes, the bane of most auditoriums.

Those who have been fortunate enough to have heard the Boston Symphony at Symphony Hall, Boston, or in Carnegie Hall in New York, readily realize the wonderful musical effects which can be produced by orchestras in these auditoriums under ideal surroundings, where the acoustics play such an important part.

This season which is the great orchestra's forty-ninth opened in Symphony Hall, Boston, Oct. 11th. The amazing brilliance and tonal glow of the hundred fold instrument, and its sensitive response to the will of its extraordinary Russian conductor makes an impression perhaps more vivid than any other concert of its class. Great things are expected of the coming season.

Mr. Koussevitzky will make the program for Hartford with especial care, combining the finest of the classical music with the most important of the new.

A most unique situation prevails for the seventy-odd subscription concerts at Symphony Hall, Boston, in the fact that all seats are entirely sold out before the season begins, which is a remarkable coincidence.

Tickets are now available to patrons of the Sedgwick concert.

The early offering of tickets gives a special opportunity to secure preferred locations. An application blank is enclosed for your convenience. Mail orders will have careful attention, and the best seats allotted nearest to the location specified.

... Friday and Saturday Mr. Koussevitzky purposes to present the Nocturne and Turkish music for wind instruments by Spohr, originally set for last week. This, it is said, has never been performed in Boston. For further novelty on the program will be Eicheim's musical sketches "Burma" and "Java" based on first-hand study of music in those countries. The programs will be rounded out again this week with Strauss, this time the Symphonia Domestica being the conductor's choice.

The Juliard Musical Foudation has arranged for the publication of Louis Gruenberg's Symphonic Poem "Enchanted Isle" which was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last week and met with approval.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN

OCT 30 1929

Boston Programs.

This week the Boston Symphony Orchestra is on tour, so that there will be the usual interval in the regular series. During the past week it was definitely decided that the orchestra would not make the European tour which had been talked of for next year. The orchestra is to celebrate its 50th anniversary next year.

And it is also felt that it should participate in appropriate manner in the tercentenary celebration of the Bay State Colony. With that view of the situation it is said that Mr. Koussevitzky is in hearty accord.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CHRONICLE

Second Symphony Concert

The second concert in Sanders theatre of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given on Thursday evening of last week. This was the program: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire Bird" in five short numbers; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74.

This program like that of the first concert furnished two numbers of the standard orchestral repertory and the suite from "The Fire Bird" has been given several times so there were no "first time" numbers for one to puzzle over to see what the noise was all about. So that this concert proved interesting in every way. If the concerts to come are as free from ultra-modern, atonal, polytonal or whatever else to keep one guessing for an evening, more than one of the symphony patrons will be exceedingly glad.

The "Egmont" overture is not heard as often as the "Leonore" No. 3, or the "Corislanus" overtures; neither has it been as popular. The "Egmont" was written "to order" and while a good overture is not Beethoven at his best. It was finely played. Dr. Koussevitsky's interpretation of Beethoven will rank high, even if there are those who find something for which to criticize. It has been said that none of the conductors of the Boston orchestra have been equally successful in all schools of composition. Why should they be? There are many viewpoints and who can give an interpretation that will please everyone? The writer has heard all of the Symphony conductors from Mr. Henschel unto the present and it is certain that all of them did well and maintains the same high standard each in his own manner.

However, it is reasonably certain that in such as "The Bird of Fire" and the "Pathetic" symphony heard at this concert Dr. Koussevitzky is supreme as an interpreter. The performance was well nigh perfection. Such performances are memorable and where will one hear the like excepting by the Boston orchestra?

The third concert of the series will be given on Thursday evening, December 5.

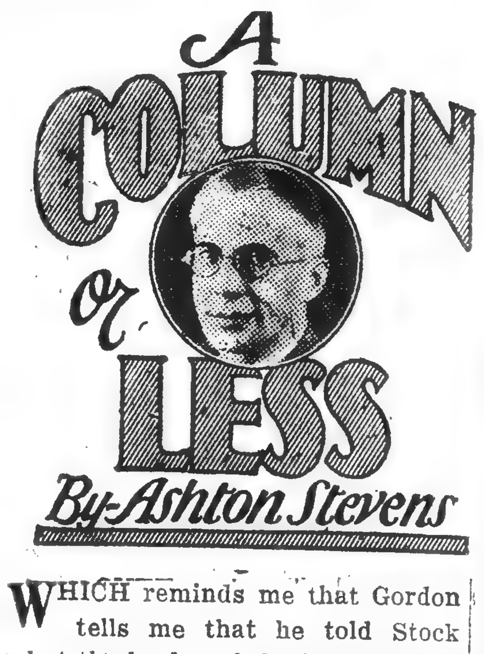
H. J. Storer.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

* * *

The Boston Symphony orchestra which is to play at the Bushnell Memorial in April under the local management of Frank A. Sedgwick, will open its New York season on November 21. The present season marks the forty-ninth of the orchestra's existence and the sixth season under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky. This will be the forty-third series of concerts in New York. The regular season in Boston consists of twenty-four pairs of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts, six Monday evening and six Tuesday afternoon concerts. This last series was recently formed for the benefit of suburban friends of the organization. Two tours ...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER



WHICH reminds me that Gordon tells me that he told Stock what the leader of the Boston Symphony said to him after he had assured Koussevitzky that it was literally true that Stock could and did conduct the entire classic repertory and most of the modern without a score in front of him. And when Gordon told Stock that Koussevitzky had then said, "I admire your loyalty, but on the level, now, does Stock really know his stuff or fake it like Stokowsky?" the Chicago conductor answered: "But the real joke is that Stokowsky does know his stuff. Don't let anybody fool you about the leader of the Philadelphia Symphony—he knows."

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WORCESTER, MASS.
TELEGRAM

NOV 24

Reception

Serge Koussevitsky, idolized conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra occasionally allows himself to be lionized by musical Bostonians. While the reception last Sunday afternoon for the Koussevitskys in the New England Conservatory concert hall and reception rooms was intended chiefly for the staff, students and alumni of the school there were other musicians there, to meet the receiving line headed by President and Mrs. Charles Dennee, during the reception hours from 4.30 o'clock to 6. Several Worcester people drove down to meet the conductor and Mrs. Koussevitsky: Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Martin and Mrs. James J. Morrison among them. Mrs. Koussevitsky is charming, but said little as the long line passed the guests of honor. She carried roses and orchids, and wore black and white georgette. Her distinguished husband is decidedly animated in conversation, whether in English, French of Russian, which were the three languages I heard him use. There may have been and probably were more in his repertory. Less tall than one imagines from seeing slim figure on the conductor's stand at the symphony concerts, the guest of honor was vivid, interesting not alone as a musician but as a man of many activities. A determination to sit behind his baton at the Friday afternoon concerts was one of the immediate reactions on the part of the large gathering at the reception and tea.

He talked, by the way, very little shop in spite of environment and the musicians who surrounded him. Mme. Szumowska was in the teaing throng ... was of particular interest to hear ... daugh-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

Symphony Gets Great Ovation In Middle West

Reports Here Say Boston Orchestra Has Been Accorded Big Reception

Nothing could exceed the ovation given the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, during their recent tour of the Middle West, according to report, for the reception accorded each concert marked a new triumph for both musicians and leader. The orchestra, due to appear at the Mosque the night of February 3, under the management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, ... part of the series of concerts for which tickets are now selling at Walter D. Moses and Company, visited Minneapolis for the first time in forty years, when it was conducted by Arthur Nikisch, and the critic of the ...ar said of it:

"Without giving way to the impulse ... use superlatives, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Koussevitzky must be conceded to be a great orchestra, a supremely great orchestra. ... gift to Minneapolis music lovers ...t evening was a revelation of what symphonic music can be . . . and ...s is said with no disrespect to our ... orchestra. The enjoyment it ...oused was of the kind that leaves ... concertgoer in an exhausted, in...iculate state, drained dry of emo...n and ecstacy." The critic of the ...icago Post was equally enthusiastic ...lowing the concert given there by ... orchestra, saying: "The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under its dis...guished conductor, Serge Kousse...tzky, gave a concert last evening ...orthy of its great tradition.

"The Tschaikowsky 'Pathetique' symphony was superb. It was conceived ...th a depth of feeling and set forth ...th a breadth and dignity that gave ... elemental power. It had in it ...othing of the petty nor trivial, nothing of the morbid that comes from the individual's brooding over his private ...riefs."

Of the conductor himself, Glenn Dillard Dunn, in the Chicago Herald and Examiner, had a very definite opinion, for he declared that "Dr. Koussevitzky is, of course, a great dramatist of the symphony, an artist of true orchestral imagination, a master of color and of contrast in all its myriad inflections, whether instrumental or dynamic. He plays with the orchestra and upon the emotional and sensuous responses of his listeners. But his is, nevertheless, a sincere and simple nature."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN

Boston Programs.

This week the Boston Symphony orchestra is on tour, with New York and Brooklyn on the list for the customary programs. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will take a brief vacation and the regular Boston concerts of the orchestra will be conducted by the concert master, Richard Burgin. The soloist will be Jacques Thibaud, the eminent violinist, in the Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor. With a fellow violinist leading the orchestra he should have sympathetic support.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

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By Walter Brown, Dramatic Editor

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Scientific engineers, who have made an exhaustive study of acoustics (which is the foremost consideration and requisite for the rendition of a musical performance) have given this subject great study and thought in the completion of this hall.

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Those who have been fortunate enough to have heard the Boston Symphony at Symphony Hall, Boston, or in Carnegie Hall in New York, readily realize the wonderful musical effects which can be produced by orchestras in these auditoriums under ideal surroundings, where the acoustics play such an important part.

This season which is the great orchestra's forty-ninth opened in Symphony Hall, Boston, Oct. 11th. The amazing brilliance and tonal glow of the hundred fold instrument, and its sensitive response to the will of its extraordinary Russian conductor makes an impression perhaps more vivid than any other concert of its class. Great things are expected of the coming season.

Mr. Koussevitzky will make the program for Hartford with especial care, combining the finest of the classical music with the most important of the new.

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This program like that of the first concert furnished two numbers of the standard orchestral repertory and the suite from "The Fire Bird" has been given several times so there were no "first time" numbers for one to puzzle over to see what the noise was all about. So that this concert proved interesting in every way. If the concerts to come are as free from ultra-modern, atonal, polytonal or whatever else to keep one guessing for an evening, more than one of the symphony patrons will be exceedingly glad.

The "Egmont" overture is not heard as often as the "Leonore" No. 3, or the "Corislanus" overtures; neither has it been as popular. The "Egmont" was written "to order" and while a good overture is not Beethoven at his best. It was finely played. Dr. Koussevitsky's interpretation of Beethoven will rank high, even if there are those who find something for which to criticize. It has been said that none of the conductors of the Boston orchestra have been equally successful in all schools of composition. Why should they be? There are many viewpoints and who can give an interpretation that will please everyone? The writer has heard all of the Symphony conductors from Mr. Heuschel unto the present and it is certain that all of them did well and maintains the same high standard each in his own manner.

However, it is reasonably certain that in such as "The Bird of Fire" and the "Pathetic" symphony heard at this concert Dr. Koussevitzky is supreme as an interpreter. The performance was well nigh perfection. Such performances are memorable and where will one hear the like excepting by the Boston orchestra?

The third concert of the series will be given on Thursday evening, December 5.

H. J. Storer.

WHICH reminds me that Gordon tells me that he told Stock what the leader of the Boston Symphony said to him after he had assured Koussevitzky that it was literally true that Stock could and did conduct the entire classic repertory and most of the modern without a score in front of him. And when Gordon told Stock that Koussevitzky had then said, "I admire your loyalty, but on the level, now, does Stock really know his stuff or fake it like Stokowsky?" the Chicago conductor answered: "But the real joke is that Stokowsky does know his stuff. Don't let anybody fool you about the leader of the Philadelphia Symphony—he knows."

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WORCESTER, MASS.
TELEGRAM

NOV 24 1929

Reception

Serge Koussevitsky, idolized conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra occasionally allows himself to be lionized by musical Bostonians. While the reception last Sunday afternoon for the Koussevitskys in the New England Conservatory concert hall and reception rooms was intended chiefly for the staff, students and alumni of the school there were other musicians there, to meet the receiving line headed by President and Mrs. Charles Dennee, during the reception hours from 4.30 o'clock to 6. Several Worcester people drove down to meet the conductor and Mrs. Koussevitsky: Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Martin and Mrs. James J. Morrison among them. Mrs. Koussevitsky is charming, but said little as the long line passed the guests of honor. She carried roses and orchids, and wore black and white georgette. Her distinguished husband is decidedly animated in conversation, whether in English, French of Russian, which were the three languages I heard him use. There may have been and probably were more in his repertory. Less tall than one imagines from seeing slim figure on the conductor's stand at the symphony concerts, the guest of honor was vivid, interesting not alone as a musician but as a man of many activities. A determination to sit behind his baton at the Friday afternoon concerts was one of the immediate reactions on the part of the large gathering at the reception and tea.

He talked, by the way, very little shop in spite of environment and the musicians who surrounded him. Mme. Szumowska was in the teaing throng ... was of particular interest to hear ...

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...Great Ovation In Middle West

...Reports Here Say Boston Orchestra Has Been Accorded Big Reception

Nothing could exceed the ovation given the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, during their recent tour of the Middle West, according to report, for the reception accorded each concert marked a new triumph for both musicians and leader. The orchestra, due to appear at the Mosque the night of February 3, under the management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, as part of the series of concerts for which tickets are now selling at Walter D. Moses and Company, visited Minneapolis for the first time in forty years, when it was conducted by Arthur Nikisch, and the critic of the ...ar said of it:

"Without giving way to the impulse to use superlatives, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Koussevitzky must be conceded to be a great orchestra, a supremely great orchestra. ... gift to Minneapolis music lovers last evening was a revelation of what symphonic music can be . . . and this is said with no disrespect to our own orchestra. The enjoyment it aroused was of the kind that leaves the concertgoer in an exhausted, inarticulate state, drained dry of emotion and ecstacy." The critic of the Chicago Post was equally enthusiastic following the concert given there by the orchestra, saying: "The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under its distinguished conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, gave a concert last evening worthy of its great tradition.

"The Tschaikowsky 'Pathetique' symphony was superb. It was conceived with a depth of feeling and set forth with a breadth and dignity that gave it elemental power. It had in it nothing of the petty nor trivial, nothing of the morbid that comes from the individual's brooding over his private griefs."

Of the conductor himself, Glenn Dillard Dunn, in the Chicago Herald and Examiner, had a very definite opinion, for he declared that "Dr. Koussevitzky is, of course, a great dramatist of the symphony, an artist of true orchestral imagination, a master of color and of contrast in all its myriad inflections, whether instrumental or dynamic. He plays with the orchestra and upon the emotional and sensuous responses of his listeners. But his is, nevertheless, a sincere and simple nature."

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Second Symphony Concert

The second concert in Sanders theatre of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given on Thursday evening of last week. This was the program: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire Bird" in five short numbers; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74.

This program like that of the first concert furnished two numbers of the standard orchestral repertory and the suite from "The Fire Bird" has been given several times so there were no "first time" numbers for one to puzzle over to see what the noise was all about. So that this concert proved interesting in every way. If the concerts to come are as free from ultra-modern, atonal, polytonal or whatever else to keep one guessing for an evening, more than one of the symphony patrons will be exceedingly glad.

The "Egmont" overture is not heard as often as the "Leonore" No. 3, or the "Corislanus" overtures; neither has it been as popular. The "Egmont" was written "to order" and while a good overture is not Beethoven at his best. It was finely played. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of Beethoven will rank high, even if there are those who find something for which to criticize. It has been said that none of the conductors of the Boston orchestra have been equally successful in all schools of composition. Why should they be? There are many viewpoints and who can give an interpretation that will please everyone? The writer has heard all of the Symphony conductors from Mr. Heuschel unto the present and it is certain that all of them did well and maintains the same high standard each in his own manner.

However, it is reasonably certain that in such as "The Bird of Fire" and the "Pathetic" symphony heard at this concert Dr. Koussevitzky is supreme as an interpreter. The performance was well nigh perfection. Such performances are memorable and where will one hear the like excepting by the Boston orchestra?

The third concert of the series will be given on Thursday evening, December 5.

H. J. Storer.

Or LESS
By Ashton Stevens

WHICH reminds me that Gordon tells me that he told Stock what the leader of the Boston Symphony said to him after he had assured Koussevitzky that it was literally true that Stock could and did conduct the entire classic repertory and most of the modern without a score in front of him. And when Gordon told Stock that Koussevitzky had then said, "I admire your loyalty, but on the level, now, does Stock really know his stuff or fake it like Stokowsky?" the Chicago conductor answered: "But the real joke is that Stokowsky does know his stuff. Don't let anybody fool you about the leader of the Philadelphia Symphony—he knows."

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WORCESTER, MASS.
TELEGRAM
NOV 24 1929

Reception

Serge Koussevitzky, idolized conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra occasionally allows himself to be lionized by musical Bostonians. While the reception last Sunday afternoon for the Koussevitskys in the New England Conservatory concert hall and reception rooms was intended chiefly for the staff, students and alumni of the school there were other musicians there, to meet the receiving line headed by President and Mrs. Charles Dennee, during the reception hours from 4.30 o'clock to 6. Several Worcester people drove down to meet the conductor and Mrs. Koussevitzky; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Martin and Mrs. James J. Morrison among them. Mrs. Koussevitsky is charming, but said little as the long line passed the guests of honor. She carried roses and orchids, and wore black and white georgette. Her distinguished husband is decidedly animated in conversation, whether in English, French or Russian, which were the three languages I heard him use. There may have been and probably were more in his repertory. Less tall than one imagines from seeing slim figure on the conductor's stand at the symphony concerts, the guest of honor was vivid, interesting not alone as a musician but as a man of many activities. A determination to sit behind his baton at the Friday afternoon concerts was one of the immediate reactions on the part of the large gathering at the reception and tea.

He talked, by the way, very little shop in spite of environment and the musicians who surrounded him. Mme. Szumowska was in the teaing throng ... of particular interest to hear ... daugh...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN
NOV 20 1929

Boston Programs.

This week the Boston Symphony orchestra is on tour, with New York and Brooklyn on the list for the customary programs. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will take a brief vacation and the regular Boston concerts of the orchestra will be conducted by the concert master, Richard Burgin. The soloist will be Jacques Thibaud, the eminent violinist, in the Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor. With a fellow violinist leading the orchestra he should have sympathetic support.

Great O... In Middle West

...eports Here Say Boston Orchestra Has Been Accorded Big Reception

Nothing could exceed the ovation given the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, during their recent tour of the Middle West, according to report, for the reception accorded each concert marked a new triumph for both musicians and leader. The orchestra, due to appear at the Mosque the night of February ..., under the management of Mrs. Wil...on-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, ... part of the series of concerts for which tickets are now selling at Wal...r D. Moses and Company, visited Minneapolis for the first time in forty ...ars, when it was conducted by Ar...ur Nikisch, and the critic of the ...r said of it:

"Without giving way to the impulse ... use superlatives, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Koussevitzky ...ust be conceded to be a great orchestra, a supremely great orchestra. ... gift to Minneapolis music lovers ...t evening was a revelation of what ...mphonic music can be . . . and ... is said with no disrespect to our ...n orchestra. The enjoyment it ...oused was of the kind that leaves ...e concertgoer in an exhausted, in...ticulate state, drained dry of emo...n and ecstacy." The critic of the ...icago Post was equally enthusiastic ...owing the concert given there by ... orchestra, saying: "The Boston ...mphony Orchestra, under its dis...guished conductor, Serge Kousse...zky, gave a concert last evening ...rthy of its great tradition.

"The Tschaikowsky 'Pathetique' symphony was superb. It was conceived ...th a depth of feeling and set forth ...th a breadth and dignity that gave ... elemental power. It had in it ...othing of the petty nor trivial, nothing of the morbid that comes from the individual's brooding over his private griefs."

Of the conductor himself, Glenn ...illard Dunn, in the Chicago Herald and Examiner, had a very definite ...inion, for he declared that "Dr. Koussevitzky is, of course, a great ...ramatist of the symphony, an artist of true orchestral imagination, a mas...er of color and of contrast in all ...s myriad inflections, whether instru...ental or dynamic. He plays with ...e orchestra and upon the emotional and sensuous responses of his listen...ers. But his is, nevertheless, a sin...ere and simple nature."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N.Y. Herald Tribune
NOV 26 1929

Benefit for Russian Exiles

Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, president of the American Society for Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc., announced yesterday that the Boston Symphony Orchestra,

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N.Y. Times
NOV 26 1929

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will give an extra matinée performance on Jan. 10 at Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the AAmerican Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc., of which Mrs. Henry P. Loomis is president.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
NOV 26

The Observation Post
By Walter Brown, Dramatic Editor

Some Music in New York.

There was to be a football game in Cambridge last Saturday, and the Hartford station was full of Yale men at about 8:15, and on every side was a football greeting. But I had plans to see some Massachusetts playing in New York—and the Yale crowd went its way toward what happened in Cambridge (score given on request—which I do not hear) and I went south—and that, I suppose, is why the types in the Observation Post heading Monday said "Southern" for "Sothern"—to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra play its first afternoon concert in New York this season.

✤ ✤ ✤

Dr. Koussevitzky has been called unduly modern in his tastes by some conservative music-lovers, but in his Thursday and Saturday programs in New York he could hardly be accused of neglecting the tried and true numbers of the classical orchestra list. For at the first concert he gave the "Egmont" overture and the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven and on Saturday afternoon he began with the Handel Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 10 for string orchestra, and ended with the Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 6 (Pathetic)—letting his modernity ride with Ravel's "Mother Goose" pieces and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," on Thursday, and the new-this-year-Gruenberg Symphonic poem "The Enchanted Isle."

✤ ✤ ✤

Of course I wanted to hear the Thursday concert, but I was lucky to get to New York by Saturday and I wish every good Hartford music-lover could have heard that concert with me! In the Handel music there was an absolutely masterful opening of beautifully shaded tone like an organ at its most perfect best—tone so wonderfully blended that the various choirs became as one voice. The Fugue was powerfully, brilliantly played and the lovely "Air" was given in gorgeously simple fashion with the feeling always of splendid power at the conductor's call.

The orchestra was in brilliant form and Dr. Koussevitzky so managed the movement of the Concerto that the intervals were, in the main, unmarred by applause. The third and fourth movements were delightful in charm and the finale was really magnificent—here was string-orchestra playing at its highest and best.

✤ ✤ ✤

Mr. Gruenberg's work was first played at Worcester in October of this year and it is assumed that he heard Mr. Stoessel's reading of it there. He was present at Saturday's concert and was brought to the platform by the smiling Dr. Koussevitzky to share with the orchestra the spontaneous and prolonged applause of the audience, and with good reason he seemed highly pleased at the reading his score had received and the way the audience approved the work.

✤ ✤ ✤

Some musicians doubtless feel—and with reason—that the new composer is repeating in a measure what Tschaikowsky said in his music more than thirty years ago; but the younger musician tells his tale attractively and well, without the gross exaggerations that some of the modernists feel called on to use in saying the simplest things. He orchestrates admirably—Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave his work a noble reading on Saturday. There was splendor of tone in the brilliant climax; the dreamy qualities of the opening measures, with the impression of singing birds at dawn, were tonally exquisite; the composer's feeling of the unreal—like that ineffable quality in Barrie's "Mary Rose" for example—was splendidly mirrored in the orchestra's tone.

Unexpected harmonies abound in this work—especially in passages assigned to the woodwind of the orchestra; and there was superb playing in this section; the climax, as heretofore indicated, is of fine proportions that dwarf following passages of rather ordinary value—but the work ends in fine writing interpreted in simple finenesses of the orchestra's sustained tones.

✤ ✤ ✤

The Tschaikowsky "Pathetic" is so fine, so appealing a work that it has been "played to death" in the minds of many. But when it is offered by one of the great orchestras it is indeed a blase music-lover who can fail to find a thrill in its beauties, joy in a splendid reading of its greatness.

Dr. Koussevitzky did not sentimentalize in his reading Saturday. He played the symphony as a work of art, not as something in which every shred of sentiment is to be long drawn out, every potential tear turned into a rushing brook. I happened to be sitting in a box with some of those objectionable people who want to control a conductor's idea of tempo and dynamics; but in spite of them the reading of the symphony came to be as profoundly fine, and expressive of all the best in the music without exaggeration of any single baton-beat for the sentiment-mongers or the heart-throbbers. It was Atlantic Monthly rendition rather than tabloid. And it rounded out a splendid concert by a great orchestra under the control of a fine mind.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N.Y. Times
NOV 23 1929

Richard Burgin is to conduct the Thanksgiving week concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home city. A guest soloist there is the French violinist, Jacques Thibaud.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
NOV 24 1929

Society en masse attended the first concert of the season presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, at the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening. Unlike several of its predecessors, the first concert was not formally ushered in by President Emeritus William H. P. Faunce of Brown University. It needed no introduction, because the personnel was the same as last year, and its symphonic offerings, with one notable exception, had been heard in this city before.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
NOV 29

At a recent rehearsal, Serge Koussevitzky, the well-tailored director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, emphasized an entrance cue with a characteristic gesture of both hands. The strings responded half a beat late. He repeated the gesture and this time the strings anticipated him by half a beat. Was there an outburst of Slavic fury? "Nu," merely sighed the refined Mr. Koussevitzky, "let's try it again!"

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THIS CLIPPING FROM

DEC

MUSIC OF THE HILLS

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

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Koussevitzky opened the concert with a subtle performance of Handel's Concerto Grosso for strings, opus 6, No. 10, in which he displayed a high degree of artistic restraint. The program closed with an electrifying performance of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. As the famous Russian conductor, Wassily Safonoff, said of his own performance of the same work, "Scratch a Cossack and you find the Tartar!" Koussevitzky's performance had all the fire, contrasting moods and enthusiasm with which only a Russian could invest the work.

Entertainments

MUSICAL LIFE IN AMERICA

II.—IMPORTATION OF CELEBRITIES

(By W. J. Henderson)

The United States contains three cities which maintain seasons of opera—New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. In the metropolis there is much dissatisfaction with the offerings of the impresario. He has been more successful with revivals than with novelties. Rosa Ponselle in *Norma* aroused the town. Richard Strauss's *Die Aegyptische Helena*, Respighi's *La Campana Sommersa*, Ernest Krenek's *Jonny spielt auf* and Pizzetti's *Fra Gherardo* were all lamentable failures. The famous jazz opera, which so excited Germany and which was pronounced a masterpiece by a jazz expert living in Leipzig, was declared by the New York commentators to be sorry stuff and its jazz as little like the real thing as a hawk is like a handsaw. No new American opera was produced. Deems Taylor's *The King's Henchman* remained perforce in the repertory; his second work is not yet written.

But opera bears no very close relation to the real musical life of the United States. Orchestral concerts and appearances of celebrated vocal and instrumental virtuosi seem to interest the people more. The orchestral situation in New York remains uncertain. The Philharmonic Society is supported by persons of wealth; it does not earn profits. No orchestra can do that, because a public demand for famous conductors has been created and their salaries are so enormous that deficits are inevitable. The Philadelphia Orchestra and the Boston Symphony give series of concerts in New York every season and the latter, which has not suffered from guest conductors but has constantly been under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, may now be regarded as the foremost instrumental organization in the east. Only a small amount of native music is produced by these orchestras, partly because the public has been taught to focus its attention on novel readings of old works by visiting conductors and partly because there is no American composer of important music at present.

The Society of the Friends of Music, which has for years given concerts of unusual character, purposes to widen its field next season by leaving the intimate seclusion of the Town Hall and going to more spacious accommodation in Carnegie Hall. An independent orchestra is later to be organized with Artur Bodanzky, who has resigned from the Opera, as conductor. The probabilities are that the Friends of Music, instead of being a distinguished society devoted to the revelation of neglected art works, will become a commonplace choral body compelled to deal in the wares of Handel and possibly Elgar.

The state of choral music in the United States is at present not clearly defined. In the large cities it has no very firm hold on the public because of the continual excitement of attention by the conjurings of orchestral wizards and the technical exhibitions of distinguished solo performers. Fortunately a few organizations persist in good works. The Oratorio Society of New York, for instance, sustains life by its annual performances of *The Messiah* and gathers enough funds for two other concerts. At the last of this season it gave *Judas Maccabeus*, which had enjoyed a long rest. In the same week the Society of the Friends of Music presented *Samson*. It had shortly before given *The Creation*. The Schola Cantorum invites attention to concerts of short choral numbers and its programmes are decidedly less interesting than they were a few seasons back. This organization is providing a chorus for the Ninth Symphony at the final concert of the Boston Orchestra. In Cincinnati and some other cities choral festivals are held once a year, and in some of the smaller cities choral music has to take the place of orchestral, which is too expensive for these communities. No choral composition of even minor importance has been produced by any American composer of late. The country lacks the stimulus of such institutions as the festival of the Three Choirs in England. The American composer is persuaded that he can earn a better living by writing songs than by attempting the difficulties of choral music.

The Oxford University Press has done some good work by creating the Bach Cantata Club, which gives concerts of Bach music in churches. Some of these concerts have been stimulating, but some have missed the aim of the movement. They have been instrumental and vocal solo concerts, and little is accomplished by them. But British music and musicians are not neglected here. Harold Samuel continues to play Bach to large audiences, and the London String Quartet, which recently returned, was cordially welcomed. H. Waldo Warner's "Suite in the Olden Style" was played and approvingly received. The English Singers come season after season and they have done much to enlighten this country about the great English part-song writers.

It must appear, then, that the present state of music in the United States is not settled. The elder composers, who pursued the classic ideals even in their romantic endeavours, have passed into comparative obscurity. Their works are rarely heard by a public insatiable in its demand for new excitements. The popular writers cater for the taste of the masses who have no interest in musical art. The young intellectuals are chasing the Gallic will-o'-the-wisp and striving to light their farthing rushlights in the evasive flames of Honegger and Milhaud, who are in their turn borrowing illumination from Stravinsky and Schönberg. There is no native conception of opera; the public mind cannot associate that form of art with its own thought, but habitually regards it as an exotic.

There is no cause for wonder that the United States feeds its musical appetite on imported food. Every famous musician in the world comes here at one time or another, and the public sits up and waits for the next celebrity to arrive on an incoming steamer. We have the best orchestras in the world, and sometimes they play American music, but the audiences are more interested in the conductors' readings of Brahms and Beethoven and in performances of familiar concertos.

Much effort is expended toward the betterment of conditions, but most of it takes the form of offers of prizes. So far no prize composition has got the start of the world. Possibly when the general state of the public mind becomes more settled and intellectual dignity recaptures the respect of the people some vital music may be produced. But at present there is nothing of indubitable immortality in sight.

(*Concluded*)

** Mr. Henderson's first article appeared in *The Times* on Saturday, October 26.

The Broadcasting Programmes for to-day and to-morrow and Broadcasting Notes will be found on page 8

TOWNSMAN REPORTER INTERVIEWS KOUSSEVITZKY

The Boston Symphony gave its sixth concert on Wednesday evening in Alumnae Hall, under the direction of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, veteran conductor and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In the intermission Dr. Koussevitzky was kind enough to grant the TOWNSMAN reporter an interview.

Our conversation, which was in French, due to Dr. Koussevitzky's shyness in speaking the less familiar English, took place in a tiny dressing room in the back of the hall. The conductor, tall and courtly and cosmopolitan, at once put me at my ease, because of his charming and warmhearted smile. I asked him how he liked to play at Wellesley.

"It is enchanting," he cried, "to play in a college town. The whole audience is full of the spirit of youth. One feels it also in Northhampton, at Smith. One can play all music for a college audience—old, new, classical, modern. They are interested in everything."

"How do you find Boston as a 'symphony city'?" I asked him.

"Splendid. The people of Boston have watched the growth of our symphony for fifty years. They appreciate everything. One can play much more new music in Boston than in New York. This winter I plan to give something new at almost every concert, some things for the first time in Boston, some things for the first time in America. It will be very interesting, I hope."

Finally, I inquired about his plans for the summer. He told me that he might spend several weeks here conducting the Massachusetts Music Festival, before going to Europe. Massachusetts must be sensible of the high honor paid to it by the presence of this distinguished conductor.

As the bell rang for the beginning of the second part of the concert, Dr. Koussevitzky bowed a stately bow, smiled a charming smile and said "Good-bye" with a friendly handshake and nod.

WELLESLEY LOCAL

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N. Y. Herald-Tribune
DEC 1 - 1929

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But opera bears no very close relation to the real musical life of the United States. Orchestral concerts and appearances of celebrated vocal and instrumental virtuosi seem to interest the people more. The orchestral situation in New York remains uncertain. The Philharmonic Society is supported by persons of wealth; it does not earn profits. No orchestra can do that, because a public demand for famous conductors has been created and their salaries are so enormous that deficits are inevitable. The Philadelphia Orchestra and the Boston Symphony give series of concerts in New York every season and the latter, which has not suffered from guest conductors but has constantly been under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, may now be regarded as the foremost instrumental organization in the east. Only a small amount of native music is produced by these orchestras, partly because the public has been taught to focus its attention on novel readings of old works by visiting conductors and partly because there is no American composer of important music at present.

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MUSIC OF THE HILLS

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, who will give a concert with his Cleveland Orchestra next Tuesday evening at Carnegie Hall, has never within our recollection presented an uninteresting program—indeed, he is one of the best four orchestral program-makers in America (the others are Messrs. Koussevitzky, Stokowski and Reiner). Mr. Sokoloff's list for his concert of December 3 is even more interesting than usual. Not only does it contain three promising novelties, concerning which at the moment we cannot speak from personal experience, but it offers a revival of one of these

THIS CLIPPING FROM

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A Boston contemporary exclaims that, contrary to general belief, it now appears that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not the "second oldest" in the United States, exceeded in honorable years only by the Philharmonic Society of New York. To the St. Louis Orchestra belongs that distinction; the current musical year is its Jubilee Year; in so many words it affirms the title in a program book:

With these opening concerts the St. Louis Symphony Society swings into the second half-century of its career. Few realize that since the disappearance a year ago of the New York Symphony Society, it is the second oldest in this country, outranked in this respect only by the New York Philharmonic Society, organized in 1842. It is older than the Boston Symphony Orchestra by a year; than the Chicago Orchestra by fourteen years; than the Philadelphia Orchestra by twenty-three years; than the Minneapolis Orchestra by the same number. All the other symphony orchestras are, compared with it, mere fledglings.

FLORENCE FRENCH
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Entertainments

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KOUSSEVITZKY'S VIEWS ON INDIVIDUAL INTERPRETATION

The following article represents a part of an address, "Concerning Interpretation," written by Serge Koussevitzky when the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University on June 20, 1929. The musician discusses the manifold considerations which affect musical interpretation through the individuality of the performer or leader.

As an auxiliary art, interpretation is, above all, most closely connected with music. Interpretation manifests itself in two directions. On one side it serves as a link, becomes the intermediary step between hearer and author. Its most important aim here is the creation of a contact between author and public. In this direction interpretation only then reaches its goal when it produces a real, living contact, when it becomes that vehicle through which the esthetic value established by the author is transmitted to the public directly and with a greater power. The greater receptivity the interpretation arouses in its listeners the more perfect will it be. The power of conviction will dominate in the struggle and victory over indifference, and passive receptivity peculiar to the public, generally formed of a casual assembly of people of heterogeneous culture, different tastes and artistic habits.

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Good interpretation leads the public to one denominator, seeming to make homogeneous the mixed crowd, bringing it to one level of receptivity. The impression is that the mass is transformed into one single listener. The first instant of contact created by the good interpreter is the moment of smoothing, of bringing the listeners' minds to some single artistic level. It is the gathering of all the heterogeneity and motley of artistic tastes into one focus, which in this meaning resembles the interpreter himself. If that aim is not immediately reached, one must consider the interpretation to have failed, and all that follows later is destined also to failure—the contact cannot arise.

The performance will go in one direction. The listeners' receptivity, instead of yearning toward unity, will diverge more and more from the interpretation and will be scattered in the audience itself, provoking, at last, a complete discordance between interpreter and audience. What is called mutual misunderstanding will then happen. The reason is not at all in the fact that the performed music or the interpreter is bad. The cause is quite different: it is the absence of a will in the interpreter, the absence of that power which urges the public to submit itself willingly, or even unwillingly, if this is necessary. The performed work may be excellent, but the contact does not arise if the will of interpretation is absent in the interpreter. And the inverse: the performed piece may be of a low artistic quality, but if the interpreter's will is obvious the contact with the listeners will arise in any circumstance.

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The matter of second moment in interpretation is the attraction toward the interpreter of the listeners brought to one level of receptivity. This attraction must increase with such strength that, in the end, it has brought the hearer to a complete subordination. If this complete subordination is reached, it gives birth to what is called an immediate receptivity, which overcomes both satiety and indifference and even the peculiar, professional feeling—that is, puts the listeners into an immediate contact with living music and its expression. This is the interpreter's great victory—creating such receptivity on the part of the audience. Then happens the "awakening"—the listener trying to return to his customary state. If this is easy for him the whole matter is concluded; if the return to the previous state becomes difficult, sometimes quite impossible, then a very important thing has happened. Awaking from his musical sleep, the listener faces reality, which takes a new shape, an unusual one. As if the world had partly changed, life possesses a new value. A spiritual enrichment has taken place. For the interpreter this is the highest reward, the highest step to which interpretation may ascend.

When speaking of interpretation in this direction, we mentioned the listener's willing and unwilling submission. The willing submission arises when the interpreter creates a contact between hearer and author, in conditions habitual to the listeners—this means when the interpreter's performance of a work does not contradict the opinion which the listener has already formed about it.

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The forcible submission occurs when the contact arises not between author and public but between the public and the interpreter himself independently of the author and against the public's will, in unusual conditions, when the performance is quite new to the audience, when all the traditions referring to the performance of this work are broken. The forcible submission is, of course, the most difficult. This is individual interpretation, in distinction to the first, which we may consider as objective. Had one to settle the question in favor of one of them (a matter of principle and convictions), one would, of course, vote for a bright, powerful, individual interpretation rather than for a weak, helpless, objective one.

Interpretation is not an art by itself, but an auxiliary one, greatly dependent on the general conditions of musical creation in this or that epoch. What we consider a stylistic performance is the link between musical performance and musical creation, this link being determined in relation to some definite epoch. A stylistic performance, of any quality, can always be only more or less precise. There is no solid basis to the argument that this or that style of our period coincides with previous performances. It is always a matter of guesswork and conventions. The quality of a stylistic performance always depends not so much on traditions as on the sagacity and culture of the interpreter himself.

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If in Wagner's and Berlioz's time the technics of orchestral conducting were not clear, in such measure as it was then possible to contest the independent part played by a conductor, now these technics of orchestral conducting have reached such fruition that they may, with justice, be considered an independent musical science. Wagner and Berlioz, had one to judge by the testimony of their contemporaries, were excellent conductors; but both, trying to confine to a definite theory the technics of orchestral conducting, would write only a few pages about it. Now the development of these technics, and their explanation, would need the writing of great scientific and theoretical works. The technics of a modern conductor are not less complicated and precise than the technics of a modern virtuoso, and the quality of orchestral playing does not depend any less on the fingers, wrist and hand of the conductor than a violinist or a pianist depends on his instrument. The art of a virtuoso is in the submission to himself only of one instrument on which he plays, and in his union with it. The conductor's technics are not connected immediately with the instruments, but with two groups of living men, toward whom his will is directed. His art is to transform the first group into one vibrating instrument, sounding as if he played on it, not conventionally, but with his own hands and fingers; and the second group, which is the public, the conductor yearns to change into one listener. Thus, in the form in which it now exists, interpretation is a new kind of art. It is a product of our time, appearing to be one of the achievements of the twentieth century. The conductor's creation, today, is an offering to the treasury of spiritual values of mankind, on an equal basis with the work of the scientist, the architect and the painter-creator. The musician interpreter causes the fusion of all the manifestations of the modern man's activity, out of which modern culture is built. Being a painter, he is at the same time an organizer and an educator in the world of the beautiful. He belongs to those happy promoters of mankind who help to vanquish everyday gray existence, lifting it to the ideals toward which life tends.

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Philadelphia, Nov. 7, 1929.

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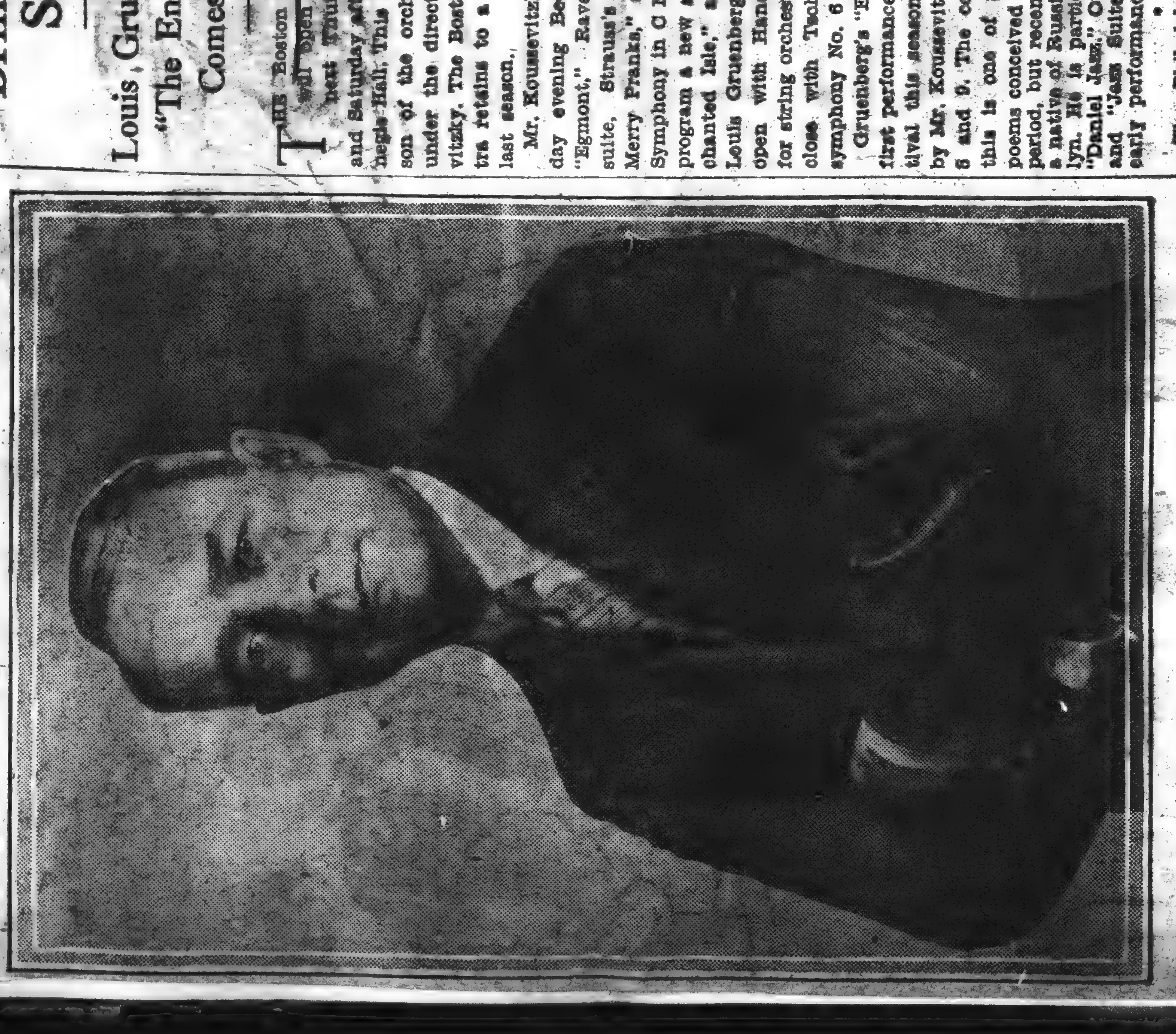
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY



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KOUSSEVITZKY'S VIEWS ON INDIVIDUAL INTERPRETATION

The following article represents a part of an address, "Concerning Interpretation," written by Serge Koussevitzky when the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University on June 20, 1929. The musician discusses the manifold considerations which affect musical interpretation through the individuality of the performer or leader.

As an auxiliary art, interpretation is, above all, most closely connected with music. Interpretation manifests itself in two directions. On one side it serves as a link, becomes the intermediary step between hearer and author. Its most important aim here is the creation of a contact between author and public. In this direction interpretation only then reaches its goal when it produces a real, living contact, when it becomes that vehicle through which the esthetic value established by the author is transmitted to the public directly and with a greater power. The greater receptivity the interpretation arouses in its listeners the more perfect will it be. The power of conviction will dominate in the struggle and victory over indifference, and passive receptivity peculiar to the public, generally formed of a casual assembly of people of heterogeneous culture, different tastes and artistic habits.

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Good interpretation leads the public to one denominator, seeming to make homogeneous the mixed crowd, bringing it to one level of receptivity. The impression is that the mass is transformed into one single listener. The first instant of contact created by the good interpreter is the moment of smoothing, of bringing the listeners' minds to some single artistic level. It is the gathering of all the heterogeneity and motley of artistic tastes into one focus, which in this meaning resembles the interpreter himself. If that aim is not immediately reached, one must consider the interpretation to have failed, and all that follows later is destined also to failure—the contact cannot arise.

The performance will go in one direction. The listeners' receptivity, instead of yearning toward unity, will diverge more and more from the interpretation and will be scattered in the audience itself, provoking, at last, a complete discordance between interpreter and audience. What is called mutual misunderstanding will then happen. The reason is not at all in the fact that the performed music or the interpreter is bad. The cause is quite different: it is the absence of a will in the interpreter, the absence of that power which urges the public to submit itself willingly, or even unwillingly, if this is necessary. The performed work may be excellent, but the contact does not arise if the will of interpretation is absent in the interpreter. And the inverse: the performed piece may be of a low artistic quality, but if the interpreter's will is obvious the contact with the listeners will arise in any circumstance.

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The matter of second moment in interpretation is the attraction toward the interpreter of the listeners brought to one level of receptivity. This attraction must increase with such strength that, in the end, it has brought the hearer to a complete subordination. If this complete subordination is reached, it gives birth to what is called an immediate receptivity, which overcomes both satiety and indifference and even the peculiar, professional feeling—that is, puts the listeners into an immediate contact with living music and its expression. This is the interpreter's great victory—creating such receptivity on the part of the audience. Then happens the "awakening"—the listener trying to return to his customary state. If this is easy for him the whole matter is concluded; if the return to the previous state becomes difficult, sometimes quite impossible, then a very important thing has happened. Awaking from his musical sleep, the listener faces reality, which takes a new shape, an unusual one. As if the world had partly changed, life possesses a new value. A spiritual enrichment has taken place. For the interpreter this is the highest reward, the highest step to which interpretation may ascend.

When speaking of interpretation in this direction, we mentioned the listener's willing and unwilling submission. The willing submission arises when the interpreter creates a contact between hearer and author, in conditions habitual to the listeners—this means when the interpreter's performance of a work does not contradict the opinion which the listener has already formed about it.

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The forcible submission occurs when the contact arises not between author and public but between the public and the interpreter himself independently of the author and against the public's will, in unusual conditions, when the performance is quite new to the audience, when all the traditions referring to the performance of this work are broken. The forcible submission is, of course, the most difficult. This is individual interpretation, in distinction to the first, which we may consider as objective. Had one to settle the question in favor of one of them (a matter of principle and convictions), one would, of course, vote for a bright, powerful, individual interpretation rather than for a weak, helpless, objective one.

Interpretation is not an art by itself, but an auxiliary one, greatly dependent on the general conditions of musical creation in this or that epoch. What we consider a stylistic performance is the link between musical performance and musical creation, this link being determined in relation to some definite epoch. A stylistic performance, of any quality, can always be only more or less precise. There is no solid basis to the argument that this or that style of our period coincides with previous performances. It is always a matter of guesswork and conventions. The quality of a stylistic performance always depends not so much on traditions as on the sagacity and culture of the interpreter himself.

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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

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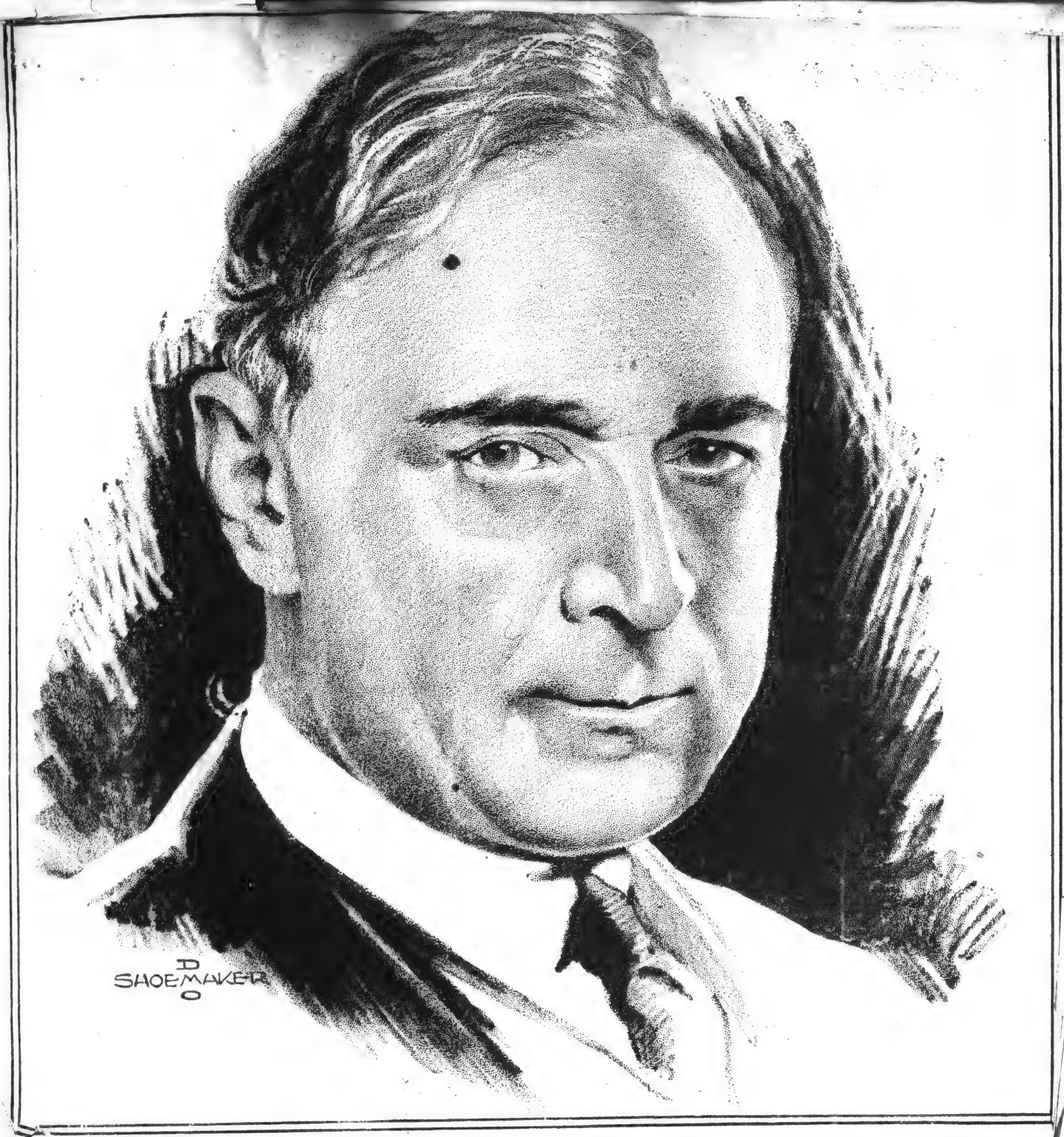

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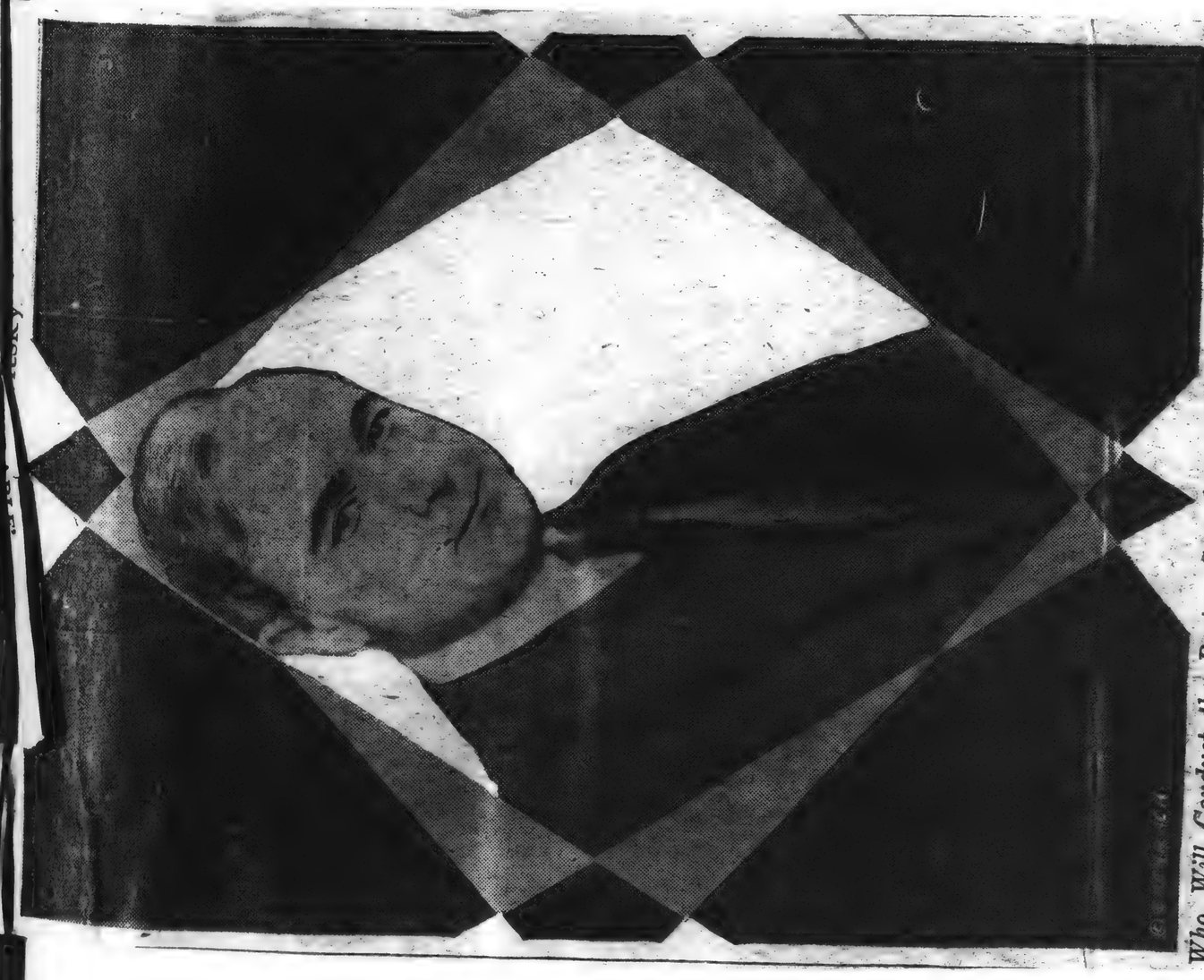

Who Will Conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Manhattan and Brooklyn This Coming Week

Serge Koussevitzky, who conducts the Boston Symphony this week in its first New York concerts of the season

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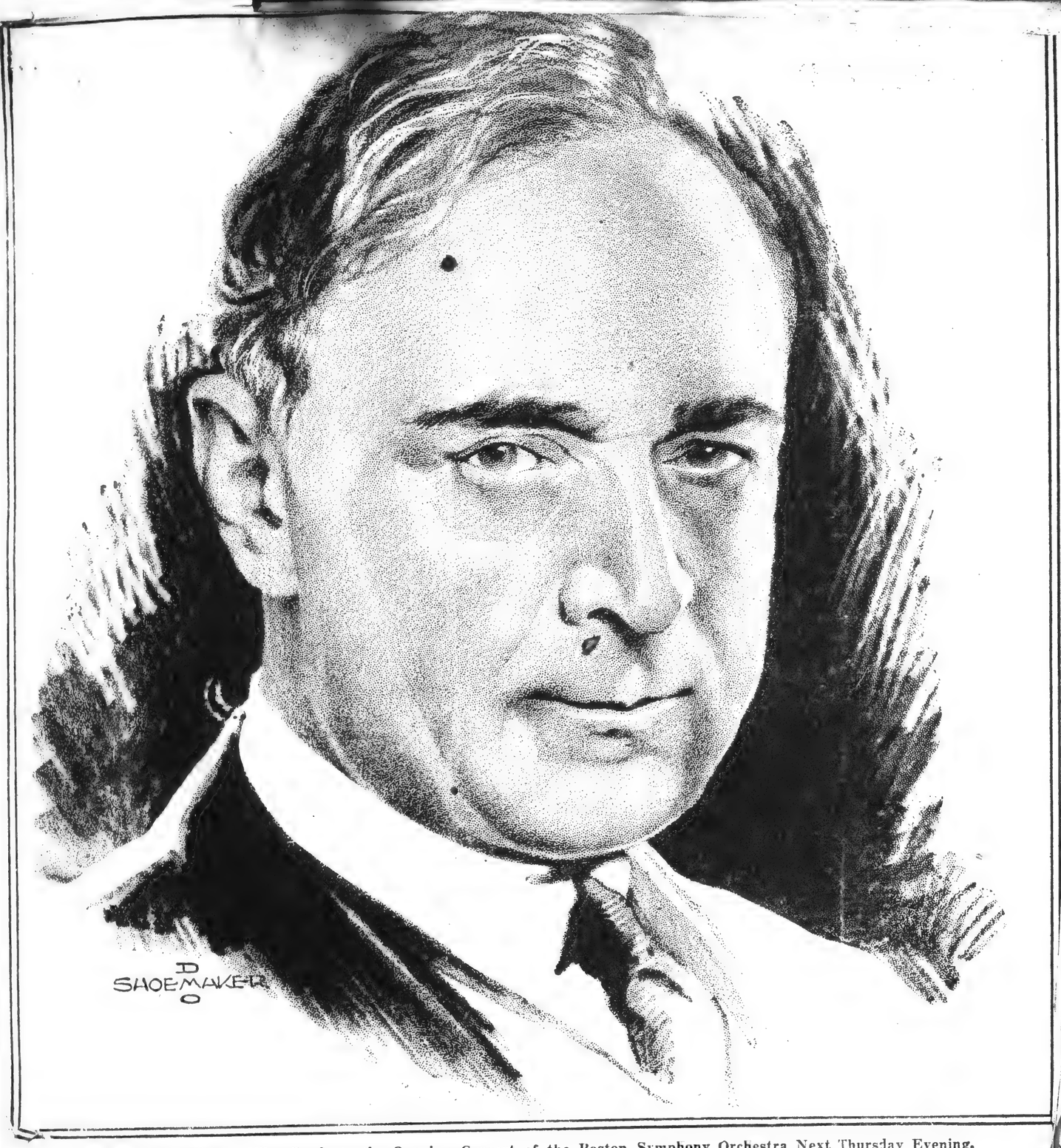

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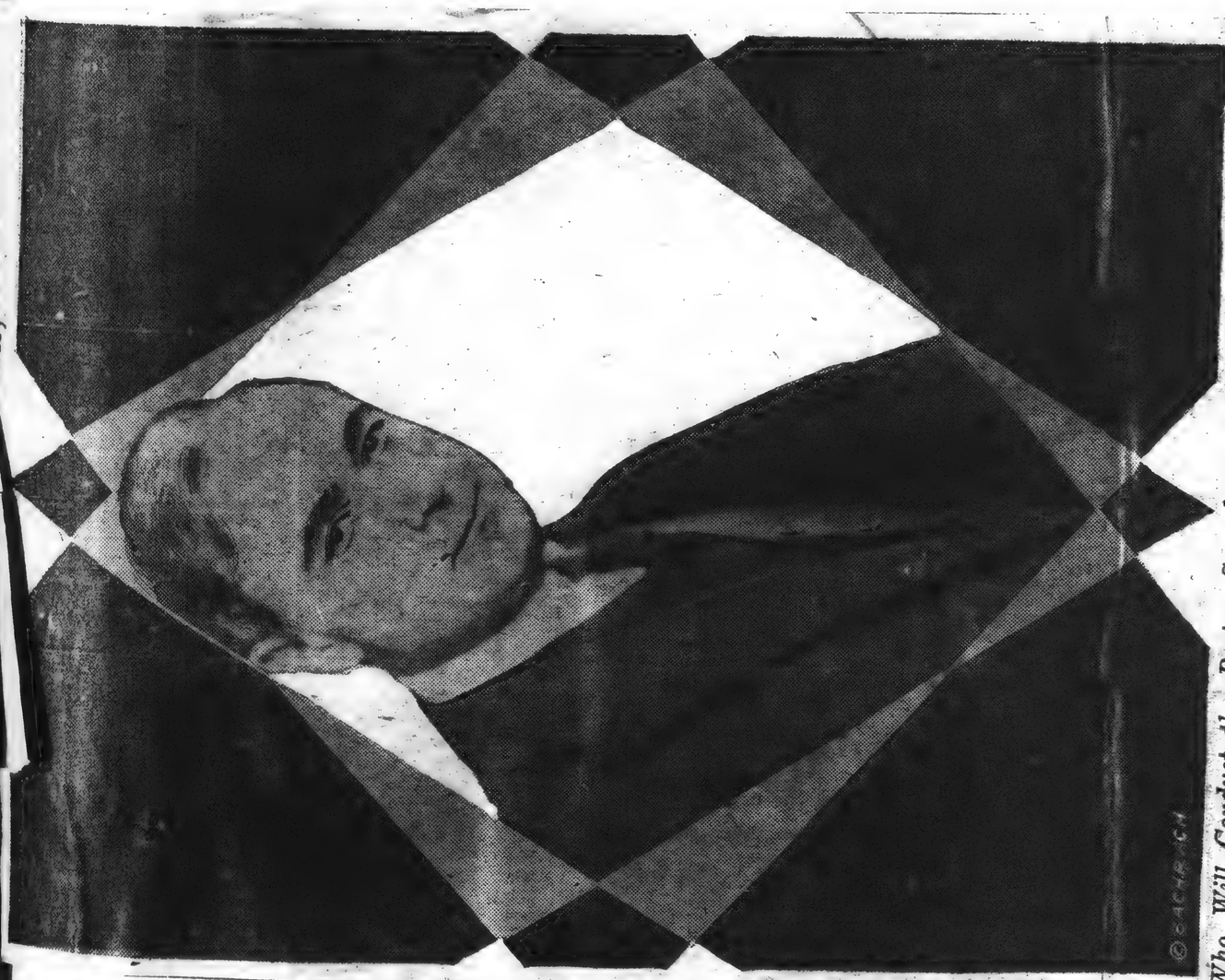

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INCORRECT PAGINATION

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The Times
NOV

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Koussevitzky Scores Triumph.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra made their first New York appearance of the season last night in Carnegie Hall. The orchestra is more than ever a sheer delight and intoxication to the ear. The tone is of velvet or of gold, as the case may be. The orchestra is completely responsive to Mr. Koussevitzky's slightest wish.

On the program last night he placed the Beethoven "Egmont" overture, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The performance of the Ravel suite was the special triumph of the first part of the program. This is music of an artificial kind, but here the artifice is art. As we know, the suite when it was first composed was played four hands by two children. The orchestral version is more fascinating than the version for piano, since Ravel, a veritable wizard of instrumentation, can here employ all the most delicate tone colors and with a mastery which never fails to impress the listeners anew.

The score is full of the most delicate conceits. These are marvels of fastidious coloring. One wonders whether there has been another modern master with such a knowledge and instinct for the tone-tints of the orchestra. Debussy had this instinct, and a greater and more original talent than Ravel, but Ravel is the more precise of the two in his management of pigments. His children are Parisian children. They are not the apple-cheeked pair of Humperdinck. Nor do they belong to a hockey team or a folk-dance society. They inhabit drawing room and never go out to walk ungloved. Just the same, this is a delightful work of a highly finished and sophisticated sort. There is the flavor of the "contes bleues," even a suggestion of the medieval hinterland of the imagination from which they came. And all this was admirably conveyed by Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra.

As for Strauss, we have not heard "Till Eulenspiegel" played with more prevailing justness of pace and a finer molding of phrase and adjustment of detail. The scoring is very clean and clear, save in those places where Strauss is deliberately noisy and intentionally coarse. The performance made it the clearer. What was missing was the demoniac energy and defiance, the mad waggery, or the sudden haunting tenderness of the music with which Strauss himself, when he visited this country for the first time some twenty-five years ago, informed it. Perhaps distance lends enchantment to that visit, but it seemed music was never more highly charged and explosive, despite the poetry and the golden thread of folk-tale running through it.

Comparison of a conductor's interpretation with that of a composer does not, of course, necessarily establish standards, and comparison of Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting with that of Richard Strauss would be today highly disadvantageous to the latter gentleman. But the Till who fled Puck-like through the orchestra last night would not have alarmed and dismayed the bourgeois, would not have been summoned before the town council, denounced for his courageous misdeeds and indignantly strung up on the gallows. This Till was a harmless sprite. Boston would have harbored him with pleasure, and even Harvard. But Mr. O'Neill might have felt bored in his company.

There was a finely balanced and proportioned reading of the Beethoven overture, with the sombre chords that tower over the music of revolt, supplication, suspense—music which gives way at last to frantic rejoicing. Here, too, there could have been a more savage bite of the strings in the opening of the movement proper, a sharper thrust, a more passionate accent. The symphony is a work that Mr. Koussevitzky has shown, ere this, he can read in a nobly dramatic yet not slavishly conventional manner.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING SUN
NOV 2

Boston Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky Includes Ravel Music in Initial Program for This Season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra made their first local appearance of the season at Carnegie Hall last evening. The program was of substance. It began with Beethoven and ended with him. The first number was the "Egmont" overture, from which by use of the subtle art of transition Mr. Koussevitzky carried his auditors by way of Ravel's "Ma Mere l'Oye" to the merry pranks of Richard Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel." From this to Beethoven's fifth symphony was the next step, a rather long one to be sure, but it sufficed to bring the concert to a successful conclusion.

A program containing no novelty does not seem to call for prolonged discussion. There is always something to say about Ravel whose orchestral virtuosity lately aroused excitement when displayed in his "Bolero," but we suspect that despite the growing skepticism of flaming youth the fifth symphony will be performed before attentive listeners in far off years when "La Belle au Bois Dormant" cannot again be awakened. And nevertheless that is delightful music.

It possesses indefinable charm and a delicacy of fancy which are as rare as they are precious. It has, too, that aristocratic quality, that fine air of being "hoch geboren," which is to be found in all Ravel's music. Mr. Koussevitzky did not have to wait till last night to show music lovers that he was deeply in sympathy with this composer's ideals. He has lived too much in Paris and been too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Boulevard romanticism dominating all recent French art to be insensible to the individual nature of Ravel's creations.

But it was not in the elegant and highly polished fairy tale of Ravel that Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston musicians rose to commanding stature last evening. It was in the masterpiece of the German. One becomes more certain at each repetition that "Til Eulenspiegel" is the summit of Strauss's ascent with the orchestra. That vital fire of its content was always smoldering on the hearth of his genius is proved by the lovely bits which float through the score of "Der Rosenkavalier" and less prominent repetitions found in other later works. What Til has to do with the reflections of the Princess Werdenberg is more difficult to conjecture than the remote but perceptible connection between the rogue and Baron Ochs.

But this is a matter of no deep import. Every writer has his own pet forms and phrases. What was more impressive last night was the magnificent performance of the tone poem. There was not a thematic fragment that did not seem to fall spontaneously and perfectly into its place in the shimmering web of orchestration. Such a fastidious observance of proportion is not common and it bespoke not only earnest rehearsal but ideal communication between conductor and players. The scheme of development carried the interpretation from a whispering pianissimo to the thunderous and crushing forte which sent Til squeaking to his doom.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD
NOV 2

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff.

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Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
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BROOKLYN
DAILY EAGLE
NOV 2

Music of the Day

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But Mr. Kossuvitzky must be felicitated upon the performance which he contrived of "Ma Mere l'Oye." Attention has often been called to his peculiarly sympathetic readings of modern scores, particularly those of an impressionistic tendency, and we were not surprised last evening at the transfiguration that Ravel's charming yet trivial orchestral lyrics underwent, passing through the enkindling imagination of their interpreter. This music, too, the orchestra clothed in the lovely transparent garment of its tone. It is a splendid instrument that Mr. Koussevitzky has developed and perfected since, in 1924, he first undertook command of the Boston Symphony, and for this he deserves the gratitude as well as the admiration of his audience. E. C.

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AMERICAN
NOV 22

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INCORRECT PAGINATION

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
N. Times
Nov

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On the program last night he placed the Beethoven "Egmont" overture, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The performance of the Ravel suite was the special triumph of the first part of the program. This is music of an artificial kind, but here the artifice is art. As we know, the suite when it was first composed was played four hands by two children. The orchestral version is more fascinating than the version for piano, since Ravel, a veritable wizard of instrumentation, can here employ all the most delicate tone colors and with a mastery which never fails to impress the listeners anew.

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As for Strauss, we have not heard "Till Eulenspiegel" played with more prevailing justness of pace and a finer molding of phrase and adjustment of detail. The scoring is very clean and clear, save in those places where Strauss is deliberately noisy and intentionally coarse. The performance made it the clearer. What was missing was the demoniac energy and defiance, the mad waggery, or the sudden haunting tenderness of the music with which Strauss himself, when he visited this country for the first time some twenty-five years ago, informed it. Perhaps distance lends enchantment to that visit, but it seemed music was never more highly charged and explosive, despite the poetry and the golden thread of folk-tale running through it.

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NEW YORK
EVENING SUN
NOV 2

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It possesses indefinable charm and a delicacy of fancy which are as rare as they are precious. It has, too, that aristocratic quality, that fine air of being "hoch geboren," which is to be found in all Ravel's music. Mr. Koussevitzky did not have to wait till last night to show music lovers that he was deeply in sympathy with this composer's ideals. He has lived too much in Paris and been too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Boulevard romanticism dominating all recent French art to be insensible to the individual nature of Ravel's creations.

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NEW YORK
AMERICAN
NOV 22

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N. Y. Times

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It possesses indefinable charm and a delicacy of fancy which are as rare as they are precious. It has, too, that aristocratic quality, that fine air of being "hoch geboren," which is to be found in all Ravel's music. Mr. Koussevitzky did not have to wait till last night to show music lovers that he was deeply in sympathy with this composer's ideals. He has lived too much in Paris and been too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Boulevard romanticism dominating all recent French art to be insensible to the individual nature of Ravel's creations.

But it was not in the elegant and highly polished fairy tale of Ravel that Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston musicians rose to commanding stature last evening. It was in the masterpiece of the German. One becomes more certain at each repetition that "Til Eulenspiegel" is the summit of Strauss's ascent with the orchestra. That vital fire of its content was always smoldering on the hearth of his genius is proved by the lovely bits which float through the score of "Der Rosenkavalier" and less prominent repetitions found in other later works. What Til has to do with the reflections of the Princess Werdenberg is more difficult to conjecture than the remote but perceptible connection between the rogue and Baron Ochs.

But this is a matter of no deep import. Every writer has his own pet forms and phrases. What was more impressive last night was the magnificent performance of the tone poem. There was not a thematic fragment that did not seem to fall spontaneously and perfectly into its place in the shimmering web of orchestration. Such a fastidious observance of proportion is not common and it bespoke not only earnest rehearsal but ideal communication between conductor and players. The scheme of development carried the interpretation from a whispering pianissimo to the thunderous and crushing forte which sent Til squeaking to his doom.

All was luminous and vivid, vital and yet touched with that strain of tenderness without which any reading of "Til Eulenspiegel" must fall short of the composer's intent. In short, it was a masterly presentation of a composition which has often been played admirably, sometimes superlatively, but assuredly never with a more sweeping gamut of orchestral splendors, never with a firmer outlining of its design, than last evening. The Boston Symphony Orchestra not only returned to town but to its golden era.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK

WORLD

NOV 22

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge K[illegible]sky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 8.30 P. M.

Overture to "Egmont"	Beethoven
Mother Goose Suite	Ravel
Till Eulenspiegel	Strauss
Symphony No. 5, in C Minor	Beethoven

Last night the Boston Orchestra played for us in Carnegie Hall for the first time this season, and we noticed, as we did last fall and at the initial concert of every season since Mr., or rather Dr., Koussevitzky assumed the helm of the Bostonians, that the famous band was approaching closer to its pre-war excellence.

It must not be forgotten that it was considerably easier to achieve and maintain the position the Boston Symphony held in the old days, than it would be now when a good orchestra is the rule and not the exception. Where the old Boston had no real competitors it must face at the present moment two formidable rivals in the Philadelphia and the Philharmonic-Symphony.

It so happened that the three eminent organizations placed themselves on exhibition in Carnegie Hall on succeeding nights this week, making a comparison, though probably uninvited, inevitable. It behooves one to record, therefore, that last night's visitors came through the ordeal happily. One admired especially the unanimity of attack in the playing of the Boston Orchestra, its equalized dynamic range, which encompassed a beautiful pianissimo and a fortissimo free of noise, and its acquisition of a uniformly healthy and glowing tone.

In the matter of interpretation Mr. Koussevitzky's musical desires appear to be definite to the point of didacticism, giving one the impression that the versatile Russian knows what he, rather than the composer, wants. Thus, both the "Egmont" Overture and the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven were shaped for us last night in the forms of highly theatrical documents, brilliantly executed, but smelling of honest grease paint. The symphony was, in fact, a compelling impersonation, full of dramatic and sometimes melodramatic gestures, barefaced appeals to the emotions and an insistence, perhaps an unconscious one, on the perpetual glare of the spotlight. At the very end of the first movement Mr. Koussevitzky held up the gigantic structure for a moment to give vent to a few plaintive, un-Beethovenish sighs, and he swung into the finale like a labor agitator exhorting a disaffected multitude or an evangelist leading a revival.

The Strauss Rondo was an altogether different story. Here Mr. Koussevitzky, sharing the composer's level, could give free reign to his imagination, and did so with stunning effect. Technically glamorous, his "Till Eulenspiegel" swept gorgeously through his merry pranks, and came, like Petrouchka, to a squealing end. It was an altogether memorable performance, and one which should make the bosoms of the Back Bay folks swell with justifiable pride.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK

EVE. WORLD

NOV 22

MUSIC

By Noel Straus

CLAMOR that might swell the soul to rage but did little to kir... [dle soft] desire found far too frequent outlet during the first evening ... concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterd[ay. Mr.] Koussevitzky, in rampant mood, rejoiced greatly in letting loose un... [stemmed] floods of crass tone and holding pretty generally in abeyance th[e subtle] tints and rich sonorities usually called forth by his baton.

The program comprised Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, that master's "Egmont" Overture, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and that set of five children's pieces by Ravel, known as "Ma Mere L'Oye." It cannot be said that the Boston leader lived up to anticipations in ...is unfolding of a single one of these ...iliar creations. The "Egmont" ...ure was as unresilient as cast-iron. ... tyrannical Alba held full sway ...ding, to the complete anni... the tenderer aspects of the ...ring over the latter, Mr. ...led to bring out the ... contrasts which lie ... masterpiece. Arrived ... culminating pages, the ...nt to an uproarious din, ...cented brasses played

... Symphony has ...terpreted, but the ...position probably ...d as noisy. All of ...ts remained dull, ...nspiring. By skimp... the portentous uni... movement, lending ... to the pianissimi ...t and slurring over ... in a way that left ...ng, Mr. Koussevitzky ...ccess of this section. ...ness at any point in ...herefore no adequate ... made when the re... was reached, despite ...ghts of ugly tone that ...ast division.

...Germanic character of ...uss's "Till Eulenspie... ...onductor almost en... was taken too briskly ...omposer's intentions. ...rotesque humor and ...rent in the tone-poem ...of the window. There ...e overhasty phrases of ... Thus the florid senti... Strauss introduced so ... to the ground. The ... the first horn was in... ...ated toward its close, ... and the legendary at... ...e epilogue not so much ... As for the trial scene, ...trombones and tuba in ...depicted the end of the ...such cosmic cataclysm.

... remarkable for fairylike ...cund imagination, the ...e Ravel numbers was at ...rom the thunderings of ...evening's entertainment.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

NEW YORK

AMERICAN

NOV 22

WELL-VARIED MUSIC PERFORMED BY THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

VARIETY was one of the spices of the programme presented last evening at Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Conductor Serge Koussevitzky opened his annual series here with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," and Beethoven's fifth symphony, the quartet of works representing an exceptionally well-balanced list.

Beethoven's "Egmont," with its proud sentiment and robustious passion, fared well at the hands of Koussevitzky. However, it did not garner the reptuous applause which followed his imaginative interpretation of Ravel's sensitive, fine-spun orchestral conceit.

The Russian conductor's communicative art was reflected brilliantly in the whimsical delivery, lovely colorings and fastidious feats of tone and technic with which he and his players invested their performance of Ravel's delicious piece of symphonic tomfoolery.

Moves at Vital Pace

The "Mother" skylarks innocently enough in comparison with "Eulenspiegel," whose rollickings, often criminally ribald, finally land him in the hangman's hands. Strauss gives you even the clarinet shrilling which denotes Till's last squeak choked forth by the rope.

Koussevitzky made the Strauss poem move at a vital pace but lost none of its pictorial fun and broad suggestiveness. It was a brilliant virtuoso achievement by the leader and his men.

Press exigencies permitted me to hear only the first movement of the Beethoven symphony, and I liked the rugged attack of the leading theme, the rhythmic precision in its developments, and the skilful blending of the dramatic and lyrical elements.

In spite of the deep philosophical import given to the first movement of the "Fifth" by wordy commentators, it remains one of the most transparently constructed pieces of writing in the entire realm of symphony. Those conductors who try to give the movement a so-called "reading" usually wander into a hopeless morass of artificiality and affectation.

Koussevitzky allowed the composer to speak for himself and we heard the voice of Beethoven.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

BROOKLYN

...what earlier ...than has been its custom in the past, inaugurated its annual series of five Thursday evening concerts at Carnegie Hall last evening. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted, presenting a program that included the "Egmont" overture, Ravel's suite, "Ma Mere l'Oye," the "Till Eulenspiegel" of Strauss and Beethoven's C Minor Symphony. Much of this music will be heard at the Academy of Music this evening, on the occasion of the Boston orchestra's seasonal debut in Brooklyn, and a detailed review of its performance may be reserved for tomorrow's Eagle.

But Mr. Kossuvitzky must be felicitated upon the performance which he contrived of "Ma Mere l'Oye." Attention has often been called to his peculiarly sympathetic readings of modern scores, particularly those of an impressionistic tendency, and we were not surprised last evening at the transfiguration that Ravel's charming yet trivial orchestral lyrics underwent, passing through the enkindling imagination of their interpreter. This music, too, the orchestra clothed in the lovely transparent garment of its tone. It is a splendid instrument that Mr. Koussevitzky has developed and perfected since, in 1924, he first undertook command of the Boston Symphony, and for this he deserves the gratitude as well as the admiration of his audience.

E. C.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL
NOV 22

KOUSSEVITZKY OPENS HERE AT CARNEGIE HALL

By IRVING WEIL.

BEETHOVEN, always at every conductor's elbow, and some musical fairy tales, both French and German, served Mr. Serge Koussevitzky more or less successfully for the opening of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season at Carnegie Hall last night. There was the now customary houseful of subscribers to these concerts and the Russian director of Boston's musical culture was warmly welcomed by his New York admirers.

It was the Beethoven of the "Egmont" overture, distinctly one of the lesser of these briefer tone poems, that began this opening programme, and the Beethoven of the great but somewhat too current C minor symphony that closed it. Between the two Mr. Koussevitzky played the "Mother Goose" suite of fairy tales of Maurice Ravel (for in France "Ma Mere l'Oye" is rather a different sort of old lady, and she tells stories herself), and Richard Strauss's picaresque folk tale, "Till Eulenspiegel."

Thus children of all ages and grown-ups of none should have been equally pleased. This was, indeed a novel if not a thoroughly unique scheme of programme building, but to this particular nonogenarian it seemed to be more what Hop o' My Thumb himself might have put together than so supposedly logical a person as a grave symphonic conductor.

CURIOUS ASSORTMENT.

However, as Little Jack Horner might say nowadays, the proof of the pudding is not the plums but the cook. And Mr. Koussevitzky, cordon bleu, though he doubtless is, is still neither protean nor versatile enough to have made a consistently acceptable pudding out of this curious assortment of plums.

He was decidedly at his best with the merry pranks [illegible] Eulenspiegel," although T[illegible] how appeared to be neither excessively merry nor prankish. But, perhaps, after all, that was very considerably the fault of the Herr Doktor Strauss. We have observed in the last four or five years with a kind of cumulative conviction that the greatest of Strauss' symphonic poems is always the one that isn't being played at the moment. "Don Juan," for example, seems to capture the palm until someone plays it, and then we are certain "Till Eulenspiegel" should be thus decorated. Mr. Koussevitzky then plays this, and we immediately lean toward, say, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." It is a fascinating game, and almost any number can play.

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Quite seriously, though, "Till Eulenspiegel" really seems to be getting less and less amusing—to leave importance out of the question—as year follows year. It is only another chapter out of Strauss' gospel of the obvious. All Till's orchestral pranks [illegible] n the [illegible]r, in [illegible] No [illegible]allet stuff; and we shouldn't be in the least surprised to encounter it before long in the sound films.

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Mr. Koussevitzky's treatment of this familiar music was hard, robustious and devoid of a spark of human feeling. Moreover, it established the orchestral keynote of much of the evening, which was a note of crass, unlovely noise. If the coarse excess of sound diminished in the succeeding number it was because Ravel in the five little pieces of his "Ma Mere l'Oye" suite denied Mr. Koussevitzky the opportunity of making it.

These pieces, with their dainty timbres and tinklings, have grown pretty thin and innocuous for adult consumption today and ought to be reserved for the edification of children. The Bostonian leader did not even justify their inclusion in last night's program by a conspicuously fetching or graceful rendering and they flitted by like the inconsequential, featherweight trifles they are. With "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," which was next unshipped one expected at last a measurable compensation, for Mr. Koussevitzky has a reputation with this opus. But again hopes raised on high were incontinently dashed to earth.

However the conductor may have dealt with Strauss' epic rogue on past occasions he seemed yesterday wholly alien to the Germanic spirit of the Owlglass philosophies and picaresque adventures. Again a great racket was unloosed, though it was less the din to which one took exception than the coarse quality of the din.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HERALD Tribune
NOV 22

Orchestra From Boston Offers Concert Here

Capacity Audience Drawn to Carnegie Hall by Visit of Koussevitzky Musicians

Program Is Conservative

Matinee Features Gruenberg's 'Enchanted Isle'

By Francis D. Perkins

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the forty-ninth season of its distinguished career and the sixth under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, opened its first New York visit of the musical year with a concert last night in Carnegie Hall, which, even as on Tuesday for Mr. Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra and on Wednesday for Mr. Toscanini's Philharmonic-Symphony, attracted a capacity audience.

While Mr. Koussevitzky has the laudable reputation of an unusually receptive and catholic attitude toward contemporary music, he has proved on many previous occasions that he is not exclusively devoted to compositions of this century, and opened his New York season last night with a conservative program of well known works. He began and ended with Beethoven—the overture to Egmont and the Fifth Symphony—and completed his list with Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

The Boston Symphony, which, we are told, has made no changes in its personnel since last season, is a fine orchestra, and under its Russian director gives a unified, spirited and responsive performance. The string choir last night fell slightly short of achieving the polished song of the Philharmonic-Symphony strings, but its tone is enjoyable and capable of much color, and the high degree of this latter attribute was a general characteristic of last night's performance.

The "Egmont" overture was excellently played, and M. Ravel's "children's pieces" were agreeably performed in a somewhat placid vein. The orchestra began the Strauss tone poem in an easy going, what might be called a "gemutlich," mood, in marked contrast with the proclamative, vividly hued performance of the ensuing measures depicting Till's adventures, misadventures and regrettable end.

In his Carnegie Hall concerts of November, 1928, Mr. Koussevitzky showed that he could avoid the risk of treating Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as a matter of course, and did so last night in a vigorous, fresh performance of marked color and no lack of brilliance. There was much contrast, with assertive climaxes and, occasionally, a touch of stridency, but it was a vivid interpretation, suggesting that the Russian conductor and his musicians were offering this symphony owing to their interest in it, rather than from a sense of duty.

Tomorrow afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky will give the first New York performance of Louis Gruenberg's tone poem, "The Enchanted Isle," on a program with a Mandel Concerto Grosso and Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

Music

By FELIX DEYO

OPENING BROOKLYN CONCERT BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

A PERFORMANCE of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony that left room for discussion concluded the programme of the season's first Brooklyn concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music last night. Serge Koussevitzky wielded the baton in far different fashion from his conducting of the same work several years ago, during his first season with the Bostonians, when he startled listeners with an original interpretation.

Last night's Fifth was proof that Mr. Koussevitzky has his moods and tempers. He seemed not to be very interested in what was going on in the Academy of Music. So indifferent was he, apparently, that the symphony unrolled as more of a "playing" than an interpretation. Yet, resentful as his hearers might be of such neglect, it was impossible to dislike the music. Played without enthusiasm, it was still a performance notable for mechanical perfection and no little degree of tonal quality. It would seem that Mr. Koussevitzky can afford to let his mind wander and continue merely to beat time, the while leaving his orchestra otherwise to its own very competent resources. It was a precise, if uninspired and turgid, reading, and what it lacked in fire it partly repaid in orthodoxy.

Handel's sixth Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra (Opus 10), the prelude to "Lohengrin" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," filled the earlier part of an ultra-conservative programme. All were played efficiently but perfunctorily. Who knows what possible business or gastronomic complications may have been absorbing the attentions of Mr. Koussevitzky when (the subscribers of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences had reason to hope) he should have been concentrating on the job at hand? Perhaps it was none of these; instead merely boredom with an overly-heavy Teutonic programme; but the conductor's most earnest admirer could not have claimed for him that he was at his best last night.

WE ARE BECOMING more convinced than ever that personal grace and nobility of appearance are a handicap to one who must perform on the concert stage, whether as instrumentalist or conductor. It is easy to concentrate on the music when Signor Toscanini is conducting the Philharmonic. There is no distracting influence. Toscanini ranks among the greatest conductors of all time, but there is little in his physical make-up to catch the eye. It is his physiognomy that counts, and that is lost when he turns his back to an audience, as he must do when the orchestra is playing, thus making it easy for one to remove one's eye from him, and, resting them nowhere in particular, to listen—just listen. Unfortunately for Mr. Koussevitzky, his appearance is a distraction to the audience. The liquid movement of his hands and stately gestures ask for watching, and, more often than concert-goers are listening to the music, they are observing Mr. Koussevitzky, his every gesture, as though he were not the conductor of an orchestra, but a Shawn or Mordkin.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES

MUSIC

BOSTONIANS HERE

A brilliant, attentive and appreciative audience greeted Dr. Serge Koussevitzky on his first appearance of the season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music lasst night. His concert, inaugurating the annual series of five, was roundly applauded and apparently enjoyed to the utmost, which would seem to indicate that what Brooklyn audiences like most of all are the tried and true classics such as the Russian conductor presented last night.

In this daring and adventurous day and age, it is something of a novelty in itself to find an orchestral program devoid of novelties. But Dr. Koussevitzky has always shown himself to be an adroit program builder, and it seemed he gauged the preferences of his Brooklyn audience to a fine degree by giving them what he did.

The program opened with the Handel Concerto Grosso No. 10, swept through Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and the prelude to "Lohengrin," and closed with the ever-popular Beethoven Fifth Symphony. Any laboriousness which might have been noticeable in the concerto disappeared in the gymnastics of the rollicking Strauss poem, and Dr. Koussevitzky's strings soared to glorious heights in the symphony. It would have been a pleasure to see a box reserved for the ostentatious cinema maestros who periodically massacre certain portions of this masterpiece with utter unconcern, in order that the symphony might have proved instructive as well as inspiring.

While he apparently has abanboned his controversial tactics of tempo-changing, Dr. Koussevitzky's touch seems to improve with the years, and his rendition of the Wagner and Beethoven compositions were noteworthy for the delicacy and certainty of the string attack. "Till Eulenspiegel" was played as it should have been, with grace and gaiety, and if this composition does not go down in history as the greatest of Strauss' works, at least it will always finds a place as an excellent vehicle for an orchestra so expert and facile as the Boston Symphony.

J. C. D.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL
NOV 2

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Ravel's orchestral fairy tales are an immensely different matter, although they are the now scarcely recognizable Ravel of twenty years ago. But they hold a delicately appropriate humor, more implied than expressed, and they need a delicately appropriate touch to bring out all their quality. Mr. Koussevitzky is not a very good teller of this sort of fairy tale.

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Last night's Fifth was proof that Mr. Koussevitzky has his moods and tempers. He seemed not to be very interested in what was going on in the Academy of Music. So indifferent was he, apparently, that the symphony unrolled as more of a "playing" than an interpretation. Yet, resentful as his hearers might be of such neglect, it was impossible to dislike the music. Played without enthusiasm, it was still a performance notable for mechanical perfection and no little degree of tonal quality. It would seem that Mr. Koussevitzky can afford to let his mind wander and continue merely to beat time, the while leaving his orchestra otherwise to its own very competent resources. It was a precise, if uninspired and turgid, reading, and what it lacked in fire it partly repaid in orthodoxy.

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WE ARE BECOMING more convinced than ever that personal grace and nobility of appearance are a handicap to one who must perform on the concert stage, whether as instrumentalist or conductor. It is easy to concentrate on the music when Signor Toscanini is conducting the Philharmonic. There is no distracting influence. Toscanini ranks among the greatest conductors of all time, but there is little in his physical make-up to catch the eye. It is his physiognomy that counts, and that is lost when he turns his back to an audience, as he must do when the orchestra is playing, thus making it easy for one to remove one's eye from him, and, resting them nowhere in particular, to listen—just listen. Unfortunately for Mr. Koussevitzky, his appearance is a distraction to the audience. The liquid movement of his hands and stately gestures ask for watching, and, more often than concert-goers are listening to the music, they are observing Mr. Koussevitzky, his every gesture, as though he were not the conductor of an orchestra, but a Shawn or Mordkin.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES

MUSIC

BOSTONIANS HERE

A brilliant, attentive and appreciative audience greeted Dr. Serge Koussevitzky on his first appearance of the season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music lasst night. His concert, inaugurating the annual series of five, was roundly applauded and apparently enjoyed to the utmost, which would seem to indicate that what Brooklyn audiences like most of all are the tried and true classics such as the Russian conductor presented last night.

In this daring and adventurous day and age, it is something of a novelty in itself to find an orchestral program devoid of novelties. But Dr. Koussevitzky has always shown himself to be an adroit program builder, and it seemed he gauged the preferences of his Brooklyn audience to a fine degree by giving them what he did.

The program opened with the Handel Concerto Grosso No. 10, swept through Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and the prelude to "Lohengrin," and closed with the ever-popular Beethoven Fifth Symphony. Any laboriousness which might have been noticeable in the concerto disappeared in the gymnastics of the rollicking Strauss poem, and Dr. Koussevitzky's strings soared to glorious heights in the symphony. It would have been a pleasure to see a box reserved for the ostentatious cinema maestros who periodically massacre certain portions of this masterpiece with utter unconcern, in order that the symphony might have proved instructive as well as inspiring.

While he apparently has abanboned his controversial tactics of tempo-changing, Dr. Koussevitzky's touch seems to improve with the years, and his rendition of the Wagner and Beethoven compositions were noteworthy for the delicacy and certainty of the string attack. "Till Eulenspiegel" was played as it should have been, with grace and gaiety, and if this composition does not go down in history as the greatest of Strauss' works, at least it will always finds a place as an excellent vehicle for an orchestra so expert and facile as the Boston Symphony.

J. C. D.

REDUCTION

RATIO

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1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

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NEW YORK
EVENING POST

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Re-enter the Koussevitzkyans, Bringing With Them an Italicized Imp and a Gallic-Style Mother Goose

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Perhaps it is not the most difficult music in the world to play. But such gossamer delicacy as that which whispered of the spell about "La Belle au Bois Dormant" is certainly not easy of attainment, or it would not be such a rarity in the concert halls. It is permissible to be a little weary of "The conversations of Beauty and the Beast," but "Le Jardin Feerique" regained a charm that, for us, had all but vanished from it until the Boston conductor waved his thaumaturgic wand and bade it return.

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The other numbers on yesterday's program were a Concerto Grosso of Handel for strings (No. 10 of Opus 6) and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

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NEW YORK
AMERICAN

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That rare occurrence, an American symphonic work played by one of the major orchestras of our land, marked the matinee concert yesterday of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall.

Louis Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle" was the composition so favored. That gentleman's birthplace is given as Russia (1883), but he came to this country in 1885 and now lives in Brooklyn. According to our generous national custom of assimilation, Mr. Gruenberg is therefore, an American to all intents and purposes.

We need American composers of talent and we have made no mistake in adopting Mr. Gruenberg into that class.

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The programme—notes tell that "The Enchanted Isle" was written by its composer during the World War, "in order to make a world somewhat pleasanter than the one existing then;" also that last year Mr. Gruenberg refurbished the piece, which brought back to him the wistful days of his youth; and that he decidede to recapture the atmosphere of those enchanted islands of memory and make a practically news score, retaining the old melodic material but garbing it with his more mature knowledge of orchestration, harmony, and construction; "The Enchanted Isle representing, therefore, a bridge between the old and the new, in the career of the composer.

It is apparent in this music where the old ends and the new begins, but Mr. Gruenberg, never-

Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Strauss, Debussy and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

On the whole the underlying idea of his scheme is carried out well by Mr. Gruenberg. The spirit of youth is made up of such lyrical yarning, sentimental reflection and frank gaiety—with even a touch of jazz—as are to be found in "The Enchanted Isle." It is pleasant and suggestive music, scored with a sure and delicate hand, and the audience applauded so warmly that finally the conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, led Mr. Gruenberg to the stage to make his acknowledging bows.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
WORLD

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

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I thought that Mr. Koussevitzky in his presentation of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony was guilty of overdoing the pessimism this work is said to celebrate. Certainly the theme of the Allegro non Troppo, which is first sounded lugubriously in the opening adagio, is not nearly so emotional as the Boston leader would have us believe. It seemed to me that this procedure spilled the melancholy beans right at the outset. Yet Mr. Koussevitzky, being a Russian, can be depended on to put the necessary pathos in the "Pathetique." An audience which filled the house se[illegible] its approval on the Tschaikowsky an[d] the other music of the afternoon.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
DAILY EAGLE

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

The Boston Symphony Orchestra Plays at the Academy of Music—A Concert by the Lener Quartet—Other Music.

IT WAS a masterful performance of Handel's D minor Concerto Grosso, that with which, last evening at the Academy of Music, an annual series of Brooklyn concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was inaugurated. There was nothing coldly classic about Mr. Koussewitsky's recreation of this music, nothing of awed and impotent reverence for an art remote in period in his interpretation of it.

Too often Handel is presented to us as a magnificent mummy, of Georgian girth, periwigged and impressive, but a corpse, none the less, bloodless and desiccated. Mr. Koussewitsky does not see him this way and will not have us so regard him—but rather as the hardy representative of the 18th Century, who remains in the spirit, if not in the flesh, robust and full-blooded.

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Fine things were to follow this Handel last evening, but nothing finer nor anything as satisfying. For in the prelude to "Lohengrin," though we might admire Mr. Koussewitsky's firm yet subtle modeling of the long crescendo and diminuendo which, both technically and esthetically, constitutes the form of this piece, the orchestra was guilty of inadvertences which blemished the performance.

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Even that triumphant proclamation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony with which the program concluded, and which drew from the audience the most vivid demonstration of the evening, did not, in its adjustment of manner to matter on the part of the interpreting orchestra and conductor, impress one as unexceptionally just. Mr. Koussewitsky, as an interpreter of Beethoven leaves, even more than Mr. Koussewitsky as an interpreter of Strauss, something to be desired.

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It was in the Handel Concerto, too, that last evening the orchestra itself revealed its potency. Before long it may be that this band will regain that position which it enjoyed many years ago when Dr. Karl Muck was its leader and genius. Its deterioration during the later years of the war and the earlier years of peace was at the time lamented. But Mr. Koussewitsky, an autocrat and a disciplinarian, has, during the five seasons of his intendantship, brought about the restoration to the Boston Symphony Orchestra of many of its departed glories. It is today a splendid instrument upon which masterpieces may fittingly be performed—an instrument capable of all the simplicities and subtleties of virtuosity, an orchestra which rivals, though it may not yet surpass, the most celebrated similar organizations in this country and abroad.

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It is apparent in this music where the old ends and the new begins, but Mr. Gruenberg, nevertheless, has bound together his material with taste, skill and a large degree of fancy. It does not matter that some of his fancy is derivative, the cruel ear of the critic being able to detect suggestions in style from the pages of Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Strauss, Debussy and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

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WORLD

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 2.30.
Concerto Gross for strings, Op. 6, No. 10 .....Handel
The Enchanted Isle.....Louis Gruenberg
First Time in New York.
Symphony No. 6, in B Minor (pathetic), Tchaikowsky

I was rather surprised, as many in yesterday's Boston Symphony audience must have been, at the quality of Mr. Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," which Mr. Koussevitzky introduced to New York.

Mr. Gruenberg in recent years has acquired a reputation as a strong left-winger and one was led to expect that his new piece would prove a modernist shocker. Instead of which "The Enchanted Isle," as the Bostonians unfolded it, was neither horrific nor even startling, but proved to be a good old-fashioned narrative piece, nicely put together and exuding the faint but recognizable perfumes used by Ravel, Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Richard Strauss.

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St. Paul, MN 55119

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

Boston Symphony In Concert

by Charles D. Isaacson

THE greatest orchestra in America, probably in the world today, arrived in New York, Thursday evening, from down New England way.

In other words, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played its first concert in its metropolitan season at Carnegie Hall. When the Massachusetts aggregation is so termed, I am basing the opinion entirely on the general qualities of performance, from a purely orchestral angle, as I might speak of one pipe organ being the superior of all others in its class, or as I might declare a certain violin the greatest of fiddles, or even as I might offer the opinion that an automobile was the matchless paragon of all vehicles which move on wheels.

Credit to Koussevitzky

HOW much one must credit Dr. Serge Koussevitzky for the present status of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not difficult to decide. Always a precious company of players, the instrument has been perfected by the Russian conductor, during his five years of conscientious leadership.

"Til Eulenspiegel" of Richard Strauss fairly flowed with the multicolored hues of a deep river, under overhanging, aged oak trees, in Autumn late afternoon.

Polite and Decorus

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In New-York Ears

Trans Nov. '2?

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What was more impressive was the magnificent performance of the tone-poem. There was not a thematic fragment that did not seem to fall spontaneously and perfectly in to its place in the shimmering web of orchestration. Such a fastidious observance of proportion is not common and it bespoke not only earnest rehearsal but ideal communication between conductor and players. The scheme of development carried the interpretation from a whispering pianissimo to the thunderous and crushing forte which sent Till squeaking to his doom.

All was luminous and vivid, vital and yet touched with that strain of tenderness without which any reading of "Till Eulenspiegel" must fall short of the composer's intent. In short, it was a masterly presentation of a composition which has often been played admirably, sometimes superlatively, but assuredly never with a more sweeping gamut of orchestral splendors, never with a firmer outlining of its design, than last evening. The Boston Symphony Orchestra not only returned to town but to its golden era.

And Ravel

For his part, Mr. Thompson of The Evening Post was more pleased with Dr. Koussevitzky's version of Ravel's "Mother-Goose" pieces: "If it's modern music—that is, modern French music—or, to be more specific, the music of Maurice Ravel—provided the particular Ravel work is none other than 'Ma Mere l'Oye'—give us the Boston Symphony conducted by Serg Koussevitzky, just as we had it in the first of the ten concerts Boston is contributing to the welfare of those who congregate in Carnegie Hall. Momentarily, we may not be quite so sure about Beethoven, and even less certain about Richard Strauss.

"But when Mr. Koussevitzky was fairly into the 'Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty,' that is the first of the 'Mother-Goose' pieces, there was never a doubt with us as to the pre-eminence of the Bostonians in this music. Perhaps it is not the most difficult music in the world to play. But such gossamer delicacy as that which whispered the spell about 'La Belle au Bois Dormant' is certainly not easy of attainment, or it would not be such a

Continued on Following Page

In New-York Ears

Continued from Preceding Page

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The concert ended with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Hearing it, Mr Perkins of The Tribune Herald was quick with praise. In preceding concerts [he writes] Mr. Koussevitzky showed that he could avoid the risk of treating Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as a matter of course, and did so again in a vigorous, fresh performance of marked color and no lack of brilliance. There was much contrast, with assertive climaxes and, occasionally, a touch of stridency, but it was a vivid interpretation, suggesting that the Russian conductor and his musicians were offering this Symphony owing to their interest in it, rather than from a sense of duty.

But Hardly Gruenberg

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Dr. C. Gott Heads Tuf...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING SUN
NOV 25

Boston Symphony in Novelty

Louis Gruenberg's 'The Enchanted Isle' Given in Program at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

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When the great war was going on Mr. Gruenberg projected, as he tells us, four tone poems with no other purpose (could there be a better one?) than to make the world a more agreeable place than it was just then. He did not finish any save one. At a later time he found the unfinished score of the work heard Saturday and had a longing to "recapture a whiff of these enchanted islands of memory," a most natural desire and a logical foundation for imaginative and emotional music.

There is something of fancy, something of feeling, and something of ardent aspiration in the symphonic poem. It is the best music of Mr. Gruenberg's we have heard because it is less open in its search after superficial effect and more direct in its endeavor to say anything. There are some lovely pages and there are some utterances in the modern harmonies which possess exceptionally fine texture and artistic combination of instrumental color.

The thematic ideas upon which the composition are reared are not of supreme importance. Few musicians are producing pregnant thematic matter at this time, but some are capable of developing imposing structures from slight foundations. One has to be a genius to do this, and Mr. Gruenberg has not accomplished it, but he has written an interesting composition which has well-defined mood and real musical quality, but which does not, it seems to us, wholly open the door to the secret chamber of the composer's dream. The work was ravishingly played by the men from Boston. Without their marvelous witchery of tone most of the musical impression of the composer would have been lost. Mr. Koussevitzky gave the score a sympathetic, even affectionate, reading.

The Handel concerto grosso employs a very small concertina, but that of Saturday, consisting of Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowitch, violins, and Bedetti, cello, was distinguished. The body of tone produced by the tutti was superb in its suavity, depth and mellowness. These respected concerti, which have the dignity of age, have also the spirit of perennial youth. They belong to Keats's collection of things of beauty which are joys forever.

The "Pathetic" symphony continues to provoke commendation and there are reiterated pleas for recognition of its greatness. This is a matter which the writer does not mean to discuss at this moment.

But in spite of the outward splendor of Tschaikowsky's musical cry of despair it will probably become an accepted doctrine some day that the loftiest delineative music is that which breathes the highest thought, and which, instead of bewailing our common mortality and the terrors of the grave, concerns itself with the things which have made greatness of the spirit.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

HAVING won to a conviction that the future of music lies in the United States rather than Europe, Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is notable for his hospitality toward American composers. And so, during his Saturday afternoon concert at Carnegie Hall, he presented for the first time in this city a symphonic poem, entitled "The Enchanted Isle," by Louis Gruenberg. Though born in Russia, Mr. Gruenberg was translated to Brooklyn at the age of two.

For the sake of their own progress, it is essential that writers of music should know how their compositions sound, when played by first-rate orchestras under accomplished interpreters. It is in that function that Mr. Koussevitzky, and Mr. Stokowski also, are valuably serving the cause of musical education in this country. For Mr. Toscanini American music does not exist.

"The Enchanted Isle" was first performed at the seventieth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association on Oct. 3, last, under the direction of Albert Stoessel. It is a revision of a work projected during the war and forgotten by the composer for eight years, until he discovered it while rummaging in a bale of manuscripts.

It is possible that the symphonic poem is not long for this world. But it could be heard with pleasure. Many compositions of the day are stark and dry. The veins of Mr. Gruenberg's music teem with sap. In addition to the command of orchestral pigmentation which he shares with most of his contemporaries, he had things of interest and even poetry to say. The score possessed atmosphere, and discernible effects of the magic announced by the title. It was principally when Mr. Gruenberg undertook formal melody that his muse became lacking in distinction and invention.

Mr. Koussevitzky's program included further the tenth (D Minor) of Handel's twelve grand concertos for strings, and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony. I felt that the former would have gained in delicacy if the leader had reduced his string orchestra by at least a third, and that the reading, full of beautiful strokes of detail, had too obvious an air of painstaking and circumspection. The profusion of sentiment and care lavished upon the symphony betrayed only too sadly its inferiority to the classic models. For tone and skill, the orchestra was in admirable form.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING POST
NOV 25 1929

By *Oscar Thompson*

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"The Enchanted Isle" is coloristic and atmospheric, after the fashion of a number of composers who possibly influenced Mr. Gruenberg more than he realized. Ravel, Debussy, Scriabin, a little of Stravinsky are more recognizable than anything that says very positively "this is Gruenberg." There are some charming effects, but the work leaves the impression of slender and not very individual content, unduly protracted for effects' sake. Mr. Gruenberg was present and took his share of bows after a very fine performance of his work. Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra also did nobly by a Handel Concerto Grosso (No. 10 of Op. 6), and are to be thanked for a projection of Tchaikovsky's "Pathctic" Symphony that was beautifully molded and of golden tone.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
NOV 13

Boston Symphony In Concert

by **Charles D. Isaacson**

THE greatest orchestra in America, probably in the world today, arrived in New York, Thursday evening, from down New England way.

In other words, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played its first concert in its metropolitan season at Carnegie Hall. When the Massachusetts aggregation is so termed, I am basing the opinion entirely on the general qualities of performance, from a purely orchestral angle, as I might speak of one pipe organ being the superior of all others in its class, or as I might declare a certain violin the greatest of fiddles, or even as I might offer the opinion that an automobile was the matchless paragon of all vehicles which move on wheels.

Credit to Koussevitzky

HOW much one must credit Dr. Serge Koussevitzky for the present status of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not difficult to decide. Always a precious company of players, the instrument has been perfected by the Russian conductor, during his five years of conscientious leadership.

"Til Eulenspiegel" of Richard Strauss fairly flowed with the multicolored hues of a deep river, under overhanging, aged oak trees, in Autumn late afternoon.

Polite and Decorus

YET something lacked. "Til" was scarcely the devilish, helter-skelter rogue of anticipation. Unlike the Irishman who stuck up his fingers at the policeman and forgot to remove his nose, this Eulenspiegel was more to be compared to the heroine of Meredith's "Egoist," who was termed a "rogue in porcelain." I am afraid that the rascal of Dr. Koussevitzky's imagination, dressed in too sombre clothes and rarely if ever took to his

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In New-York Ears

Trans Nov. '29

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NEW YORK
EVENING SUN
NOV 25 1929

136

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EVENING POST
NOV 25 1929

Music : By Oscar Thompson

"German Requiem" of Brahms Sung by the Fri[illegible] —Koussevitzky Plays Americ[illegible]

UNTIL last week American music had been conspicuously absent from the programs of the major orchestras [illegible] ministering to assemblages in Carnegie Hall. But the season is still young, and there are signs and portents not to be waved aside. Stokowski revived Taylor's "Jurgen" Tuesday night, and Serge Koussevitzky countered Saturday afternoon with a first-time novelty in "The Enchanted Isle" of Louis Gruenberg, brought out at the recent Worcester festival but new to Manhattan. "The Enchanted Isle" is an early work by the composer of "The Daniel Jazz," revised and rescored. Originally it was a companion tone poem of "The Hill of Dreams," which the New York Symphony played some years ago. There were to have been two more of a set of four, but they were never finished.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
N.Y. Times
NOV 24

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Koussevitzky Gives Novelty.

The novelty of the concert given by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was the symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," by Louis Gruenberg. The composer was present and after long-continued applause by the audience appeared on the stage, where with Mr. Koussevitzky he modestly acknowledged the recalls.

"The Enchanted Isle" is one of Mr. Gruenberg's earlier scores, one recently revised by him. "As I idly turned its pages," he tells us in Mr. Hale's program notes, "a theme here, a passage there gradually brought back to me the wistful romantic days of my youth, when all is well, even if it isn't. I grew sentimental and determined to recapture of a whiff of those enchanted islands of memory, gradually making a complete new score, retaining the emotions—most of the melodies of the original work—but making use of my newly acquired freedom, knowledge of orchestration, harmony and construction. And that sums up what 'The Enchanted Isle' represents in my artistic career today—a bridge between the old and the new."

The impression made by this music on the writer is curious and vivid. There is the sense not only of rich color but of a richly expressive nature back of the music—in other words, of a person born to compose. There are pages that move the listener—not entirely by their outward seeming, but in part because of their inner significance. Perhaps repeated hearings of a score in which there is often a high and fine quality of technic would make it clearer and more unified in effect. There is the sense of a message half delivered rather than of a work which completely conveys its original thought.

Perhaps, again, this sense of inward division instead of complete unity is in part due to the mental suggestion of Mr. Gruenberg's own statement that "The Enchanted Isle" is a recent and revised version of a work of earlier years. Would it have been better for the composer to have let his more youthful music entirely alone? What would have been the effect of "The Enchanted Isle," whatever its immaturities may have been, if heard in its original form?

The themes as heard yesterday are perhaps derivative in character and not very original. They have, however, juice, freshness and feeling. The treatment they are given, expert as it is, seems anachronistic. Often this treatment is interesting; no doubt it has in many places toned up harmonic color and the general style of the composition. But the sense remains of incongruities of inspiration and style, and there is the question of the cohesion and balance of the different sections of the work.

The orchestral coloring is often gorgeous and distinctive. It materially enhances the effect of the musical thought. It was high time that a composer of Mr. Gruenberg's sincerity and his very considerable technical attainments should have been given performance by a conductor and orchestra of the highest rank. The composer must have been delighted by the interpretation of his work, which pleased the audience. This performance was but one of the many distinguished services which Mr. Koussevitzky has done for American music.

There was a very fine performance of the Handel Concerto grosso, No. 10, in D minor. Mr. Koussevitzky, himself a master of stringed instruments, secured not only the superbly fused and focussed string tone which distinguishes the Boston Symphony as a body, but he also draws that astonishing variety of color from his string body which none but an experienced executant as well as conductor knows how to secure. There was a whole orchestral color scheme in a work scored for strings alone. Now the tone was as full and warm as a brass choir, now it possessed the limpidness and transparency of the flute. What shall be said of the Air that makes the second movement, that tender and exalted phrase with which it opens and which Handel writes down as naturally as if it were his everyday speech, which, indeed it is? In passages "concertino" or "ripieno" the members of the orchestra played with the most admirable art.

Also it was an admirable thing to play again the Tchaikovsky "Pathetique" symphony, especially as Mr. Koussevitsky plays; for he is a master of the score and its secrets. There are those who hold the nose at the tears, the protestations, the frantic and hysterical outcries of Tchaikovsky, hymning the illusions, the hopes, the partings of life; fearing the King of Terrors who waits beyond. They call attention to his lack of esthetic discrimination, his ineptness of "form," and what they are pleased to term his "self-pity." In the first place this is wrong, since it is a far deeper and greater thing than pity for self which is unfolded in these tortured pages. In the second place it is difficult to sympathize with that species of snobism which can never give credit for sincerity or greatness when a man, as they say, "carries his heart on his sleeve."

Tchaikovsky was never a Beethoven, and never a man to set up concealments and defenses between himself and fellow-beings. But he was a very great composer, one with exceptional power of melodic invention and directness of address, a master of instrumentation, and a man who suffered much. He has written in his own way, and as no other composer before or since, of the life of man and the end of his desires. Nobody but precisely the weak, noble and lacerated person that Tchaikovsky was could have penned the terrible march, frantic, "battle-drunk," to which all the hosts of the earth, with banners flung to the wind, advance to the last great despair.

Who else could drape such sable over the orchestra in that elegy which alone would give Tchaikovsky his place among the immortals? But after all, words are superfluous before this music. It is great, human, and imperfect; it is pitiful, tender and desperate under merciless skies. It says, "And you too, brother? * * * Even as I."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
NOV 26

Angna Enters C... Her Capers

Dancing Lady Tickles Risi... of Audience at Booth by V... of Sundry Poses and Poste...

By Charles D. Isaacson

Boston Symphony Heard

"THE ENCHANTED ISLE" of Louis Gruenberg turned out to be largely "Coney's Island," a recollection of Surf avenue, the Boardwalk and principally the amusement parks. The composer, who lives in Brooklyn en route to the famous resort, probably lost his original motif and caught the spirit of the carousel and the shouts of the barkers outside Steeplechase. At least that is the impression which I gathered from a hearing of the symphonic poem, presented for the first time in New York Saturday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

I must admit that the opening bars of Mr. Gruenberg's work, according to his own confession, "written to make a world pleasanter than the one existing," gave much promise. In fact, there was intimation of delights of an unusual order. Alas, scarcely had the original theme been enunciated than the composer lost the thread of his way, much as one does in Coney's mystic maze. Whereas the first measures were veiled in enchantment, a breath of breeze wafted from the warm, mythical seas and carrying the lilt of a mermaid's song or the echo of a gallant knight's serenade, what followed in the main was noisy and braggadocio.

Not until the final page of the poem had been turned by the first violin section did Gruenberg again catch the atmosphere he sought to paint. The composer of "Daniel Jazz" attempted to make an audience believe that there is some enchanted island past, present or future, where jazz and blues are permitted within its confines.

A Slight Let-Down

SO much for the composition; now what of its performance? Dr. Koussevitzky rendered unto it homage which was that of Caesar's. He treated the work with consideration, aye, with enthusiasm and, what is more important, respect.

When, after the Boston Symphony Orchestra played its Thursday night concert, I wrote, "This is the best orchestra in America," I meant it. Saturday afternoon one could not have recognized the appellation if he had listened solely to the first movement of the Handel Concerto Grosso which opened the concert. The first violin section was ragged and uneven and effects generally disappointing. If this were the greatest organization, then all we can suspect is that it had been out on a little party the night before and hadn't wakened as yet.

To be sure, the Boston Symphony Orchestra recovered itself. The program ended with a passionate reading of the Tschaikowsky "Pathetique" Symphony, in which Dr. Koussevitzky gave many evidences of his remarkable musical understanding and the players of that golden tone and fine precision of which we spoke the other morning.

Mr. Wohllebe's abilities as chorus master are beginning to have expression. The soloists, Mme. Rethberg and Mr. Tibbett, in the three arias, gave credence to the ideal of the Friends, which demands perfect, sensationless art. Mr. Bodanzky permitted the "Requiem" to pursue its soft, treadless, gentle way, sobbing its sorrow while glancing aloft in its perfect, unalloyed faith, the true exposition of religious solace and calm before death.

N.Y. EVENING POST. NOV. 22 '29

Music, Motion Pictu...

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Re-enter the Koussevitzkyans, Bringing With Them an Italicized Imp and a Gallic-Style Mother Goose

IF IT'S modern music—that is, modern French music—or, to be more specific, the music of Maurice Ravel—provided the particular Ravel work is none other than "Ma Mere l'Oye"—give us the Boston Symphony conducted by Serg Koussevitzky, just as we had it last night in the first of the ten concerts Boston is contributing to the welfare of those who congregate in Carnegie Hall. Momentarily, we may not be quite so sure about Beethoven, and even less certain about Richard Strauss.

But when Mr. Koussevitzky was fairly into the "Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty," that is the first of the "Mother Goose" pieces, there was never a doubt with us last night as to the pre-eminence of the Bostonians in this music.

Perhaps it is not the most difficult music in the world to play. But such gossamer delicacy as that which whispered of the spell about "La Belle au Bois Dormant" is certainly not easy of attainment, or it would not be such a rarety in the concert halls. It is permissible to be a little weary of "The conversations of Beauty and the Beast," but "Le Jardin Feerique" regained a charm that, for us, had all but vanished from it until the Boston conductor waved his thaumaturgic wand and bade it return.

Otherwise, this is a record of admirations mixed with dubieties. Mr. Koussevitzky was in a singing mood and we became more engrossed by his vocal pom-pom and tum-tum (his enunciation at least was remarkably good) than by the brilliantly brittle playing of the "Egmont" music.

The Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel" was, for us, particularized to the point of preciosity, and, though much of this meticulously italicized detail was in itself delectably Eulenspiegelish, the hearty gusto, the frank blurtings of a type of coarseness peculiarly that of Mittel-Europa, the abdominal rumblings which underlie the nasal quirks and quiritations of Till's "old-fashioned, roguish manner," were to be sought for in vain in Mr. Koussevitzky's highly individualized performance. We missed also the wistful sentiment customary in the meditations at the beginning and the close; the trombones pronounced their judgment with due weight of legal jurisprudence, but Till was hung by the neck with something less than the usual suggestion of a tear; whether of the beer garden or the haunts of the crocodile let the Muenchener who so deftly wrought the little epilogue finally say. We still like "Till." But we like him best when he is worst; an overrefined imp may come to be no imp at all.

Tonally, the Bostonians were not in their highest estate, but this is not yet mid-season. If there were some rough places that were not made plain in the Fifth Symphony, the ensemble built its climaxes with the Koussevitzky clan; and in its essential spirit this was one of the most gratifying readings of a major Beethoven work the Boston conductor has given us. But to revert to first preferences, our modest mite of contributor's kudos must be bestowed particularly upon the "Mother Goose" Ravel. A brilliant audience had enthusiasms to spare for all that the evening adduced. Standees reached the maximum number, and many appetent ones were turned away.

York Hotel, commended all concerned, including the Canadian Pacific Railway, saying that "when a business corporation turns to human history it stirs the heart to dreams." Such an enterprise, promoted by the railroad, is important, he said, for Canada's future.

He hoped that the new consideration given old English music would inspire present composers to make music "not too high for our heads nor too low for our souls," because music must doff its tall hat and appeal to the average man. The layman must be recaptured. Music must be written for the people, for them to play and sing and for their dances. The real composers must take possession of our jazz, our phonographs, our radio, as Haydn and Mozart took possession of the common music in their time.

"Music must come back into everyday life. Too long we have treated our composers as Athens treated alien residents, giving them liberty and some honors, yet holding them aloof. Music now stands for a professional career, something apart from common life. Why should an educated man congratulate himself upon having one dark chamber in his soul—no appreciation of music? Music should be understood as an expression as natural as speech, a thing infinitely subtle and delicate and founded on a profound, psychological law. It must not be torpid but recreative."

England, which 700 years ago gave the world what he called the first artistic music and had a record of five centuries of continuous creative work, as against four for Italy, three and one-half for Germany, and far less for France and Russia, has long shown "a curious partiality for the music of other nations," said Mr. McInnes, and her neglect of English composers has been shameful.

Even the mothers of English composers, according to Mr. McInnes, do not appreciate them. He and the composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams, were students together. The composer's mother gave a party for him, and Mr. McInnes was to sing. He placed on the program several of Williams's songs. Mrs. Williams wrote a deprecatory note, saying that surely they were not good enough and he had better take them off.

Gustav Holst, another English composer, was also a fellow student and was extremely poor. He was engaged to play the trombone in a town sixty miles away. He had to walk it, carrying the trombone in a green bag. Mr. McInnes walked along for fifteen miles.

Williams couldn't get an English publisher to take "A Sea Symphony." After seven years it brought $20. During the war English societies wishing to present Williams's music had to ask permission from the Germans, who had published it, and send the fees to people they were fighting.

Albert Coates of the London Symphony Orchestra told Mr. McInnes that in 1921, when he came to the United States, he was going to stake his reputation on Williams's "London Symphony," which did make a hit here. Mr. McInnes asked how he learned that the work existed. Mr. Coates replied that he had dropped in at the Royal College of Music and had heard students rehearsing it and had instantly appropriated the score.

HENRY BECKETT

N.Y. TIMES
Nov 22-'29

HOTELS AND RESTAURA

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Koussevitzky Scores Triumph.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra made their first New York appearance of the season last night in Carnegie Hall. The orchestra is more than ever a sheer delight and intoxication to the ear. The tone is of velvet or of gold, as the case may be. The orchestra is completely responsive to Mr. Koussevitzky's slightest wish.

On the program last night he placed the Beethoven "Egmont" overture, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The performance of the Ravel suite was the special triumph of the first part of the program. This is music of an artificial kind, but here the artifice is art. As we know, the suite when it was first composed was played four hands by two children. The orchestral version is more fascinating than the version for piano, since Ravel, a veritable wizard of instrumentation, can here employ all the most delicate tone colors and with a mastery which never fails to impress the listeners anew.

The score is full of the most delicate conceits. These are marvels of fastidious coloring. One wonders whether there has been another modern master with such a knowledge and instinct for the tone-tints of the orchestra. Debussy had this instinct, and a greater and more original talent than Ravel, but Ravel is the more precise of the two in his management of pigments. His children are Parisian children. They are not the apple-cheeked pair of Humperdinck. Nor do they belong to a hockey team or a folk-dance society. They inhabit drawing room and never go out to walk ungloved. Just the same, this is a delightful work of a highly finished and sophisticated sort. There is the flavor of the "contes bleues," even a suggestion of the medieval hinterland of the imagination from which they came. And all this was admirably conveyed by Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra.

As for Strauss, we have not heard "Till Eulenspiegel" played with more prevailing justness of pace and a finer molding of phrase and adjustment of detail. The scoring is very clean and clear, save in those places where Strauss is deliberately noisy and intentionally coarse. The performance made it the clearer. What was missing was the demoniac energy and defiance, the mad waggery, or the sudden haunting tenderness of the music with which Strauss himself, when he visited this country for the first time some twenty-five years ago, informed it. Perhaps distance lends enchantment to that visit, but it seemed music was never more highly charged and explosive, despite the poetry and the golden thread of folk-tale running through it.

Comparison of a conductor's interpretation with that of a composer does not, of course, necessarily establish standards, and comparison of Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting with that of Richard Strauss would be today highly disadvantageous to the latter gentleman. But the Till who fled Puck-like through the orchestra last night would not have alarmed and dismayed the bourgeois, would not have been summoned before the town council, denounced for his courageous misdeeds and indignantly strung up on the gallows. This Till was a harmless sprite. Boston would have harbored him with pleasure, and even Harvard. But Mr. O'Neill might have felt bored in his company.

There was a finely balanced and proportioned reading of the Beethoven overture, with the sombre chords that tower over the music of revolt, supplication, suspense—music which gives way at last to frantic rejoicing. Here, too, there could have been a more savage bite of the strings in the opening of the movement proper, a sharper thrust, a more passionate accent. The symphony is a work that Mr. Koussevitzky has shown, ere this, he can read in a nobly dramatic yet not slaviahly conventional manner.

N.Y. SUN-

IDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1929.

Boston Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky Includes Ravel Music in Initial Program for This Season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra made their first local appearance of the season at Carnegie Hall last evening. The program was of substance. It began with Beethoven and ended with him. The first number was the "Egmont" overture, from which by use of the subtle art of transition Mr. Koussevitzky carried his auditors by way of Ravel's "Ma Mere l'Oye" to the merry pranks of Richard Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel." From this to Beethoven's fifth symphony was the next step, a rather long one to be sure, but it sufficed to bring the concert to a successful conclusion.

A program containing no novelty does not seem to call for prolonged discussion. There is always something to say about Ravel whose orchestral virtuosity lately aroused excitement when displayed in his "Bolero," but we suspect that despite the growing skepticism of flaming youth the fifth symphony will be performed before attentive listeners in far off years when "La Belle au Bois Dormant" cannot again be awakened. And nevertheless that is delightful music.

It possesses indefinable charm and a delicacy of fancy which are as rare as they are precious. It has, too, that aristocratic quality, that fine air of being "hoch geboren," which is to be found in all Ravel's music. Mr. Koussevitzky did not have to wait till last night to show music lovers that he was deeply in sympathy with this composer's ideals. He has lived too much in Paris and been too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Boulevard romanticism dominating all recent French art to be insensible to the individual nature of Ravel's creations.

But it was not in the elegant and highly polished fairy tale of Ravel that Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston musicians rose to commanding stature last evening. It was in the masterpiece of the German. One becomes more certain at each repetition that "Til Eulenspiegel" is the summit of Strauss's ascent with the orchestra. That vital fire of its content was always smoldering on the hearth of his genius is proved by the lovely bits which float through the score of "Der Rosenkavalier" and less prominent repetitions found in other later works. What Til has to do with the reflections of the Princess Werdenberg is more difficult to conjecture than the remote but perceptible connection between the rogue and Baron Ochs.

But this is a matter of no deep import. Every writer has his own pet forms and phrases. What was more impressive last night was the magnificent performance of the tone poem. There was not a thematic fragment that did not seem to fall spontaneously and perfectly into its place in the shimmering web of orchestration. Such a fastidious observance of proportion is not common and it bespoke not only earnest rehearsal but ideal communication between conductor and players. The scheme of development carried the interpretation from a whispering pianissimo to the thunderous and crushing forte which sent Til squeaking to his doom.

All was luminous and vivid, vital and yet touched with that strain of tenderness without which any reading of "Til Eulenspiegel" must fall short of the composer's intent. In short, it was a masterly presentation of a composition which has often been played admirably, sometimes superlatively, but assuredly never with a more sweeping gamut of orchestral splendors, never with a firmer outlining of its design, than last evening. The Boston Symphony Orchestra not only returned to town but to its golden era.

NG WORLD-
.22 1929

USIC

By Noel Straus

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dently spent the summer at the Ponce de Leon, for he sang with a surprising vigor and freshness of voice. This, with his superb finish and an art which knew the lamentable limitations of his present equipment, and restrained him from forcing his voice, made his presentation easily the outstanding event of the evening, particularly when it was backed up by acting of natural and easy grace.

Gigli was not in his wonted beauty of tone and when his throat lacked the ability to bring forth the notes of ravishing beauty which go so far to cloak his defects, he was, if the truth be told, somewhat a ridiculous figure. He sang without expression or color

mination of the tenderer aspects of the score. By slurring over the latter, Mr. Koussevitzky failed to bring out the stirring emotional contrasts which lie at the root of this masterpiece. Arrived at the joyous culminating pages, the director gave vent to an uproarious din, in which overaccented brasses played an unbridled part.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony has often been better interpreted, but the imperishable composition probably never before sounded as noisy. All of its four movements remained dull, cumbersome and uninspiring. By skimping the tenuti of the portentous unisons in the first movement, lending nothing of mystery to the pianissimi of the development and slurring over the second subject in a way that left it devoid of meaning, Mr. Koussevitzky scarcely made a success of this section. There was no lightness at any point in the Scherzo, and therefore no adequate contrast could be made when the resounding Finale was reached, despite the terrific onslaughts of ugly tone that prevailed in this last division.

The essentially Germanic character of the music in Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" eluded the conductor almost entirely. Most of it was taken too briskly to satisfy the composer's intentions. And the irony, grotesque humor and romanticism inherent in the tone-poem simply flew out of the window. There was no give in the overhasty phrases of the love scene. Thus the florid sentimentality which Strauss introduced so wittily here fell to the ground. The hero's motive in the first horn was invariably accelerated toward its close, with ill effect, and the legendary atmosphere of the epilogue not so much as hinted at. As for the trial scene, the blaring of trombones and tuba in it might have depicted the end of the world, or some such cosmic cataclysm.

Although not remarkable for fairylike delicacy or fecund imagination, the rendition of the Ravel numbers was at least a relief from the thunderings of the rest of the evening's entertainment.

N.Y. WORLD
Nov 22-29

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 8.30 P. M.
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
Mother Goose Suite.....Ravel
Till Eulenspiegel.....Strauss
Symphony No. 5, in C Minor.....Beethoven

Last night the Boston Orchestra played for us in Carnegie Hall for the first time this season, and we noticed, as we did last fall and at the initial concert of every season since Mr., or rather Dr., Koussevitzky assumed the helm of the Bostonians, that the famous band was approaching closer to its pre-war excellence.

It must not be forgotten that it was considerably easier to achieve and maintain the position the Boston Symphony held in the old days, than it would be now when a good orchestra is the rule and not the exception. Where the old Boston had no real competitors it must face at the present moment two formidable rivals in the Philadelphia and the Philhar-

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eading a revival.

The Strauss Rondo was an altogether different story. Here Mr. Koussevitzky, sharing the composer's level, could give free reign to his imagination, and did so with stunning effect. Technically glamorous, his "Till Eulenspiegel" swept gorgeously through his merry pranks, and came, like Petrouchka, to a squealing end. It was an altogether memorable performance, and one which should make the bosoms of the Back Bay folks swell with justifiable pride.

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1929

Orchestra From Boston Offers Concert Here

Capacity Audience Drawn to Carnegie Hall by Visit of Koussevitzky Musicians

Program Is Conservative

Matinee Features Gruenberg's 'Enchanted Isle'

By Francis D. Perkins

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the forty-ninth season of its distinguished career and the sixth under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, opened its first New York visit of the musical year with a concert last night in Carnegie Hall, which, even as on Tuesday for Mr. Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra and on Wednesday for Mr. Toscanini's Philharmonic-Symphony, attracted a capacity audience.

While Mr. Koussevitzky has the laudable reputation of an unusually receptive and catholic attitude toward contemporary music, he has proved on many previous occasions that he is not exclusively devoted to compositions of this century, and opened his New York season last night with a conservative program of well known works. He began and ended with Beethoven—the overture to Egmont and the Fifth Symphony—and completed his list with Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

The Boston Symphony, which, we are told, has made no changes in its personnel since last season, is a fine orchestra, and under its Russian director gives a unified, spirited and responsive performance. The string choir last night fell slightly short of achieving the polished song of the Philharmonic-Symphony strings, but its tone is enjoyable and capable of much color, and the high degree of this latter attribute was a general characteristic of last night's performance.

The "Egmont" overture was excellently played, and M. Ravel's "children's pieces" were agreeably performed in a somewhat placid vein. The orchestra began the Strauss tone poem in an easy going, what might be called a "gemutlich," mood, in marked contrast with the proclamative, vividly hued performance of the ensuing measures depicting Till's adventures, misadventures and regrettable end.

In his Carnegie Hall concerts of November, 1928, Mr. Koussevitzky showed that he could avoid the risk of treating Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as a matter of course, and did so last night in a vigorous, fresh performance of marked color and no lack of brilliance. There was much contrast, with assertive climaxes and, occasionally, a touch of stridency, but it was a vivid interpretation, suggesting that the Russian conductor and his musicians were offering this symphony owing to their interest in it, rather than from a sense of duty.

Tomorrow afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky will give the first New York performance of Louis Gruenberg's tone poem, "The Enchanted Isle," on a program with a Mandel Concerto Grosso and Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony.

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N.Y. TIMES
Nov 22-'29

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

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THE

THURSDAY.
Breakfast.
Mixed fruit.
Ready-to-eat cereal.
Sausage. Raised muffins.
Coffee.
Dinner.
Hot mushroom canape.
Celery. Olives.
Salted nuts.
Turkey, cranberry sauce.
Mashed potatoes.
Cauliflower with special sauce.
Grapefruit salad.
Cheese balls.
Pumpkin tarts with honey.
Coffee.
Supper.
Sliced turkey sandwich.
Cranberry jelly.
Stuffed celery.
Cabbage salad.
Tea. Dundee cake.
FRIDAY.
Breakfast.

A program containing no novelty does not seem to call for prolonged discussion. There is always something to say about Ravel whose orchestral virtuosity lately aroused excitement when displayed in his "Bolero," but we suspect that despite the growing skepticism of flaming youth the fifth symphony will be performed before attentive listeners in far off years when "La Belle au Bois Dormant" cannot again be awakened. And nevertheless that is delightful music.

It possesses indefinable charm and a delicacy of fancy which are as rare as they are precious. It has, too, that aristocratic quality, that fine air of being "hoch geboren," which is to be found in all Ravel's music. Mr. Koussevitzky did not have to wait till last night to show music lovers that he was deeply in sympathy with this composer's ideals. He has lived too much in Paris and been too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Boulevard romanticism dominating all recent French art to be insensible to the individual nature of Ravel's creations.

But it was not in the elegant and highly polished fairy tale of Ravel that Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston musicians rose to commanding stature last evening. It was in the masterpiece of the German. One becomes more certain at each repetition that "Til Eulenspiegel" is the summit of Strauss's ascent with the orchestra. That vital fire of its content was always smoldering on the hearth of his genius is proved by the lovely bits which float through the score of "Der Rosenkavalier" and less prominent repetitions found in other later works. What Til has to do with the reflections of the Princess Werdenberg is more difficult to conjecture than the remote but perceptible connection between the rogue and Baron Ochs.

But this is a matter of no deep import. Every writer has his own pet forms and phrases. What was more impressive last night was the magnificent performance of the tone poem. There was not a thematic fragment that did not seem to fall spontaneously and perfectly into its place in the shimmering web of orchestration. Such a fastidious observance of proportion is not common and it bespoke not only earnest rehearsal but ideal communication between conductor and players. The scheme of development carried the interpretation from a whispering pianissimo to the thunderous and crushing forte which sent Til squeaking to his doom.

All was luminous and vivid, vital and yet touched with that strain of tenderness without which any reading of "Til Eulenspiegel" must fall short of the composer's intent. In short, it was a masterly presentation of a composition which has often been played admirably, sometimes superlatively, but assuredly never with a more sweeping gamut of orchestral splendors, never with a firmer outlining of its design, than last evening. The Boston Symphony Orchestra not only returned to town but to its golden era.

EVENING WORLD -
NOV. 22 1929

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MUSIC

By Noel Straus

CLAMOR that might swell the soul to rage but did little to kindle soft desire found far too frequent outlet during the first evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday. Mr. Koussevitzky, in rampant mood, rejoiced greatly in letting loose unstemmed floods of crass tone and holding pretty generally in abeyance the subtle tints and rich sonorities usually called forth by his baton.

The program comprised Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, that master's "Egmont" Overture, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and that set of five children's pieces by Ravel, known as "Ma Mere L'Oye." It cannot be said that the Boston leader lived up to anticipations in his unfolding of a single one of these familiar creations. The "Egmont" Overture was as unresilient as cast-iron. Goethe's tyrannical Alba held full sway in the reading, to the complete annihilation of the tenderer aspects of the score. By slurring over the latter, Mr. Koussevitzky failed to bring out the stirring emotional contrasts which lie at the root of this masterpiece. Arrived at the joyous culminating pages, the director gave vent to an uproarious din, in which overaccented brasses played an unbridled part.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony has often been better interpreted, but the imperishable composition probably never before sounded as noisy. All of its four movements remained dull, cumbersome and uninspiring. By skimping the tenuti of the portentous unisons in the first movement, lending nothing of mystery to the pianissimi of the development and slurring over the second subject in a way that left it devoid of meaning, Mr. Koussevitzky scarcely made a success of this section. There was no lightness at any point in the Scherzo, and therefore no adequate contrast could be made when the resounding Finale was reached, despite the terrific onslaughts of ugly tone that prevailed in this last division.

The essentially Germanic character of the music in Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" eluded the conductor almost entirely. Most of it was taken too briskly to satisfy the composer's intentions. And the irony, grotesque humor and romanticism inherent in the tone-poem simply flew out of the window. There was no give in the overhasty phrases of the love scene. Thus the florid sentimentality which Strauss introduced so wittily here fell to the ground. The hero's motive in the first horn was invariably accelerated toward its close, with ill effect, and the legendary atmosphere of the epilogue not so much as hinted at. As for the trial scene, the blaring of trombones and tuba in it might have depicted the end of the world, or some such cosmic cataclysm.

Although not remarkable for fairylike delicacy or fecund imagination, the rendition of the Ravel numbers was at least a relief from the thunderings of the rest of the evening's entertainment.

dently spent the summer at the Ponce de Leon, for he sang with a surprising vigor and freshness of voice. This, with his superb finish and an art which knew the lamentable limitations of his present equipment, and restrained him from forcing his voice, made his presentation easily the outstanding event of the evening, particularly when it was backed up by acting of natural and easy grace.

Gigli was not in his wonted beauty of tone and when his throat lacked the ability to bring forth the notes of ravishing beauty which go so far to cloak his defects, he was, if the truth be told, somewhat a ridiculous figure. He sang without expression or color

N.Y. WORLD
NOV 22-29

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 8.30 P. M.

Overture to "Egmont"	Beethoven
Mother Goose Suite	Ravel
Till Eulenspiegel	Strauss
Symphony No. 5, in C Minor	Beethoven

Last night the Boston Orchestra played for us in Carnegie Hall for the first time this season, and we noticed, as we did last fall and at the initial concert of every season since Mr., or rather Dr., Koussevitzky assumed the helm of the Bostonians, that the famous band was approaching closer to its pre-war excellence.

It must not be forgotten that it was considerably easier to achieve and maintain the position the Boston Symphony held in the old days, than it would be now when a good orchestra is the rule and not the exception. Where the old Boston had no real competitors it must face at the present moment two formidable rivals in the Philadelphia and the Philharmonic-Symphony.

It so happened that the three eminent organizations placed themselves on exhibition in Carnegie Hall on succeeding nights this week, making a comparison, though probably uninvited, inevitable. It behooves one to record, therefore, that last night's visitors came through the ordeal happily. One admired especially the unanimity of attack in the playing of the Boston Orchestra, its equalized dynamic range, which encompassed a beautiful pianissimo and a fortissimo free of noise, and its acquisition of a uniformly healthy and glowing tone.

In the matter of interpretation Mr. Koussevitzky's musical desires appear to be definite to the point of didacticism, giving one the impression that the versatile Russian knows what he, rather than the composer, wants. Thus, both the "Egmont" Overture and the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven were shaped for us last night in the forms of highly theatrical documents, brilliantly executed, but smelling of honest grease paint. The symphony was, in fact, a compelling impersonation, full of dramatic and sometimes melodramatic gestures, barefaced appeals to the emotions and an insistence, perhaps an unconscious one, on the perpetual glare of the spotlight. At the very end of the first movement Mr. Koussevitzky held up the gigantic structure for a moment to give vent to a few plaintive, un-Beethovenish sighs, and he swung into the finale like a labor agitator exhorting a disaffected multitude or an evangelist leading a revival.

The Strauss Rondo was an altogether different story. Here Mr. Koussevitzky, sharing the composer's level, could give free reign to his imagination, and did so with stunning effect. Technically glamorous, his "Till Eulenspiegel" swept gorgeously through his merry pranks, and came, like Petrouchka, to a squealing end. It was an altogether memorable performance, and one which should make the bosoms of the Back Bay folks swell with justifiable pride.

NEW YORK

F

O N'S COUNSEL

ld ribune are answered by the Rev. those inquiries which appear to be ught in the many letters he receives.

Ca

Pr

Ma

H. W. H. Myers in his poem "St. Paul" makes the Apostle say:

"Saints, did I say? With your remembered faces,
Dear men and women whom I soug and slew,
Ah! when we mingle in the heave places,
How will I weep to Stephen and you!"

The poet was evidently convinc that St. Paul would recall the cruelt of his persecuting days.

But unless I misapprehend yo question, its gist is that these u happy recollections may mar t

Th the tinguished career and the sixth under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, opened its first New York visit of the musical year with a concert last night in Carnegie Hall, which, even as on Tuesday for Mr. Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra and on Wednesday for Mr. Toscanini's Philharmonic-Symphony, attracted a capacity audience.

While Mr. Koussevitzky has the laudable reputation of an unusually receptive and catholic attitude toward contemporary music, he has proved on many previous occasions that he is not exclusively devoted to compositions of this century, and opened his New York season last night with a conservative program of well known works. He began and ended with Beethoven—the overture to Egmont and the Fifth Symphony—and completed his list with Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

The Boston Symphony, which, we are told, has made no changes in its personnel since last season, is a fine orchestra, and under its Russian director gives a unified, spirited and responsive performance. The string choir last night fell slightly short of achieving the polished song of the Philharmonic-Symphony strings, but its tone is enjoyable and capable of much color, and the high degree of this latter attribute was a general characteristic of last night's performance.

The "Egmont" overture was excellently played, and M. Ravel's "children's pieces" were agreeably performed

Nov 24

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SU

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Koussevitzky Gives Novelty.

The novelty of the concert given by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was the symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," by Louis Gruenberg. The composer was present and after long-continued applause by the audience appeared on the stage, where with Mr. Koussevitzky he modestly acknowledged the recalls.

"The Enchanted Isle" is one of Mr. Gruenberg's earlier scores, more recently revised by him. "As I idly turned its pages," he tells us in Mr. Hale's program notes, "a theme here, a passage there gradually brought back to me the wistful romantic days of my youth, when all is well, even if it isn't. I grew sentimental and determined to recapture a whiff of these enchanted islands of memory, gradually making a complete new score, retaining the emotions—most of the melodies of the original work—but making use of my newly acquired freedom, knowledge of orchestration, harmony and construction. And that sums up what 'The Enchanted Isle' represents in my artistic career today—a bridge between the old and the new."

The impression made by this music on the writer is curious and vivid. There is the sense not only of rich color but of a richly expressive nature back of the music—in other words, of a person born to compose. There are pages that move the listener—not entirely by their outward sseming, but in part because of their inner significance. Perhaps repeated hearings of a score in which there is often a high and fine quality of technic would make it clearer and more unified in effect. There is the sense of a message half delivered rather than of a work which completely conveys its original thought.

Perhaps, again, this sense of inward division instead of complete unity is in part due to the mental suggestion of Mr. Gruenberg's own statement that "The Enchanted Isle" is a recent and revised version of a work of earlier years. Would it have been better for the composer to have let his more youthful music entirely alone? What would have been the effect of "The Enchanted Isle," whatever its immaturities may have been, if heard in its original form?

The themes as heard yesterday are perhaps derivative in character and not very original. They have, however, juice, freshness and feeling. The treatment they are given, expert as it is, seems anachronistic. Often this treatment is interesting; no doubt it has in many places toned up harmonic color and the general style of the composition. But the sense remains of incongruities of inspiration and style.

The orchestral coloring is often gorgeous and distinctive. It materially enhances the effect of the musical thought. It was high time that a composed of Mr. Gruenberg's sincerity and his very considerable technical attainments should have been given performance by a conductor and orchestra of the highest rank. The composer must have been delighted by the performance of his work, which pleased the audience. This performance was but one of the many distinguished services which Mr. Koussevitzky has done for American music.

There was a very fine performance of the Handel Concerto grosso, No. 10, in D minor. Mr. Koussevitzy, himself a master of stringed instruments, secured not only the superbly fused and focussed string tone which distinguishes the Boston Symphony as a body, but he also draws that astonishing variety of color from his string body which none but an experienced executant as well as conductor knows how to secure. There was a whole orchestral color scheme in a work scored for strings alone. Now the tone was as full and warm as a brass choir, now it possessed the limpidness and transparency of the flute. What shall be said of the air that makes the second movement, that tender and exalted phrase with which it opens and which Handel writes down as naturally as if it were his everyday speech, which, indeed it is? In passages "concertino" or "ripieno" the members of the orchestra played with the most admirable art.

Also it was an admirable thing to play again the Tchaikovsky "Pathetique" symphony, especially as Mr. Kousseviszky plays it; for he is a master of the score and its secrets. There are those who hold the nose at the tears, the protestations, the frantic and hysterical outcries of Tchaikovsky, hymning the illusions, the hopes, the partings of life, fearing the King of Terrors who waits beyond. They call attention to his lack of esthetic discriminations, his ineptness of "form," and what they are pleased to term his "self-pity." In the first place this is wrong, since it is a far deeper and greater thing than pity for self which is unfolded in these tortured pages. In the second place it is difficult to sympathize with that species of snobism which can never give credit for sincerity or greatness when a man, as they say, "carries his heart on his sleeve."

Tschaikowsky was never a Beethoven, and never a man to set up concealments and defenses between himself and fellow-beings. But he was a very great composer, one with exceptional power of melodic invention and directness of address, a master of instrumentation, and a man who suffered much. He has written in his own way, and as no other composer before or since, of the life of man, and the end of his desires. Nobody but precisely the weak, noble and lacerated person that Tschaikowsky was could have penned the terrible march, frantic, "battle-drunk," to which all the hosts of the earth, with banners flung to the wind, advance to the last great despair.

Who else could drape such sable over the orchestra in that elegy which alone would give Tschaikowsky his place among the immortals? But after all, words are superfluous before this music. It is great, human, and imperfect; it makes brothers of men.

N.Y. AMERICAN

NOVEMBER 22, 1929

...s Co-Stars

WELL-VARIED MUSIC PERFORMED BY THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

VARIETY was one of the spices of the programme presented last evening at Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Conductor Serge Koussevitzky opened his annual series here with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," and Beethoven's fifth symphony, the quartet of works representing an exceptionally well-balanced list.

Beethoven's "Egmont," with its proud sentiment and robustious passion, fared well at the hands of Koussevitzky. However, it did not garner the reptuous applause which followed his imaginative interpretation of Ravel's sensitive, fine-spun orchestral conceit.

The Russian conductor's communicative art was reflected brilliantly in the whimsical delivery, lovely colorings and fastidious feats of tone and technic with which he and his players invested their performance of Ravel's delicious piece of symphonic tomfoolery.

Moves at Vital Pace

The "Mother" skylarks innocently enough in comparison with "Eulenspiegel," whose rollickings, often criminally ribald, finally land him in the hangman's hands. Strauss gives you even the clarinet shrilling which denotes Till's last squeak choked forth by the rope.

Koussevitzky made the Strauss poem move at a vital pace but lost none of its pictorial fun and broad suggestiveness. It was a brilliant virtuoso achievement by the leader and his men.

Press exigencies permitted me to hear only the first movement of the Beethoven symphony, and I liked the rugged attack of the leading theme, the rhythmic precision in its developments, and the skilful blending of the dramatic and lyrical elements.

In spite of the deep philosophical import given to the first movement of the "Fifth" by wordy commentators, it remains one of the most transparently constructed pieces of writing in the entire realm of symphony. ...se conductors who try to

Nov. 25 - 1929

THE EVENING WORLD, MO

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

HAVING won to a conviction that the future of music lies in the United States rather than Europe, Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is notable for his hospitality toward American composers. And so, during his Saturday afternoon concert at Carnegie Hall, he presented for the first time in this city a symphonic poem, entitled "The Enchanted Isle," by Louis Gruenberg. Though born in Russia, Mr. Gruenberg was translated to Brooklyn at the age of two.

For the sake of their own progress, it is essential that writers of music should know how their compositions sound, when played by first-rate orchestras under accomplished interpreters. It is in that function that Mr. Koussevitzky, and Mr. Stokowski also, are valuably serving the cause of musical education in this country. For Mr. Toscanini American music does not exist.

"The Enchanted Isle" was first performed at the seventieth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association on Oct. 3, last, under the direction of Albert Stoessel. It is a revision of a work projected during the war and forgotten by the composer for eight years, until he discovered it while rummaging in a bale of manuscripts.

It is possible that the symphonic poem is not long for this world. But it could be heard with pleasure. Many compositions of the day are stark and dry. The veins of Mr. Gruenberg's music teem with sap. In addition to the command of orchestral pigmentation which he shares with most of his contemporaries, he had things of interest and even poetry to say. The score possessed atmosphere, and discernible effects of the magic announced by the title. It was principally when Mr. Gruenberg undertook formal melody that his muse became lacking in distinction and invention.

Mr. Koussevitzky's program included further the tenth (D Minor) of Handel's twelve grand concertos for strings, and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony. I felt that the former would have gained in delicacy if the leader had reduced his string orchestra by at least a third, and that the reading, full of beautiful strokes of detail, had too obvious an air of painstaking and circumspection. The profusion of sentiment and care lavished upon the symphony betrayed only too sadly its inferiority to the classic models. For tone and skill, the orchestra was in admirable form.

celebrated composition in 1867, the work comprised only the first three numbers of the present score. It was precisely in this initial triptych that chorus and orchestra, under Artur Bodanzky's direction, most nearly realized the mood of tender resignation underlying the composer's tribute to the memory of his mother.

After a resounding and impressive rendition of the great pedal fugue with which the original creation terminated, the interpretation partook more often of somnolence than solemnity. The choral and symphonic forces never lapsed from technical and tonal excellence. The dynamics of every phrase were meticulously observed and the architectural aspects of each of the seven sections were clearly set forth. But for all of the care expended on the interpretation, it somehow failed to become moving or impressive. Of the last four numbers, only the resurrection chorus came to life.

The reading began auspiciously with a sensitive conception of the opening chorus and a finely considered proclamation of the following funeral march in triple rhythm. The central episode in each of these divisions was skilfully contrasted with the main idea, and the contemplative measures of the march were admirably differentiated from the ensuing Allegro, which was forcefully announced.

The sleep-inducing proclivities of the performance saw their inception with the appearance of Lawrence Tibbett at the start of the third section. His baritone solos, here and later, were couched in tones so hollow and dead that they sounded like a voice from the tomb. But he boasted style and clear diction, which was more than could be said of Elisabeth Rethberg's single contribution. Mme. Rethberg was in better trim than at last week's concert of the society, though not in her best vocal estate. But her singing conveyed no definite message. The accompaniment of the first, second and last choruses would have been improved by the addition of an extra harp, as designated by the composer.

NOEL STRAUS.

NY World

Nov. 24

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 2:30.
Concerto Gross for strings, Op. 6, No. 10 ..... Handel
The Enchanted Isle ..... Louis Gruenberg
First Time in New York.
Symphony No. 6, in B Minor (pathetic), Tchaikowsky

I was rather surprised, as many in yesterday's Boston Symphony audience must have been, at the quality of Mr. Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle," which Mr. Koussevitzky introduced to New York.

Mr. Gruenberg in recent years has acquired a reputation as a strong left-winger and one was led to expect that his new piece would prove a modernist shocker. Instead of which "The Enchanted Isle," as the Bostonians unfolded it, was neither horrific nor even startling, but proved to be a good old-fashioned narrative piece, nicely put together and exuding the faint but recognizable perfumes used by Ravel, Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Richard Strauss.

However, the whole business was cleared up by a program note in the Boston Orchestra's little booklet. This contained a confession from Mr. Gruenberg that the "Enchanted Isle" was conceived during the World War, subsequently put away in moth balls and only recently exhumed. Mr. Gruenberg also stated that he did not care to divulge what enchanted isles, if any, he had had in mind, and recommended his composition to his audiences as pure music only. Yesterday's audience took the music to its bosom and demanded Mr. Gruenberg in the flesh.

I thought that Mr. Koussevitzky in his presentation of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony was guilty of overdoing the pessimism this work is said to celebrate. Certainly the theme of the Allegro non Troppo, which is first sounded lugubriously in the opening adagio, is not nearly so emotional as the Boston leader would have us believe. It seemed to me that this procedure spilled the melancholy beans right at the outset. Yet Mr Koussevitzky, being a Russian, can be depended on to put the necessary pathos in the "Pathetique." An audience which filled the house set its approval on the Tschaikowsky and the other music of the afternoon.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS

SEP 14 1929

Musical ... Elmwood Music ... series of seven concerts.

Each orchestra is definitely expressive of its leader. When Serge Koussevitzky, who opens the series, Oct. 28, with the Boston Symphony, stands before his men, he is a figure of commanding presence, although not a large man. The range of devices by which Mr. Koussevitzky makes known his wishes to his orchestra is said to be practically without limit. And yet Mr. Koussevitzky knows how to remain within certain limits of poise. As an interpreter, Mr. Koussevitzky is a musician who loves the beauty of the sinuous, expressive melodic line, who knows how to mould it artfully and exquisitely, to draw from it its last secret of expressive effect.

Ossip Gab...lowitsch, who comes back ... of th...

WESTERN TRIP - 1929 -

BUFFALO - CHICAGO - PITTSBURG - INDIANAPOLIS - ST. PAUL - MINNEAPOLIS

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS

THE earliest of the October musical events will be the recital by Marcel Dupre, concert organist, in the Church of the Atonement, Oct. 7. Arthur Pye, violinist, plays here the same week, in the Twentieth Century club.

Serge Koussevitzky, who begins the Buffalo Musical foundation's orchestra series Oct. 28, has just returned from Europe bringing with him interesting music for the orchestral repertoire.

Local organizations will figure actively in the season"s musical affairs.

* * *

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which plays in Elmwood Music hall Monday evening, Oct. 28, arrived in New York this week on the Ile de France, from Europe, full of plans for the season, and especially for next year, when the Boston Symphony celebrates its semi-centennial.

According to the Boston Evening Transcript, Mr. Koussevitzky has commissioned Igor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofieff to write works for this celebration, and it is planned to invite the first conductor of the orchestra, Sir George Henschel, who was in charge from 1881 to 1885, to come from England to conduct at least part of a concert program.

The Boston Symphony comes first in the Orchestra series under the auspices of the Buffalo Musical foundation, at Elmwood Music hall this year.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES
OCT 6 - 1929

Boston Orchestra Will Open Series of Buffalo Musical

Opening its series with the Boston Symphony and with the Detroit Symphony and the Chicago scheduled, the Buffalo Musical Foundation predicts one of the most brilliant orchestral seasons in its history for the coming season at Elmwood Music Hall.

This will be Serge Koussevitzky's sixth season with the Boston Symphony and the 9th season of its existence.

He is of a line of brilliant conductors who have presided over the artistic destiny of the famous organization.

The Boston orchestra which opens the series, October 28, was founded and for 37 years sustained by the late Henry Lee Higginson.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 13

Orchestral Series

"The young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans. I much prefer the young Americans." Thus spake Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, upon his arrival recently in this country after another summer on the continent, much of which time was spent delving among the works of the "young Europeans."

Whether Koussevitzky will include any works by the "young Americans" on his list when he comes to Buffalo with the Boston forces on Monday evening, October 28th, auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation remains to be seen. The program will be announced later for this city.

Meantime, by way of illustrating what American composers can do, Mr. Koussevitzky will proffer this season, in his symphony course in Boston, a symphony by Aaron Copeland and tone poems by Werner Josten and Roger Sessions, all in their initial performances, together with a piece that has particularly struck the composer's fancy, Samuel Gardner's Broadway. There will be European novelties, also, not only by "young Europeans," but also by the established composers. For the first time, Boston will hear Mahler's Ninth Symphony and his Kindertotenlieder, a cycle of five songs with orchestra, also a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 20 1929

MUSIC

Koussevitzky With Boston Symphony

Playing the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, with which he opened this season in Symphony Hall, Boston, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a program of remarkable beauty on Monday evening, October 28th, in Elmwood Music Hall.

This is the opening program in the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. The complete program is as follows:

Vivaldi.....Concerto in D minor
Debussy..Nocturne, Clouds and Festivals
Scriabin.....Poem of Ecstasy
Beethoven..... Fifth Symphony

On the printed program which the Boston Symphony always furnishes for its concerts on tour, the conductor's name is now given for the first time as Dr. Koussevitzky. He received an honorary degree last June from Harvard. He also holds an honorary degree from Brown.

Dr. Koussevitzky returns for his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony, comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument. The Boston Symphony is an orchestra still unsurpassed in the world.

At the opening concert of the season in Boston on October 12th, a standing audience and orchestra greeted the famous conductor as he stepped upon the stage in Symphony Hall to begin the orchestra's 49th season. Not a single new face is to be seen in the orchestra this year. It is said by Boston critics to be a more nearly perfect ensemble now than it has ever been at this time in any other season.

Koussevitzky's interpretation of the music by Beethoven is justly famous. Triumphantly, according to recent Boston reviews, he leads his forces from mountain peak to mountain peak in the Fifth Symphony, disclosing new heights in its sublimity and grandeur.

The Boston Symphony opens the season of seven concerts under the auspices of the Boston Musical Foundation. On December 3d, Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be welcomed back, after a year's absence and the opening concert, for this season of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, which will be heard in Elmwood Music Hall this winter. The Chicago Symphony, Frederick Stock conductor, comes on January 21st, to give another brilliant high light in this musical season. The Cincinnati Symphony, with Fritz Reiner, returning after several years' absence, and the Cleveland Orchestra with Nikolai Sokoloff conducting, will conclude this most distinguished orchestra series ever given in Buffalo, under the auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

The public season sale opens tomorrow in the box office of Denton, Cottier & Daniels store.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra tickets go on sale Thursday, October 24th, in Denton Cottier & Daniels' box office. Mail orders may be sent meantime to the Buffalo Musical Foundation office, where they will be filled before the box office sale opens.

* * *

Koussevitzky

Distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will open the orchestral series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation in Elmwood Music Hall, Monday evening, October 28th.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES
OCT 20 [illegible]

Boston Symphony Concert Set For Elmwood Hall, October 28

Beethoven Fifth Symphony on Program of Noted Musical Organization Directed by Koussevitzky

Playing the Beethoven Fifth Symphony with which he opened this season in Symphony Hall, Boston, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a program of remarkable beauty on Monday evening, October 28, in Elmwood Music Hall.

This is the opening program in the Orchestra Series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation:

Vivaldi—Conerto in D Minor.
Debussy—Nocturnes, Clouds and Festivals.
Scriabin—Poem of Ecstasy.
Beethoven—Fifth Symphony.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 24 1929

CHANGE IN PROGRAM

Stravinsky suite to be played here by Boston Symphony

For the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra which takes place next Monday night at 3.15 o'clock in Elmwood Music Hall with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducting, the seats go on sale this morning at 9 o'clock in the box office, Denton Cottier & Daniels.

According to an announcement received yesterday at the office of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, a delightful change is announced in the Boston Symphony program. The third number will be Stravinsky's orchestral suite from the ballet, Petrouchka, instead of the Scriabine Poem of Ecstasy which was announced.

The Vivaldi Conerto in D Minor for a string orchestra has been edited for modern orchestral use by Alexander Siloti and will be the opening number next Monday night. The French and Russian schools of music will be eloquently represented by Debussy's Nocturnes and the Stravinsky ballet suite.

The Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, which Koussevitzky is said to give dramatic interpretation, will conclude the program.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
Buffalo Union & Times
OCT 24 1929

Boston Orchestra Here on Monday

On Monday evening, October 28th, in the Elmwood Music Hall, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a program of remarkable beauty, playing the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, with which he opened this season in Symphony Hall, Boston.

This is the opening event in the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. The complete program is as follows: Vivadi, Concerto in D Minor; Debussy, Nocturnes, Clouds and Festivals; Scriabin, Poem of Ecstasy, and Beethoven, Fifth Symphony.

Dr. Koussevitzky returning for his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony, comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra tickets go on sale Thursday, October 24th, at Denton, Cottier and Daniels box office. Mail orders may be sent to the Buffalo Musical Foundation office where they will be opened before the box office sale.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
GAZETTE
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
OCT 25 1929

Musical Events

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conducting, will open the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, Monday evening, October 28, in Elmwood Music Hall.

The complete program is as follows: "Concerto in D Minor," a nacturne, "Clouds and Festival," Debussy; "Poem of Ecstasy," Scriabine, and the immortal "Fifth" Symphony of Beethoven, the key to which he himself furnished in the cryptic phrase "Fate Knocks at the Door."

BOSTON SYMPHONY HEI

Opens the Buffalo Musical Foundation Serge Koussevitsky to Cor

THE coming week holds an important musical event in the scheduled annual visit of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, Monday evening, in Elmwood Music hall. The Boston organization opens the Buffalo Musical foundation's orchestra series of the season.

The Chromatic club will open its season next Saturday afternoon, Nov. 2, in the Twentieth Century club, presenting a local program. The club plans an interesting season of afternoon and evening concerts.

An early November recital will be that of the Roth String quartet, the first attraction of the Buffalo Symphony society's Chamber Music series, in Hotel Statler ballroom. The same month gives promise of a week of Opera by the American Grand Opera company, beginning Nov. 18, and the opening concert of the Van De Mark series, Nov. 26.

* * *

"AN ENSEMBLE of masters," the Boston Symphony orchestra, will open the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical foundation next Monday evening at 8:15 o'clock in Elmwood Music hall, under its illustrious leader, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky.

With one number changed from the program announced last week, the orchestra will be heard in the following:

Concerto in D Minor for Orchestra (Edited by A. Siloti) ..... Vivaldi
Two Nocturnes ..... Debussy
(a) Nuages
(b) Fetes
Orchestral Suite from the Ballet Petrouchka ..... Stravinsky
Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 6 ..... Beethoven

Opening with the Concerto for string orchestra by Antonio Vivaldi, the 18th century Italian composer, drawing from two eloquent exponents of the French and Russian schools in the music of Debussy and Stravinsky, and concluding with Beethoven, the great master, the program is one to delight and inspire. The Vivaldi work represents the great 18th century violinist in effective harmonic forms, expressive [illegible] a facility which is at all times remarkable.

In his Nocturnes, Debussy is revealed as the impressionist painter, the master of mood and subtle suggestion.

Many critics deny that Stravinsky ever surpassed "Petrouchka," which is said completely to unfold the composer's striking personality. According to Grove, "As regards brilliancy and originality of scoring, and aptness of characterization, this work still remains Stravinsky's undisputed masterpiece."

The Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven, with which a great many orchestral seasons have been opened this year throughout the country, is said by Hector Berlioz "to come directly and solely from the genius of Beethoven; he develops in it his own intimate thought; his secret sorrows, his concentrated rage, his reveries, his bursts of enthusiasms—these furnish him the subject; and the forms of melody, harmony, rhythm and orchestration are displayed as essentially individual and new as they are powerful and noble."

The next two concerts in the Orchestra series will be by the Detroit Symphony, with Ossip Gabrilowitsch conducting, Tuesday evening, Dec. 3, and the Chicago symphony, with Frederick Stock conducting, Tuesday evening, Jan. 21.

* * *

THE Roth quartet, which is to open the Buffalo Symphony Society Chamber Music series in the Statler ballroom, Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, returned recently to this country and played in Town hall, New York, last week.

The New York Herald reports: "The large audience, undaunted by the inclement weather, was rewarded by a performance that, for perfection of balance, exquisite nuance and genuine expressive power, one would have to seek far to find its peer. There were some dissenting voices among the numerous string players present last evening, some of them, needless to add, members of like organizations, but it seemed to us that a closer approach to an ideal achievement would be difficult of attainment from mere human players."

The New York American adds: "They possess an ensemble of delectable finish, a tone quality and adjustment of subtle appeal, they play flawlessly in tune and rhythm, with refined and authoritative musicianship and a high degree of warmth in feeling," while the New York Times observes "We have seldom heard anything more lovely than the adagio of the Beethoven Quartet in F nor the andantino of the Debussy C[illegible]

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra in its annual Buffalo concert in Elmwood Music hall, Monday night.

WESTERN TRIP - 1929 -

BUFFALO - CHICAGO - PITTSBURG - INDIANAPOLIS - ST. PAUL - MINNEAPOLIS

140

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS

THE earliest of the October musical events will be the recital by Marcel Dupre, concert organist, in the Church of the Atonement, Oct. 7. Arthur Pye, violinist, plays here the same week, in the Twentieth Century club.

Serge Koussevitzky, who begins the Buffalo Musical foundation's orchestra series, Oct. 28, has just returned from Europe, bringing with him interesting music for the orchestral repertoire.

Local organizations will figure actively in the season"s musical affairs.

* * *

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which plays in Elmwood Music hall Monday evening, Oct. 28, arrived in New York this week on the Ile de France, from Europe, full of plans for the season, and especially for next year, when the Boston Symphony celebrates its semi-centennial.

According to the Boston Evening Transcript, Mr. Koussevitzky has commissioned Igor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofieff to write works for this celebration, and it is planned to invite the first conductor of the orchestra, Sir George Henschel, who was in charge from 1881 to 1885, to come from England to conduct at least part of a concert program.

The Boston Symphony comes first in the Orchestra series under the auspices of the Buffalo Musical foundation, at Elmwood Music hall this year.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES
OCT 6 - 1929

Boston Orch- Seri.

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Opening its season Boston Symphony and the Detroit Symphony and the Chicago scheduled, the Buffalo Musical Foundation predicts one of the most brilliant orchestral seasons in its history for the coming season at Elmwood Music Hall.

This will be Serge Koussevitzky's sixth season with the Boston Symphony and the 9th season of its existence.

He is of a line of brilliant conductors who have presided over the artistic destiny of the famous organization.

The Boston orchestra which opens the series, October 28, was founded and for 37 years sustained by the late Henry Lee Higginson.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 13

Orchestral Series

"The young American composers are more interesting than the young Europeans. I much prefer the young Americans." Thus spake Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, upon his arrival recently in this country after another summer on the continent, much of which time was spent delving among the works of the "young Europeans."

Whether Koussevitzky will include any works by the "young Americans" on his list when he comes to Buffalo with the Boston forces on Monday evening, October 28th, auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation remains to be seen. The program will be announced later for this city.

Meantime, by way of illustrating what American composers can do, Mr. Koussevitzky will proffer this season, in his symphony course in Boston, a symphony by Aaron Copeland and tone poems by Werner Josten and Roger Sessions, all in their initial performances, together with a piece that has particularly struck the composer's fancy, Samuel Gardner's Broadway. There will be European novelties, also, not only by "young Europeans," but also by the established composers. For the first time, Boston will hear Mahler's Ninth Symphony and his Kindertotenlieder, a cycle of five songs with orchestra, also a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 20 1929

MUSIC

Koussevitzky With Boston Symphony

Playing the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, with which he opened this season in Symphony Hall, Boston, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a program of remarkable beauty on Monday evening, October 28th, in Elmwood Music Hall.

This is the opening program in the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. The complete program is as follows:

Vivaldi.....Concerto in D minor
Debussy..Nocturne, Clouds and Festivals
Scriabin.....Poem of Ecstasy
Beethoven..... Fifth Symphony

On the printed program which the Boston Symphony always furnishes for its concerts on tour, the conductor's name is now given for the first time as Dr. Koussevitzky. He received an honorary degree last June from Harvard. He also holds an honorary degree from Brown.

Dr. Koussevitzky returns for his sixth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony, comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument. The Boston Symphony is an orchestra still unsurpassed in the world.

At the opening concert of the season in Boston on October 12th, a standing audience and orchestra greeted the famous conductor as he stepped upon the stage in Symphony Hall to begin the orchestra's 49th season. Not a single new face is to be seen in the orchestra this year. It is said by Boston critics to be a more nearly perfect ensembele now than it has ever been at this time in any other season.

Kaussevitzky's interpretation of the music by Beethoven is justly famous. Triumphantly, according to recent Boston reviews, he leads his forces from mountain peak to mountain peak in the Fifth Symphony, disclosing new heights in its sublimity and grandeur.

The Boston Symphony opens the season of seven concerts under the auspices of the Boston Musical Foundation. On December 3d, Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be welcomed back, after a year's absence and the opening concert, for this season of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, which will be heard in Elmwood Music Hall this winter. The Chicago Symphony, Frederick Stock conductor, comes on January 21st, to give another brilliant high light in this musical season. The Cincinnati Symphony, with Fritz Reiner, returning after several years' absence, and the Cleveland Orchestra with Nikoloi Sokoloff conducting, will conclude this most distinguished orchestra series ever given in Buffalo, under the auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

The public season sale opens tomorrow in the box office of Denton, Cottier & Daniels store.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra tickets go on sale Thursday, October 24th, in Denton Cottier & Daniels' box office. Mail orders may be sent meantime to the Buffalo Musical Foundation office, where they will be filled before the box office sale opens.

* * *

Koussevitzky

Distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will open the orchestral series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation in Elmwood Music Hall, Monday evening, October 28th.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES
OCT 20 [illegible]

$125.00

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
OCT 26 [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 24 1929

CHANGE IN PROGRAM

Stravinsky suite to be played here by Boston Symphony

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
Catholic Union & Times
Buffalo, N.Y.
OCT 24 1929

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GAZETTE
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
OCT 25 1929

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(b) Fetes
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Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 6 ..... Beethoven

Opening with the Concerto for string orchestra by Antonio Vivaldi, the 18th century Italian composer, drawing from two eloquent exponents of the French and Russian schools in the music of Debussy and Stravinsky, and concluding with Beethoven, the great master, the program is one to delight and inspire. The Vivaldi work represents the great 18th century violinist in effective harmonic forms, expressing melody [illegible] a facility which is at all times remarkable.

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Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra in its annual Buffalo concert in Elmwood Music hall, Monday night.

1241

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES

Boston Musical Group Presents Concert Monday

Symphony Opens Buffalo Foundation Series; Opera Company Later

THE Boston Symphony orchestra, which has been fittingly named "an ensemble of masters," will open the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation tomorrow evening at 8:15 o'clock at Elmwood Music Hall under its illustrious leader, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky.

With one number changed from the program announced last week, the orchestra will be heard in the following:

Vivaldi—Concerto in D Minor for orchestra (Edited by A. Siloti).
Debussy—Two Nocturnes
a) Nuages
b) Fetes
Stravinsky—Orchestral Suite from the Ballet Patrouchka
Beethoven—Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 6.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony.

* * *

WITH this program, it is expected that a new and glorious chapter will be written in the musical annals of Buffalo. Opening with the concerto for string orchestra by Antonio Vivaldi, the 18th century Italian composer, drawing from two eloquent exponents from the French and Russian schools, in the music of Stravinky and Debussy, and concluding with Beethoven, the great master, this is a program to delight and inspire. The Vivaldi work, calling for an orchestra of the marvelous technical fitness of the Boston Symphony, represents the great 18th century violinist in effective harmonic forms, expressive melody and the facility which is at times remarkable.

In his Nocturnes, Debussy is revealed as the impressionist painter, the master of mood and subtle suggestion.

* * *

WITH a slight change in schedule, which is merely a re-arrangement of the latter part of the week's program, the American Opera Company comes to the Shubert-Teck the week of November 18th, auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

The performances now come on the following dates:
Monday, Faust.
Tuesday, Carmen.
Wednesday, Yolanda of Cyprus.
Thursday, Butterfly.
Friday, Figaro.
Saturday afternoon, Faust.
Saturday evening, Martha.

Music-drama in the language of the audience is constantly winning new supporters for the national opera into which the America Opera Company's supporters hope it may develop.

* * *

Seats for the Boston Symphony concert and also for the entire orchestra series of seven concerts are on sale at the box-office, Denton Cottier & Daniels.

* * *

Among those who have reserved seats are: Mrs. Lewis J. Surdam, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest M. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Plimpton, Mrs. John W. Danforth, Mrs. Parton Swift, Mrs. James Cary Evans, Mrs. Reginald B. Taylor, Mrs. Theodore M. Pomeroy, Mrs. Charles W. Banta, Miss Jeanette Urban, Mrs. C. R. Wyckoff, Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gratwick, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Gratwick, Mrs. George Dudley Enos.

Mrs. E. W. Westcott, of Niagara Falls, Mrs. William C. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Lord O'Brian, Mrs. George Howard Lewis, Mrs. Langdon, Albright, Mrs. John O. Adsit, Mrs. George D. Barrell, Mr. and Mrs. Farny R. Wurlitzer, Tonawanda, N. Y., Judge and Mrs. Louis B. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Raichle, jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Ganson Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Criqui, Dr. and Mrs. Julian Park, Mrs. Dexter P. Rumsey, Miss Evelyn Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gerrans, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Becker Goetz, Justice and Mrs. Samuel J. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Corey, Mrs. O. P. Letchworth, Mrs. Charles L. Gurney, Mrs. Frank F. Henry, Mrs. J. P. Dodman, Mrs. Harry T. Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Franchot of Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Kimberly, Mrs. S. M. Clement and Mrs. Charles H. Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Goodyear, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Baird, Mrs. J. F. Schoellkopf, Mrs. Charles W. Goodyear, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Goodyear, Mrs. John Olmstead, Mrs. Robert L. Fryer, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy J. Hamlin.

Mrs. Carlton M. Smith, Mrs. L. D. Rumsey, Mrs. F. B. Cooley, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Schoellkopf, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Bowen, Mrs. Eva S. Potter, Lars S. Potter, Dr. and Mrs. James Wright Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Kennedy, Mrs. Charles M. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Ullman, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ullman, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens, Mrs. Harry Yates, Mrs. R. W. Wattles, Mrs. Edgar Wendt, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney G. Case, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Taylor, Mrs. Humphrey Birge, Mrs. E. B. McKenna,

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES
OCT 27

BOSTON SYMPHONY HERE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will play Monday evening at 8:15 o'clock in Elmwood Music hall. The program is the first of the series to be given by the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
OCT 28

Select Audience to Greet Boston Orchestra Here

Society Makes Reservations For Symphony Premier Monday Evening.

A brilliant and fashionable audience will be present when the Boston Symphony orchestra plays its opening program Monday evening in Elmwood Music hall under auspices of the Buffalo Musical foundation.

Among those who have reserved seats are: Mrs. Lewis J. Surdam, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest M. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Plimpton, Mrs. Parton Swift, Mrs. James Carey Evans, Mrs. Reginald B. Taylor, Mrs. Theodore M. Pomeroy, Mrs. Charles W. Banta, Miss Jeanette Urban, Mrs. Clinton R. Wyckoff, Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Gratwick, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Gratwick, Mrs. George Dudley Enos, Mrs. William C. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Lord O'Brian, Mrs. George Howard Lewis, Mrs. Langdon Albright, Mrs. John O. Adsit, Mrs. George B. Barrell, Judge and Mrs. Louis B. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Raichle Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Criqui, Dr. and Mrs. Julian Park, Mrs. Dexter P. Rumsey.

Miss Evelyn Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Becker Goetz, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Corey, Mrs. Ogden P. Letchworth, Mrs. Charles L. Gurney, Mrs. Frank F. Henry, Mrs. Josephine P. Dodman, Mrs. Louis R. Davidson, Mrs. Harry T. Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley J. Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Kimberly, Mrs. Stephen M. Clement, Mrs. Charles H. Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Goodyear, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Baird, Mrs. Charles W. Goodyear, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Goodyear, Mrs. John Olmsted, Mrs. Robert L. Fryer, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey J. Hamlin, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Ten Eyck Perry.

Mrs. Carlton M. Smith, Mrs. Laurence D. Rumsey, Mrs. Frederick B. Cooley, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Schoellkopf, Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Bowen, Mrs. Eva S. Potter, Dr. Lars S. Potter, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Ullman Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ullman, Mrs. Harry E. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney G. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Taylor, Mrs. Humphrey Birge, Mrs. Edmund B. McKenna, Mrs. Frederick L. Pratt, Mrs. Joseph T. Jones and Miss Clara Michael.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES
OCT 28

MUSICAL SERIES OPENS TONIGHT

Boston Symphony, Under Koussevitzky, Will Inaugurate Local Season

Inaugurating of the 1929-30 orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, the Boston Symphony orchestra under the masterly direction of Serge Koussevitzky will present a varied program at 8:15 p. m. today at the Elmwood Music hall.

The program will contain four separate selections, each calling for different technique on the part of the 108 musicians which make up the famous Boston organization.

Climaxed by Beethoven's great Fifth Symphony, Koussevitzky's choices will include Stravinsky's orchestral suite from the ballet Petrouchka, two nocturnes by Debussy and a concerto in D minor by Antonio Vivaldi.

Seats for the concert and for the entire series are on sale at Denton, Cottier & Daniels.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 28

BOSTON SYMPHONY ARRIVES FOR CONCERT THIS EVENING

This morning at 11.45 the Boston Symphony Orchestra arrives in Buffalo to play tonight in Elmwood Music Hall, with Dr. Serge Kousseoitzky conducting, the opening concert in the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

The concert will begin promptly at 8.15. The Foundation announces for this season a resolution, in which it is hoped concertgoers will concur, to begin programs promptly. Therefore, it is requested that tonight the audience be in the hall before 8.15 o'clock.

The opening number, the Vivaldi Concerto in D minor, has not been played in Buffalo before, it is believed, and is expected to act as an incentive to be on time.

The rest of the program will include Debussy's Clouds and Festivals and Strasinskys' Petrouchka, followed by a Beethoven Fifth Smyphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES
OCT 29

Boston Symphony First Concert

Brilliant and Fashionable Audience Trongs Elmwood Music Hall

The neutrality of atmosphere the Elmwood Music hall provides last night proved an effective setting for one of the most colorful events of the musical and social year, the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, opening the symphonic series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. Led by Serge Koussevitzky, whose personal drawing power is tremendous, the orchestra played before a capacity audience.

It took a supreme effort to detach oneself from the continuity of high satisfaction that pervaded the audience sufficiently to observe the following:

Mrs. Frederick Ullman, Jr. in black and capucine chiffon and mink wrap; Miss Kate Lyon in a green velvet furlined wrap; Miss Bessie Bellanca in capucine crepe with wrap to match, mink trimmed; Miss Jean Douglass in carnation green chiffon; Mrs. Henry Ten Eyck Perry in black and green chiffon; Miss Mabel Elias in brown velvet; Mrs. Maurice Goddard Field in pink velvet with sable collar.

Others noticed in the audience were: Mrs. Risley Tucker with her son, Robert J. Jewett; Mrs. Joseph Morey with Miss Katrina Morey, Philip Boocock and William I. Morey, Mrs. Albert Hatch with Mrs. Ulysses Caudell, Mr. and Mrs. Francesus Visser 'tHooft, Mrs. George A. Himmelsbach, Dr. Samuel P. Capen and Miss Mary Capen, Miss Rosalind Marcus and Mrs. Henry Marcus, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Speer Symons, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Grauer, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ullman, Mrs. Elwood C. Grissinger, Francis H. Bangs, Mrs. Eva Potter with Lars Potter and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potter, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Case, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jones, Mrs. Evelyn Choate, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wattles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ten Eyck Perry, Mrs. Robert Livongston Fryer.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
OCT 29 1929

Boston Symphony Scores

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By EDWARD DURNEY

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
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Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. George B. Barrell, Miss Fanny Lou Barrell, Mrs. Buell G. Tallman, Mrs. H. Cowles Wadsworth, Mrs. Frank H. Potter, Miss Alice Potter, Miss Florence Thyng, Mrs. Edna Luse, Mrs. Richard K. Noye, Miss Patricia Boyle, Miss Mary A. Lewis, Miss Mary Kelsey, Miss Maud I. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adsit Bull, Miss Ella G. Christie and Mrs. Edwin Lang Miller.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES

Boston Musical Group Presents Concert Monday

Symphony Opens Buffalo Foundation Series; Opera Company Later

THE Boston Symphony orchestra, which has been fittingly named "an ensemble of masters," will open the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation tomorrow evening at 8:15 o'clock at Elmwood Music Hall under its illustrious leader, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky.

With one number changed from the program announced last week, the orchestra will be heard in the following:

Vivaldi—Concerto in D Minor for orchestra (Edited by A. Siloti).
Debussy—Two Nocturnes
a) Nuages
b) Fetes
Stravinsky—Orchestral Suite from the Ballet Patrouchka
Beethoven—Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 6.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony.

* * *

WITH this program, it is expected that a new and glorious chapter will be written in the musical annals of Buffalo. Opening with the concerto for string orchestra by Antonio Vivaldi, the 18th century Italian composer, drawing from two eloquent exponents from the French and Russian schools, in the music of Stravinky and Debussy, and concluding with Beethoven, the great master, this is a program to delight and inspire. The Vivaldi work, calling for an orchestra of the marvelous technical fitness of the Boston Symphony, represents the great 18th century violinist in effective harmonic forms, expressive melody and the facility which is at times remarkable.

In his Nocturnes, Debussy is revealed as the impressionist painter, the master of mood and subtle suggestion.

* * *

WITH a slight change in schedule, which is merely a re-arrangement of the latter part of the week's program, the American Opera Company comes to the Shubert-Teck the week of November 18th, auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

The performances now come on the following dates:

Monday, Faust.
Tuesday, Carmen.
Wednesday, Yolanda of Cyprus.
Thursday, Butterfly.
Friday, Figaro.
Saturday afternoon, Faust.
Saturday evening, Martha.

Music-drama in the language of the audience is constantly winning new supporters for the national opera into which the America Opera Company's supporters hope it may develop.

* * *

Seats for the Boston Symphony concert and also for the entire orchestra series of seven concerts are on sale at the box-office, Denton Cottier & Daniels.

* * *

Among those who have reserved seats are: Mrs. Lewis J. Surdam, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest M. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Plimpton, Mrs. John W. Danforth, Mrs. Parton Swift, Mrs. James Cary Evans, Mrs. Reginald B. Taylor, Mrs. Theodore M. Pomeroy, Mrs. Charles W. Banta, Miss Jeanette Urban, Mrs. C. R. Wyckoff, Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gratwick, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Gratwick, Mrs. George Dudley Enos.

Mrs. E. W. Westcott, of Niagara Falls, Mrs. William C. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Lord O'Brian, Mrs. George Howard Lewis, Mrs. Langdon, Albright, Mrs. John O. Adsit, Mrs. George D. Barrell, Mr. and Mrs. Farny R. Wurlitzer, Tonawanda, N. Y., Judge and Mrs. Louis B. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Raichle, jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Ganson Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Criqui, Dr. and Mrs. Julian Park, Mrs. Dexter P. Rumsey, Miss Evelyn Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gerrans, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Becker Goetz, Justice and Mrs. Samuel J. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Corey, Mrs. O. P. Letchworth, Mrs. Charles L. Gurney, Mrs. Frank F. Henry, Mrs. J. P. Dodman, Mrs. Harry T. Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Franchot of Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Kimberly, Mrs. S. M. Clement and Mrs. Charles H. Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Goodyear, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Baird, Mrs. J. F. Schoellkopf, Mrs. Charles W. Goodyear, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Goodyear, Mrs. John Olmstead, Mrs. Robert L. Fryer, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy J. Hamlin.

Mrs. Carlton M. Smith, Mrs. L. D. Rumsey, Mrs. F. B. Cooley, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Schoellkopf, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Bowen, Mrs. Eva S. Potter, Lars S. Potter, Dr. and Mrs. James Wright Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Kennedy, Mrs. Charles M. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Ullman, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ullman, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens, Mrs. Harry Yates, Mrs. R. W. Wattles, Mrs. Edgar Wendt, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney G. Case, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Taylor, Mrs. Humphrey Birge, Mrs. E. B. McKenna,

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES

OCT 27

BOSTON SYMPHONY HERE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will play Monday evening at 8:15 o'clock in Elmwood Music hall. The program is the first of the series to be given by the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
OCT 28

Select Audience to Greet Boston Orchestra Here

Society Makes Reservations For Symphony Premier Monday Evening.

A brilliant and fashionable audience will be present when the Boston Symphony orchestra plays its opening program Monday evening in Elmwood Music hall under auspices of the Buffalo Musical foundation.

Among those who have reserved seats are: Mrs. Lewis J. Surdam, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest M. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Plimpton, Mrs. Parton Swift, Mrs. James Carey Evans, Mrs. Reginald B. Taylor, Mrs. Theodore M. Pomeroy, Mrs. Charles W. Banta, Miss Jeanette Urban, Mrs. Clinton R. Wyckoff, Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Gratwick, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Gratwick, Mrs. George Dudley Enos, Mrs. William C. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Lord O'Brian, Mrs. George Howard Lewis, Mrs. Langdon Albright, Mrs. John O. Adsit, Mrs. George B. Barrell, Judge and Mrs. Louis B. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Raichle Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Criqui, Dr. and Mrs. Julian Park, Mrs. Dexter P. Rumsey.

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Mrs. Carlton M. Smith, Mrs. Laurence D. Rumsey, Mrs. Frederick B. Cooley, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Schoellkopf, Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Bowen, Mrs. Eva S. Potter, Dr. Lars S. Potter, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Ullman Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ullman, Mrs. Harry E. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney G. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Taylor, Mrs. Humphrey Birge, Mrs. Edmund B. McKenna, Mrs. Frederick L. Pratt, Mrs. Joseph T. Jones and Miss Clara Michael.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES

MUSICAL SERIES OPENS TONIGHT

Boston Symphony, Under Koussevitzky, Will Inaugurate Local Season

Inaugurating of the 1929-30 orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, the Boston Symphony orchestra under the masterly direction of Serge Koussevitzky will present a varied program at 8:15 p. m. today at the Elmwood Music hall.

The program will contain four separate selections, each calling for different technique on the part of the 108 musicians which make up the famous Boston organization.

Climaxed by Beethoven's great Fifth Symphony, Koussevitzky's choices will include Stravinsky's orchestral suite from the ballet Petrouchka, two nocturnes by Debussy and a concerto in D minor by Antonio Vivaldi.

Seats for the concert and for the entire series are on sale at Denton, Cottier & Daniels.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
OCT 29

BOSTON SYMPHONY ARRIVES FOR CONCERT THIS EVENING

This morning at 11.45 the Boston Symphony Orchestra arrives in Buffalo to play tonight in Elmwood Music Hall, with Dr. Serge Kousseoitzky conducting, the opening concert in the orchestra series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

The concert will begin promptly at 8.15. The Foundation announces for this season a resolution, in which it is hoped concertgoers will concur, to begin programs promptly. Therefore, it is requested that tonight the audience be in the hall before 8.15 o'clock.

The opening number, the Vivaldi Concerto in D minor, has not been played in Buffalo before, it is believed, and is expected to act as an incentive to be on time.

The rest of the program will include Debussy's Clouds and Festivals and Strasinskys' Petrouchka, followed by a Beethoven Fifth Smyphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO
TIMES

OCT 29

Boston Symphony First Concert

Brilliant and Fashionable Audience Trongs Elmwood Music Hall

The neutrality of atmosphere the Elmwood Music hall provides last night proved an effective setting for one of the most colorful events of the musical and social year, the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, opening the symphonic series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. Led by Serge Koussevitzky, whose personal drawing power is tremendous, the orchestra played before a capacity audience.

It took a supreme effort to detach oneself from the continuity of high satisfaction that pervaded the audience sufficiently to observe the following:

Mrs. Frederick Ullman, Jr. in black and capucine chiffon and mink wrap; Miss Kate Lyon in a green velvet furlined wrap; Miss Bessie Bellanca in capucine crepe with wrap to match, mink trimmed; Miss Jean Douglass in carnation green chiffon; Mrs. Henry Ten Eyck Perry in black and green chiffon; Miss Mabel Elias in brown velvet; Mrs. Maurice Goddard Field in pink velvet with sable collar.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
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By EDWARD DURNEY

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Koussevitzky's individualism invariably impresses the listener, and to the credit of this logical musician and artist. He reads the Beethoven work profoundly, deliberately, calling attention to its broader lines and revealing his perception of its comprehensive, emotional spirit. At the same time he is sensitive to its poetry, its moments of delicacy; and his interpretation presents vivid contrast.

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NEWS

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER
OCT 13 1929

THAT the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be brought to Chicago is theannouncement from H. E. Voegeli, manager of Orchestra Hall. The orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky, will give a concert Tuesday evening, October 29 at Orchestra Hall.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER
OCT 22 1929

Dr. Serge Koussevitzy and the eminent Boston Symphony Orchestra, when they visit us a week hence, will play the neurotic sixth symphony, prefacing it with Vivaldi, Debussy and Scriabine.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWS
OCT 26

MUSICAL NEWS AND COMMENT ON HAPPENINGS

Boston Symphony Orchestra to Be Heard Here Tuesday Evening.

BY MAURICE ROSENFELD.

THE most important item of the immediate musical season is the concert scheduled for Tuesday evening at Orchestra hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conductor.

First known as a virtuoso on the double bass, the musician soon left the solo field for the more active work of the conductor, and after some experiences with symphony orchestras abroad came to Boston as the conductor of this, the oldest symphony orchestra in America, and here in five years he has established himself as one of the great conductors and musicians of the country.

The program for this event will be found in another column.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO
TRIBUNE
OCT 27

* *

Chance to Compare Orchestras.

There will be a chance to compare the symphony orchestras of Chicago and Boston this week. The first will appear according to its usual schedule, a "pop" on Thursday and its regular pair on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Orchestra hall, plus a trip to Mandel hall for good measure early in the week. The second will appear also at Orchestra hall Tuesday evening.

Dr. Koussevitsky—he is a doctor of music, in case you have not heard—will direct Vivaldi's Concerto Grosso for organ and orchestra, Debussy's Two Nocturnes, the suite from Stravinky's "Petrouchka," and Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, a program that ought to display both conductor and orchestra in their best light.

Dr. Stock, also a doctor of music several times over, though he makes no strenuous efforts to be addressed by the title, has another excellent program. It includes Busoni's "Festspiel" Overture, which has not been heard here in some [illegible] Sixth

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWS
OCT 29

* * *

Mme. Serge Kus[illegible] to be the box guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Ganz and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew R. Sherriff, at Orchestra hall this evening at the Boston symphony concert, of which her husband is conductor.

The event is of special interest to Mrs. Sherriff, as it was her father, the late Bernhard Listeman of Boston, who, with Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, helped organize this celebrated orchestra and became its first concertmeister.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO
POST
OCT 30 1929

and Mr. Barry of Minneapolis

Koussevitzky's Orchestra in Fine Concert

By Karleton Hackett.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA under its distinguished conductor, Serge Koussevitsky, gave a concert last evening which was worthy of its great tradition. It was just the sort of program we desired to hear from the men under his direction, modern with the accent strongly on the Russian.

There was, of course, a formal opening with the Vivaldi concerto, ont all of which it was possible for me to hear, since, alas, other artists were giving concerts on the same evening.

The first movement was a striking display of the meticulous precision of the strings that has been developed by that iron discipline. The iron hand within the velvet glove was felt a bit too strongly for the suavity of the old Italian grace. There was, however, no mistaking the fact that a most responsive instrument was in the hands of a master and that what he willed would come forth in tone.

The last part of the Debussy "Nuages" was exquisite in tone color, with an atmospheric quality of delicate charm. A lovely tone picture. The "Fetes" was brilliant with vivid contrasts, sprightly rhythms and the sense of gayety. Very fine playing, yet with a little feeling of display. But it was orchestra virtuosity, and display was to be expected. Then, too, I had had to come in from other sounds and very likely was not fully in the mood.

When it came to Stravinsky's suite from "Petrouchka" we were in another world. Here was the music of Russia with a man to conduct it whose very heart beats were attuned to its lightest pulsations.

We were in Russia, outsiders, to be sure, but living among people to whom this music was a spontaneous expression and thru whom we could be made to feel its power and charm. There was the expansiveness of the Slav, the capacity to forget himself utterly in one mood and in a moment, with no abruptness or self-consciousness skip to another mood a thousand miles away, in a manner of speaking.

The contrasts of mood, of tone coloring and of rhythmic accent were startling, yet we all passed so spontaneously thru these extraordinary experiences that there was no shock, but it all seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

Here was virtuosity, of the conductor and of his men, used solely and with single-mindedness to reveal the meaning of the music. The conductor in his heart believed in the beauty and the power of the music and dared set forth his belief with frankness. It was ever melodic but strange and fragmentary melodies of which only the Slav can know the true meaning.

Mr. Koussevitzky knew it, whether a plaintive little strain or a wild swirl of drunken peasants he made us feel its power and believe in it, too. We of the colder blood may not be able to give way to our feelings so easily or so wholeheartedly, but they not only can, they actually do, and Mr. Koussevitzky is the man to prove it.

It was an interpretive tour de force such as we expected from him, having heard his orchestra before, and it rang true. A something from a foreign land.

The Tschaikowsky "Pathetic" symphony was superb. It was conceived with a depth of feeling and set forth with a breadth and dignity that gave an elemental power. It had in it nothing of the petty nor trivial, nothing of the morbid that comes from the individual's brooding over his private griefs.

Sad it was, but with the sorrow that lies deep in the heart of the poet whose seeing eye has ranged widely and looked upon grief-stricken men. Not for himself, nor for you, nor for any man, but sad that there was so much of pain and hurt in this world for which there seems to be no answer.

Mr. Koussevitzky believes. This music has for him a something that is true and honest, not said as we would say it, but true for the one who did say it and for those of his blood. So true that we of a different blood can believe it as he tells it to us.

The music all meant something. There was magnificent breadth in the main outlines, sustained power rising to a tremendous climax and with exquisite refinement in the endless variety of details. Yet all molded together into one complete yet many sided whole.

The Allegro Con Grazia was fascinating. The Russians alone naturally express themselves in that illusive rhythm. They have it in the folksongs; it is in their bones. The opening of the Allegro Vivace sounded dull and thick in the strings. That may have been the effect desired but it sounded unclear tho he brought it finally to a climax of great power. Perhaps merely a superficial flaw.

The Finale was impressive. A fitting close; sadness yet with the sense of resisting strength, a something universal in the lot of man.

Superb.

Tula Miller in Song Recital at Woman's Club.

Has a soprano voice of pleasing quality, good stage presence and sang well the little it was possible for me to hear.

Mme. Gilderoy Scott in Song Recital at Kimball Hall.

Arrived just in time to hear the encores at the close of the program, whic hdemonstrated that the audience had been pleased. Mme. Scott sang two English folk songs with the true spirit. Told the story with vigor and made the words count. The right idea.

Robert MacDonald played good accompaniments.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWS
OCT 30 1929

SYMPHONY HERE FROM BOSTON IN VARIED PROGRAM

After Two Years Orchestra Returns for Concert in Chicago.

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He is, of course, a great dramatist of the symphony, an artist of true orchestral imagination, a master of color and of contrast in all its myriad inflections, whether instrumental or dynamic. Hence every contact with his art provokes an instant reaction. He plays with the orchestra and upon the emotional and sensuous responses of his listeners. But his is, nevertheless, a sincere and, I am sure, an essentially simple nature. His own reactions to music are of the emotions and the sensibilities, basically dramatic rather than purely musical.

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THAT the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be brought to Chicago is theannouncement from H. E. Voegeli, manager of Orchestra Hall. The orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky, will give a concert Tuesday evening, October 29 at Orchestra Hall.

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Dr. Serge Koussevitzy and the eminent Boston Symphony Orchestra, when they visit us a week hence, will play the neurotic sixth symphony, prefacing it with Vivaldi, Debussy and Scriabine.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWS
OCT 26

MUSICAL NEWS AND COMMENT ON HAPPENINGS

Boston Symphony Orchestra to Be Heard Here Tuesday Evening.

BY MAURICE ROSENFELD.

THE most important item of the immediate musical season is the concert scheduled for Tuesday evening at Orchestra hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conductor.

First known as a virtuoso on the double bass, the musician soon left the solo field for the more active work of the conductor, and after some experiences with symphony orchestras abroad came to Boston as the conductor of this, the oldest symphony orchestra in America, and here in five years he has established himself as one of the great conductors and musicians of the country.

The program for this event will be found in another column.

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* *

Chance to Compare Orchestras.

There will be a chance to compare the symphony orchestras of Chicago and Boston this week. The first will appear according to its usual schedule, a "pop" on Thursday and its regular pair on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Orchestra hall, plus a trip to Mandel hall for good measure early in the week. The second will appear also at Orchestra hall Tuesday evening.

Dr. Koussevitsky—he is a doctor of music, in case you have not heard—will direct Vivaldi's Concerto Grosso for organ and orchestra, Debussy's Two Nocturnes, the suite from Stravinky's "Petrouchka," and Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, a program that ought to display both conductor and orchestra in their best light.

Dr. Stock, also a doctor of music several times over, though he makes no strenuous efforts to be addressed by the title, has another excellent program. It includes Busoni's "Festspiel" Overture, which has not been heard here in some time; Miaskowsky's Sixth Symphony, and Sibelius' "Finlandia." Ennio Bolognini, the new first cellist, will be the first soloist of the season, playing the Lalo Concerto. He is also due to play the obbligato in the popular program Thursday night for Massenet's "Les Erinnyes."

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POST
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and Mr. Barry of Minneapolis

Koussevitzky's Orchestra in Fine Concert

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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA under its distinguished conductor, Serge Koussevitsky, gave a concert last evening which was worthy of its great tradition. It was just the sort of program we desired to hear from the men under his direction, modern with the accent strongly on the Russian.

There was, of course, a formal opening with the Vivaldi concerto, ont all of which it was possible for me to hear, since, alas, other artists were giving concerts on the same evening.

The first movement was a striking display of the meticulous precision of the strings that has been developed by that iron discipline. The iron hand within the velvet glove was felt a bit too strongly for the suavity of the old Italian grace. There was, however, no mistaking the fact that a most responsive instrument was in the hands of a master and that what he willed would come forth in tone.

The last part of the Debussy "Nuages" was exquisite in tone color, with an atmospheric quality of delicate charm. A lovely tone picture. The "Fetes" was brilliant with vivid contrasts, sprightly rhythms and the sense of gayety. Very fine playing, yet with a little feeling of display. But it was orchestra virtuosity, and display was to be expected. Then, too, I had had to come in from other sounds and very likely was not fully in the mood.

When it came to Stravinsky's suite from "Petrouchka" we were in another world. Here was the music of Russia with a man to conduct it whose very heart beats were attuned to its lightest pulsations.

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Mr. Koussevitzky believes. This music has for him a something that is true and honest, not said as we would say it, but true for the one who did say it and for those of his blood. So true that we of a different blood can believe it as he tells it to us.

The music all meant something. There was magnificent breadth in the main outlines, sustained power rising to a tremendous climax and with exquisite refinement in the endless variety of details. Yet all molded together into one complete yet many sided whole.

The Allegro Con Grazia was fascinating. The Russians alone naturally express themselves in that illusive rhythm. They have it in the folksongs; it is in their bones. The opening of the Allegro Vivace sounded dull and thick in the strings. That may have been the effect desired but it sounded unclear tho he brought it finally to a climax of great power. Perhaps merely a superficial flaw.

The Finale was impressive. A fitting close; sadness yet with the sense of resisting strength, a something universal in the lot of man.

Superb.

Tula Miller in Song Recital at Woman's Club.

Has a soprano voice of pleasing quality, good stage presence and sang well the little it was possible for me to hear.

Mme. Gilderoy Scott in Song Recital at Kimball Hall.

Arrived just in time to hear the encores at the close of the program, whic hdemonstrated that the audience had been pleased. Mme. Scott sang two English folk songs with the true spirit. Told the story with vigor and made the words count. The right idea.

Robert MacDonald played good accompaniments.

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The Tschaikowsky "Pathetic" symphony was superb. It was conceived with a depth of feeling and set forth with a breadth and dignity that gave an elemental power. It had in it nothing of the petty nor trivial, nothing of the morbid that comes from the individual's brooding over his private griefs.

Sad it was, but with the sorrow that lies deep in the heart of the poet whose seeing eye has ranged widely and looked upon grief-stricken men. Not for himself, nor for you, nor for any man, but sad that there was so much of pain and hurt in this world for which there seems to be no answer.

Mr. Koussevitzky believes. This music has for him a something that is true and honest, not said as we would say it, but true for the one who did say it and for those of his blood. So true that we of a different blood can believe it as he tells it to us.

The music all meant something. There was magnificent breadth in the main outlines, sustained power rising to a tremendous climax and with exquisite refinement in the endless variety of details. Yet all molded together into one complete yet many sided whole.

The Allegro Con Grazia was fascinating. The Russians alone naturally express themselves in that illusive rhythm. They have it in the folksongs; it is in their bones. The opening of the Allegro Vivace sounded dull and thick in the strings. That may have been the effect desired but it sounded unclear tho he brought it finally to a climax of great power. Perhaps merely a superficial flaw.

The Finale was impressive. A fitting close; sadness yet with the sense of resisting strength, a something universal in the lot of man.

Superb.

CHICAGO EVENING AMERICAN
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY RENEWS LAST YEAR'S SUCCESS

BY HERMAN DEVRIES.

Koussevitzky arranged his program for last night's concert at Orchestra Hall very much as a skilled playwright introduces his hero—he begins without the introduction of the principal characters and makes his audience wait for a fitting climax to increase what is termed in technical parlance, the "suspense."

We who listened to the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday found our emotions treated in much the same manner. Remembering his well-nigh sensational triumph of last year we were prepared almost to leap from our seats at the first pause—but when the Vivaldi concerto in D minor, arranged by Alexander Siloti for orchestra with organ, came to its end applause was hearty but polite.

VIVALDI FAILS TO REGISTER.

At the end of the program, however, applause became a prolonged ovation, so warm so spontaneous, shared equally by boxes, galleries and parquet that last year's victory was renewed and Koussevitzky may again be assured that he holds Chicago in the palm of his hand as he does his obedient men.

Vivaldi always leaves us cold. We liked its sturdy rhythms, if you will, but found the strings in full tension somewhat boisterous and rough, lacking in the sonority which is surely not out of place even in a classic.

But we took fire slowly with the public, warming to the fine, imaginative interpretation of the Debussy "Nuages" and the brilliant "Fetes." With the latter, however, we disagreed somewhat, as we found the dynamics and rhythmic differences too marked, too military in precision and sharpness of outline. "Unless," as my neighbor said, "it was a military fete."

And then came the great moments of the evening—Strawinsky's Petrouchka suite and the Tschaikowsky sixth symphony in B minor.

I have never heard the Petrouchka played better. . .there were revealed all the richness, the glowing brilliance of the orchestral ensemble, its technical virtuosity and especially the gorgeous timbre of its wind instruments, notably the horns and tuba. . .It was a glittering, gaudy piece of orchestra fooling, a symphony of keenest cunning in construction and orchestral combinations.

GREAT CLIMAX COMES.

The great climax came, of course, with the Tschaikowsky. . .It was nothing less than magnificent, calling forth all the manifold resources of the instruments, and the inexhaustible interpretative genius of Koussevitzky.

Men and master shared the audience's ovation and, as usual, nobody wanted to go home. . .The house was emptied at nearly 11 o'clock!

Two other music events claimed our attention. Tula Miller's recital at the Chicago Woman's Club Auditorium and Mme. Gilderoy Scott at Kimball Hall, in an English program.

Miss Miller was liked best by this reviewer in the Beethoven Wonne der Wehmuth, wherewith she displayed an ingratiating mezza voce and excellent vocal style. She is well trained. Mme. Scott was heard in the Gustav Holst songs "Indra," "God of Storm and Battle" and "Varfuna, the Father-God" from his Vedric Hymns. Her voice, too, is best when used at half strength, but when full tone is needed as in the "God of Storm," she is apt to "sharp" . . .and that, of course, detracts from the artistic value of her performance.

Barnes to Speak.

Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, was to speak on "The International Aspect of American Business" at the weekly meeting of the Chicago Association of Commerce today at the Hotel La Salle.

Music Lovers Here Greet Boston Symphony at Mosque

Dr. Serge Koussevitsky Leads Orchestra to Triumph In Initial Appearance of Season; Will Render "Fire Bird" This Afternoon.

There are orchestras and orchestras, and conductors and conductors—and then there is the Boston Symphony and Serge Koussevitzky, and last night at the Mosque, a large discriminating audience was present to give director and men their appreciation.

It is a marvelous machine that Boston possesses, pliant, sonorous, perfectly balanced and with a range of dynamics that sounds as if another sfozando might be added to an already overwhelming fortissimo, should an extra accent be resuired. In other words, a triple F is volume within the timbre of instruments and there is no ruined tone through exaggeration. Isn't that as it should be?

One always admires the richness of the Boston strings, but then there are little parts that come singing through that also deserve approbation, as to wit, those cooling flutes and those warm tinted clarinets, (a clarinet without tone is a ghastly tool) and here and there that piquant oboe—as in the Stravinsky ballet. Yes, it's gorgeous body tone and one wonders if there is a more virtuosi band, as was demonstrated in the second movement of the Beethoven in apogee.

Rises to Heights.

Dr. Koussevitzky prepared a program that was more than that cursed thing "profitable"; at times it was downright exciting and in the "Petrouchki" (a first time in Pittsburgh) he rose to great heights. He always has a quality of restraint, and if he doesn't rubato it so much the better for the composition—and the audience. In the opening Vivaldi played en suite, we heard the full voiced strings fuguing it with the utmost clarity. Indeed it was given with almost chamber music sharpness and smartness and you caught subject and counter-subjected (in the first movement, at least) and the whole spread out to a moving al-largando stretta. The second movement with its charming first fiddle figures was broad song and the third movement might have been a toccata had the metronome been shoved up another notch.

There are people who thought the prelude to "Lohengrin" attenuated and perhaps it was, but that very tenuous quality gave it an etheral effect. Certainly there was a shimmer to the strings and when the flutes and horns came in, on that long sweep it was a haunting moment. At that, do you suppose that it will be possible that Wagner like Bernard Shaw will be known to the posterities for his magnificent prefaces? He has so many fine forewords (and not too loud on this, but they are sometimes better than the dramatic content) and "Lohengrin" is one of the most translucent preludes we know.

Petrouchka Outstanding.

As far as some of us were concerned "Petrouchka" was the outstanding work. Not because it was the best played (and yet we hesitate here and think perhaps it was) but because it sang a new note, and if it is a familiar note and replete with the monotonies of modernism, at least it was ravishing in instrumentation. And what a wit Igor Stravinsky is, and how he out-Strausses Strauss in the matter of trick solo leads? His bi-tonolities are commonplace today and yet in the "Nurses' Dance" and the roaring "Masqueraders" they were most welcome. To us that was a grand work, and on Dr. Koussevitzky's part, a grand piece of conducting.

There is one thing certain, neither the orchestra nor the conductor go in for mawkish sentimentality when they play Beethoven. They make him lusty and virile and if there have to be "Fate-knocks" and other programatic nonsense, those things are left to the annotator, and the orchestra concerns itself with giving a finished reading, as one found in the first movement. That singing second was done with every bit of phrasing possible, and whether it was con varia or recapitulation, every fragment was something to hear. If the allegro was a slow-footed sherzo, at least it was sane and free from stuntism.

Good as last night's program was, this afternoon's is even better. Here you will find Strauss rubbing S's with Stravinsky and Dr. Koussevitzky's conducting of both will be a joy. Don't miss this "Fire Bird."

Concert-Chronicle

Privately—from Chicago

THIS department has leave to quote a paragraph or two from a private letter about the visit, last week, to Chicago of Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra. The letter comes from a Chicogoan of large experience in opera-house and concert-hall:

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And why not? It was like a breeze of refreshing air on a hot day of summer to hear the Boston men. It was more than good, this vitality, aliveness, and stimulation; while if one is vexed at Koussevitzky for his "readings," no one unbiased can say he puts the auditors to sleep on the safe and sane assurance that bones will not be disturbed.

The evening was a growing triuumph. The applause after the Stravinsky number threatened to become an ovation of riotous measure, not due to a handful of Russians only. But the Chaikovsky "Pathetic" became an anti-climax. One regretted that Koussevitzky chose this; for in this day and age the thing is so overdone. Orchestral audiences in cities like this look for something else. He should have given Chicago one of his magnificent Strauss numbers and then there would have been no holding the natives.

Herald Nov 4

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Showmanship-Plus

Boston Players and Mr. Koussevitzky Visit Chicago and Attract Large Audience to Orchestra Hall

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The Boston Symphony is *Koussevitzky* and when first entrusted with the directorship five years ago he must have been a revelation to New Englanders, accustomed as they were to the quiet leadership of the French conductor, Monteux. Koussevitzky is personality,—plus. One forgets the orchestra players in watching the conductor play with them and with his audience. He holds both forces in the hollow of the two hands he uses so expertly and so expressively. We were seated at just the right angle to follow his gestures, pantomime and extraordinary mobile countenance. One sensed his complete control of the situation. He is a polished actor of erect figure, cameo-like countenance, sartorial perfection (his tailor is an artist in cut and fit) and apparently unstudied grace. It is borne upon one's conscientiousness that Mr. Koussevitzky could act the role of King Lear, Romeo, or a Harlequin. His is the personality to intrigue the emotionally minded in any kind of program. On this occasion he began with the Vivaldi Concerto and established the fact that the Bostonians do not believe it necessary to be meticulously exact in beginning or ending phrases. The performance sounded a bit ragged to us. It is all right for some of the modern, unmusical mix-ups, but not so good when it comes to the classics. The Debussy Nocturnes were played with great finesse, lovely quality of tone and evoked much applause, also the aforesaid sighs of contentment.

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Debussy..... Two Nocturnes
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* * *

Sun-Tele. Nov. 3

MUSIC

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SYRIA MOSQUE

PROGRAM.

Handel, Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10.
Strauss, Interlude from "Intermezzo"
Stravinsky, Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird")
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The novelty of the program was a charming interlude from Richard Strauss's opera, "Intermezzo," a story of his own family life. It is frankly music for the heart, ignores all the modern "isms," and is unashamed to sing a very fine melody. It is more reminiscent of the music in Strauss's songs than in his operas. He obviously succeeded in breaking away from the ponderous scores in which he had been steeped during "Salome" and "Elektra" and created a score more entertaining than "Rosenkavalier."

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH
SEP 15 1929

SERGE KOUSSEVITSKY, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will appear here November 1 and 2 in the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association's series.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESS
SEP 15 1929

ARISES EARLY

Dog Is Noted Musician's Constant Companion.

Before the average business men have opened their eyes, Serge Koussevitzky, the distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is taking his daily ante-breakfast stroll around Jamaica Pond in Boston, with his inseparable companion, "Drofi." "Droll" is a Boston terrier, adopted two years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Koussevitzky, and he accompanies them across the Atlantic to be near at hand during his master's spring seasons in Paris.

The daily routine of Koussevitzky during the concert season is rehearsal at Symphony Hall from 10 until 1. Following lunch, there is correspondence, score correction, program making. Then there are occasional interviews, visits, and some recreation. In the evening there is more music, so with concerts, their preparation, and his annual spring Paris series, there are few jobs which require more, or even as much, as the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Koussevitzky will open the symphony series here at Syria Mosque on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1 and 2, and the Koussevitzky programs are always awaited with the keenest interest. Other world-famous orchestras to be presented in this series under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Assn., include the Detroit, with Gabriowitsch conducting; the Cleveland, with Sokoloff conducting, and Josef Hofmann as piano soloist; the Chicago Orchestra, with Frederick Stock conducting, for two visits, and the Minneapolis Orchestra, with Verbrugghen conducting, and Yehudi Menuhin, the sensational 12-year-old violinist, as soloist. The dates for these concerts, for which subscriptions are now open are Nov. 1, 2 and 15, 16; Dec. 6, 7; Jan. 20; Feb. 14, 15, and March 31.

DANCER COMING HERE

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
SEP 22 1929

Orchestra Series

This week the Buffalo Musical Foundation issues its fall announcements of the orchestra series of concerts, which brings to Elmwood Music Hall this winter, Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony, Gabrilowitsch with the Detroit Symphony, Stock with the Chicago, Reiner with the Cincinnati Symphony and Sokoloff with the Cleveland, in a series of seven concerts.

This will be the last call for season subscribers for the 1929-30 orchestra concerts, and everyone interested in receiving it is asked to notify the Buffalo Musical Foundation office in Denton, Cottier & Daniels store.

Bringing to Buffalo about 450 of the finest players on various orchestral instruments, these symphony concerts not only present great conductors but offer much distinction in the ranks of the players. In the case of the Boston Symphony orchestra, this is especially true. Mention should be made of Franz Kneisel, for so many years concert-master, and Richard Burgin, the present holder of the post. At the first desk sits Julius Theodorowicz, in the place once held by Prof. Charles Martin Loeffler, the composer.

Jean Bedetti, principal violincellist,, Georges Laurent, first flutist, and moving spirit of the Boston Flute Players' Club, are distinguished holders of important posts. Ferdinand Gillet, worthy successor to the great Longy, a well-loved figure in the Boston Symphony; Jean LeFranc, principal of the viola section; Abdon Laus, bassoon player unsurpassed; Georges Hamelin, principal clarinetist; Louis Speyer, English horn soloist; Georges Mager, who accomplishes such miracles with modern trumpet solos; Georg Boettcher, principal of the incomparable horn choir; Albert Ritter, the timpanist, these are a few of the many who might be mentioned.

The last year has seen the passing of several veteran members in the Boston Symphony ranks, Richard Kurth for 42 years a member of the orchestra, and Alwin Schroeder, distinguished 'cellist, both of whom lived but a few years after their retirement from the symphony. Barth, 'cellist, is almost the last of the "old-timers," now that Holy, harpist, Hofmann, violinist, and Arthur Brooke, flutist, have retired.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESS

ORCHESTRAS COMING

Local Season to Open With the Boston Symphony.

Serge Koussevitzky, opens the orchestral season in Pittsburgh on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1 and 2, at Syria Mosque, with his Boston Symphony. During the summer Mr. Koussevitzky conferred with the foremost living composers, and brought back in his portfolio a suite from the new ballet of Prokofieff, "L'Enfant Prodigue," which he will give its first American performance. New American scores he will introduce are a symphony of Aaron Copland, and the latest work of Werner Josten. An interesting revival will be a Woodwind concerto of Spohr, lately recommended to Mr. Koussevitzky by Richard Strauss.

Other conductors who will come to Pittsburgh this season under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Assn. include Ossip Gabrilowitsch, in the dual role of conductor and piano soloist with the Detroit Orchestra; Nikolai Sokoloff, leader of the Cleveland Orchestra; Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, and Henri Verbrugghen, of the Minneapolis Orchestra. Soloists in addition to Gabrilowitsch, include Josef Hofmann and Yehudi Menuhin.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURG, PA.
POST GAZETTE
OCT 19 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

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PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH
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PITTSBURGH
POST-GAZETTE
OCT 26 1929

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145

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH
SEP 15

SERGE KOUSSEVITSKY, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will appear here November 1 and 2 in the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association's series.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESS
SEP 15

ARISES EARLY

Dog Is Noted Musician's Constant Companion.

Before the average business men have opened their eyes, Serge Koussevitzky, the distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is taking his daily ante-breakfast stroll around Jamaica Pond in Boston, with his inseparable companion, "Droll." "Droll" is a Boston terrier, adopted two years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Koussevitzky, and he accompanies them across the Atlantic to be near at hand during his master's spring seasons in Paris.

The daily routine of Koussevitzky during the concert season is rehearsal at Symphony Hall from 10 until 1. Following lunch, there is correspondence, score correction, program making. Then there are occasional interviews, visits, and some recreation. In the evening there is more music, so with concerts, their preparation, and his annual spring Paris series, there are few jobs which require more, or even as much, as the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Koussevitzky will open the symphony series here at Syria Mosque on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1 and 2, and the Koussevitzky programs are always awaited with the keenest interest. Other world-famous orchestras to be presented in this series under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Assn., include the Detroit, with Gabriowitsch conducting; the Cleveland, with Sokoloff conducting, and Josef Hofmann as piano soloist; the Chicago Orchestra, with Frederick Stock conducting, for two visits, and the Minneapolis Orchestra, with Verbrugghen conducting, and Yehudi Menuhin, the sensational 12-year-old violinist, as soloist. The dates for these concerts, for which subscriptions are now open are Nov. 1, 2 and 15, 16; Dec. 6, 7; Jan. 20; Feb. 14, 15, and March 31.

DANCER COMING HERE

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER
SEP 22 1929

Orchestra Series

This week the Buffalo Musical Foundation issues its fall announcements of the orchestra series of concerts, which brings to Elmwood Music Hall this winter, Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony, Gabrilowitsch with the Detroit Symphony, Stock with the Chicago, Reiner with the Cincinnati Symphony and Sokoloff with the Cleveland, in a series of seven concerts.

This will be the last call for season subscribers for the 1929-30 orchestra concerts, and everyone interested in receiving it is asked to notify the Buffalo Musical Foundation office in Denton, Cottier & Daniels store.

Bringing to Buffalo about 450 of the finest players on various orchestral instruments, these symphony concerts not only present great conductors but offer much distinction in the ranks of the players. In the case of the Boston Symphony orchestra, this is especially true. Mention should be made of Franz Kneisel, for so many years concert-master, and Richard Burgin, the present holder of the post. At the first desk sits Julius Theodorowicz, in the place once held by Prof. Charles Martin Loeffler, the composer.

Jean Bedetti, principal violincellist,, Georges Laurent, first flutist, and moving spirit of the Boston Flute Players' Club, are distinguished holders of important posts. Ferdinand Gillet, worthy successor to the great Longy, a well-loved figure in the Boston Symphony; Jean LeFranc, principal of the viola section; Abdon Laus, bassoon player unsurpassed; Georges Hamelin, principal clarinetist; Louis Speyer, English horn soloist; Georges Mager, who accomplishes such miracles with modern trumpet solos; Georg Boettcher, principal of the incomparable horn choir; Albert Ritter, the timpanist, these are a few of the many who might be mentioned.

The last year has seen the passing of several veteran members in the Boston Symphony ranks, Richard Kurth for 42 years a member of the orchestra, and Alwin Schroeder, distinguished 'cellist, both of whom lived but a few years after their retirement from the symphony. Barth, 'cellist, is almost the last of the "old-timers," now that Holy, harpist, Hofmann, violinist, and Arthur Brooke, flutist, have retired.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESS

ORCHESTRAS COMING

Local Season to Open With the Boston Symphony.

Serge Koussevitzky, opens the orchestral season in Pittsburgh on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1 and 2, at Syria Mosque, with his Boston Symphony. During the summer Mr. Koussevitzky conferred with the foremost living composers, and brought back in his portfolio a suite from the new ballet of Prokofieff, "L'Enfant Prodigue," which he will give its first American performance. New American scores he will introduce are a symphony of Aaron Copland, and the latest work of Werner Josten. An interesting revival will be a Woodwind concerto of Spohr, lately recommended to Mr. Koussevitzky by Richard Strauss.

Other conductors who will come to Pittsburgh this season under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Assn. include Ossip Gabrilowitsch, in the dual role of conductor and piano soloist with the Detroit Orchestra; Nikolai Sokoloff, leader of the Cleveland Orchestra; Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, and Henri Verbrugghen, of the Minneapolis Orchestra. Soloists in addition to Gabrilowitsch, include Josef Hofmann and Yehudi Menuhin.

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PITTSBURG, PA.
POST GAZETTE
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PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESS
NOV 2 - 1929

146

Society Attends Symphony Concert

Fashionable Assemblage Congregates In Syria Mosque To Welcome Boston Symphony; Dinners Precede Program.

GLANCING over a symphony audience, after a particularly brilliant interpretation of a musical composition, one is pleasantly reassured that Americans are not in any immediate danger of losing their musical appreciation. It was an artistic as well as fashionable assemblage that crowded Syria Mosque last night to welcome Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Countless motor cars drew up before the Mosque long before the program was scheduled to begin, groups congregated in the foyer and inside the concert hall chatting with friends. It was a scene similar to opera night and elaborately gowned women and men in evening dress contributed a colorful atmospheric note.

Many men and women prominent in public life were present as well as several groups of the younger social set.

A number of dinner parties preceded the concert.

Previous to the playing of Beethoven's "Symphony 5 in C Minor" an intermission was held. Mrs. John Freeman was seen in conversation with Mrs. S. G. Cooper, the latter in a gown of fine black lace. Guests in the same box were Mrs. James Todd of Sewickley in a gown of the fashionable black crepe and Mrs. Tracey Guthrie in white crepe with floral border design.

ELABORATE GOWNS.

Mrs. Daniel M. Clemson in a gown of colorfully patterned metallic cloth was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harden Church, the latter in a gown of burgundy lace and Mr. and Mrs. William Maclay Hall. Mrs. Hall's gown was an attractive model of eggshell tulle with metallic motif. Howard Irish was also seen in the Clemson box. Visiting there for a brief chat was Mrs. George Bassett, who wore a gown of darkest blue crepe. In the latter's party at a neighboring box was Mrs. William Thaw in a transparent wrap of vivid violet shade and Miss Dohrman in an ensemble of black gown and wrap. Miss Anne Griffith, with them was wearing a gown of flesh chiffon crystal beaded top and skirt of black with similar motif of clusters of beads. In a box to the right of the auditorium was seen Mrs. W. H. Hillard in a wisteria hued gown with rhinestone trimming, Mrs. William L. Mellon in a metallic gown of delicate floral pattern, Mrs. Mortimer Miller in eggshell satin and Mrs. William Terrell Johnson in a gown of what chiffon combined with delicate black lace.

Rosamond Fitch, a debutante of this season, was seen chatting with a party composed of Mr. and Mrs. John Gardner Woods, the latter in a gown of apple green satin, Charles Woods, Miss Eleanor George, also in green satin and Morrison Fitch. Miss Fitch wore a frock of chiffon with painted flower motif.

Mrs. George McCook, seen in the hall, was wearing a gown of black net and Mrs. I. D. Wolf in another group wore a black velvet wrap over a gown of dark beige fish net.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESS
NOV 3

KOUSSEVITZSKY C

DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZSKY, conductor, who once played th like a New York banker tha some liberty with Vivaldi's concerto Symphony Orchestra at Syria Mosq This concerto was written for o sevitzsky didn't use the organ.

Of course, he had a perfect alibi And it may seem entirely out of of the Mosque should undertake to i possesses in our incomparable Carn organs in the United States, preside acknowledged master.

Saill, the greater size of the Mc majority of the other big concerts th an organ is a kind of anomaly, believe

PITTSBURGH SUN-TELEGRAPH
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1929

MUSIC

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SYRIA MOSQUE

PROGRAM.

Vivaldi, Concert in D minor for Orchestra (Edited by A. Siloti)
1. Maestoso
2. Largo
3. Allegro

Wagner ..... Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Stravinsky, Orchestral suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka"
Beethoven, symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, played the opening concert of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association in Syria Mosque last night. It was gratifying to note the increased attendance and the fine applause for these players, and may we hope for continued appreciation of these unsurpassed concerts.

The Boston Orchestra has always meant superlative musicianship. The concert last night was no exception, no matter how much any of us prefer other interpretations. Koussevitzky is a leader with aristocratic demeanor. His active interest finds new music, but he prefers to play his music with academic aloofness rather than personal abandon. Therefore his orchestra's tone is purged of imperfections, and only when a Stravinsky flings his color pot into the midst of this orchestra do we find its heart.

One missed the usual novelty which Koussevitzky always brings us, for the "Petrouchka Suite" now belongs to an older generation of modern music. Just in this music was the orchestra most interesting, for it resisted the many temptations of pure showmanship, and yet gave us brilliant though not garish color. It was interesting to contrast the classic and romantic in the opening numbers of Vivaldi and Wagner. The first was so clearly sung, that if one had been quick-witted enough and so minded, one might have written out every phrase of the score. The Wagner prelude came with more restraint, but that marvelously emphasized the beautiful mystery of the "Lohengrin" legend, especially during the one climax in the brasses.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony certainly has never had a more suave reading. Where Toscanini enlivens his Beethoven so that every phrase dances in Italian sunlight, Koussevitzky has gone to the other extreme. Beethoveen was here in kid gloves. He was Bostonian. Not the Beethoven who shook his shaggy mane in the storm. Beethoven would certainly have admired the andante, but he might also have stamped his foot impatiently during the first and especially the third movements. The life was polished out of them.

J. FRED LISSFELT.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PRESS
NOV 2

Boston Symphony Opens Season

Brilliant Audience at Mosque for Inaugural Concert—Koussevitzky Leads His Men Through Fine Program, Although "Polichinello" Eludes Our Vigilance—Beethoven's Fifth Given Majestic Reading.

By WILLIAM R. MITCHEL,
Press Music Critic.

WHEN Dr. Serge Koussevitzky—conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra which opened the fourteenth season of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Assn. — stepped upon the podium at Syria Mosque, last night, we all felt something better than usual was in store for us; for Serge looked mighty well pleased, confident that his 110 men were in the pink of condition.

Nor were we disappointed. The orchestra played as well as the conductor knew it would. That was no small audience either, for all the choice seats seemed to be pretty well filled, although there was a vacant chair to be observed here and there.

* * *

OF THE offerings on the program we liked best of all, perhaps, the Stravinsky suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka" who is revealed in the program annotations as a sort of "Polichinello," always in trouble, seemingly.

Stravinsky made it up of a Russion dance, "Petrouchka," himself, a grand carnival, a dance of nurses, a bear and a peasant playing the hand-organ, the merchant and the gypsies, the dance of the coachman and the grooms and, at the end, the masqueraders.

TRY AS we would, though, it was a mighty ticklish task to "follow through," where one led into the next. We fondly imagined we had it now, but the next moment it had escaped us, altogether.

Then, when there came a brief pause—between the "Petrouchka" and the "Grand Carnival" (or was it between the grand carnival and the nurses' dance?)—we were fearful the piano player—who was to double on the harp in the very next number—would not make it in time, as he hurried across that vast stage from one instrument to the other. But he did, thank goodness, and we breathed easier, once more.

* * *

ALWAYS one can count on Stravinsky to say something different, in a different manner, In last night's "something," one found plenty of brilliancy, as in the audience, and plenty of variety during those 17 minutes from 9:03 to 9:20. But even if we could not "follow through" it was all such good fun—what with the audience and members of the orchestra understanding each other thoroughly—that it was rather enjoyable.

Vivaldi's concerto in D minor, with its three contrasting movements, was the opening number. Some strenuous work was accomplished by the strings in the first and last movements—the "Maestoso" and the "Allegro"—reminding of Handel in his palmy days now and then.

* * *

BUT THAT lovely "Largo"—which came between the other two like a calm upon a tempestous sea—was played with exquisite tenderness, dying away to a faint whisper toward the end, until there really lived nothing "twixt it and silence." In the prelude to "Lohengrin" the strings attained some ethereal effects, especially in the upper reaches.

Beethoven's fifth symphony, the C minor—which brought the well-balanced program to a fitting close—was given an authorative reading, Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation being very different from that of contemporaries.

* * *

THOSE grotesque, fugue-like passages in the third movement were played with a cumbersome effect, while that song of triumph in the finale afforded the brass choir an opportunity to reveal its adequacy.

Koussevitzky is one of the most picturesque conductors on the boards these days, and seldom makes an unnecessary move. The effects he obtains certainly justify the reputation with which he has been acclaimed.

Tschaikowsky, Stravinsky, Strauss and Handel are represented on this afternoon's program at the mosque.

From Harvey Gaul Page
PITTSBURGH POST-G

Yesterday afternoon's affair was rather informal, although the program arranged by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky—that thrilling director who never makes a false move—was one of the best we have heard at a soiree of this sort.

Handel's concerto for strings (opus 6, No. 10), was made up of the usual overture leading into the allegro, an air, the lento, the allegro moderato and the finale. Without a doubt it far surpassed—in our humble opinion—the Vivaldi concerto played the evening before at the inaugural concert of the orchestra association's fourteenth season—with a particularly lovely slow movement.

* * *

We heard, also, a Strauss interlude, Stravinsky's suite from "The Fire Bird," with its five contrasting movements, and Tschaikowsky's B minor symphony No. 6, the "Pathetic." There is some particularly enchanting solo work for the clarinet in that five-four waltz rhythm of the allegro congrazia—like that "two legs sat upon three legs" jingle—and those stinging pizzicatti scale passages for the strings were tensely effective.

* * *

But it is in the last movement you will find the Russian at his best: not, as some commentators seem to think, all noise and confusion, as in a "Tschilds" or a "Tschompson" restaurant with its clatter of "tschina."

Dr. Koussevitzky is one of the most picturesque figures on the podium these days, and the effects he produces with his excellent body of musicians certainly have not been surpassed by other visiting orchestras—in recent years, at least.

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PRESS
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PITTSBURGH SUN-TELEGRAPH
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1929

MUSIC

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SYRIA MOSQUE

PROGRAM.
Vivaldi, Concert in D minor for Orchestra (Edited by A. Siloti)
1. Maestoso
2. Largo
3. Allegro
Wagner ..... Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Stravinsky, Orchestral suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka"
Beethoven, symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, played the opening concert of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association in Syria Mosque last night. It was gratifying to note the increased attendance and the fine applause for these players, and may we hope for continued appreciation of these unsurpassed concerts.

The Boston Orchestra has always meant superlative musicianship. The concert last night was no exception, no matter how much any of us prefer other interpretations. Koussevitzky is a leader with aristocratic demeanor. His active interest finds new music, but he prefers to play his music with academic aloofness rather than personal abandon. Therefore his orchestra's tone is purged of imperfections, and only when a Stravinsky flings his color pot into the midst of this orchestra do we find its heart.

One missed the usual novelty which Koussevitzky always brings us, for the "Petrouchka Suite" now belongs to an older generation of modern music. Just in this music was the orchestra most interesting, for it resisted the many temptations of pure showmanship, and yet gave us brilliant though not garish color. It was interesting to contrast the classic and romantic in the opening numbers of Vivaldi and Wagner. The first was so clearly sung, that if one had been quick-witted enough and so minded, one might have written out every phrase of the score. The Wagner prelude came with more restraint, but that marvelously emphasized the beautiful mystery of the "Lohengrin" legend, especially during the one climax in the brasses.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony certainly has never had a more suave reading. Where Toscanini enlivens his Beethoven so that every phrase dances in Italian sunlight, Koussevitzky has gone to the other extreme. Beethoveen was here in kid gloves. He was Bostonian. Not the Beethoven who shook his shaggy mane in the storm. Beethoven would certainly have admired the andante, but he might also have stamped his foot impatiently during the first and especially the third movements. The life was polished out of them.

J. FRED LISSFELT.

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KOUSSEVITZSKY CUTS THE ORGAN.

DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZSKY, the brilliant and dynamic orchestra conductor, who once played the big bass viol and who looks more like a New York banker than like an orchestra conductor, took some liberty with Vivaldi's concerto in D minor in directing his Boston Symphony Orchestra at Syria Mosque on Friday evening.

The concerto was written for orchestra and organ, and Dr. Koussevitzsky didn't use the organ.

Of course, he had a perfect alibi—the Mosque dosn't have an organ.

And it may seem entirely out of order to suggest that the authorities of the Mosque should undertake to instal an organ, as long as Pittsburgh possesses in our incomparable Carnegie Music Hall, one of the finest organs in the United States, presided over by Dr. Charles Heinroth, an acknowledged master.

Saill, the greater size of the Mosque takes all the orchestras and a majority of the other big concerts there, and a great concert hall without an organ is a kind of anomaly, believe it or not.

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From Harvey Gaul Page
PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1929

Press-Nov.3

Boston Symphony Orchestra Impresses At Matinee Concert

By WILLIAM R. MITCHEL,
Press Music Critic.

IT WAS worth the price of admission just to hear that stringed choir of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Handel concerto—the opening number of the matinee program given by this fine organization as the second of its pair of concerts under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Assn.—yesterday in Syria Mosque.

We will go even further than that: It was worth the price of admission to hear those two violins and the 'cello in the brief episodical passages that recurred now and then, for seldom have we heard a more exquisite effect than that obtained by three artists. And it was worth the price of admission to hear those double basses which, throughout, performed in such a wonderful manner.

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Boston Symphony.

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"Did you hear Batoninsky resigned?" asks In-the-Know.

"Do you know that Octavovitch has quit?" inquires Wise-acre.

And every band that comes here brings rumbling—and generally unfounded—reports of this and that.

A fortnight ago when Serge Koussevitzky was here the story came out of Huntington avenue that this was the swan song of the Boston Symphony, and that the famous organization would no longer take to the road.

So we asked May Beegle, and May Beegle asked the manager, and the manager asked Serge Koussevitzky, and Serge asked the property man, and they all said with one accord: "Nonsense, we'll be back every year as long as the leaves turn. There are two cities we like, Buffalo and Pittsburgh. Discredit all rumors."

Which is good news. Had Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony withdrawn it would have left us entirely at the tender mercies of our mid-western orchestras—and that would have been a serious matter. Not that anyone can blame an orchestra for not wanting to take to the road when there is capacity business at home (at Symphony Hall it is S. R. O. with families inheriting seats) but at the same time there is a marvelous work to be done by such an organization touring.

This column hopes Boston never quits.

* * *

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS

Koussevitzky Praises American Musical Public

Serge Koussevitzky, distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has been engaged by the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises to open its season at the Murat theater, Thursday evening, October 31, in a recent interview described music in America as it has impressed him during his five years as conductor of the Boston Orchestra.

"A phenomenal musical rennaissance" was the keynote of his description given to the French reporters who sought him at his home in the Rue Colignon in Paris. "Americans have the active temperament," he asserted. "Every one is active, and especially the women. Therefore they have stimulated orchestral development just as they have created immense business enterprises. The American people have an inordinate genius for growth.

"What is most stimulating about the musical situation in America is that the majority of the people have musical taste. In Europe one finds always a certain circle who attend concerts, but in America it is the rank and file who form an enthusiastic audience."

Mr. Koussevitzky gave as specific instances of America's musical development "her twenty superb orchestras" and also "her promising young composers, such as Aaron Copeland, Roger Sessions and Carpentier." The conductor believes that jazz has finished its major role as an influence in American music and will henceforth be relegated to the realm of dance. He also regards Stravinsky as perhaps the outstanding influence in modern music in America. However, no matter how much modern musicians have been influenced by this composer, they are always striving to break away from this influence, too. A real musician is always influenced by evolution and not by imitation, the director said.

Serge Koussevitzky received the honorary degree of doctor of laws at Harvard last June when President Lowell characterized him as one "who has brought to us from Russia and western Europe the treasures of great music." Koussevitzky was the first conductor to be so honored by Harvard University.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR

Boston Symphony Last Heard Here In Season of 1912

The Boston Symphony orchestra, which will open the twenty-fourth annual season of concerts of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises, was last heard in Indianapolis in February 1912, seventeen years ago.

At that time it was recognized as one of the world's outstanding symphonic organizations and has maintained that reputation undiminished to this day.

Under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, the Russian conductor who has presided over its concerts for the last five years the Boston symphony has ventured rarely from the Atlantic seaboard cities.

A jorney as far westward as Indianapolis is a real event in its history. The orchestra plays five series of concerts in Greater Boston, one in Providence, R. I., and two in New York, leaving it but little time for activities elsewhere. Its itinerary, therefore, is confined to a one-week trip West in the autumn.

Chance for Comparison.

On that excursion this year the orchestra will stop in Indianapolis on Thursday night, Oct. 31. An opportunity then will be had by the music lovers of the city to compare its performance with those of the New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and other leading organizations heard here in recent years.

The Duncan dancers, who will be presented in the second of the Talbot concerts Nov. 25, have
in New York and will
concert program ne
noon, after which
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CON

COMING OF BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AN OCTOBER EVENT

SERGE KOUSS

The Ile de France brought to New York September 24 a distinguished passenger, Serge Koussevitzky, who has returned to America as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and is now preparing this organization for the opening of its forty-ninth season in Symphony hall, Boston, October 11. A tour of only one week will be made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra beginning October 28, reaching Indianapolis on October 31, for the opening concert of the twenty-fourth annual season of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises in the Murat theater.

The high position held by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is illustrated in the story now current of the engaging of this famous organization for the dedication of the Hall of Music of the University of Minnesota on October 28. Mrs. Carlyle Scott, impressario, of Minneapolis, was approached by the board of directors as to the most fitting attraction with which to open the new hall. Her conviction being that this would be the Boston Symphony Orchestra, she was authorized not only by the officials of the university but fortified with letters from the Governor of Minnesota and other officials of that state to go to Boston and obtain the services of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky, at any cost. The result is that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will go to Minneapolis with a contract for $10,000 and all expenses paid. The obtaining of this engagement for Minneapolis was the reason why a Thursday evening concert will open the Talbot series, the other four being Monday evening concerts, as Mrs. Talbot changed her original date of October 28 to October 31 at the request of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in order it might go to Minneapolis.

The four other offerings of the Talbot season will be, the Isadore Duncan Dancers, with Irma and twelve of the children from Moscow, November 25; La Argentina, famous dancer, from Spain, January 27; one performance of grand opera presented by the German Grand Opera Company, February 24 and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor, March 3.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR
OCT 6 - 192

nerchor, Dec. 9.

3. Serge Koussevitsky, Russian conductor, who arrived in the United States Sept. 24 to begin his fifth year as leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra which plays at the Murat Oct. 31.

4. The Pro Arte string quartet of Brussels which will play for the Maennerchor Feb. 9.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR
OCT 6 - 192

BOSTON CONDUCTOR BACK FROM EUROPE IN OPTIMISTIC MOOD

The Ile de France brought to New York Sept. 24 as perhaps its most distinguished passenger Serge Koussevitzky, returning from Europe to open the forty-ninth season of the Boston Symphony orchestra Oct. 11.

The great Russian leader, now preparing for his sixth American season, will come to Indianapolis with his orchestra for the first concert of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises series Oct. 31.

Koussevitzky said to reporters on his arrival that he was confident that a season of unusual musical interest was in store.

He has in the course of the summer conferred with the foremost living composers, and accordingly has brought back in his portfolio a suite from the new ballet of Prokofieff, "L'Enfant Prodigue," which he will give its first American performance.

Has New Symphony.

New American scores which he will likewise introduce are a symphony of Aaron Copeland, and the latest work of Werner Josten. An interesting revival will be a Woodwind "Concerto of Spohr," which was lately recommended to the conductor by Richard Strauss.

Several years ago London and Paris became aware of a quite extraordinary Russian conductor. Under the transforming hand of Serge Koussevitzky a classic symphony would glow with fresh life, a romantic score would sing with a new and unprecedented eloquence, a composition of our own day would reveal an unsuspected creative vitality.

First Season Surprise.

Koussevitzky's first sseason with the Boston Symphony orchestra astonished even those who had expected the most and in succeeding seasons conductor and orchestra have touched new heights of executive perfection, tonal splendor and interpretative vision.

Besides the Boston Symphony, the Chicago Symphony, Frederick Stock, conductor; two internationally famed dancing attractions, the Isadora Duncan dancers and La Argentina, "queen of the castanets;" one performance of grand opera by the German Grand Opera company will be presented by the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises in a subscription series of five evening subscribed concerts at the Murat theater for the season 1929-30.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
OCT 12 192

BOSTON ORCHESTRA NOTED FOR ITS LEADERSHIP AND PERSONNEL

No musical event in several seasons has surpassed in interest the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is to play on the evening of the last day of this month at the Murat theater. This orchestra, unheard in Indianapolis for many years, has had a long and honorable history, during much of which it stood unquestionably first among American orchestras. With the development of other fine orchestras in America, which is now recognized as having the greatest symphonic organizations in the world, the Boston Orchestra still occupies a place among the foremost. Its conductor, Serge Koussevitsky, who has been its leader continuously for the last five years, is ranked by critics as among the three or four greatest of the world's living conductors and one of the most interesting personalities in music.

In addition to having this kind of leadership the Boston Orchestra is rich in the qualities of the players who respond to his baton. In the past as well as in the present the Boston Orchestra has been notable for its personnel. Such a musician as Franz Kneisel who formed his famous quartet from the string players of this orchestra, is typical of its line of concertmasters. Such names as George Longy, composer and violinist, Georges Grisez, the clarinetist; Emil Ferir, the viola player, indicate only a few of the virtuosos who have sat for years in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concertmaster's chair is now held by Richard Burgin, a celebrated Russian musician. Mr. Burgin came to America to take this position in 1920. He had been concertmaster to more than one great conductor in Europe, and was also admired for his recitals and activities in chamber music. Richard Burgin is known in America not only by his appearance as soloist with the orchestra, but by many recitals and by the string quartet and the trio which bear his name. Last season, he was appointed regular assistant conductor of the orchestra.

The seniority among the string leaders at present is held by Julius Theodorowicz, the second concertmaster, who was one of the original Kneisel Quartet. Jean Bedetti is the first cellist, and one of the finest in the world. Jean Lefranc, leader of the violas, is a virtuoso of the same sort. What these artists are to their instruments, so is George Laurent to the flute. Also masters of unusual quality are Fernand Gillet, the first oboe; George Hamelin, the first clarinet; Abden Laus, first bassoon, and Louis Speyer, the English horn virtuoso. Georges Mager is the brilliant first trumpet; George Bosttcher, whom the orchestra was fortunate in obtaining last season, the leader of the French horns, and Joannes Rochut is a distinguished first trombone. Another noteworthy member of the orchestra is Bernard Zighera, the first harp.

The concert of the Boston Orchestra Thursday, October 31, will be the first of five events this season under the direction of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises. The Isadora Duncan Dancers, twelve children with Irma Duncan from Moscow, will come Monday evening, November 25. La Argentina, famous dancer from Spain, will appear January 27. One performance of grand opera by the German Opera Company will be given February 24. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor, will be heard March 3.

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OCT 19 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY QUALIFIES AS REGULAR "VOLGA BOATMAN"

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

Nothing, save his eloquent performances, reveals more clearly the artistic sincerity and devotion of Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra which plays at the Murat Oct. 31, than the circumstances of his career.

He first conducted as a boy of 12 when he led the local theater orchestra at his birthplace in the province of Tver, in northern Russia.

Attending the Conservatory at Moscow, he was required to study an instrument. He chose the double-bass, and the noted master, Ramboussec, was his teacher.

His proficiency upon this unusual instrument became so extraordinary that he toured all of Europe and became famous before he was even known as a conductor.

Organizes Orchestra.

Koussevitzky's abilities, indeed, were not of the sort to be so confined to a limited field, and from 1909 he devoted all his energies to [illegible] of the Volga river, and, taking his entire orchestra, together with soloists and a group of friends, made several voyages along the 2,500 miles of its basin. The party would port at each town along its bank, and announce a symphony concert in the local town hall. The country folk were of course astonished at this wonderful, new kind of music, but they were also both delighted and moved by it.

The revolution deprived Koussevitzky of his orchestra, but not of his energies. He became conductor of the Russian state orchestra (formerly the court orchestra).

Europe Hears Him.

It was in 1920 that Koussevitzky was first heard as a conductor in western Europe. He assembled an orchestra in Paris, and has since conducted annually his series of "Concerts Koussevitzky" at the opera house. He is also invited annually to conduct a series as guest of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London. Principally through these concerts, but also by virtue of operatic performances in Paris and elsewhere, Koussevitzky has come to be regarded as the most brilliant, inspired, and inspiring conductor in that part of the world.

Each spring, since Koussevitzy became the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1924, he has returned at the conclusion of his American season to conduct his Paris and London series, which the European public evidently hold to be an indispensable part of their musical life.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
TIMES
OCT 19 1929

FAMOUS ORCHESTRA TO OPEN SEASON

Boston Symphony Will Be at the Murat Soon.

GREAT orchestra music, superb dancing and grand opera is the musical feast offered to Indiana and Indianapolis this season by the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises.

Five evening attractions in the Murat, opening on Thursday evening, Oct. 31, with the world famous Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, are announced. The remaining four concerts on Monday evening will include the Isadora Duncan dancers, Nov. 25; La Argentina, Spain's famous dancer, Jan. 27; one performance of grand opera by the German Grand Opera Company, Feb. 24, and the Chicago Symphony orchestra, Frederick Stock conductor, March 3.

Individual tickets for any of the above concerts will be placed on sale Monday morning at the office of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises, Baldwin Piano Company.

For the first time in many years, to be exact, since February, 1912, the Boston Symphony orchestra is to visit Indianapolis, for a concert on Oct. 31. This orchestra, then reputed the greatest in the world, has in the intervening seventeen years added many glorious chapters to its illustrious history.

For five years the Boston Smyphony orchestra has been under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, the extraordinary Russian conductor.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BRAZIL, INDIANA
TIMES & NEWS
OCT 1 91929

Ona B. Talbott Has Fine Program of Music Concerts

One of the finest series of concerts ever presented to music lovers of Indiana and Indianapolis is offered by the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts enterprises to be given in the Murat Theater. Five evening concerts to include the world famous Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor; October 31st; the Isadora Duncan dancers, twelve children of Isadora's School from Moscow, November 25; La Argentina, Spain's most famous dancer, January 27; one performance of grand opera, German Grand opera company and the Chicago Symphony orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor, March 3rd.

Season tickets for the above sereies will be on sale until Monday morning, October 21st, when single tickets for the concerts will be on sale at the new office of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises, the Baldwin Piano company, 35 Monument Circle, Indianapolis. Prices of season tickets, $10.00, $15.00, $20,00, $22.00, $24.20-and $27.50; these prices include tax.

There is perhaps no other city in the country enjoying the advantage of the greatest in musical art that is not financially protected by a group of public spirited citizens with the exception of Indianapolis. Ona B. Talbot has for the past twenty-five years carried the financial burden alone, and it is not only a privilege but an obligation that now the people of Indiana show their appreciation by attending the concerts this season.

The superlative performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are indeed a thing at which to wonder. But just how and why this organization has come to be one of the very greatest in world leaves little room for speculation or debate. In the autumn of 1924, Serge Koussevitzky first crossed the Atlantic to become the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. During his five years as leader of the Boston Symphony expectations have more than been fufilled, qualities have been found in his leadership which are said to be without equal.

With such a combination of a great orchestra and a great leader it is not surprising that the Boston Symphony orchestra is regarded as one of the finest achievements in the musical performances of our day. There are waiting lists for every subscription series, and in the case of Indianapolis it was necessary to make the contract two years ago, with a guarantee of five thousand dollars.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR
OCT 20

A standing audience and orchestra greeted Dr. Serge Koussevitzky Friday afternoon [illegible] stepped upon the stage of Symphony hall, Boston, to begin the opening concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, in its forty-ninth season.

The Boston orchestra, directed by Koussevitzky, plays at the Murat in the first concert of the Talbot series Thursday evening, Oct. 31.

Personnel Constant.

In recording this event the Boston papers commented that "Not a single new face was to be seen in the orchestra of 110 musicians assembled upon the stage." The critics further attributed the marvelous finish and ensemble of the introductory performance to this constant personnel, and to the continuous unifying command of the Russian conductor, through his five seasons in America.

According to the Boston Globe of the following morning (Saturday, Oct. 12), "Dr." Koussevitsky comes back to an orchestra moided to his will and made into a superb musical instrument, and to an audience assembled in large measure by the power of his remarkable personality. The present position of the Boston symphony as an orchestra again unsurpassed in the world, has been won by his hard and intense effort."

Mary F. Watkins, in the Herald-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
OCT 19 1929

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BOSTON ORCHESTRA TO BRING 110 MEN UNDER KOUSSEVITSKY

One hundred and ten musicians of exceptional quality headed by one of the world's greatest conductors Serge Koussevitsky will arrive in Indianapolis for the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the last night of this month at the Murat theater.

Only the older generation of music lovers remembers the last appearance of the Boston Orchestra in Indianapolis. To any one familiar with American music affairs, past or present, its coming must be awaited with keen interest, for it has a long history of holding a foremost place among symphony orchestras. After a brief wartime lapse it has, to all accounts, been restored to as great a brilliancy as it ever attained in its long vareer if it has not reached an even higher standard under Koussevitsky, a musical genius.

What a luxury such a musical organization is, is indicated by remarks in the Boston Globe of October 11 in the course of a review of its opening concert of this season:

"Dr. Koussevitzky, returning for his sixth season as conductor of the Bosto Symphony, comes back to an orchestra he has molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument. The present position of the Boston Symphony as an orchestra again unsurpassed in the world, has been won by his hard and intense effort. A financial statement from the trustees, inserted in yesterday's program, bore witness to the high cost of maintaining such an orchestra. The deficit on last season, with every ticket sold, was $145,493.68, of which sum $101,487.67 has thus far been contributed.

The Boston Orchestra's concert Thursday, October 31, will be the first of five events for the season under the direction of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises. Two dancing attractions, referred to elsewhere, will follow. The German Grand Opera Company, heard last season, will come for a single performance February 24 and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra will close the season March 3.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
TIMES
OCT 22

MUSIC EVENTS WIN PRAISE OF CIVIC LEADERS

Mayor, Merchants Group and C. of C. Indorse Talbot Concerts.

Cultural development of Indianapolis, particularly through the musical program billed for the city this winter, was praised today in official indorsements by Mayor L. Ert Slack, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Merchants Association of Indianapolis.

Each commended the presentation by the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises, of the Boston Symphony orchestra in concert at the Murat temple, Oct. 31.

"It is the particular business of the mayor of the city to aid in civic development," said Mayor Slack. "This does not include merely the physical development, but many times involves development along lines of music, art, education, and general public spirit.

Symphony Orchestra Leads

"An opportunity is given now to patronize an outstanding musical event on the occasion of the Boston Symphony orchestra here. It is one of the greatest musical organizations in the world, and Indianapolis is fortunate in obtaining a concert at this time.

"As a matter of civic enterprise the concert should be well patronized by the people of Indianapolis," he concluded.

"Indianapolis is one of the first twenty cities in this country," Paul Q. Richey, president of the Chamber of Commerce declared. "If Indianapolis is to grow or even hold its place, it must have more than population.

Culture Is Essential

"It must have more than industrial development, financial development, or even more than schools and libraries can bring to it. It must have cultural development—only possible through bringing to its citizenry the best of art and music.

"One of the greatest movements of this sort is bringing to this city the Boston Symphony orchestra," he added.

"For thirty years Mrs. Talbot has maintained concerts in this city," said Herman P. Lieber, president of the Merchants Association. "She has the knowledge and talent for giving Indianapolis the best in music. The Boston orchestra is one of the two best in the world. Every music lover should hear it."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
OCT 22

The coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Indianapolis for a concert at the Murat theater on Thursday night of next week is regarded as a musical event of such unusual importance that action has been taken by the board of directors of the Merchants' Association, the president of the Chamber of Commerce and the mayor in recognition of its significance. This orchestra of 110 men is rated by experienced critics generally as one of the finest symphonic organizations of the world and its conductor, Serge Koussevitsky, is classed among the three or four greatest living conductors.

Paul Richey, president of the Chamber of Commerce, in a letter to members speaking of the importance of cultural development to a city, says: "One of the greatest movements of this sort for the development of our community is the bringing to this city of the great symphony orchestras, such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is pre-eminently among the first organizations of the world. We hope that every member of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, recognizing this important contribution to the growth of the community, will take it upon himself to do whatever possible toward increasing the appreciation of this work."

"To make a city complete," says the board of directors of the Merchants' Association, in a letter signed by Herman P. Lieber, president, "it requires not only stores and factories, schools and churches, parks and playgrounds, but it needs many unusual cultural activities. * * * We wish now to call your attention to another activity in this city, namely the concerts of Ona B. Talbot. For thirty years Mrs. Talbot has maintained concerts in this city which we believe any one will agree have been of the highest order. This year the first concert is by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on October 31. The Boston Orchestra is one of the two best orchestras of the world; every music lover ought to hear it."

"This is one of the greatest musical organizations in the world," says Mayor Slack in a letter, "and Indianapolis is fortunate in obtaining a concert at this time. As a matter of civic enterprise this orchestra should be patronized by the people of Indianapolis, and there should not be an empty seat in the house on that night."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR
OCT 23

Mayor Calls on Public to Support Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert

Mayor L. Ert Slack yesterday urged public support of the Boston Symphony orchestra at its appearance at the Murat theater Oct. 31.

In a statement made public, Mayor Slack said:

"It is the particular business of the mayor of the city to aid in civic development and this does not merely include the physical development, but many times involves development along the lines of music, art, education and general public spirit. Our citizens now realize that great improvement in public spirit has arisen in the last two years, and we are all desirous of much more improvement, especially along the lines of music and other high-class entertainment.

"An opportunity is now given to patronize an outstanding musical event on the occasion of the Boston Symphony orchestra here at the Murat theater on the evening of Oct. 31. It is one of the greatest musical organizations in the world and Indianapolis is fortunate in obtaining a concert at this time. As a matter of civic enterprise this orchestra should be well patronized by the people of Indianapolis, and there should not be an empty seat in the house on that night."

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Attending the Conservatory at Moscow, he was required to study an instrument. He chose the double-bass, and the noted master, Ramboussec, was his teacher.

His proficiency upon this unusual instrument became so extraordinary that he toured all of Europe and became famous before he was even known as a conductor.

Organizes Orchestra.

Koussevitzky's abilities, indeed, were not of the sort to be so confined to a limited field, and from 1909 he devoted all his energies to conducting. He organized his own

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 3.

symphony orchestra in Moscow which soon came to be considered the finest in Russia.

He chartered a large steamer on the Volga river, and, taking his entire orchestra, together with soloists and a group of friends, made several voyages along the 2,500 miles of its basin. The party would port at each town along its bank, and announce a symphony concert in the local town hall. The country folk were of course astonished at this wonderful, new kind of music, but they were also both delighted and moved by it.

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Personnel Constant.

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According to the Boston Globe of the following morning (Sat[illegible]y, [illegible] "Dr." Koussevi[illegible]

Schube[illegible] The entire company, Mme included, wafted themselves lissomly and beautifully about the carpeted stage. Enthusiastic plaudits greeted all the exhibitions."

Mary F. Watkins, in the Herald-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
OCT 19 1928

148

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"It is the particular business of the mayor of the city to aid in civic development," said Mayor Slack. "This does not include merely the physical development, but many times involves development along lines of music, art, education, and general public spirit.

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"As a matter of civic enterprise the concert should be well patronized by the people of Indianapolis," he concluded.

"Indianapolis is one of the first twenty cities in this country," Paul Q. Richey, president of the Chamber of Commerce declared. "If Indianapolis is to grow or even hold its place, it must have more than population.

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"It must have more than industrial development, financial development, or even more than schools and libraries can bring to it. It must have cultural development—only possible through bringing to its citizenry the best of art and music.

"One of the greatest movements of this sort is bringing to this city the Boston Symphony orchestra," he added.

"For thirty years Mrs. Talbot has maintained concerts in this city," said Herman P. Lieber, president of the Merchants Association. "She has the knowledge and talent for giving Indianapolis the best in music. The Boston orchestra is one of the two best in the world. Every music lover should hear it."

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With such a combination of a great orchestra and a great leader it is not surprising that the Boston Symphony orchestra is regarded as one of the finest achievements in the musical performances of our day. There are waiting lists for every subscription series, and in the case of Indianapolis it was necessary to make the contract two years ago, with a guarantee of five thousand dollars.

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Personnel Constant.

In recording this event the Boston papers commented that "Not a single new face was to be seen in the orchestra of 110 musicians assembled upon the stage." The critics further attributed the marvelous finish and ensemble of the introductory performance to this constant personnel, and to the continuous unifying command of the Russian conductor, through his five seasons in America.

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Personnel Constant.

In recording this event the Boston papers commented that "Not a single new face was to be seen in the orchestra of 110 musicians assembled upon the stage." The critics further attributed the marvelous finish and ensemble of the introductory performance to this constant personnel, and to the continuous unifying command of the Russian conductor, through his five seasons in America.

According to the Boston Globe of the following morning (Saturday, Oct. 12), "Dr." Koussevitsky comes back to an orchestra molded to his will and made into a superb musical instrument, and to an audience assembled in large measure by the power of his remarkable personality. The present position of the Boston symphony as an orchestra again unsurpassed in the world, has been won by his hard and intense effort."

Mary F. Watkins, in the Herald-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR

Mayor Calls on Public to Support Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert

Mayor L. Ert Slack yesterday urged public support of the Boston Symphony orchestra at its appearance at the Murat theater Oct. 31.

In a statement made public, Mayor Slack said:

"It is the particular business of the mayor of the city to aid in civic development and this does not merely include the physical development, but many times involves development along the lines of music, art, education and general public spirit. Our citizens now realize that great improvement in public spirit has arisen in the last two years, and we are all desirous of much more improvement, especially along the lines of music and other high-class entertainment.

"An opportunity is now given to patronize an outstanding musical event on the occasion of the Boston Symphony orchestra here at the Murat theater on the evening of Oct. 31. It is one of the greatest musical organizations in the world and Indianapolis is fortunate in obtaining a concert at this time. As a matter of civic enterprise this orchestra should be well patronized by the people of Indianapolis, and there should not be an empty seat in the house on that night."

7149

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS

OCT 26 1929

BOSTON ORCHESTRA'S COMING NEXT THURSDAY A HIGH PEAK OF SEASON

—Bachrach Photo.

SERGE KOUSSEVITSKY.

Whether or not the Boston Symphony Orchestra is, as some contend, the greatest musical organization of its kind in the world, is one of those things that can never be positively settled. The fact that the question comes up, however, and is seriously discussed gives assurance that it is among the topmost of symphony orchestras. Much the same thing can be said of the rank of Dr. Serge Koussevitsky, its leader for the last five years, among the world's conductors.

Keeping on the safe side of this matter of superlatives, it may be said as a simple matter of fact that the coming of the Boston Orchestra to Indianapolis for a concert next Thursday night, at the Murat, must be ranked among the high peaks of the season and, for that matter, of the city's musical history. Whatever its program, music lovers await it with interest, but, of course, they would like to know exactly what it is going to be and here it is:

"Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10.....Handel.
Overture—Allegro; air; lento; allegro moderato; allegro.
"Nocturnes;" (a) "Nuages" (b) "Fetes" ..... Debussy.
Orchestral Excerpts from the Ballet "Daphnis et Chloe" (second suite) .....Ravel.
Lever du jour; pantomime; danse generale.
"Symphony No. 6 in B minor, 'Pathetic' Op. 74".....Tschaikowsky
Adagio; allegro non troppo; allegro con grazia; allegro molto vivace; finale; adagio lamentoso.

Several things of interest are told about the Boston Orchestra and Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloe" suite, which is announced for performance in this city. When Maurice Ravel, its distinguished French composer, had only just landed in America last season, he went to Carnegie hall, New York, and sat in a box while Koussevitzky and his orchestra from Boston surprised him with the homage of a Ravel program. After this suite in [illegible] composer conductor and orchestra received an ovation. Koussevitzky, on first venturing to Chicago last season, also conducted this suite and again a distinctive impression was made.

"The first part of the program," wrote Herman Devries, Chicago critic, "was in truth so marvelous that when intermission came no one had anything left to give. The audience was bled dry of emotion and nerves and ecstacy. A reading of Ravel's 'Daphnis et Chloe' that would take columns to describe in its essence and the reaction upon its hearers—a color screen of gorgeous, heavenly blended hues, and contrasts, of never-heard sonorities, of fascinating harmony, of light and shade that held one breathless. The very silence of the audience was oppressive, a silence of rapt emotion, as though each human soul had forgotten the presence of its neighbor, and the ego was lost in this exhibition of matchless poetic beauty."

"Mr. Koussevitzky," said Olin Downes, in New York Times, November 25, 1927, "outdistanced any of his present colleagues and his orchestra gave an exhibition hardly to be surpassed in the 'Daphnis et Chloe' music of Ravel. We remember no such reading of this now familiar and popular music, none which drew such magic and such throbbing beauty from Ravel's orchestra, none which brought into existence, again as by magic, the most subtle and precise essence of the composer's thought. And here, of course, was special opportu[nity] orchestra, which Mr. K[oussevitzky] perfected, sensitized a[nd] remarkably in a few se[asons] itself in all its glory and glow of the string[s] the choirs, the depth a[nd] tone as a unit, and its changes of shading an[d] slightest behest of the [conductor] was conducting and [playing] ing at the highest pi[tch] wonder that the achie[vement] sevitzky and his play[ers] plause and even shouts of approval from the audience."

"Daphnis" is one of the works of art that owes its inspiration to the Ballet Russe of Diaghilev. The scenario was written by Michael Fokine of the Ballet Russe, and the poses throughout were planned after the painting and reliefs on Greek vases. Bakst designed the scenery and costumes. The first production was at the Chatelet in Paris, March 8, 1912. Daphnis was danced by Nijinsky, and Chloe by Karsavina. Pierre Monteaux conducted. Ravel divided the music of the ballet into two orchestral suites.

The Boston Orchestra is coming under the local management of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises, which will also bring the Isadora Duncan dancers, November 25; La Argentina, famous Spanish dancer, January 27; one performance of grand opera by the German Grand Opera Company, February 24, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor, March 3.

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TIMES

Orchestra Will Play Ravel Here

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The program follows.

Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Op. 6 No. 10.....Handel
Overture—Allegro; Air; Lento; Allegro Moderato Allegro.....Handel
Nocturnes ..... Debussy
(a) Nuages.
(b) Fetes.
Orchestral Excerpts from the Ballet "Daphnis et Chloe" (second suite). Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Generale.
Symphony No. 6 in B minor "Pathetic," Op. 74 ..... Taschaikowsky
(a) Adagio; Allegro non trippo.
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(c) Allegro molto vivace.
(d) Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Indianapolis audience will have the opportunity of hearing the masterpiece of Ravel. When the Boston Symphony orchestra under the inpired leadership of Koussevitzky played this number in New York last season and again on their one week's tour, of which Chicago was one of the [illegible]

220 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK
Tel. Chelsea 8860

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR

OCT 27 1929

HERE T[illegible]

2. Natalie Hall and John Moncrief in "Faust," which the American Opera company will present at the Murat theater tomorrow night.
3. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which comes to the Murat theater Thursday evening of this week.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR

OCT 27 1929

Pathetic Symphony Chosen by Serge Koussevitzky for His Concert Here Thursday

BY CORBIN PATRICK.

THURSDAY NIGHT, when the Boston Symphony orchestra plays at the Murat theater, will be a memorable one for all who hear, from the grand dames who illuminate the boxes with the brilliance of their gowns to the struggling artist who perches, perhaps, on a seat high in the balcony.

The night can not be otherwise, with one of the world's greatest orchestras led by a conductor of genius bending its efforts to the interpretation of Tschaikowsky's masterpiece.

Serge Koussevitzky has selected as the program number for the local concert the symphony called the "Pathetic," the final work of the sensitive Russian, among the most eloquent compositions in all musical literature.

That need not be written for those who recall the performance of the New York Philharmonic, with the genial Willem Mengelberg wielding the baton, at the Murat two years ago when this symphony into which Tschaikowsky declared he had put his whole soul was last heard in Indianapolis.

Season's Formal Opening.

The complete program for the orchestra concert, which tradition has made the formal opening of the music season, has been arranged in this order:

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The number, Handel's concerto for the string orchestra, should introduce the Boston musicians at their best, revealing the full tonal beauties of Koussevitzky's proudest section. No orchestra, of course, is finer than its strings. The Debussy nocturnes are done in the impressionistic manner, rich in mood and subtle suggestion. The Ravel excerpts are remarkable for several woodwind passages of surpassing loveliness and close with a general dance that is said to be the most strongly rhythmed and tumultuous music yet written by this eminent Frenchman.

Enigma to Curious.

These will prepare the audience for the treat of the evening—the haunting vision that Tschaikowsky preserved. The Pathetic symphony is and ever will be an enigma to the curious. It has had almost as many interpretations as minds eager to learn its secret. Tschaikowsky, in fact, intended it should be a riddle to every one. "May they break their heads over it," he wrote. To some it is a picture of life as it seemed to the composer, dark and bitter sweet. Others feel that its significance is broader, national or historical rather than individual. There are countless variations. Regardless, the work is beautiful, and that is all we need to know.

In content, the sixth symphony is emotional, done in the autumnal mood, deeply moving. In content, it is rather unusual inasmuch as the finale is an adagio rather than the customary allegro. For those who would have further acquaintance with this composition before sitting down to the musical feast Thursday night, an explanatory program will be broadcast over WFBM from 6 to 6:30 o'clock this evening. Mrs. Lenora Coffin will lecture, and her words will be illustrated at the piano by Boris Rosenfield, young artist of the faculty of the Jordan conservatory of music. Ona B. Talbot will speak on "What Music Means in a Community."

will be given twice a month. In the past they have been an important feature of the local season, and they will be indispensable now that the Sunday afternoon recitals at the Murat are denied us. The court usually was filled to overflowing in the old days, and standing room doubtlessly will be more at a premium than ever when the present series begins.

1449

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NEWS

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The four remaining concerts will include the Duncan Dancers, Nov. 25; La Argentina, famous Spanish dancer, Jan. 27; one performance of Grand Opera, German Opera Company, Feb. 24, and the Chicago Symphony orchestra, March 3.

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ture, "The Time, the Place ... Girl," starring Betty Compson.

The picture is of a wise-cracking college football player, who later makes a success as a bond salesman.

There will be a comedy and news reel.

BELMONT—"Smiling Irish Eyes."

Belmont moviegoers will get a treat today and tomorrow when they see "Smiling Irish Eyes," featuring Colleen Moore. A comedy will complete the bill.

ADD TWO TO CAST.

With the signing of Sam Hardy and George Rigas to the cast of "acquitted," the Columbia all-talking melodrama of the underworld, the company went on location to make the thrill sequences which provide a sensational climax for the picture.

(2)

MOTION PICTURE THEATERS.

ISIS

NOW SHOWING

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR
OCT 28 1929

Boston Symphony Orchestra to Open Talbot Series of Concerts Thursday

Serge Koussevitzky, famous Russian musician and conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who will open the twenty-fourth annual season of concerts of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises in the Murat theater Thursday night, possesses a complete faith that every one, every one in the world appreciates good music.

"The man sings, he sings songs to himself—why should he not love music?" asks Dr. Koussevitzky, a remark that fills the American onlooker with the benevolent affection given to dear old grandma when she says, "There is good in every one."

Russians Are Different.

However Russians, it appears, are different, possibly because they have no shoals of little songs about a "Cottage Small by a Waterfall" or "She Was More Than a Mother to Me." In Russia Koussevitzky's orchestra played in Moscow and in Petrograd and the people came from all the country around to hear. Every Sunday he gave a concert for the workers. They crowded the hall. And his joy was in the thought that because a symphony orchestra is a grand thing, every one, rich and poor, were able to enjoy this beauty!

From all reports, Indiana music lovers are recognizing the rare opportunity of hearing a concert played by the Boston Symphony orchestra directed by Serge Koussevitzky and will be present in the Murat theater on Thursday evening to greet the distinguished visitor and his superb organization.

More than a hundred students and teachers from Indiana university, fifty representatives from Tudor Hall School for Girls, as many more from DePauw university and large delegations from Richmond and Earlham, as well as members of the different orchestras throughout the state, are planning to come for the concert.

Capacity Crowd Expected.

All conditions seem ideal for Koussevitzky to liberate his extraordinary powers before a capacity audience in the Murat theater on Thursday evening.

Even before Koussevitzky first arrived in America, all seats for the Boston Symphony concerts were taken for the season. There are now waiting lists of prospective subscribers in New York and in Boston as well, even though concerts in the orchestras' own locality have been increased to five series, or more than seventy concerts. This exacting schedule makes a visit to a city as far west as this necessarily infrequent. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will visit the following cities included in this extra-schedule tour: Chicago, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Buffalo and Pittsburgh.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR
OCT 29

Serge Koussevitzky and Orchestra to Give Notable Program Thursday

The Indianapolis musical season under the direction of the Ona B. Talbot fine arts enterprises will have an auspicious opening in the Murat theater at 8:15 o'clock Thursday night when the Boston Symphony orchestra of 110 men and its distinguished leader Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will present a notable orchestral program to include the "Grosso Concerto," Handel; "Nuage" and "Fetes," Debussy; Second Suite of "Daphnid et Chloe," Ballet, Ravel; closing with the famous "Pathetic Symphony" of Tschaikowsky.

Seventeen years have gone by since the Boston Symphony orchestra last visited Indianapolis. The return of the eminent organization will be doubly interesting, since Serge Koussevitzky will make his introductory bow to an Indiana audience. This orchestra, now in its forty-ninth year, last visited Indianapolis Feb. 1, 1912.

Since that time a surpassingly brilliant era has been added to the history of the illustrious organization whose name has so long been associated with the utmost perfection in symphonic performance.

Comes to U. S. in 1929.

It was in the autumn of 1924 that Serge Koussevitzky came from Europe to lead the orchestra. The orchestra which he had assembled in Russia before the war, and his concerts in Moscow and Petrograd were still famous, though no longer existing. Koussevitzky was also well known by the repute of the Volga expeditions, when he journeyed 2,500 miles in a specially chartered steamer, carrying symphony concerts into the great interior of Russia. It is characteristic of Kousevitzky thus to spread the gospel of music at immense effort and expense.

In America Koussevitzky came to what was undoubtedly the finest orchestra he had ever had to do his bidding. That such an organiation and such a leader should come together for a single purpose led the public to expect great results; yet the most sanguine expectations have been surpassed in the last five seasons.

The orchestra, reaffirming its traditional fame, responds as a rare, single instrument to the slightest gesture of the commander.

Says U. S. Audiences Responsive.

Asked what he thought of his audiences in America, Koussevitzky said with real enthusiasm: "I have come in contact with a number of American audiences, not only in Boston and New York, but further afield. The audiences everywhere I have found particularly responsive, their reactions interesting. The only measure of success in a symphony concert is a close sympathy and understanding between orchestra and audience.

"I usually find there is an intimate contact, a close 'rapport.' The score I am leading possesses me—I feel its moods and its beauties most vividly. When the audience responds with me to the music, I can perceive this response, almost intuitively. To me this is the ultimate achievement; it is the one justification of the painstaking efforts of orchestra and conductor in preparation and in performance."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
OCT 29

English Critic Describes Boston Symphony Leader

Ernest Newman, one of the foremost music critics of England, has given high praise to Serge Koussevitsky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who will come with the orchestra for a concert at the Murat theater Thursday night, opening the Ona B. Talbot season.

"America will find Koussevitzky's musicianship and his orchestral technique equal to any demands that are likely to made on them," wrote Newman, when Koussevitzky came to America five years ago. "Opinions about him will differ. I can only speak of the impression he has made on myself after experience of him in music of all schools and all orders. He has volcanic temperament, but I have never yet known it to run away with him. On the contrary, it is precisely when his temperament is at boiling point that his hand on the regulator is steadiest and surest. He takes an enormous amount out of himself when he conducts, and the wonder to me always is how he manages to get through the quantity of work he does, and to keep his nerves so steady and his head so cool through it all.

"Richard Strauss once astonished the world by saying apropos of 'Tristan', 'Believe me, the brain that could pour out that passionate music must have been as cold as ice.' What seems like paradox in this, however, is no more than sober truth. The more an artist is on fire, the cooler have to be the head and hand that direct the fire. Koussevitzky has this central ice in an extraordinary degree. I believe it would hardly be possible to raise some works to a higher pitch of nervous incandescence than he does; but the nervousness never gets out of hand. It is Koussevitzky's servant, not his master. The excitement is always perfectly under control; one great plastic line runs round and through the work."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
OCT 29

BOSTON ORCHESTRA'S VISIT

Those rare occasions on which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has visited Indianapolis have always been notable events, whose memory has been long cherished by the city's music lovers, for the Boston orchestra has had a long history of excellence. Now, after an interval of nearly a score of years, it will again be heard in Indianapolis Thursday night with a reputation as brilliant as at any time in its long career, if not even more brilliant than ever before. Its 110 men are under a leader of whose genius much has been written with enthusiasm by critics noted for their exacting standards and not easily moved to superlatives. Serge Koussevitsky is now in his sixth year of constant control of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, without its undergoing intervals of guest conductorship that have unsteadied the experience of other great American orchestras.

Koussevitsky is constantly being compared as a musical genius with Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Arturo Toscaninni, who has for part of each season for several years taken charge of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Critics differ in their detailed preferences as to these three men, but agree in placing them in the topmost rank, each with phases in which he is preferred as supreme. They are all tense, passionate artists. Koussevitsky is said to possess a coolness of judgment along with his internal fire that controls and gives effect to his intensity.

Often as Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" Symphony, the main number on Thursday's program, has been heard, it should be interesting to hear this great Russian work again as interpreted by a great Russian conductor. Such leaders as Stokowski, Toscaninni and Koussevitsky can always be counted on for fresh coinage of old musical metal, so that, what with the satisfactions to sophisticated music lovers this ability gives, together with the general popularity this symphony has, there should be a pretty large measure of satisfaction all round.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
OCT 31

Capacity Audience Likely for Boston Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra of 110 men, with its celebrated leader Serge Koussevitsky, was due to arrive in Indianapolis Thursday afternoon for its concert at 8:15 at the Murat theater, opening the season of the Ona B. Tablot Fine Arts Enterprises. The orchestra came directly from Minneapolis where it had presented a concert for the dedication of the new music hall of the Minnesota University.

It was stated by the local management that no one arriving at the theater after the beginning of the program would be ushered to his seat during the playing of any number.

An audience testing the theater's ful seating capacity was indicated by the advance sale. Following is the program:

Gross Concerto for Strings .....Handel
Two Nocturnes—
"Nuage" .....Debussy
"Fetes" .....Debussy
Second suite from "Daphinis et Chloe"
..... Ravel
Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic".Tschaikowsky

The concert given by the Boston orchestra in Chicago on Tuesday evening was said by the critics there to have been even greater than one it gave last year, which they then thought could not be excelled. Particular praise was given for the interpretative genius of Koussevitzky in his rendition of the Tschaikowsky "Pathetic."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
STAR
OCT 30 1929

150

Boston Symphony, With Koussevitzky Directing, to Be at Murat Tomorrow

Tomorrow evening in the Murat theater the music-loving public of Indianapolis and Indiana is promised a treat in the presentation of a notable orchestral program by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitsky directing. When Indianapolis last was visited by the Boston Symphony, seventeen years ago, it was then reputed to be the greatest in the world. During the intervening years it has added many glorious chapters to its illustrious history.

Sir George Henschel was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony, Wilhelm Gericke the second. Then came Arthur Nikisch, Emil Paur, Carl Muck, Max Fiedler, Henri Rabaud, Pierre Monteux and, five years ago, came Serge Koussevitzky, the extraordinary Russian conductor whose genius has found a wider range, a more perfectly responsive instrument than ever before.

A journey so far westward by the orchestra must of necessity be seldom indeed. The orchestra's schedule of concerts is almost entirely filled by the five series in greater Boston, one in Providence and two in New York. Each of these is subscribed in advance to the last seat, with waiting lists from year to year.

This, therefore, is the extent of its itinerary, save for a week's journey westward in the autumn. The present week's tour includes Minneapolis, Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh and Buffalo.

The great composers represented on the program tomorrow evening are Handel, Debussy, Ravel and Tschaikowsky. What is probably the most loved of all symphonic compositions is the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tschaikowsky. By many it is believed to be the document of his own life so filled with suffering and privation. Koussevitzky's interpretation of this symphony is said to be superb. His innate Russian understanding makes his reading of the score a rare musical treat.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
TIMES
OCT 31

KOUSSEVITZKY WILL CONDUCT TONIGHT

Famous Boston Symphony Will Open Orchestral Season of Ona B. Talbot at the Murat Theater.

A BRILLIANT assemblage will greet Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and the famous Boston Symphony orchestra tonight at the Murat when the opening concert of the twenty-fourth annual season of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises will be inaugurated.

The audience is requested to be in their respective chairs before 8:15 o'clock the time of the concert, as no one will be ushered to seats after the concert begins, until intermission.

Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra of 110 men will arrive in Indianapolis this afternoon from Minneapolis where they played a concert last night.

Their one week tour has been one of sensational success, starting in Buffalo last Monday evening; Tuesday, Chicago; Wednesday, Minneapolis; Thursday, Indianapolis; Friday, Pittsburgh and then their return to Boston.

The following is the complete program for tonight's concert:

Grosso Concerto (string orchestra) .Handel
"Nuage," "Fetes" (two nocturnes..Debussy
Second Suite "Daphis et Chloe'....Ravel
Pathetic Symphony No. 6...Tschaikowsky

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
NEWS
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NOV 1 1929

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS UNDER BATON OF A GENIUS

Serge Koussevitsky, With Quietly Masterful Methods, Summons Magnificent Music From This Famous Organization in Concert at the Murat.

[By Walter Whitworth]

Patrons of the concert hall who went to the Murat Thursday evening had the privilege of seeing a man who is ranked, by leading critics, as one of the three greatest orchestra conductors in the world, Serge Roussevitsky, and the further privilege of hearing one of the four great orchestras of America, the Boston Symphony, which opened the music season of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Enterprises.

There is reason for including Koussevitsky among the geniuses of the baton. He is a titan. His command of his men is superb, and his command is apparently effortless. Chary of gesture, not given to personal display, he controls his orchestra so consummately that it might be one man, rather than 100 men. It is, indeed, a closely knit unit. Heedful of its leader's sudden, incisive swing of the arm, a gesture that has tremendous vigor and authority, it sweeps to a climax of brilliance and beauty. Heedful, also, of those cupped palms, magnetic and demanding, it rises from pianissimo to fortissimo as the hands rise in the air. Immediately, too, it softens to an almost inaudible murmur when the director wills it. Few orchestras are so pliable, so ready in response, so right in following the baton.

If music ever was a "heavenly maid," it was such a one Thursday. And one heard all kinds of symphonic music. It is, perhaps, a long journey from a Handel Concerto Grosso for string orchestra to a Tschaikowsky symphony—the sixth, commonly called "Pathetic"—especially when one pauses by Debussy and Ravel on the way, but the Boston orchestra made the journey one of inestimable delight, of ever-varying splendor, of delicacy and of magnificence.

The Handel Concerto was a thing of classical beauty. It had purity of form and outline. Its flawless content was entrancingly revealed. The music shimmered, danced with lightness and subtlety. It was molded plastically and with finest nuance.

Then, in contrast, came two Debussy nocturnes: "Nuages" and "Fetes." Debussy's music is vaguer in outline, more tenuous, etiolated. It is music heard, as it were, through a soft haze, never sharp in outline, although not wholly lacking virility. It is like a painting in pastel shades, a painting free from the angles and planes, and the grotesquely impinging colors of extreme modernism, but a modern painting, for all that. It is, especially in "Nuages," quietly impressionistic, creating its own mood with the simplest of materials. It is never robust; but, on the other hand, it is never submissive. It asserts itself so skillfully, that one falls under its spell with ease.

Excerpts from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," closed the first half of the program. This, again, is rather impressionistic in manner, although, as it is dance music, it has body and vigor. Written in 1911, before Ravel's inspiration began to falter, before he wrote highly formalized and logical works, it seems almost old-fashioned, with its melody, its color, its life and its touch of genius. Koussevitsky's orchestra gave it a dazzling performance.

The symphony closed the program. Tschaikowsky's work is familiar enough to every one, so familar, in fact, that it is derisively called a "war horse," but, Thursday evening, it seemed like a new symphony. One understood Lawrence Gilman's reason for calling it a "lonely masterpiece." Perhaps the second movement—that curious excursion into the realm of five-four time—and the third movement are beginning to "date," but the first and last movements are still ineffably majestic. Thursday night they had a cosmic significance. The outpouring of grief in the music seemed less personal than usual: seemed less the grief of a tortured man than the grief of tortured humanity, realizing, in an intense crisis, the sorrows of its own unhappy existence. It was a marvelous interpretation, an unforgettable half hour.

All this music, of course, is familiar, done to death, as the expression has it, Yet Koussevitsky made his listeners feel that it had been "done to death" only because inferior conductors had been content to let the music take its course, had not, or could not, infuse it with life, with meaning. Genius says something to every one, and it may not always be the same thing, but genius, speaking to genius, is doubly revealed. No longer is the great composer hackneyed, for, finding a great interpreter, he proves that he is constantly disclosing new aspects.

Koussevitsky disclosed many in his concert. Finely and completely equipped, he has no need to indulge in display. The music he evokes speaks for him, stands side by side with him, his peer, not his fawning flatterer. His own greatness is reason enough for his unassuming manner on the conductor's stand. He understands his music and his men understand him. The result is magnificent.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
TIMES
NOV 1 - 1929

Concerning a Symphony

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN.

DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and his Boston Symphony orchestra will be remembered in concert last night for the playing of two nocturnes by Debussy and orchestral excerpts from Ravel's modern ballett, "Daphnis et Chloe."

Koussevitzky and his men seem to revel in the lighter moments. It seems one gets nearer the soul of certain composers when in a more quiet mood.

And so with the members of this orchestra, they seem to weave a beautiful and melodious fabric in the charming and sweet nocturne, "Nuages," and were equally marvelous in the rather more robust nocturnem "Fetes," by Debussy.

Ravel may be just noise to some people, but the ballet played last night had life, color and even charm. There were modern musical crashes and all that but it was so intelligently played by the orchestra that it was not a freak or just a novelty.

The symphony last night for the Boston Symphony was Symphony No. 6 in M minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74. The first and fourth movements have always been my favorites and it is my opinion that the genius of the conductor was best reflected in these two movements.

The Boston Symphony is just about as perfect a playing organization as there is in this country. Its conductor, Dr. Koussevitzky, brings no fireworks to the conducting stand, but a great knowledge and a consumate mastery of every mood of a composition and he passes that on to his men.

He is more like a learned professor on his conducting stand that some of these long-haired and temperamental babies who pose as would-be conductors.

Here is a great musical brain. Here is a master of the baton. He is sure of his men, sure of himself and equally sure of the results. In fact, the great, sincere and wholesome doctor of an orchestra.

I will not discuss the opening number because the holiday crowd made me late with hundreds of others. I hope the next time that Ona B. Talbot opens her season of great orchestral music at the Murat that she will not choose Halloween night as the night.

I am sure that because hundreds of people were late that it did have a rather disturbing effect upon all present, even those who arrived on time and were seated.

Again we have had a great experience in orchestral music. Again we say, it seems that only Ona B. Talbot can take the risk in spending so much money in bringing such a great organization to this city.

Every seat should have been sold. But they were not. The house should have been standing room only, although a large audience was present.

The movement should start now—Capacity and standing room only for the remaining orchestra concerts that Mrs. Talbot will bring here.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
NOV 1 - 1929

Lovely Costumes Seen in Large Audience for Opening Symphony Concert of Season

The opening symphony concert, one of the social events of the winter season in Indianapolis, was attended Thursday evening by a large audience. The Boston Symphony, brought to Indianapolis by Mrs. Ona B. Talbot drew an enthusiastic audience of those interested in music.

Many box parties were given by widely-known Indianapolis persons and the lovely evening wraps and gowns made a beautiful scene. The first symphony concert takes the place in Indianpolis of the opening of the opera in New York and Chicago. During the intermision groups promenaded in the foyer and the smart dress and jewels made an imposing spectacle.

There were many evening gowns in the new styles with long skirts and some fashioned with the princess line, ermine evening wraps or ones of brocade or velvet trimmed in fur.

Among those who entertained with box parties was Mrs. Hugh McGowan, who had with her Mrs. Harold Bolton, London, and Mrs. Harry Schlotzhauer, her daughters. Others in her box were Mrs. Henry Talbot, Mrs. Samuel Reid, Mrs. Francis O. Dorsey and Mr. Schlotzhauer. Mrs. McGowan, who has returned to Indianapolis for the winter, wore a gown of black with a brocaded evening wrap. Mrs. Bolton wore a smart gown of blue velvet.

Others in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Nicholson, who wore white chiffon velvet trimmed with bands of rhinestones; Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson Noyes, Mrs. Benjamin D. Hitz, Mrs. Joseph Daniels, Mrs. Charles Lathan, Mrs. Noble Dean, who wore black tulle over satin; Miss Adele Pantzer, Mrs. John Eaglesfield, Mrs. Pauline M. Haueisen, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith Watson, Miss Elizabeth Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic M. Ayres and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Haerle.

Others seen promenading during the intermission were Mrs. Russel Fortune in a beautiful gown of brown lace, Mrs. Herbert Woollen in black taffeta with touches of red, Miss Genevieve Pickrell, Mrs. Henley Holliday in a smart gown of purple velvet simply made on long lines, Mrs. Robert Milliken, Mr. and Mrs. William Fisk Landers, Mrs. William Rockwood, Mrs. Albert Cole in black chiffon and Mrs. James Fesler.

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NEWS
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
JOURNAL

U. TO DEDICATE NEW AUDITORIUM OCT. 22 TO NOV. 15

Alumni and State Will Take Part in Acceptance Ceremonies

2 FAMOUS SYMPHONIES BOOKED FOR CONCERTS

Verbrugghen Arranging Opening Program to Carry Out Festival Spirit

Dedication exercises for the new Cyrus Northrop Memorial Auditorium at the University of Minnesota will start October 22 and continue through November 15, it was announced today.

The dedication program will include the appearances of two of the country's leading musical organizations, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra on October 22 and the Boston Symphony Orchestra on October 30.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra which is conducted by the famous Russian musician, Serge Koussevitzki, will make its first appearance here in more than 25 years. The orchestra does not go on tour, and, with exception of concerts played for the last three or four years in Chicago, seldom leaves its home city.

Only because he felt the new university auditorium was a great step in forwarding the culture of the northwest did M. Koussevitzki consent to its appearance in Minneapolis.

Program to Be Drafted

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a cultural organization and I am glad to bring it to the University of Minnesota because I feel the new auditorium is a cultural building and will do much in a cultural way," the conductor told Mrs. Carlyle Scott, who arranged for its appearance as a part of the dedication program.

The concert of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra on October 22 is being especially arranged by Henri Verbrugghen, conductor, to carry out a festival spirit.

The programs marking the auditorium opening will culminate in November, when a general alumni and state occasion will be conducted. Details of the program have not been worked out, but it is expected that state, university and municipal officials will participate, with the major feature the presentation of the building and its acceptance by the university.

Will Cost $1,375,000

The first two programs of the Minneapolis and Boston symphonies also will be the first programs of the University concert course, which is under the direction of Mrs. Scott. Other numbers on the course will include the appearance of Roland Hayes, Negro tenor; Sigrid Onegin, contralto, and Mischa Levitzki, Russian pianist.

In a letter to alumni and students of the university recently sent out by President Lotus D. Coffman, he said that when the memorial auditorium was completed and equipped it would cost approximately $1,375,000.

$489,215 Given by Alumni

Complete equipping would include installation of stage effects and a large pipe organ, at a cost of approximately $175,000. This will not be done until money is available.

Expenditures for the building at the time of the dedication exercises will have amounted to almost $1,200,000. Of this amount $489,215 has been given by alumni and former students in payment of pledges made to the Greater University Corporation to provide the university with a stadium and an auditorium. The board of regents from the funds provided for a 10-year building program, have allotted $384,835 for the auditorium. The state legislature at its last session appropriated an additional $300,000.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
DISPATCH
SEP 16

SYMPHONY MUSIC TO MARK OPENING OF "U" AUDITORIUM

Orchestra Under Verbrugghen Baton to Play Festival Program October 22.

The new Cyrus Northrop auditorium on the campus of the University of Minnesota will open its doors for the first time October 22 when the Symphony orchestra, under Henri Verbrugghen, will play a festival program.

This concert hall, erected to the memory of the second president of the state university, is regarded by experts as one of the finest auditoriums in the Northwest. It occupies a dominating position in the recently developed section of the campus off Washington avenue. Attention to the technical requirements of a concert hall has been particularly careful and it has been called the last word in buildings of its kind.

Dedicatory services in memory of Cyrus Northrop will be held November 15 when there will be a general alumni and state program. The auditorium will be formally presented on that occasion and an address of acceptance will be made by a university official.

One of the most brilliant items of the fall program planned for the Cyrus Northrop auditorium will be the appearance of the Boston Symphony orchestra under Serge Koussevitzki October 30. This will be the first performance in the Midwest which the orchestra has given under its present conductor.

Koussevitzki is regarded as one of the leaders among symphony conductors in America. His following in the East, not only in Boston but in New York and the other large cities as well, is tremendous and enthusiastic. The local concert will contribute an unusual and important item to the musical season.

Other events in the University concert course to be given in the Cyrus Northrop auditorium have also been announced by the director, Mrs. Carlyle Scott. They include a recital by Roland Hayes, the distinguished negro tenor; Sigrid Onegin, contralto, and Mischa Levitzki, pianist. Later in the season there will be a "surprise program" which, Mrs. Scott indicates, will probably be an evening of ballet dancing.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS STAR

Boston Symphony Will Play at New Campus Memorial

Concert Oct. 30 Part of Northrop Auditorium Dedication

The Minneapolis Symphony orchestra and the Boston Symphony orchestra, which hasn't been heard in Minneapolis for more than 30 years, will take part in dedicatory programs arranged to herald completion and opening to the public of the new Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium on the University of Minnesota campus.

Announcement of these programs, and others which will be a part of the University Concert course, was made today by Mrs. Carlyle Scott, who will be in charge of arrangements for the course.

Boston Concert Oct. 30

The first dedicatory program will be played Oct. 22 by the Minneapolis Symphony under direction of Henri Verbrugghen. The concert will be in the form of a music festival.

The Boston orchestra, which is not a traveling organization, has been induced to pay its second visit to Minneapolis Oct. 30 and will play a concert at the new auditorium on that date. Serge Koussevitzki will conduct the aggregation which numbers more than 100 musicians.

Honor Northrop's Memory

A general alumni and state program honoring the memory of the late Cyrus Northrop has been arranged for Nov. 15. At this time, the auditorium will be formally dedicated and will be accepted officially by state and university officials.

Other evenings in the University concert course will include programs by Roland Hayes, distinguished negro tenor; Sigrid Onegin, world famous contralto; Mischa Levitzki, pianist, and a surprise program, which, according to Mrs. Scott, doubtless will be an evening of ballet.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
NEWS
SEP 16 1929

Symphony Orchestra to Assist at Opening of Northrop Auditorium

Boston and Minneapolis Symphony orchestras will take part in the opening of the new Cyrus Northrop auditorium at the University of Minnesota.

A series of three dedicatory programs will be conducted in the new auditorium in October and November. The first will be a concert by the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra.

The dedication will culminate in a general alumni and state program in memory of Cyrus Northrop, Nov. 15. The auditorium will be formally presented and accepted during this program.

One of the outstanding programs of the season in the new auditorium will be Mrs. Carlyle Scott's series of concerts which hitherto have been conducted in the university armory. The current season will include, in addition to the two symphony concerts, Roland Hayes, negro tenor; Sigrid Onegin, contralto; Mischa Levitzki, pianist, and one attraction to be announced later.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
JOURNAL

Boston Symphony Conductor to Give University Program

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKI, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will bring his famous musical organization to Minneapolis October 22 to appear at the new Northrop Memorial Auditorium of the University of Minnesota as a part of the dedication exercises for the new building.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS
OCT 13

GOVERNOR INVITED TO DEDICATION OF AUDITORIUM AT U

Plans for Services at Cyrus Northrop Memorial Announced.

All alumni of the University of Minnesota, Governor Christianson, John A. Johnson, speaker of the House of Representatives, Lieutenant Governor Charles A. Adams and officers of the Greater University corporation will be invited to the dedication of Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium.

This dedication, the principal and last one of a series of three, will be held in the auditorium November 15.

Invitation plans were announced Sunday by the committee in charge of the dedication, consisting of James C. Lawrence, assistant to the president; William T. Middlebrook, University comptroller, and Mrs. Carlyle M. Scott, director of the University concert course.

The Minneapolis and Boston Symphony orchestras will feature the first two dedicatory programs which will be held on October 22 and 30, respectively.

A single address, a eulogy of the late Dr. Cyrus Northrop, president of the University from 1885 to 1911, will be delivered at the main dedication by Dr. Russell Henry Stafford, pastor of Old South Church in Boston.

Thomas F. Wallace, president of the Greater University corporation, will present tthe auditorium to the University in behalf of the corporation. Governor Christianson, if he attends the exercises, will respond.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE

Concerts by Boston and Minneapolis Orchestras to Be Basis for Comparison

Variety Marks Programs Arranged for Present Season—Many Famous Soloists to Be Featured.

By James Davies.

OUR concert [illegible] year will [illegible]

NEXT in importance is the University concert series under the management of Mrs. Carlyle Scott. This year the audiences who attend these concerts will be seated in one of the finest halls in the country. The initial concert is to be given by our own symphony orchestra October 22, when a gala program will be played, nothing too heavy, and each selection easy of digestion. There will be brief speeches and a lot of other interesting items designed to make the dedication of the new Northrup Memorial hall memorable in the annals of Minneapolis music.

On October 30, Serge Koussevitsky, with the entire Boston symphony orchestra [illegible] to Minneapolis for the first time in many, many years, playing a program in the same hall, and all of musical Minneapolis expects to be present on this occasion. Could the audience but realize what difficulties have been overcome to induce the famous Russian leader and the powers back of the Boston orchestra to come to this city, their presence would be appreciated ten-fold. Many hundreds in this city received part of their musical education listening to this great organization either in the old symphony hall near Boston Common or in the newer building, and they may rest assured the old traditions have been preserved through the years by a fairly long line of celebrated conductors.

* * *

KOUSSEVITSKY has become recognized as one of the outstanding leaders of our time. Boston is satised with him, which means a great deal, and his presence is requested by scores of cities he will never visit. We are singularly fortunate in having this opportunity, and while, as I said at the beginning of this article, there will be the inevitable comparisons between the young and the old I am thoroughly convinced we will win from both a musical inspiration that will endure.

Another of the attractions engaged for the University concerts is Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor. Nothing further need be said than [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE

Grace N

IT IS common knowledge now that after a lapse of many years the Boston Symphony orchestra is again to be heard in this city. Wherever orchestras are spoken of throughout the world, that belonging to Boston is mentioned with honor, for its career has been unmatched by any similar organization in this country and only a few in the entire world can claim greater length of years of service.

This orchestra has played under a long series of famous conductors, of many nationalities, and today, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitsky, it still maintains its ancient prestige as second to none.

Mr. Koussevitsky has arranged a program of fine proportions for this concert, with the great Beethoven symphony No. 5 at the apex. Known primarily as a conductor with decided leanings toward modern music and Russian music especially, he has demonstrated times without number that there is no limits to his musical interests.

This concert will be given October 30 in the new Northrop Memori hall on the university campus as t second in the regular university c cert series.

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$489,215 Given by Alumni

Complete equipping would include installation of stage effects and a large pipe organ, at a cost of approximately $175,000. This will not be done until money is available.

Expenditures for the building at the time of the dedication exercises will have amounted to almost $1,200,000. Of this amount $489,215 has been given by alumni and former students in payment of pledges made to the Greater University Corporation to provide the university with a stadium and an auditorium. The board of regents from the funds provided for a 10-year building program, have allotted $384,835 for the auditorium. The state legislature at its last session appropriated an additional $300,000.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
DISPATCH
SEP 16

SYMPHONY MUSIC TO MARK OPENING OF "U" AUDITORIUM

Orchestra Under Verbrugghen Baton to Play Festival Program October 22.

The new Cyrus Northrop auditorium on the campus of the University of Minnesota will open its doors for the first time October 22 when the Symphony orchestra, under Henri Verbrugghen, will play a festival program.

This concert hall, erected to the memory of the second president of the state university, is regarded by experts as one of the finest auditoriums in the Northwest. It occupies a dominating position in the recently developed section of the campus off Washington avenue. Attention to the technical requirements of a concert hall has been particularly careful and it has been called the last word in buildings of its kind.

Dedicatory services in memory of Cyrus Northrop will be held November 15 when there will be a general alumni and state program. The auditorium will be formally presented on that occasion and an address of acceptance will be made by a university official.

One of the most brilliant items of the fall program planned for the Cyrus Northrop auditorium will be the appearance of the Boston Symphony orchestra under Serge Koussevitzki October 30. This will be the first performance in the Midwest which the orchestra has given under its present conductor.

Koussevitzki is regarded as one of the leaders among symphony conductors in America. His following in the East, not only in Boston but in New York and the other large cities as well, is tremendous and enthusiastic. The local concert will contribute an unusual and important item to the musical season.

Other events in the University concert course to be given in the Cyrus Northrop auditorium have also been announced by the director, Mrs. Carlyle Scott. They include a recital by Roland Hayes, the distinguished negro tenor; Sigrid Onegin, contralto, and Mischa Levitzki, pianist. Later in the season there will be a "surprise program" which, Mrs. Scott indicates, will probably be an evening of ballet dancing by one of the world famous groups.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
NEWS
SEP 16 1929

Symphony Orchestra to Assist at Opening of Northrop Auditorium

Boston and Minneapolis Symphony orchestras will take part in the opening of the new Cyrus Northrop auditorium at the University of Minnesota.

A series of three dedicatory programs will be conducted in the new auditorium in October and November. The first will be a concert by the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra Oct. 22.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will make its appearance in the auditorium Oct. 30. This orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzki, is considered one of the two or three best in America.

The dedication will culminate in a general alumni and state program in memory of Cyrus Northrop, Nov. 15. The auditorium will be formally presented and accepted during this program.

One of the outstanding programs of the season in the new auditorium will be Mrs. Carlyle Scott's series of concerts which hitherto have been conducted in the university armory. The current season will include, in addition to the two symphony concerts, Roland Hayes, negro tenor; Sigrid Onegin, contralto; Mischa Levitzki, pianist, and one attraction to be announced later.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKI, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will bring his famous musical organization to Minneapolis October 22 to appear at the new Northrop Memorial Auditorium of the University of Minnesota as a part of the dedication exercises for the new building.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE

Concerts by Boston and Minneapolis Orchestras to Be Basis for Comparison

Variety Marks Programs Arranged for Present Season—Many Famous Soloists to Be Featured.

By James Davies.

OUR concert [illegible] year will [illegible]

NEXT in importance is the University concert series under the management of Mrs. Carlyle Scott. This year the audiences who attend these concerts will be seated in one of the finest halls in the country. The initial concert is to be given by our own symphony orchestra October 22, when a gala program will be played, nothing too heavy, and each selection easy of digestion. There will be brief speeches and a lot of other interesting items designed to make the dedication of the new Northrup Memorial hall memorable in the annals of Minneapolis music.

On October 30, Serge Koussevitsky, with the entire Boston symphony orchestra [illegible] to Minneapolis for the first time in many, many years, playing a program in the same hall, and all of musical Minneapolis expects to be present on this occasion. Could the audience but realize what difficulties have been overcome to induce the famous Russian leader and the powers back of the Boston orchestra to come to this city, their presence would be appreciated ten-fold. Many hundreds in this city received part of their musical education listening to this great organization either in the old symphony hall near Boston Common or in the newer building, and they may rest assured the old traditions have been preserved through the years by a fairly long line of celebrated conductors.

* * *

KOUSSEVITSKY has become recognized as one of the outstanding leaders of our time. Boston is satised with him, which means a great deal, and his presence is requested by scores of cities he will never visit. We are singularly fortunate in having this opportunity, and while, as I said at the beginning of this article, there will be the inevitable comparisons between the young and the old I am thoroughly convinced we will win from both a musical inspiration that will endure.

Another of the attractions engaged for the University concerts is Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor. Nothing further need be said than

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE

Grace N

IT IS common knowledge now that after a lapse of many years the Boston Symphony orchestra is again to be heard in this city. Wherever orchestras are spoken of throughout the world, that belonging to Boston is mentioned with honor, for its career has been unmatched by any similar organization in this country and only a few in the entire world can claim greater length of years of service.

This orchestra has played under a long series of famous conductors, of many nationalities, and today, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitsky, it still maintains its ancient prestige as second to none.

Mr. Koussevitsky has arranged a program of fine proportions for this concert, with the great Beethoven symphony No. 5 at the apex. Known primarily as a conductor with decided leanings toward modern music and Russian music especially, he has demonstrated times without number that there is no limits to his musical interests.

This concert will be given October 30 in the new Northrop Memori hall on the university campus as t second in the regular university c cert series.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS
OCT 14

[illegible] Campus Memorial

Concert Oct. 30 Part of Northrop Auditorium Dedication

The Minneapolis Symphony orchestra and the Boston Symphony orchestra, which has not been heard in Minneapolis for more than 30 years, will take part in dedicatory programs arranged to herald completion and opening to the public of the new Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium on the University of Minnesota campus.

Announcement of these programs, and others which will be a part of the University Concert course, was made today by Mrs. Carlyle Scott, who wlill be in charge of arrangements for the course.

Boston Concert Oct. 30

The first dedicatory program will be played Oct. 22 by the Minneapolis Symphony under direction of Henri Verbrugghen. The concert will be in the form of a music festival.

The Boston orchestra, which is not a traveling organization, has been induced to pay its second visit to Minneapolis Oct. 30 and will play a concert at the new auditorium on that date. Serge Koussevitzki will conduct the aggregation which numbers more than 100 musicians.

Honor Northrop's Memory

A general alumni and state program honoring the memory of the late Cyrus Northrop has been arranged for Nov. 15. At this time, the auditorium will be formally dedicated and will be accepted officially by state and university officials.

Other evenings in the University concert course will include programs by Roland Hayes, distinguished negro tenor; Sigrid Onegin, world famous contralto; Mischa Levitzki, pianist, and a surprise program, which, according to Mrs. Scott, doubtless will be an evening of ballet.

GOVERNOR INVITED TO DEDICATION OF AUDITORIUM AT U

Plans for Services at Cyrus Northrop Memorial Announced.

All alumni of the University of Minnesota, Governor Christianson, John A. Johnson, speaker of the House of Representatives, Lieutenant Governor Charles A. Adams and officers of the Greater University corporation will be invited to the dedication of Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium.

This dedication, the principal and last one of a series of three, will be held in the auditorium November 15.

Invitation plans were announced Sunday by the committee in charge of the dedication, consisting of James C. Lawrence, assistant to the president; William T. Middlebrook, University comptroller, and Mrs. Carlyle M. Scott, director of the University concert course.

The Minneapolis and Boston Symphony orchestras will feature the first two dedicatory programs which will be held on October 22 and 30, respectively.

A single address, a eulogy of the late Dr. Cyrus Northrop, president of the University from 1885 to 1911, will be delivered at the main dedication by Dr. Russell Henry Stafford, pastor of Old South Church in Boston.

Thomas F. Wallace, president of the Greater University corporation, will present tthe auditorium to the University in behalf of the corporation. Governor Christianson, if he attends the exercises, will respond.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL

Cyrus Northrop Auditorium Dedication

THE dedicatory concerts of the Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium which will constitute the opening events of the annual concert course series of the University of Minnesota are now close at hand.

The first dedicatory concert takes place Tuesday evening and will consist in a festival program given by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of its music conductor, Henri Verbrugghen. Eunice Norton, the rising young Minnesota pianist, will be the soloist and will play the Liszt E flat major concerto with the orchestra. The program is given elsewhere.

The second dedicatory concert will be given October 30, or a week from next Wednesday, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, its conductor. The program to be presented by this celebrated organization, which has not appeared here since Arthur Nikisch was its leader, will embrace "Concerta Grosso," by Handel, for string orchestra; two nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," by Debussy; the second suite from "Daphnis and Chloe," a choreographic symphony by Ravel, and Beethoven's fifth or "Fate" symphony.

* * *

Some years ago, in the Conservatory of Moscow, a pupil named Serge Koussevitzky astonished everyone by his skill upon the double bass. He had chosen this unusual instrument because every student in the orchestral class was required to specialize in either a brass instrument or the double bass.

It was not long before the young man was coaxing from his great lumbering instrument a tone, a songfulness, a dignity and grace that no one had dreamt the double bass could possess. That this giant violin had to be bowed at arm's length, with a stoop, and its bow grasped flatwise, like a hacksaw, seemed to bother its young master not in the least. Soon the name of Serge Koussevitzky became known across Europe as a double bass virtuoso to whom no one in the present or past could be compared. He made his instrument discourse divinely, as if it were a cello of marvelously deepened and enriched tone.

Yet the artist Koussevitzky could not long have been satisfied with such a limited medium of expression. He inevitably sought that most expressive of instrument—the full symphony orchestra. As a conductor, Koussevitzky again showed Europe new and unprecedented beauties in musical performance. In Russia, in Paris or London, the "Koussevitzky concerts" became electric with the commanding and inspiring genius of this extraordinary artist.

* * *

Five years ago, Koussevitzky came to America and had for the first time a great orchestra to do his bidding. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, for many years reputed the finest organization of its kind in America, actually reached new heights of perfection under the extraordinary Russian leader.

It has thus been more than once demonstrated that Koussevitzky's genius is the sort that begins where another would leave off. Whether it is a solo instrument or an orchestra before him, a splendid technical achievement is but the starting point toward still subtler beauties and a still deeper significance.

As the Boston Symphony Orchestra approaches its fiftieth year, to be celebrated next season, its famed precision, ensemble, and tonal beauty excel even the most glorious days of its illustrious past. And these qualities are liberating more than ever before Koussevitzky's ranging artist's vision.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL

BOSTON SYMPHONY HERE WEDNESDAY

Will Feature Second Dedication Program at Northrop Auditorium

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, composed of 110 musicians, under the direction of an internationally known condutor, will appear in concert in the Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium Wednesday night.

This will be the second of two musical dedication programs of the auditorium, the first having been the concert there by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra last Tuesday.

The program, which will begin at 8:15 p.m., follows:

Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra—
Opus 6, No. 10 ..... Handel
Nocturnes, Nuages and Fetes ..... Debussy
Orchestral Excerpts from the Ballet,
"Daphnis et Chloe," second suite.
Lever du Jour—Pantomime—Danse
Generale ..... Ravel
Intermission.
Symphony No. 5 in C minor,
Opus 67 ..... Beethoven
I Allegro
II Andante con moto.
III Allegro; trio.
IV Allegro.

The concert is one of the series numbers in Mrs. Carlyle M. Scott's eleventh annual university concert course.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS
OCT 27

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT U WEDNESDAY

Concert Second of Dedicatory Events for Northrop Auditorium.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, composed of 110 musicians and conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, internationally known musical figure, will appear in concert in the Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium at the University of Minnesota Wednesday night.

This will be the second of two preliminary dedicatory events in the auditorium, the first having been the concert there by the Symphony orchestra Tuesday. Both concerts are included in Mrs. Carlyle M. Scott's eleventh annual concert course at the University.

The program:

Concerto grosso for string orchestra.
Opus 6, No. 10 ..... Handel
Nocturnes, Nuages and Fetes ..... Debussy
Orchestral excerpts from the Ballet,
"Daphnis et Choes," second suite.
Lever du Jour, Pantomine, Danse
Generale ..... Ravel

INTERMISSION.

Symphony No. 5 in C minor, opus 67 Beethoven

1. Allegro con brio.
2. Andante con moto.
3. Allegro; trio.
4. Allegro.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL

Music

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

THE Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will give the program of the second dedicatory concert at Cyrus Northrop Memorial Auditorium Wednesday night. Ginna Pinnera, soprano, will be the soloist Friday night at the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra's regular Lyceum concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE

Boston Symphony Will Play at 'U'

Concert Wednesday Will Be Part of Auditorium Dedication Program.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, composed of 110 musicians and conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, internationally known musical figure, will appear in concert in the Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium at the University of Minnesota Wednesday night.

This will be the second of two preliminary dedicatory events in the auditorium, the first having been the concert there by the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra last Tuesday. Both concerts are series members in Mrs. Carlyle M. Scott's eleventh annual concert course at the university.

The program which will begin at 8:15 p. m., follows:

Concerto grosso for string orchestra
Opus 6, No. 10 ..... Handel
Nocturnes, Nuages and Fetes ..... Debussy
Orchestral excerpts from the Ballet,
"Daphnis et Chloe"
Second suite
Lever du Jour—Pantomime
Danse Generale ..... Ravel

INTERMISSION

Symphony No. 5 in C minor,
Opus 67 ..... Beethoven
I. Allegro con brio.
II Andante con moto
III. Allegro; trio
IV. Allegro.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE
OCT 27 1929

Kussevitsky, Leader of Boston Symphony, Has Had Checquered Career

Noted Russian and 'Hub City' Musicians to Give Concert Wednesday in Northrop Auditorium.

By James Davies.

FEW, if any of the world's great conductors have experienced such a checquered career as the famous leader of the Boston symphony orchestra, Serge Kussevitsky, who is to appear in the new Northrop auditorium, October 30, with his equally famous organization. It is said that he first conducted as a boy of 12, when he led the local orchestra at his birthplace in the province of Tver, northern Russia. As a student at the conservatory at Moscow he was obliged to learn an instrument and chose the doublebass with the noted teacher, Ramboussec, as his teacher. So great was his proficiency on this instrument that he toured through Europe, playing with the great orchestras and in concert to the great astonishment of those who had little faith in the bull fiddle as a solo instrument.

His skill was unbelievable for he may be ranked with the leading virtuosi of any time, on any instrument, in his interpretations of the comparatively few masterpieces written for this ungainly medium. I heard him perform under Arthur Nikisch in the Gewnadhaus at one of the regular symphony concerts and learned, for the first time, that with such a master as this wielding the bow the doublebass could be made a vehicle for the expression of musical thought and emotion unsurpassed by any other kind of string instrument.

* * *

BUT HIS aim was orchestral leadership and we find him in 1909 with his own orchestra in Moscow, which finally became known as the finest in Russia. Not content, however, with existing merely for the benefit of the classes he took his orchestra the long length of the Volga river—2,500 miles—chartering the steamer himself, carrying soloists, a few friends, and the spirit of great music greatly played for the pleasure and profit of those who had never heard a great orchestra. These trips he repeated several times.

He founded a publishing house by means of which the works of young composers were given to the world, young men who have become famous since that time, including Stravinsky and Prokofieff. Thanks to the combination of publishing house and orchestra these compositions quickly became known to Russia and the world at large and the leap from obscurity to fame had been made.

* * *

NATURALLY the revolution in Russia compelled certain changes, but Kussevitsky, while losing his own orchestra did conduct the Russian State orchestra. Then in 1920 he was heard as conductor in Paris where he assembled his own orchestra and since that time he has conducted his annual series of "Concerts Kussevitsky" at the opera house. He became known in England through invitations to act as guest conductor of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London. Through these, through operatic performances in Paris and elsewhere and by his work with the Boston symphony orchestra he has become recognized as one of the most brilliant, inspired, and inspiring conductors in the world.

Each year, at the conclusion of the Boston season, he returns to Europe for the Paris and London series, he has conducted in every musical city of note in England and France, he is regarded as the most discerning conductor in selecting modern works for performance while never neglecting either the romanticists nor the classics.

* * *

UNDER Kussevitsky's baton the Boston orchestra has won back to the distinction it enjoyed during the halcyon days of Gericke, Pauer, Nikisch, Muck, Fiedler, Rabaud and Monteux. Coming to Boston in 1924, at a time when certain changes had to be faced, when the old orchestra had been split into factions, when it had failed to respond to the efforts of other conductors and seemed to be in danger of dissolution, he took charge, built up and won through to what is perhaps the most enviable position as conductor in America.

We have heard much of Kussevitsky the ultra-modernist but examine his programs and we find a splendid balance is maintained between old and new. For the program to be played next Wednesday evening at the University in the Northrop Memorial hall he has chosen the Beethoven fifth symphony as the chief number. It is said of him that he gives to this work a highly dramatic interpretation, an interpretation entirely individual and positive, stimulating speculation on the right or wrong of the conventional conception of Beethoven's music.

Debussy's Nocturnes: "Clouds" and "Festivals" reveal this conductor as an impressionistic painter, the fact that he paints in tones instead of pigments emphasizes this classification. Here is music where mood and subtle suggestion inter-play, and we are told no shade of meaning is lost.

* * *

THE PROGRAM will open with Haendel's Concerto Grosso," selected, no doubt, to show the wonderful perfection of tone and ensemble secured by the string section of the Boston orchestra. In Ravel's suite from "Daphne and Chloe" we find loveliness and grace of superlative order. Ravel's skill in writing for wood winds may be traced in "Dawn" and "Pantomime" of this suite. The closing "general dance" has been termed the most strongly rhythmed and tumultuous music written by the French composer.

Here is variety enough for anybody, variety of a kind that will demonstrate the manysidedness of the organization, that will enable the hearer to judge section by sec-

tion the composition of this famous orchestra.

A tremendous audience is assured for the concert, people are coming from all over the state, both to see the hall, to hear the music and to learn something at first hand of the man we in the northwest have heard so much about. It will be another gala evening within the walls of the building dedicated to the memory of one of the greatest men, if not the greatest, this state has produced.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS
OCT 27 1929

Koussevitsky and Orchestra Due Wednesday

Famed Boston Organization Will Play at "U"; Verbruggen Gives Third Symphony Thursday.

With the preoccupying demands of a season of grand opera behind them, local followers of things musical will be able to give their attention once more to the orchestral events. One of those scheduled for the current week is of especial interest. Serge Koussevitsky will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra in a concert at the Cyrus Northrop Auditorium at the University on Wednesday, October 30. On the following night, Thursday, the local symphony orchestra under Henri Verbrugghen will give the third concert of the season at the Auditorium.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is considerably more than ten years since the Boston Symphony orchestra has ventured so far west as this to give a concert. On the occasion of the last appearance Koussevitsky was not the conductor. His visit to the Cyrus Northrop Auditorium will be the first that he has made to Minnesota.

Serge Koussevitsky became director of the Boston Symphony in 1924 when it had just weathered a period of disruption and disturbance following the war. In the years during which he has presided over its destinies he has restored it to the place which it had held so long as one of the great orchestras of the world.

The personal history of this extraordinarily brilliant man is of unusual interest. His name must be put on the list of child prodigies whose early indications of great gifts have been justi- ... by later perform- ... ky made his pro- ... a conductor in his ... r, Russia, at the ... The authority for ... not say how long ... l such a post at ... velopment, but to ... l to remain on the ... whole evening is ... ugh.

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ously referred to, derived from the flute-and-trumpet theme of the introduction. This double theme is repeated. Then comes the first subsidiary theme, introduced by recitativ-like violas, itself an energetic theme for violins, horns and English horn. It also is heard variously, with some reversion to the main theme. The sharply rhythmed chords of the beginning usher in what earlier composers would have made the development.

Bax develops fully and ingeniously. Near the end of this section is a second subsidiary theme, simple, melodic, lyrical. It enters for flute and 'cello solo, is in itself much repeated and developed. Unorthodox is the introduction of a new theme here. Who can say that it is not a stroke of genius, affording relief, before proceeding again with the already much-worked material? The last section, call it "recapitulation" if you will, follows largely the "exposition," but in reverse order. After reference to the opening harmonies of the introduction, to the main theme of the movement, to the "declamato theme," to the fanfare of the introduction, and a new development of the second subsidiary, it states the two portions of the main theme with its original second part first. Then for Coda follows material of the introduction —the "declamato" theme, the three-note motto, an energetic conclusion. All of which is a mere skeleton outline of Bax's four hundred and twenty-eight measures. There are other "themelets" besides the ones indicated.

To Conclude

The Andante is far simpler. After some delicious playing with slightly Debussian chords, basses and 'cellos, frequently reinforced by horns, develop a theme out of the pizzicato motto of the introduction. Then there is a "cantabile" theme for violins, simple, lyrical, direct. After a time violas with an octave-leap introduce the chief contrasting theme, also lyrical, but more rhythmically active than the first. There is some development, more of the fragmentary contrasting themes, and briefer restatement and redevelopment of the two lyrical themes with some appearances of the "motto" for coda.

The last movement is dominated by a single, long, far-flung theme. The ten measures of the introduction occupy themselves chiefly with the motto. Then that motto yields the most important theme it has yet generated. The eight measures remind one somewhat of the extended flights of Strauss. Not only in range is there resemblance. The new eight-measure theme is pregnant with as many motifs for development as though Strauss had written it. These are in turn freely and energetically developed, until strings, brass and woodwinds all join in a subsidiary theme "molto feroce" of large sweep and breadth. There is more development of motives from the main theme. After this subsides there are many repeated notes in strings, in varied rhythms, which soon serve as accompaniment for a "cello cantabile." There is still further development of the main theme, after which the ambiguous passage from the introduction to the first movement, as already described. Which, after restatement of the initial "declamato" theme, and a final plucking of the "motto," leads to the mysterious close faintly suggesting the two keys of the symphony.

A. H. M.

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... OLIS
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... Honor ... onductors

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PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN

Serge Koussevitsky shown above is the very active and d... chestra with which he will appear in a concert to be giv... Auditorium at the University of Minnesota. Gina Pinne... chestra under Mr. Verbrugghen on Thursa...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
STAR
OCT 28

The Boston Symphony

CONCERTGOERS this week are turning their eyes and ears toward the Northrop Memorial auditorium where, on Wednesday night, the renowned Boston Symphony orchestra with its equally renowned conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, will appear in its first concert in [redacted].

If all the accounts which have been written of this famous orchestra are true, the concert should prove one of the most momentous and enjoyable of a music season that already is crowded with good things. No less valuable, from the local symphony lover's viewpoint, will be the opportunity it affords for a new perspective on the quality of our own orchestra.

Far-off things often exude a glamour never associated with local phenomena, and the remote Boston Symphony illustrates well the truth that "distance lends enchantment." Minneapolis devotees of music now have a chance to see whether that glamour will survive under the conditions of "here and now" and may experience, in the bargain, a vivid revelation of the value and importance, by the light of comparison, of our home-grown symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS STAR

Boston Symphony in Concert Tonight

The second preliminary dedicatory event at the Cyrus Northrop memorial auditorium at the University of Minnesota will be held tonight when the Boston Symphony orchestra appears in concert. The first event in connection with the dedication was last Tuesday when the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra presented a concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
EVE. TRIBUNE

BEFORE THE CONCERT TO BE given by the Boston Symphony orchestra Wednesday evening in the Cyrus Northrup auditorium at the University of Minnesota, Miss Eunice Norton and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Norton of the Oak Grove hotel, will be guests of Governor and Mrs. Theodore Christianson at dinner in their home. Mrs. Elbert L. Carpenter of Clifton avenue will be hostess at an informal tea for Miss Norton Friday afternoon. Miss Norton returned to Minneapolis from England to be the piano soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra at the dedicatory concert in the Northrop auditorium October 22. She will give a radio program with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra Sunday.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE
OCT 27 1928

Kussevitsky, Leader of Boston Symphony, Has Had Checquered Career

Noted Russian and 'Hub City' Musicians to Give Concert Wednesday in Northrop Auditorium.

By James Davies.

FEW, if any of the world's great conductors have experienced such a checquered career as the famous leader of the Boston symphony orchestra, Serge Kussevitsky, who is to appear in the new Northrop auditorium, October 30, with his equally famous organization. It is said that he first conducted as a boy of 12, when he led the local orchestra at his birthplace in the province of Tver, northern Russia. As a student at the conservatory at Moscow he was obliged to learn an instrument and chose the doublebass with the noted teacher, Ramboussec, as his teacher. So great was his proficiency on this instrument that he toured through Europe, playing with the great orchestras and in concert to the great astonishment of those who had little faith in the bull fiddle as a solo instrument.

His skill was unbelievable for he may be ranked with the leading virtuosi of any time, on any instrument, in his interpretations of the comparatively few masterpieces written for this ungainly medium. I heard him perform under Arthur Nikisch in the Gewnadhaus at one of the regular symphony concerts and learned, for the first time, that with such a master as this wielding the bow the doublebass could be made a vehicle for the expression of musical thought and emotion unsurpassed by any other kind of string instrument.

* * *

BUT HIS aim was orchestral leadership and we find him in 1909 with his own orchestra in Moscow, which finally became known as the finest in Russia. Not content, however, with existing merely for the benefit of the classes he took his orchestra the long length of the Volga river—2,500 miles—chartering the steamer himself, carrying soloists, a few friends, and the spirit of great music greatly played for the pleasure and profit of those who had never heard a great orchestra. These trips he repeated several times.

He founded a publishing house by means of which the works of young composers were given to the world, young men who have become famous since that time, including Stravinsky and Prokofieff. Thanks to the combination of publishing house and orchestra these compositions quickly became known to Russia and the world at large and the leap from obscurity to fame had been made.

* * *

NATURALLY the revolution in Russia compelled certain changes, but Kussevitsky, while losing his own orchestra did conduct the Russian State orchestra. Then in 1920 he was heard as conductor in Paris where he assembled his own orchestra and since that time he has conducted his annual series of "Concerts Kussevitsky" at the opera house. He became known in England through invitations to act as guest conductor of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London. Through these, through operatic performances in Paris and elsewhere and by his work with the Boston symphony orchestra he has become recognized as one of the most brilliant, inspired, and inspiring conductors in the world.

Each year, at the conclusion of the Boston season, he returns to Europe for the Paris and London series, he has conducted in every musical city of note in England and France, he is regarded as the most discerning conductor in selecting modern works for performance while never neglecting either the romanticists nor the classics.

* * *

UNDER Kussevitsky's baton the Boston orchestra has won back to the distinction it enjoyed during the halcyon days of Gericke, Pauer, Nikisch, Muck, Fiedler, Rabaud and Monteux. Coming to Boston in 1924, at a time when certain changes had to be faced, when the old orchestra had been split into factions, when it had failed to respond to the efforts of other conductors and seemed to be in danger of dissolution, he took charge, built up and won through to what is perhaps the most enviable position as conductor in America.

We have heard much of Kussevitsky the ultra-modernist but examine his programs and we find a splendid balance is maintained between old and new. For the program to be played next Wednesday evening at the University in the Northrop Memorial hall he has chosen the Beethoven fifth symphony as the chief number. It is said of him that he gives to this work a highly dramatic interpretation, an interpretation entirely individual and positive, stimulating speculation on the right or wrong of the conventional conception of Beethoven's music.

Debussy's Nocturnes: "Clouds" and "Festivals" reveal this conductor as an impressionistic painter, the fact that he paints in tones instead of pigments emphasizes this classification. Here is music where mood and subtle suggestion inter-play, and we are told no shade of meaning is lost.

* * *

THE PROGRAM will open with Haendel's Concerto Grosso," selected, no doubt, to show the wonderful perfection of tone and ensemble secured by the string section of the Boston orchestra. In Ravel's suite from "Daphne and Chloe" we find loveliness and grace of superlative order. Ravel's skill in writing for wood winds may be traced in "Dawn" and "Pantomime" of this suite. The closing "general dance" has been termed the most strongly rhythmed and tumultuous music written by the French composer.

Here is variety enough for anybody, variety of a kind that will demonstrate the manysidedness of the organization, that will enable the hearer to judge section by section the composition of this famous orchestra.

A tremendous audience is assured for the concert, people are coming from all over the state, both to see the hall, to hear the music and to learn something at first hand of the man we in the northwest have heard so much about. It will be another gala evening within the walls of the building dedicated to the memory of one of the greatest men, if not the greatest, this state has produced.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS
OCT 27 1928

154

Koussevitsky and Orchestra Due Wednesday

Famed Boston Organization Will Play at "U"; Verbruggen Gives Third Symphony Thursday.

With the preoccupying demands of a season of grand opera behind them, local followers of things musical will be able to give their attention once more to the orchestral events. One of those scheduled for the current week is of especial interest. Serge Koussevitsky will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra in a concert at the Cyrus Northrop Auditorium at the University on Wednesday, October 30. On the following night, Thursday, the local symphony orchestra under Henri Verbrugghen will give the third concert of the season at the Auditorium.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is considerably more than ten years since the Boston Symphony orchestra has ventured so far west as this to give a concert. On the occasion of the last appearance Koussevitsky was not the conductor. His visit to the Cyrus Northrop Auditorium will be the first that he has made to Minnesota.

Serge Koussevitsky became director of the Boston Symphony in 1924 when it had just weathered a period of disruption and disturbance following the war. In the years during which he has presided over its destinies he has restored it to the place which it had held so long as one of the great orchestras of the world.

The personal history of this extraordinarily brilliant man is of unusual interest. His name must be put on the list of child prodigies whose early indications of great gifts have been justified by later performances. Koussevitsky made his professional debut as a conductor in his native city of Tver, Russia, at the age of 11 years. The authority for this statement does not say how long he continued to fill such a post at that period of his development, but to have been permitted to remain on the platform for one whole evening is quite distinction enough.

After that surprising beginning, he continued his musical studies first in Moscow and later in Berlin under Arthur Nikisch. In 1909 he founded his first orchestra and with it toured Russia for several years. At the same time he founded his own musical publishing house. In 1917 he went to Paris and there his publishing firm moved its headquarters after the Russian revolution.

Between 1921 and 1924 he toured Western Europe Boston has engaged his attention since that time except for the period which he devotes to the series of concerts which he gives annually in Paris.

The opportunity to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra in Minnesota is an unusual one, tI is so committed to its large Eastern audience that there is seldom an opportunity for Western tours. The orchestra's schedule of concerts consists of five series in Greater Boston, one in Providence and two in New York. This program is an extraordinarily full one and permits of few excursions.

An interesting item on Koussevitsky's list of talents as conductor, editor, and executive in musical affairs is his gift as a double bass viol player. With the artist's supreme and perfect belief in his instrument he has even composed a concerto for the double bass.

The program which Koussevitsky has chosen for the concert to be given in Cyrus Northrop Auditorium on the University campus reflects some of his own particular musical enthusiasms. It follows.

Concerto Grosso-Opus 6, No. 10, for string orchestra .....Handel
Two Nocturnes—Clouds and Festivals .....Debussy
Second Suite, Daphnis and Chloe—Beethoven
Fifth Symphony .....Beethoven

PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN

Serge Koussevitsky shown above is the very active and d chestra with which he will appear in a concert to be giv Auditorium at the University of Minnesota. Gina Pinne chestra under Mr. Verbrugghen on Thursa

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
STAR
OCT 28

The Boston Symphony

CONCERTGOERS this week are turning their eyes and ears toward the Northrop Memorial auditorium where, on Wednesday night, the renowned Boston Symphony orchestra with its equally renowned conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, will appear in its first concert in [redacted].

If all the accounts which have been written of this famous orchestra are true, the concert should prove one of the most momentous and enjoyable of a music season that already is crowded with good things. No less valuable, from the local symphony lover's viewpoint, will be the opportunity it affords for a new perspective on the quality of our own orchestra.

Far-off things often exude a glamour never associated with local phenomena, and the remote Boston Symphony illustrates well the truth that "distance lends enchantment." Minneapolis devotees of music now have a chance to see whether that glamour will survive under the conditions of "here and now" and may experience, in the bargain, a vivid revelation of the value and importance, by the light of comparison, of our home-grown symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL
OCT 29

Governor to Honor Boston Conductors

Governor and Mrs. Theodore Christian will entertain at a dinner tomorrow evening in honor of Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston [redacted] orchestra. Tomorrow afternoon Henri Verbrugghen will give a luncheon in his honor. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the second dedicatory concert at the Cyrus Northrop Memorial Auditorium tomorrow evening.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS STAR

Boston Symphony in Concert Tonight

The second preliminary dedicatory event at the Cyrus Northrop memorial auditorium at the University of Minnesota will be held tonight when the Boston Symphony orchestra appears in concert. The first event in connection with the dedication was last Tuesday when the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra presented a concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
EVE. TRIBUNE

BEFORE THE CONCERT TO BE given by the Boston Symphony orchestra Wednesday evening in the Cyrus Northrup auditorium at the University of Minnesota Miss Eunice Norton and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Norton of the Oak Grove hotel, will be guests of Governor and Mrs. Theodore Christianson at dinner in their home. Mrs. Elbert L. Carpenter of Clifton avenue will be hostess at an informal tea for Miss Norton Friday afternoon. Miss Norton returned to Minneapolis from England to be the piano soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra at the dedicatory concert in the Northrop auditorium October 22. She will give a radio program with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra Sunday.

REDUCTION RATIO

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PM-MGP 13″x18″
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

200 mm

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS STAR
OCT 31

MUSIC

Koussevitzky Leads Boston Symphony in Concert

By JOHN K. SHERMAN

"Veni, vidi, vici" is the message that Serge Koussevitzky may send back, with the unanimous approval of Minneapolis concertgoers, to Bostontown. A hypnotized audience of 5,000 in Northrop auditorium last night surrendered to the Boston Symphony orchestra heart and soul, and left the hall under such a spell that some of them, we don't doubt, are still walking on clouds.

Without giving way to the natural impulse to use superlatives, the Boston symphony under Koussevitzky must be conceded to be a great orchestra, a supremely great orchestra. Its gift to Minneapolis music lovers last evening was revelation of what symphonic music can be—and this is said with no disrespect to our own orchestra. The enjoyment it aroused was of the kind that leaves the concertgoer in an exhausted, inarticulate state, drained dry of emotion and ecstasy.

* * *

First and foremost, the Boston orchestra is a marvelous unit, trained to the finest edge of technical perfection—a single musical instrument that plays as one man might play. No music is so intricate or dazzling that it cannot be elucidated, with overpowering conviction, by the 110 men who make up its personnel. Its choirs are flawless in tone production and each are welded to the other with uncanny precision.

Secondly, Serge Koussevitzky is a controlling genius whose strength and sensitivity and intelligence are everywhere apparent. He is a great clarifier and a great lover, one also feels, of music's sensuous beauty. His interpretations live and breathe; their appeal is so magnetic that the hearers' attention is riveted into an almost painful absorption. His eloquence is so moving that one can hardly restrain the urge to shout and clap strangers on the back at the end of a performance.

* * *

The adroit balance and profound sense of form possessed by Koussevitzky were immediately evident as the first number on the program — Handel's Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, op. 6, No. 10 —got under way. Here was beautiful limpidity of strings, a conception which retained the formal, slightly archaic grace of Handel while breathing into it a glowing and contagious warmth. Here, also, was nuance drawn out to its thinnest line, "listening" silences which broke the skein of sound, a patient sensitiveness which spun measures of bewildering purity and beauty.

In the Debussy which followed, Koussevitzky gave his hearers an inkling of his superb mastery of modern harmonics and rhythms. In "Nuages," a magic spell is induced by the remoteness, the fragrant delicacy of the phrasing—a delicacy which was never weak or uncertain. One marveled that a touch so soft and light could also be so sure and so accurate. In the succeeding "Fetes," the second of the Debussy Nocturnes, the conductor galvanized the seeming softness and pliability of his orchestra into an electrical tension and brilliance and brought the composition to a climax that was all sheen and glitter, like the pattern of gaudy fireworks against a night sky.

* * *

But if the Debussy was magic, the Ravel that followed was sheer sorcery which made hearers doubt the evidence of their ears. Never have we experienced a musical sensation so blindingly vivid as that heard in the finale of the "Daphnis and Chloe" suite. Here the orchestra became white-hot, incandescent, producing an effect which made one wonder, "Is it possible?" For orchestral virtuosity, this composition stood out as the evening's most salient achievement. What might have been confusion and unintelligible complexity in the hands of another was moulded by Koussevitzky into a lyric fired with meaning and eloquence.

Of the Beethoven Fifth symphony, one's praise is also apt to be extravagant. Koussevitzky read the familiar work with fine majesty and free-flowing logic. It was a symphony in which there were mysterious shadows as well as whole-souled affirmations. In generosity of treatment, idealism, and clarity of thought, it was a performance that measured up to the colossal concept of Beethoven.

As encore, after complimenting Minneapolis in delightful English on its new campus auditorium — "the finest in the world" — Koussevitzky further delighted his audience with a brilliant rendition of the scherzo from Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL
OCT 31

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY THRILLS AUDIENCE

Koussevitzki and Master Musicians Win High Praise in Campus Concert

By VICTOR NILSSON

Boston Symphony Orchestra under the musical direction of its conductor, Serge Koussevitzki, was the formidable attraction with which the regular concert course of the University of Minnesota filled the second program of dedicatory concerts in the Cyrus Northrop Memorial Auditorium Wednesday night. No wonder there was a capacity house and rich flow of genuine enthusiasm for the occasion. It is seldom a first class orchestra from some other city comes visiting here under the baton of a world famous conductor. The Boston Symphony has not been heard here for well nigh 40 years, or since it appeared under the direction of Arthur Nikisch on May 12, 1890, at the armory of the university (afterwards demolished by fire). It was a memorable event, vivid yet in the minds of all who heard it.

To compare one orchestra with others is not just. It is not even quite fair to compare the work of the same orchestra with such a span of time between the appearances here as 40 years, especially when the difference in size of the organization is considerable. Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the magic wand of Arthur Nikisch, could not with 70 men, even if they were all "great artists" as ran the advertising parlance of those days, play as can the same organization composed of 107 men of the same technical skill and under the hagic wand of an equally great conductor.

Numbers Make Difference

The difference in complement makes a decided difference, not only in the selection of the program, but also in its performance. The increasing wealth and suasion of the strings never ceases to establish itself in proportion to the size of the orchestra of picked musicians. And a smaller complement cannot include such things as an alto flute in G, a base clarinet in E, a fourth trumpet, two harps and double basses with the low C as are required in the Ravel music played Wednesday night. With the complete equipment of a modern symphony orchestra even goes an artistically trained choir of male, female and mixed voices. The suite in questiion calls for a mixed chorus, while of Debussy nocturnes there is a third, "Sirenes," like this time often omitted because it calls for a choir of female voices.

Between the two conductors of the Boston Symphony heard here, it is easier to make comparisons, if comparisons there must be. This is quite natural because they both "travel in the same class" with no other in all the world of quite the same superiority with the exception of three or four. Serge Koussevitski is, like Nikisch, a conductor who turns all the music that he touches into a high degree of intensification. Koussevitski is the Chaliapin among the conductors, and in his vitality goes even farther on the lines of individual vitalization and ecstatic vibrancy than did Nikisch.

Plays Rare Handel Work

The only music played this time by the Boston Symphony that is not familiar to local concertgoers from the repertoire of our Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was the first on the program or the tenth concerto grosso (in D minor) out of the dozen published by Handel ah his opus 10. It is one of the least often heard of the twelve. The conductor was impressive in his interpretation of this music and inspired his players to virtuosic exertion of finesse. The composer's own performers no doubt were also virtuosic, but in a ryhmically largeness and simplicity, as Handel's music is generally understood also in our day. His conducting was throughout quietly restrained.

The Handel music impressed through the serene and melancholic beauty of its several slow movements and the skilful and romping playfulness of those of lighter mood and higher speed. The group of solo players, which in a concerto grosso of those 200 years ago constitutes what was called the concertina or concertante, was made up for the concertmaster of the orchestra, another violin and a cello, who. when occasion required, rose to prominence and played their difficult music with superior skill and animation.

The two Debussy nocturnes of "Nuages" and "Fetes" that followed held their ground nobly by the side of the Handel music. In the first the great Russian conductor proved what a finished Parisian he is in his demarkation of the exquisite "demiteintes," which constitute the artistic joy of the French. In the festival picture was established the first Koussevitzkian crescendo of tremendous energy and sweep, which made the whole end in an explosion of color provoking a great number of recalls.

Koussevitzki Charms

With the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe," a return was made from the impressionistic world of whole tone progressions, principally at least to the diatonic scale, while striking imitations both of the impressionist Debussy and the expressionist Stravinsky are made in Ravel's own inimitable manner. The whole creation as staged by Fokin and Bakst constitutes one of the most ravishing "clous" of the much slandered grand opera of Paris. As seen and heard there, Ravel's "symphonic choreographique" impresses as the greatest art creation of the twentieth century. Although instrumental parts are engraved in the score to take the places of its marvelous choruses without words, Koussevitzky conjured forth an all too brief section of this wonderful music in an adorable manner. Of infinite charm were made the closing passages of "Lever du jour" for oboe, flute, bass clarinet and solo violin. In "Pantomime," all the bizarrerie of Ravel's refined humor was set at play, while in the "Danse generale" there was another astounding feat of incisive rhythm and gorgeous color riot. New ovations followed this number with renewed and prolonged intensity.

Space forbids the full attention that should be given the performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony, which closed the program. It was throughout a divinely beautiful performance which in no movement knew any exaggeration of tempo or detail and throughout sound, brilliantly virtuosic and soothingly artistic. At the close the enthusiasm knew no bounds and was not stilled until Koussevitzky in a few words complimented the University of Minnesota upon "the most beautiful auditorium in the world," and announced an extra number. This was the racially resplendent scherza from Tchaikovsky's "Symphonie Pathetique," played marvelously by one of the world's greatest orchestras.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE

MRS. A. P. KEAM, 916 MARshall avenue, St. Paul, was hostess at a breakfast Tuesday morning at the Commodore hotel in honor of Mrs. Carl J. Lomen (Laura Volstead) of New York and Nome, Alaska. A large lemon-colored pottery bowl filled with yellow and bronze pompon chrysanthemums and pink roses and four single crystal candlesticks with lemon-colored tapers centered the table at which the guests were seated in the new ivory and crystal dining room on the main floor.

The guests included Mmes. Theodore Christianson, S. E. Linsley, Rhey T. Snodgrass, Theodore Veldey, F. W. Bock, Charles K. Blandin and Dudley W. Birdsall. Mr. and Mrs. Lomen are visiting Mrs. Lomen's father, Mr. Andrew J. Volstead, at the Commodore hotel.

Covers were placed for 16 guests at the reindeer dinner Governor and Mrs. Theodore Christianson gave Wednesday evening in their home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lomen and Miss Eunice Norton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Norton of the Oak Grove hotel. Following the dinner the party attended the concert given by the Boston Symphony orchestra at the Cyrus Northrop auditorium at the University of Minnesota.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE
OCT 31

Big Ovation Given Boston Players Here

Kussevitsky, Noted Symphony's Leader, Is Recalled Many Times.

In Short Talks, He Terms Northrop Auditorium Best in World.

Concert Part of Dedication Program Series for New 'U' Hall.

By James Davies.

Kussevitsky and his Boston symphony orchestra will return to the Hub feeling that Minneapolis deserves all the nice things that have been said of it as a musical city.

Certainly no man, much less one so tempermentally and emotionally effulgent as the Boston leader, could fail to feel that the great audience of nearly 5,000 persons attending the concert at the new Cyrus Northrop Memorial auditorium on the University of Minnesota campus Wednesday night, was with him heart and soul as he led his men through the broad dignity of Haendel, the inimitable music of Debussy, the clashing and bewildering compositions of Ravel, the majesty of Beethoven or the scintillating brilliance of Tschaikowsky.

The concert was the second of a series of three programs dedicating the new auditorium.

Conductor Speaks.

There is no doubt about Kussevitsky's own appreciation of the reception given him. He even made a little speech just long enough to tell the audience that the new hall was the finest in thew orld. That was quite enough; for it was what everybody wished to hear. Then he proceeded to break every rule of the organization he leads with such supreme mastery by adding to the program a part of the Tschaikowsky "Pathetic" symphony.

How many times he was recalled during the evening it is impossible to say. After the Ravel numbers I counted up to half a dozen and then wearied. The audience remained long after the program was concluded. It might have been there still, had it been possible to make Mr. Kussevitsky miss his train. They did their best anyway and to a man the orchestra responded.

Forget Tradition.

This is a virtuoso orchestra of 110 men. It is very true of most orchestras that the various leads rank high, but it is doubtful whether any man in this orchestra ranks as low as the average. But even 110 virtuosos could not create effects such as we listened to at this concert under less than a virtuoso leader. Kussevitsky is precisely that. One may disagree with him on minor details sometimes, but it is results that count. For instance the natural intensity of the man rather stirred the stiff old bones of the Haendel concerto for string orchestra to something more vibrant with emotion than I expected.

That is said with no disrespect to Haendel, but with considerably more admiration for Kussevitsky, who paid no attention to tradition and let us feel that perhaps after all I had been doing injustice to the more placid Haendel.

Debussy was a tonal dream or a pair of them, tone color and more shades of it than I dreamed existed resulted from the interpretation of the two nocturnes: "Nuages" and "Fetes." Debussy is made too colorless most of the time, but not at this concert and yet there was never the slightest hint of exaggeration.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS STAR
OCT 31 1923

Boston Artists Leave for Home After Concert

Members of the Boston symphony orchestra were on their way home today after playing a dedicatory concert at Northrop Memorial auditorium at the University of Minnesota and being entertained by members of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra Wednesday.

The Minneapolis musicians acted as a reception and entertainment committee. Many members of both musical organizations renewed old friendships while the Boston visitors were guests on sightseeing trips and luncheons. Henri Verbrugghen, conductor of the Minneapolis orchestra, entertained Serg Koussevitzky, leader of the Boston [redacted] at a luncheon at the Minneapolis club.

The Boston symphony played at the second dedicatory program at Northrop auditorium. Immediately after the concert they entrained for home.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
TRIBUNE
OCT 31 1923

Symphony From East Welcomed

Boston Orchestra Entertained by Musicians of Minneapolis.

Old friendships were renewed Wednesday when members of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra entertained the visiting Boston symphony. One of the nine new members of the Minneapolis organization saw his father for the first time in several months.

The Boston symphony came to play at the second dedicatory program at Northrop Memorial auditorium at the University of Minnesota Wednesday night. Immediately after the concert, they entrained and started home.

Among the most anxious waiters on the station platform in the morning was Robert Bladet, one of the new Minneapolis members, whose father, George Bladet, plays second flute in the Boston orchestra. Another Minneapolis musician who found many old friends among the Boston visitors was George Grisez, first clarinet. At the age of 19 he was with the Boston symphony, as the youngest member of any symphony orchestra in the country. Those who had helped him make his debut with the Boston symphony were guests at a luncheon at his home.

Conductor met conductor at the Minneapolis club where Henri Verbrugghen, leader of the Minneapolis orchestra, entertained Serg Koussevitzky, the Boston conductor, at a luncheon.

From the time of their arrival until a short time before their concert started, the visitors from Boston were the guests of the Minneapolis musicians, who acted as a reception and entertainment committee. Despite the damp weather, the visitors, between introductions and reminiscences, were taken on sight seeing trips.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
NEWS
OCT 31 [illegible]

CONCERT ACCLAIMED

Boston Symphony Given Great Reception at "U" Auditorium.

Such an enthusiastic and appreciative reception was given the Boston Symphony orchestra at the University of Minnesota Wednesday evening that two rules of orchestral concerts were broken.

The leader, Serge Koussevitsky made a speech and played an encore number at the close of the regular program when the audience of about 4,500 was reluctant to leave.

In his speech the great Russian conductor said that the Memorial auditorium was one of the finest he had seen in the world. The extra number played by the orchestra was the only Russian music played during the evening.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS
JOURNAL
OCT 31 [illegible]

CONDUCTOR MEETS CONDUCTOR

BOTH famed orchestra leaders, Serge Koussevitzky, (left) and Henri Verbrugghen met in Minneapolis for the first time yesterday after a 25-year acquaintance as musicians. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was luncheon guest of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra's leader at the Minneapolis Club. "Know each other?" Mr. Verbrugghen said. "Yes. For 25 years. Through our music. But this is the first time we ever met."

Transcript

itz"; [illegible]
s.

Night in Minneapolis

The returns are not yet all in from the journey westward, last week, of Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra. From the concert in Chicago on Tuesday, they moved northwest for a concert on Wednesday in Minneapolis, unvisited since 1890 in the distant days of Nikisch as conductor. The occasion was not without excitements. Next morning The Minneapolis Tribune reported them, "on the front page" as follows:

Koussevitzky and his Boston Sym-

Continued on Following Page

phony Orchestra will return to the Hub feeling that Minneapolis deserves all the nice things that have been said of it as a musical city.

Certainly no man, much less one so tempermentally and emotionally effulgent as the Boston leader, could fail to feel that the great audience of nearly 5000 persons attending the concert at the new Cyrus Northrop Memorial Auditorium on the University of Minnesota campus Wednesday night, was with him heart and soul as he led his men through the broad dignity of Handel [a Concerto Grosso], the inimitable music of Debussy ["Clouds" and Fêtsel], the clashing and bewildering composition of Ravel [second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloë], the majesty of Beethoven [Fifth Symphony], or the scintillating brilliance of Chaikovsky [March Movement from the "Pathetic" Symphony].

There is no doubt about Koussevitzky's own appreciation of the reception given him. He even made a little speech just long enough to tell the audience that the new hall was the finest in the world. That was quite enough; for it was what everybody wished to hear. Then he proceeded to break every rule of the organization he leads with such supreme mastery by adding to the program a part of the Chaikovsky "Pathetic" Symphony.

How many times he was recalled during the evening it is impossible to say. After the Ravel number I counted up to half a dozen and then wearied. The audience remained long after the program was concluded. It might have been there still, had it been posible to make Mr. Koussevitzky miss his train. They did their best anyway and to a man the orchestra responded.

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THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1929

MUSIC

Koussevitzky Leads Boston Symphony in Concert

By JOHN K. SHERMAN

"Veni, vidi, vici" is the message that Serge Koussevitzky may send back, with the unanimous approval of Minneapolis concertgoers, to Bostontown. A hypnotized audience of 5,000 in Northrop auditorium last night surrendered to the Boston Symphony orchestra heart and soul, and left the hall under such a spell that some of them, we don't doubt, are still walking on clouds.

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* * *

First and foremost, the Boston orchestra is a marvelous unit, trained to the finest edge of technical perfection—a single musical instrument that plays as one man might play. No music is so intricate or dazzling that it cannot be elucidated, with overpowering conviction, by the 110 men who make up its personnel. Its choirs are flawless in tone production and each are welded to the other with uncanny precision.

Secondly, Serge Koussevitzky is a controlling genius whose strength and sensitivity and intelligence are everywhere apparent. He is a great clarifier and a great lover, one also feels, of music's sensuous beauty. His interpretations live and breathe; their appeal is so magnetic that the hearers' attention is riveted into an almost painful absorption. His eloquence is so moving that one can hardly restrain the urge to shout and clap strangers on the back at the end of a performance.

* * *

The adroit balance and profound sense of form possessed by Koussevitzky were immediately evident as the first number on the program — Handel's Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, op. 6, No. 10 —got under way. Here was beautiful limpidity of strings, a conception which retained the formal, slightly archaic grace of Handel while breathing into it a glowing and contagious warmth. Here, also, was nuance drawn out to its thinnest line, "listening" silences which broke the skein of sound a patient sensitiveness which spun measures of bewildering purity and purity.

In the Debussy which followed, Koussevitzky gave his hearers an inkling of his superb mastery of modern harmonics and rhythms. In "Nuages," a magic spell is induced by the remoteness, the fragrant delicacy of the phrasing—a delicacy which was never weak or uncertain. One marveled that a touch so soft and light could also be so sure and so accurate. In the succeeding "Fetes," the second of the Debussy Nocturnes, the conductor galvanized the seeming softness and pliability of his orchestra into an electrical tension and brilliance and brought the composition to a climax that was all sheen and glitter, like the pattern of gaudy fireworsk against a night sky.

* * *

But if the Debussy was magic, the Ravel that followed was sheer sorcery which made hearers doubt the evidence of their ears. Never have we experienced a musical sensation so blindingly vivid as that heard in the finale of the "Daphnis and Chloe" suite. Here the orchestra became white-hot, incandescent, producing an effect which made one wonder, "Is it possible?" For orchestral virtuosity, this composition stood out as the evening's most salient achievement. What might have been confusion and unintelligible complexity in the hands of another was moulded by Koussevitzky into a lyric fired with meaning and eloquence.

Of the Beethoven Fifth symphony, one's praise is also apt to be extravagant. Koussevitzky read the familiar work with fine majesty and free-flowing logic. It was a symphony in which there were mysterious shadows as well as whole-souled affirmations. In generosity of treatment, idealism, and clarity of thought, it was a performance that measured up to the colossal concept of Beethoven.

As encore, after complimenting in delightful English on its new campus auditorium — "the finest in the world" — Koussevitzky further delighted his audience with a brilliant rendition of the scherzo from Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique."

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

October 31, 1929.

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY THRILLS AUDIENCE

Koussevitzki and Master Musicians Win High Praise in Campus Concert

By VICTOR NILSSON

Boston Symphony Orchestra under the musical direction of its conductor, Serge Koussevitzki, was the formidable attraction with which the regular concert course of the University of Minnesota filled the second program of dedicatory concerts in the Cyrus Northrop Memorial Auditorium Wednesday night. No wonder there was a capacity house and rich flow of genuine enthusiasm for the occasion. It is seldom a first class orchestra from some other city comes visiting here under the baton of a world famous conductor. The Boston Symphony has not been heard here for well nigh 40 years, or since it appeared under the direction of Arthur Nikisch on May 12, 1890, at the armory of the university (afterwards demolished by fire). It was a memorable event, vivid yet in the minds of all who heard it.

To compare one orchestra with others is not just. It is not even quite fair to compare the work of the same orchestra with such a span of time between the appearances here as 40 years, especially when the difference in size of the organization is considerable. Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the magic wand of Arthur Nikisch, could not with 70 men, even if they were all "great artists" as ran the advertising parlance of those days, play as can the same organization composed of 107 men of the same technical skill and under the hagic wand of an equally great conductor.

Numbers Make Difference

The difference in complement makes a decided difference, not only in the selection of the program, but also in its performance. The increasing wealth and suasion of the strings never ceases to establish itself in proportion to the size of the orchestra of picked musicians. And a smaller complement cannot include such things as an alto flute in G, a base clarinet in E, a fourth trumpet, two harps and double basses with the low C as are required in the Ravel music played Wednesday night. With the complete equipment of a modern symphony orchestra even goes an artistically trained choir of male, female and mixed voices. The suite in questiion calls for a mixed chorus, while of Debussy nocturnes there is a third, "Sirenes," like this time often omitted because it calls for a choir of female voices.

Between the two conductors of the Boston Symphony heard here, it is easier to make comparisons, if comparisons there must be. This is quite natural because they both "travel in the same class" with no other in all the world of quite the same superiority with the exception of three or four. Serge Koussevitski is, like Nikisch, a conductor who turns all the music that he touches into a high degree of intensification. Koussevitski is the Chaliapin among the conductors, and in his vitality goes even farther on the lines of individual vitalization and ecstatic vibrancy than did Nikisch.

Plays Rare Handel Work

The only music played this time by the Boston Symphony that is not familiar to local concertgoers from the repertoire of our Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was the first on the program or the tenth concerto grosso (in D minor) out of the dozen published by Handel ah his opus 10. It is one of the least often heard of the twelve. The conductor was impressive in his interpretation of this music and inspired his players to virtuosic exertion of finesse. The composer's own performers no doubt were also virtuosic, but in a ryhmically largeness and simplicity, as Handel's music is generally understood also in our day. His conducting was throughout quietly restrained.

The Handel music impressed through the serene and melancholic beauty of its several slow movements and the skilful and romping playfulness of those of lighter mood and higher speed. The group of solo players, which in a concerto grosso of those 200 years ago constitutes what was called the concertina or concertante, was made up for the concertmaster of the orchestra, another violin and a cello, who, when occasion required, rose to prominence and played their difficult music with superior skill and animation.

The two Debussy nocturnes of "Nuages" and "Fetes" that followed held their ground nobly by the side of the Handel music. In the first the great Russian conductor proved what a finished Parisian he is in his demarkation of the exquisite "demiteintes," which constitute the artistic joy of the French. In the festival picture was established the first Koussevitzkian crescendo of tremendous energy and sweep, which made the whole end in an explosion of color provoking a great number of recalls.

Koussevitzki Charms

With the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe," a return was made from the impressionistic world of whole tone progressions, principally at least to the diatonic scale, while striking imitations both of the impressionist Debussy and the expressionist Stravinsky are made in Ravel's own inimitable manner. The whole creation as staged by Fokin and Bakst constitutes one of the most ravishing "clous" of the much slandered grand opera of Paris. As seen and heard there, Ravel's "symphonic choreographique" impresses as the greatest art creation of the twentieth century. Although instrumental parts are engraved in the score to take the places of its marvelous choruses without words, Koussevitzky conjured forth an all too brief section of this wonderful music in an adorable manner. Of infinite charm were made the closing passages of "Lever du jour" for oboe, flute, bass clarinet and solo violin. In "Pantomime," all the bizarrerie of Ravel's refined humor was set at play, while in the "Danse generale" there was another astounding feat of incisive rhythm and gorgeous color riot. New ovations followed this number with renewed and prolonged intensity.

Space forbids the full attention that should be given the performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony, which closed the program. It was throughout a divinely beautiful performance which in no movement knew any exaggeration of tempo or detail and throughout sound, brilliantly virtuosic and soothingly artistic. At the close the enthusiasm knew no bounds and was not stilled until Koussevitzky in a few words complimented the University of Minnesota upon "the most beautiful auditorium in the world," and announced an extra number. This was the racially resplendent scherza from Tchaikovsky's "Symphonie Pathetique," played marvelously by one of the world's greatest orchestras.

PROVIDENCE

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
NOV 1 - 1928

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
NOV 3 1928

The Fall's First Symphonic Fare

Koussevitzky Returns With Much Beethoven and Two Latter Day Tone Poems, One by R. Strauss, the Other Gruenberg's Prize-Winner

With the exception of a single number, the first Providence program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, for the season 1929-1930 at the Albee Theatre, next Tuesday evening, is familiar to all who attend the symphony concerts. But "The Enchanted Isle" is one of the very latest of enchantments, having had its world-premiere in Boston last week under Dr. Koussevitzky; and so, perhaps, we are particularly fortunate in being able to hear it in this city a fortnight after its formal nativity.

An interesting story surrounds this double-prize work, we are told, for it won a cash prize in the Schubert Centennial contest, as a tribute to the master of melody. It will be remembered that originally this Schubert contest explored the possibility of finishing Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, but the musical world rebelled at the conception, and the terms were changed to make it a composition for works in a romantic vein suitable for commemorating the centennial of Franz Schubert. In his tribute Louis Gruenberg "returned for retrospect to the melodic colors of romanticism and has written a brilliantly scored work."

"Louis Gruenberg" says the Julliard Foundation, "is one of the outstanding figures in the modernist group of America and has been prominently identified with the League of Composers and their concerts which offer a first hearing to talented American composers." His "Daniel Jazz" and "Creation" have been the subject of much discussion and have been frequently played. Their combination of folk-material and jazz patterns are ultra-modern, and his mastery of orchestral form derives from his studies with Busoni, it is said.

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The Boston Transcript for Saturday last takes the composition with its grain of salt. H. T. P. remarks: "Mr. Gruenberg's new tone-poem, 'Enchanted Isle,' containing nearly everything in the common stock of music, did deploy orotund movements. They were not many nor were they over driven.

"The 'common stock of music' is common phrase among reviewers in these days. By it they mean the procedures and idiosyncracies of highly individualized modern composers—say Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, or Sibelius—that have gradually become a common fund of matter and method. From it less endowed successors daily draw.

"From it, in particular, Mr. Gruenberg drew liberally and steadily as he composed his tone-poem of the Enchanted Isle. It abounds with everything that the listener can remember; while the original and veritable Gruenberg is hard to discover.

"And what a manifold, inexhaustible toy for such a composer, looking up from the stock-pot, is a modern virtuoso-orchestra! He can caress or he can whip it; try out the choirs and separate instruments, bring off this stroke or that for its own sake; dash in color; clothe king-like a singing theme that in itself is no better than a little naked boy; touch in and toss off—all for instant impression.

And Bostonian Fervor

"What a game it is!! How Mr. Gruenberg enjoyed it! And Dr. Koussevitsky. The audience as well. Long and loud it clapped a modest, and maybe slightly surprised, composer, while the conductor beamed and beckoned.....It takes all sorts of compositions to make a program."

Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont" was composed in 1810, and published in 1811. It had no Juilliard Musical Foundation to underwrite the publication, nor is there any record that its premiere made any stir. In fact we are told that no allusion was made at the time anywhere to Beethoven's "Egmont."

But although it is not as we are told Mr. Gruenberg's piece is, "de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis," we can look forward to a pleasure in the

"Music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up a lamentation and
an ancient tale of wrong."

Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, that smack of antique rascality, in Rondo Form for full orchestra, whatever they signify, always please. Taken with the concentrated frivolity of the young or the casual attention of the old, they make us sure that the merry rogue was Richard Strauss, mocking at his hereditary enemy, Death.

The Veteran Fifth

In the presence of a work like the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, one realizes at once the inadequacy or the utter futility of words. Beethoven is the greatest of all the musicians when it is a matter of suggesting what cannot be concealed, yet cannot all be expressed, so it borders on vanity to try to explain what his music means to say.

Those who insist on a program will find old Schindler's "So Fate knocks at the door" as suggestive as anything else. Nohl thinks that the symphony is "the musical Faust of the moral will and its conflicts; a work whose progress shows that there is something greater than Fate, namely Man, who, descending into the abysses of his own self, fetches counsel and power wherewith to battle with life; and then, reinforced through his conviction of indestructible oneness with the godlike, celebrates, with dithyrambic victory, the triumph of the eternal God, and of his own inner freedom." Or if he will:

"The rhythmic anguish of growth,
and the motion of mutable things.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

PART ONE

I. Beethoven.....
.....Overture to "Egmont"
II. Gruenberg.....
......"The Enchanted Isle"
III. Strauss.....
"Till Eulenspiegel's lustige Streiche"

PART TWO

Beethoven.Symphony No. 5 in C minor

Of Love that longs and is loth,
and plume-plucked Hope without wings,
Passions and pains without number, and life that runs and is lame,
From slumber again to slumber, the same race set for the same,
Where the runners outwear each other, but running with lampless hands
No man takes light from his brother till blind at the goal he stands."

Or this:

"Things are cruel and blind; their strength detains and deforms:
And the wearying wings of the

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

Beethoven Given First and Last Places on Symphony Concert

Written for the Sunday Journal
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the beginning of the present season Dr. Koussevitzky, as he is now called in recognition of the honorary degree conferred upon him by Brown and Harvard Universities, declared unofficially his intention of giving to the same composer the first and the last place on each of his first three Boston programs. Only in the opening program, however, did he hold to this unconventional scheme. Upon that list, as upon the one he has planned for the concert in the Albee Theatre here next Tuesday evening, he placed as opening number Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" and as the concluding piece his Fifth Symphony. In this instance, at least, the arrangement proved an effective one, although undoubtedly Beethoven better than most composers can bear such emphasis.

His Fifth Symphony, sketches for which had been made six or seven years before, was completed by Beethoven in 1807, and he wrote the Overture and incidental music to Goethe's play of "Egmont" early in 1810. Thus do both works belong, not only to what is loosely called their composer's second style, but to the same phase of his development. There is even a spiritual kinship between them. In both pieces is the composer's style singularly forthright, spare, two-fisted. Beethoven has here dispensed with superfluities; his themes are concise, their development terse. Compared with both the Third Symphony and the Ninth, the Fifth is a trenchant and economical music. Indeed, the first movement of the Fifth Symphony is the arch-type and model of epigrammatic symphonic writing, and the main body of the "Egmont" Overture, if not so obviously hewn from a single block, is hardly less concise, straightforward and to the point.

This, too, was Beethoven's dramatic period. Within half a decade came the opera "Leonora," afterwards called "Fidelio," the noble third "Leonora" Overture and the Overture to Collin's tragedy, "Coriolanus." And no less than opera and overtures is the Fifth Symphony a dramatic music. Berlioz declared the first movement "the rage of an Othello." The Scherzo has a sinister flavor and its trio, too, with its rough play of double-basses and 'cellos. Likewise dramatic is the celebrated crescendo that links the rapturous close of this movement with the sonorous affirmation of the Finale and again dramatic is the interruption of the latter's movement's triumphal progress by the brief recurrence of the former.

Well may Beethoven have had in mind a program for the Fifth Symphony. The Overture to "Egmont" tells the story of Spain's oppression of the Netherlands, of a hero's doom and final glorification.

Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," the third piece of the evening, tells in tones a tale out of German legend. And the remaining number, Louis Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle," has, if not a story to unfold, at least a poetic background.

In the long run of course, program music must stand or fall according to its musical validity. Its poetic content will not keep it alive, nor will its music live even viewed in the light of that program if the music itself fails to stir. Many a once-esteemed symphonic poem of the last 30 or 40 years has fallen by the wayside, but those of Strauss hold their place by reason of their intrinsic musical qualities. And of none of them is this more true than of "Till Eulenspiegel." Call the piece a Scherzo for orchestra with introduction and postlude and it will please very nearly as well, while few symphonic movements better satisfy the listener's sense of musical logic.

Mr. Gruenberg, who was born in Russia 46 years ago, was brought to this country in infancy. As a composer he has distinguished himself in various musical forms, his outstanding achievement being his setting for voice and chamber orchestra of Vachel Lindsay's "Daniel Jazz." "The Enchanted Isle" of Tuesday's concert is a relatively youthful work which the composer not long ago revised. It was first heard at the Worcester, Mass., Festival of last month and was subsequently played by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston. No definite island of fact or of legend inspired the composer. Rather his music is pure fantasy.

PROVIDENCE CRITICISMS - 157

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And Bostonian Fervor

"What a game it is!! How Mr. Gruenberg enjoyed it! And Dr. Koussevitsky. The audience as well. Long and loud it clapped a modest, and maybe slightly surprised, composer, while the conductor beamed and beckoned.....It takes all sorts of compositions to make a program."

Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont" was composed in 1810, and published in 1811. It had no Juilliard Musical Foundation to underwrite the publication, nor is there any record that its premiere made any stir. In fact we are told that no allusion was made at the time anywhere to Beethoven's "Egmont."

But although it is not as we are told Mr. Gruenberg's piece is, "de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis," we can look forward to a pleasure in the

"Music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up a lamentation and
an ancient tale of wrong."

Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, that smack of antique rascality, in Rondo Form for full orchestra, whatever they signify, always please. Taken with the concentrated frivolity of the young or the casual attention of the old, they make us sure that the merry rogue was Richard Strauss, mocking at his hereditary enemy, Death.

The Veteran Fifth

In the presence of a work like the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, one realizes at once the inadequacy or the utter futility of words. Beethoven is the greatest of all the musicians when it is a matter of suggesting what cannot be concealed, yet cannot all be expressed, so it borders on vanity to try to explain what his music means to say.

Those who insist on a program will find old Schindler's "So Fate knocks at the door" as suggestive as anything else. Nohl thinks that the symphony is "the musical Faust of the moral will and its conflicts; a work whose progress shows that there is something greater than Fate, namely Man, who, descending into the abysses of his own self, fetches counsel and power wherewith to battle with life; and then, reinforced through his conviction of indestructible oneness with the godlike, celebrates, with dithyrambic victory, the triumph of the eternal God, and of his own inner freedom." Or if he will:

"The rhythmic anguish of growth,
and the motion of mutable things.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

PART ONE

I. Beethoven.....Overture to "Egmont"
II. Gruenberg.....The Enchanted Isle"
III. Strauss.....
"Till Eulenspiegel's lustige Streiche"

PART TWO

Beethoven Symphony No. 5 in C minor

Of Love that longs and is loth,
and plume-plucked Hope without wings,
Passions and pains without number, and life that runs and is lame,
From slumber again to slumber, the same race set for the same,
Where the runners outwear each other, but running with lampless hands
No man takes light from his brother till blind at the goal he stands."

Or this:

"Things are cruel and blind; their strength detains and deforms;
And the wearying wings of the mind still beat up the stream of their storms."

...dence, next Tues...
This is the 49th season of the ... orchestra and the sixth under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky.

Dr. Koussevitzky will present for this occasion Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont," and the same composer's master symphony, No. 5 in C minor. A notable humorous score, often considered the masterpiece of Richard Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," is also upon the programme. A notable novelty will be Louis Gruenberg's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Isle."

Gruenberg's "Enchanted Isle" had its first performance at the Worcester festival this season, and was introduced by Dr. Koussevitzy in Boston on Nov. 8. The composer divulges that this is one of a series of four tone poems conceived during the World war period, but recently scored.

n First and Last ... on Symphony Concert

Written for the Sunday Journal
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the beginning of the present season Dr. Koussevitzky, as he is now called in recognition of the honorary degree conferred upon him by Brown and Harvard Universities, declared unofficially his intention of giving to the same composer the first and the last place on each of his first three Boston programs. Only in the opening program, however, did he hold to this unconventional scheme. Upon that list, as upon the one he has planned for the concert in the Albee Theatre here next Tuesday evening, he placed as opening number Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" and as the concluding piece his Fifth Symphony. In this instance, at least, the arrangement proved an effective one, although undoubtedly Beethoven better than most composers can bear such emphasis.

His Fifth Symphony, sketches for which had been made six or seven years before, was completed by Beethoven in 1807, and he wrote the Overture and incidental music to Goethe's play of "Egmont" early in 1810. Thus do both works belong, not only to what is loosely called their composer's second style, but to the same phase of his development. There is even a spiritual kinship between them. In both pieces is the composer's style singularly forthright, spare, two-fisted. Beethoven has here dispensed with superfluities; his themes are concise, their development terse. Compared with both the Third Symphony and the Ninth, the Fifth is a trenchant and economical music. Indeed, the first movement of the Fifth Symphony is the arch-type and model of epigrammatic symphonic writing, and the main body of the "Egmont" Overture, if not so obviously hewn from a single block, is hardly less concise, straightforward and to the point.

This, too, was Beethoven's dramatic period. Within half a decade came the opera "Leonora," afterwards called "Fidelio," the noble third "Leonora" Overture and the Overture to Collin's tragedy, "Coriolanus." And no less than opera and overtures is the Fifth Symphony a dramatic music. Berlioz declared the first movement "the rage of an Othello." The Scherzo has a sinister flavor and its trio, too, with its rough play of double-basses and 'cellos. Likewise dramatic is the celebrated crescendo that links the rapturous close of this movement with the sonorous affirmation of the Finale and again dramatic is the interruption of the latter's movement's triumphal progress by the brief recurrence of the former.

Well may Beethoven have had in mind a program for the Fifth Symphony. The Overture to "Egmont" tells the story of Spain's oppression of the Netherlands, of a hero's doom and final glorification.

Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," the third piece of the evening, tells in tones a tale out of German legend. And the remaining number, Louis Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle," has, if not a story to unfold, at least a poetic background.

In the long run of course, program music must stand or fall according to its musical validity. Its poetic content will not keep it alive, nor will its music live even viewed in the light of that program if the music itself fails to stir. Many a once-esteemed symphonic poem of the last 30 or 40 years has fallen by the wayside, but those of Strauss hold their place by reason of their intrinsic musical qualities. And of none of them is this more true than of "Till Eulenspiegel." Call the piece a Scherzo for orchestra with introduction and postlude and it will please very nearly as well, while few symphonic movements better satisfy the listener's sense of musical logic.

Mr. Gruenberg, who was born in Russia 46 years ago, was brought to this country in infancy. As a composer he has distinguished himself in various musical forms, his outstanding achievement being his setting for voice and chamber orchestra of Vachel Lindsay's "Daniel Jazz." "The Enchanted Isle" of Tuesday's concert is a relatively youthful work which the composer not long ago revised. It was first heard at the Worcester, Mass., Festival of last month and was subsequently played by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston. No definite island of fact or of legend inspired the composer. Rather his music is pure fantasy.

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The Fifth Symphony for Our First

A Beethoven Backbone Gives Koussevitzky His Chance as the Boston Symphony Season Opens.—A New American Poem and Strauss's Pranks

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We have never heard the orchestra perform with more fire or more elan. It was a performance con brio throughout. There was a fluency and luminosity in the playing that at times suggested the high places up in the cold blue sky; and again a pitting of instrument against instrument in a struggle that suggested body against body and curse against curse, with all the clangor and uproar of the pit. Storm and strife, calm and serene sunshine, sweet deception, malignant plotting, mixed with the shrieking, demoniac laughter that breaks in sardonic scorn from the sky spread over a Paradise of Fools. Which was best and which worst is purely a matter of personal taste and preference.

The Standard Works

Musicians of whatever taste never weary of Beethoven. Each repetition brings them something never noticed before. So it was last night. There was a shifting of color in the reeds, an altered glow in the strings, an unwonted fulness in the brass, an unsuspected sting in a note hitherto believed guileless-one and all making him as subtle and elusive as the clouds that roll up from the horizon and change without rest before the wind.

He is the old Cloud-Compeller, mighty, insistent, but withal tolerant, as a god should be. He rouses us to aspire and he lays us in the dust; he jeers at our infirmity and he raises a paean that makes us strong. Where is there another such as he?

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The Greeks had a word which they used with no intention of compliment—to Phrygianize—which in music and poetry was synonymous with poor judgment and questionable taste. That is what so many modern composers and quasi-composers are doing today; they are Phrygianizing the little jewels and gems inherited from their ancestors, giving them a new costume-setting.

Their music is not the music that will either make us laugh or weep. They are pretty things that we take in our hands and examine and turn this way and that only to throw away. Like insects they live their little day and die.

The Way of the New Man

Of course we know that all this and worse was said of Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner and the rest; but those worthies at least seemed to advance the kingdom of music; they made their characters walk the fields of the Epic or the boards of Tragedy; now when a new character comes on, we wonder whether to look for him in Rabelais, Gulliver's Travels, or the Isle of the Penguins.

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Beyond a doubt the orchestra made it acrid and bitter enough, but it was deft enough in its drawings to blot out the sketches before we realized fully whether they were of Caliban or the Sirens; which we take to be skill of a very high order. M. C. W.

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"The Enchanted Isle," Symphonic Poem

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TIMES

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It was the new and the old, the tried and true, tested over the years, in company with the experimental and perhaps it is not unfair to say—the probational. A programme beginning with Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont," followed immediately by the present-day "Enchanted Isle," by Gruenberg, and a rather familiar Strauss number, comes to a triumphant close with Beethoven again. Surely that is typically Koussevitzky, and the auditor feels that he is at home, that he is listening to the great Boston orchestra in its normal mood, directed by a man whose broad sympathies extend over the whole field of musical history.

The Egmont overture, not the most entrancing of Beethoven numbers regularly played by great orchestras, was given conventional treatment, leaving the hearer in a mood for something different when the essentially different Gruenberg number came. He was not disappointed, and those in the audience who are ready to welcome something new found inspiration in "The Enchanted Isle." It is not the kind of newness one finds in Honneger, for example, but it is fresh and has the element of surprise that makes one like it. And the players, too, seemed to like it. They gave to it all they had and seemed to revel in the doing of something out of the ordinary.

The Strauss number was "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," often played at these concerts and always enjoyed as novelties are. It was followed by the symphony. Beethoven's Fifth, and here was the orchestra at its glorious best, directed by a master who never fails to find the greatest there is in the marvelous Beethoven. To the hearer it seemed that all else on the programme was merely preparatory that orchestra had been trying things out so to speak, and now came the concert.

Manifestly a Beethoven symphony is a concert in itself and when played with the beauty the Boston players gave their performance on this occasion it is a thing of ravishing beauty. Listening to it one does not have a fear for the future of music; if he is impatient with jazz he forgets his impatience. The fact is that he forgets entirely all other music but that of Beethoven. This, at any rate, was the way it seemed on listening to Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the Fifth Symphony last night.

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NEWS

-:- *MUSIC* -:-

OPENING THE SEASON

Mr. Koussevitzky and his comrades of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened the musical season here in its main aspect last night with a programme that, except in one number, was very familiar. There were two Beethoven numbers, the "Egmont" overture and the famous Fifth Symphony; and there was Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." In playing these, Mr. Koussevitzky showed all his familiar technical brilliancy, but he still seems to have a hard time in understanding the Teuton mind. He interprets Beethoven with great reverence, as becomes a man of genius who tries to do full justice to a greater genius whom he does not understand completely. In the "Till Eulenspiegel" we found Mr. Koussevitzky, as we did a few years ago, trying to make the robust Teutonic fun and satire of the thing too subtly and civilizedly Gallic.

The novelty was Louis Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle." Mr. Koussevitzky played it beautifully and it is music that will always have an audience. It is, of all new things we have heard lately in music, that which expresses best the same sort of ideal that runs in literary expression from Maeterlinck to Joyce's "stream of consciousness." We hail it all the more gladly because Mr. Gruenberg used to tell us of his hopes of interpreting "the mystic wanderer" long before he had such acknowledgment as Mr. Koussevitzky has given him.

J.

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IV. Allegro

It was pleasant last evening to see again the familiar faces of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished director, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, and hear once more the well-known strains of our old familiar friend, the C Minor Symphony, the sharp laughter of our old acquaintance, Till Eulenspiegel, and the new stories of our young acquaintance of the Enchanted Isle.

Perhaps it was the latter that attracted us most, for ever since the days of Homer—and the Enchanted Isle goes back to him—it has been the peculiar characteristic of audiences to welcome ever the song that is newest. Pindar tells us that it was the same in his day, with perhaps a note of satire in his voice; and here today we demand with the same insistence fresh songs to relieve the tedium of the old.

We have never heard the orchestra perform with more fire or more elan. It was a performance con brio throughout. There was a fluency and luminosity in the playing that at times suggested the high places up in the cold blue sky; and again a pitting of instrument against instrument in a struggle that suggested body against body and curse against curse, with all the clangor and uproar of the pit. Storm and strife, calm and serene sunshine, sweet deception, maligning, mixed with the shrieking, demoniac laughter that breaks in sardonic scorn from the sky spread over a Paradise of Fools. Which was best and which worst is purely a matter of personal preference.

Standard Works

Musicians of whatever taste never weary of Beethoven. Each repetition brings them something never noticed before. So it was last night. There was a shifting of color in the reeds, an altered glow in the strings, an unwonted fulness in the brass, an unsuspected sting in a note hitherto believed guileless-one and all making him as subtle and elusive as the clouds that roll up from the horizon and change without rest before the wind.

He is the old Cloud-Compeller, mighty, insistent, but withal tolerant, as a god should be. He rouses us to aspire and he lays us in the dust; he jeers at our infirmity and he raises a paean that makes us strong. Where is there another such as he?

But for all that, there seemed to be lacking a certain tenderness that so often walks in Beethoven's music hand in hand with nobility of soul. There was force in abundance, mysticism, impetuosity (perhaps at times a little too much), but the tender grace of a day that is dead, that Beethoven loved so well to contemplate, only to dash it in the dust in one of his cynical outbursts, does not always make itself manifest in the playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at least when it plays here. Perhaps the mood is akin to the sublime in literature and is not given to every orchestra to express.

The Fresh Gruenberg

And "The Enchanted Isle"—how new and how old! Modern self-confidence of treatment, and modern dearth of native composition material. Why bother about enchantment when the very idea is now discarded along with the witches and demons, and the devils that have long been cast out? Why meddle with Ulysses and Calypso on their magic isle, or Ulysses and Circe in their magic Schweinerei, and pretend to make from these something new?

The Greeks had a word which they used with no intention of compliment—to Phrygianize—which in music and poetry was synonymous with poor judgment and questionable taste. That is what so many modern composers and quasi-composers are doing today; they are Phrygianizing the little jewels and gems inherited from their ancestors, giving them a new costume-setting.

Their music is not the music that will either make us laugh or weep. They are pretty things that we take in our hands and examine and turn this way and that only to throw away. Like insects they live their little day and die.

The Way of the New Man

Of course we know that all this and worse was said of Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner and the rest; but those worthies at least seemed to advance the kingdom of music; they made their characters walk the fields of the Epic or the boards of Tragedy; now when a new character comes on, we wonder whether to look for him in Rabelais, Gulliver's Travels, or the Isle of the Penguins.

But Till Eulenspiegel is a different matter. Last night he seemed deeply rooted in the soil, a rare combination of Aristophanes in his most malignant moments and Browning in a peculiarly crabbed mood; and perhaps, like those two, his mood was a mere affectation, a parody of backwoods wit assumed for those who know what to laugh at, while it provided righteous indignation for those who had no clue or lacked the fundamental sense of humor so necessary for all who are to enter into the spirit of the piece.

Beyond a doubt the orchestra made it acrid and bitter enough, but it was deft enough in its drawings to blot out the sketches before we realized fully whether they were of Caliban or the Sirens; which we take to be skill of a very high order.

M. C. W.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

-:- *MUSIC* -:-

OPENING THE SEASON

Mr. Koussevitzky and his comrades of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened the musical season here in its main aspect last night with a programme that, except in one number, was very familiar. There were two Beethoven numbers, the "Egmont" overture and the famous Fifth Symphony; and there was Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." In playing these, Mr. Koussevitzky showed all his familiar technical brilliancy, but he still seems to have a hard time in understanding the Teuton mind. He interprets Beethoven with great reverence, as becomes a man of genius who tries to do full justice to a greater genius whom he does not understand completely. In the "Till Eulenspiegel" we found Mr. Koussevitzky, as we did a few years ago, trying to make the robust Teutonic fun and satire of the thing too subtly and civilizedly Gallic.

The novelty was Louis Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle." Mr. Koussevitzky played it beautifully and it is music that will always have an audience. It is, of all new things we have heard lately in music, that which expresses best the same sort of ideal that runs in literary expression from Maeterlinck to Joyce's "stream of consciousness." We hail it all the more gladly because Mr. Gruenberg used to tell us of his hopes of interpreting "the mystic wanderer" long before he had such acknowledgment as Mr. Koussevitzky has given him.

J.

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"Primitive Love Passion Described More Frankly in Great Music Than in Any Banned Literature"—Arthur Fiedler

BY GEORGE BRINTON BEAL

New Leader of Pops, and First Bostonian to Win Honor, Claims That if Music Were Censored Like Plays and "Movies" There Would Be Wild Times at Symphony Hall

"ARTISTS aren't any different than other people, except they have one less skin." Arthur Fiedler, recently chosen to lead the Pops this spring, the first Boston man to ever have the job, was talking, as he grabbed a hasty lunch between engagements.

"That is what makes them more sensitive," he continued, looking regretfully at his cleanly emptied plate. "You see, there is a lot of bunk in most of the stuff you read and hear about artists, whether they are musicians, actors, painters or writers. People seem to take a special delight in making them out something they are not, but why, I quite fail to understand.

"Take all this talk about my being such a romantic cuss, it really isn't so. I am appreciative of romance, being a musician and, I hope, an artist. I have emotions, and I put them to work for me. It seems to me that what most people take for romance is nothing but sentimentality, and I loath that."

His soft brown eyes were flashing fire, his words came lurching out of his mouth at headlong speed, one crowding the other in their eagerness to be heard. It was difficult to realize that he was a Bostonian, born and bred.

"I have travelled pretty nearly all over the world, always seeking knowledge, musical knowledge, knowledge of people and places, hungry to capture every last mite of color and atmosphere of every place I visited. My reason is not the love of adventure which has been so largely attributed to me. Adventures most of my trips proved to be, but that was because of the necessity of going about with very little financial backing. My real reason was to be able to interpret my music better by knowing first hand its source.

"Many a colorful dive I have wandered into in out of the way spots on the earth's surface, dives where a man's life wasn't worth a penny. There I have heard native orchestras play, there I have listened to music played by people who love it, live for it, and for practically nothing else. There I have heard gypsy music . . . unforgettable music played by artists, great artists whose fame will never travel beyond the narrow limits of their own native villages.

"The world doesn't yet quite understand its artists. Perhaps it is part of the artists' fate to be forever misunderstood. I do not know. Music, especially, is so troubled by false ideas of it and of the people who spend their lives writing and playing it for the enjoyment of the public.

Those Silly People

"Silly people who never really understand music at all are responsible for much that is false concerning the public opinion of music and musicians. They go to concerts to 'get a kick out of them,' these silly ones. They roll their eyes and tell each other, and all of the world that will listen, how deeply they were moved by some piece of music or other. It isn't so. Music didn't move them. Their own emotions did it, not the music at all. The ideas they brought in with them and not the ideas that the music awakened in them, did it. Why blame the music?

"And there is something else. All this bunk about people writing poems and music and stories with their hearts and minds filled to overflowing with their one great love. It isn't done that way at all. No great genius ever started out to do anything of the kind.

To Create Beauty

"An artist starts out to create a beautiful thing, it may be a piece of music, a poem, a novel, anything. It isn't written to anyone in particular any more than it is inspired by anyone in particular. Art is not personal and never can be, and remain art. Art is the striving of the human soul for expression. Yet the public insists on believing that it is personal, and always seeks to find the person to whom or for whom the work was done.

"Of course, being a musician, I am an emotional sort of person. Music, you see, is the only art that can express emotion in the raw, so to speak. No other art can quite do that. It is the distinctive feature of music that it can.

Certain phrases from Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" fill the listener's mind with recollections of real or pictured military scenes, like "General Macard," by the great artist, Eugene Chaperone.

"Almost anything can be said—and is said—in music." These notes are from Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman." Painting is "Aegir," by the famous artist, C. Ehrenberg.

"Tschaikowsky's 'Romeo and Juliet' overture is passion unveiled. Here is frank emotional outpouring of human feelings, primitive, abysmal." Romeo and Juliet picture by Palmaroli.

Censoring Music!

"If music was censored, as stage plays and motion pictures are censored, for its meaning, there would be wild times at Symphony Hall. Almost anything can be said, and is, in music. Raw emotions are the tools of the composer, just as raw colors those of the artist. If such a censorship existed, Wagner would be banned in Boston. In all art he has no equal in the length to which he has gone in expressing human passion in the raw. Take, for instance, his 'Prelude,' 'Love Death' from 'Tristan and Isolde.' It beggars description, what he has said by means of his music.

"Another example is to be found in Tschaikowsky's 'Romeo and Juliet' overture. Here is passion unveiled, no mincing matters, no subterfuge, frank emotional outpouring of human feelings, primitive, abysmal. To come down to a modern composer, take Ravel's 'Bolero.' It outranks jazz for its barbaric splendor.

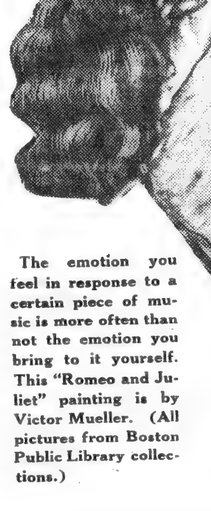
"If that particular selection were continued very much longer than it is written, it would drive an audience quite mad. There is no more emotionally powerful music written, so far as I can recall. Incidentally, I shall play it during this summer's Pops, in all probability.

Meaning of Thrills

"But all this has nothing or very little to do with what people ordinarily mean when they tell of being thrilled by music. In the music I have mentioned it was the purpose of the writer to express a certain emotion in music; it was, in all probability, not his intention to arouse that or any other specific emotion, except, perhaps, admiration and appreciation of a job well done, in the mind of the hearer.

"The emotions you feel in response to a certain piece of music is more often than not the emotion you bring to it yourself. Women are more sensitive to this sort of thing than men, in my opinion. A man is more likely to admire the technique of the player or the mechanical beauty in design of the music itself. He does not, as a rule, take his music any more personally than he does, in many instances, his affairs of the heart. A woman is personal, she is personal in her reaction to music just as she is to her reaction to other things in life, men included. Music affords her a great opportunity to spend her emotional energies. She blames the music when, as a matter of strict truth, she is herself to blame. That which she hears she has a tendency to make the basis of a creation of her own individual imagination.

"And there is another important factor that enters into what many people confuse with the emotional effects of music. That is memory. People hear a piece of music; it brings back to them the memory of some other time when they heard it. It brings back, pleasantly indeed, something of the emotions which they were enjoying on that other earlier occasion. They feel the same thrill, say, that they first felt when in some far away spot of beauty they first felt the kisses of some one they deeply loved, because the musical background of that time is now being repeated.



The emotion you feel in response to a certain piece of music is more often than not the emotion you bring to it yourself. This "Romeo and Juliet" painting is by Victor Mueller. (All pictures from Boston Public Library collections.)

"There are many such moments in the lives of many people, moments with which music are more intimately associated than they themselves realize. Hearing again the same music, even under widely differing circumstances, brings the whole picture back into focus again. This, quite clearly, is not emotional response to anything in the music, but memory revived and strengthened by the music, an entirely different thing, and one for which the composer and his intentions have nothing whatever to do with.

The Fifty Million

"Perhaps, curiously enough a German composer, Wagner, as I have mentioned before, is the greatest emotional writer that music has known. I cannot think of a single French composer who is emotional; in a true sense of the term. French composers prefer to tickle the senses, rather than to feed them.

"The French composers are ethereal, rather than personal. They love to take an idea and play with it, decorating and embellishing it; doing everything, in fact, except bring it firmly down to earth and reality.

"Since the days of the great romanticists, Beethoven, Shubert, Shumann and the rest of them, music has been changing. It is always changing, as a matter of fact, as all living things must. This present age is an age of machines, of mechanical creations. The nearest that it can get in the direction of romance is sentimentality. The music of the day reflects this as all arts must ever reflect the life of their own era. Of our present day American writers George Gershwin is, perhaps, the most promising of all. He has his moments of genuine feeling, of greatness. His 'An American In Paris,' is a fair example of his work. I shall put it on the Pops programme sometime during the season. It is worth playing and worth listening to.

"Since Wagner, Jazz is the most outspoken music, emotionally, that the world has known. It is licentious, primitive. It lacks entirely the reticence that conservative minds declare an essential of real art. Its vitality is amazing, when it is good jazz, for there are both good and bad jazz compositions; it is well to warn those who would condemn its entire output as an outrageous travesty on music and not music at all.

"But if the crude and primitive message of some jazz compositions invites censorship by its frankness, consider the Bacchanale, 'Parisian' from Tannhauser! Lewd is the only word that describes it, and that does but mild justice to it. Not that it effects people in that way, for it is one of the interesting factors that go to make up the sum total of people's reaction to music; that which the composer actually meant is seldom, in my opinion, what the audience feels in response to it.

"I have a great respect for audiences. My 15 years as a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has done that for me, at least. And my Esplanade concerts last summer, which, by the way, I hope to repeat this summer, following my season with the Pops, added to that respect and to my knowledge concerning mass appreciation of music.

You begin to realize that Arthur Fiedler has not come to his present position by mere chance, as he continues to lay before you his ideas and dreams of future achievement. Already you are beginning to figure out just how many nights a week you can manage to spend at the Pops. He has a convincing way of talking, this slender, dark complexioned person, who looks much too young to know so much. Loudly as he denies that he is not romantic, his own description of what music means to him, and of what he intends to do as conductor of the Pops, belies his denial. Life to him is one great, romantic adventure. He has the insatiate curiosity of the true artist and, more than most others, the ability to express his ideas not only through the medium of his art but in words as well.

Unlike Casella

He is a curious contrast to the man he supplants as director of the Pops, Casella. Like a prince charming out of a story book was Casella.

What a different picture the new conductor presents! He is aggressively American. His step is hurried, his speech swift, staccato. When he walks, his slender body is thrust forward from the hips. He always seems to be going somewhere in a hurry, and usually is. His hand-clasp is warm and friendly. His eyes look straight into yours.

And he has ideas. That is, perhaps, the most outstanding feature of his make-up. He has ideas and he is not afraid to speak right out in meeting and let everyone in on the secret that he has them. Take the matter of applause, for instance. Not long ago it came in for quite a bit of discussion because the great Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Philharmonic orchestra took issue with his audiences in Philadelphia in the matter of when and how, if ever, applause should be introduced into a concert hall. Stokowski was in favor of banning it altogether. Not so Fiedler.

"You do not wait until a baseball game is all done and the score announced," says Fiedler, "before you start cheering. Nor do you wait until a race is over and the winner announced. Whenever anything exciting happens, when you feel the need of expressing your awakened emotions, that is when you cheer and applause. So it should be in music, although, of course, I realize it would be rather hard on the musicians to be so interrupted. But, as for myself, I would never feel anything but satisfaction in causing an unexpected outburst of applause, even if it did bring awkward results.

Another hasty glance at his wrist watch, there had been many such during the course of the conversation, a hurried but cordial hand-shake, and he was hurrying up the street like a man possessed by some great idea and spurred on to haste by the fear that it might somehow elude him if he tarried too long upon the way.

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Herald Feb 4

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Will Be First Bostonian to Appear In That Role

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Mr. Fiedler was born in Boston in 1894 and will be the first Bostonian to conduct the Pop concerts. He was graduated from the Boston Latin school, after which he studied in the Royal Academy of Music, Berlin. He joined the Boston symphony orchestra in 1915.

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Globe Feb 4

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The son of Emmanuel Fiedler, for 25 years a violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra and one of the original members of the Kneisel Quartet, Arthur Fiedler comes of a long musical line, his grandparents (both Austrians) having been musicians. Born in Boston in 1894, Arthur Fiedler went to the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin to study, after graduating from the Boston Latin School. He studied conducting, piano and violin, but the coming of the war prevented him from graduating. Fiedler joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1915.

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Monitor, Feb. 4

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Herald Feb 4

EILEEN MERCEDES FROM THE KIT KAT CLUB, London
Now With GEO. MacKINNON And His All-Girl Revue
At The SILVER SLIPPER 111 ARLINGTON ST
Also Alyce Siemens and the Rutina Anderson Steppers (Cutest Legwavers in Town)
Dinner Show at 7:45 Without Cover Charge
Theatrical Guest Night Wednesday

Feb 6

STON POST, THUR

TO LEAD POPS

Arthur Fiedler, well known musician who gained his greatest popular fame, perhaps, as conductor of the Esplanade concerts last summer, will be conductor of the Pops concerts next spring, it was announced last night. The Pops will open this year on Wednesday, May 7.

Lightening Boston's Pops

APPOINTMENT of Arthur Fiedler as conductor of Boston's Symphony Hall Pop concerts next spring promises well for the continued success of that characteristic institution. Every spring, for forty-five years, at the close of the regular Boston Symphony Orchestra season, it has been the custom to clear away the seats from the floor, to install tables and to embark upon a two-months season of popular concerts, with refreshments available. These concerts have always been popular. With prohibition they became more popular and more successful. They are a pleasant and a typical feature of Boston life.

Like most human institutions, the Pops require occasional overhauling and modification to adapt them to the changing times. Unfortunately, during the last few years, progress has been made a bit too rapidly. Pops' programs had come to be hardly "lighter" than those of the regular symphony season. Result, a falling off in attendance.

Clearly, a more moderate policy was in order. Good standards of music must be maintained, of course; but it was not desirable to frighten off musical explorers by offering them programs of too forbidding mien. It was possible to soften these rigors now and then with more caressing zephyrs.

Who could best accomplish this result, restore the Pops to popularity and build up new supporters? Since last summer it has been apparent to well-informed observers that Mr. Fiedler was the man. For five weeks in July and August he conducted popular symphony concerts on the Charles River Basin Esplanade. During that time he built programs that struck a happy medium between the severely classic and the popular, thereby attracting constantly increasing audiences. Here, obviously, was the man to restore the Symphony Hall Pops.

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Transcript Feb 4

Reviving The Pops

Timely Task for Which Arthur Fiedler Seems the Fittest Man

NO easy task faces Arthur Fiedler, announced this morning as conductor of the Pop Concerts through next spring and summer. The balance of the programs has admittedly gone awry. A new conductor must restore the happy proportion between light and serious numbers, between classic, modern and popular items, to which relation "The Pops" have long owed their vogue. There are many publics to please; some indeed to be won back after a year or two of abstinence; one or another, perhaps, to be restrained, since it would have the concerts too routined and muted.

Fortunately, Mr. Fiedler knows them all. Like them, he is native to this town—the first conductor of The Pops to be such. Fortunately also, he is a musician of flexible mind and wide-ranging taste, asking only of a given piece that it be of interest and merit in the kind, whether Beethoven or George Gershwin is the signature. He has also the knack of pleasing an audience without yielding too often or too much to its chance whims. He spurs his men and they work for him. It is an open secret that of late he has revitalized the chorus of The Cecilia. By the same token it is his turn to revitalize The Pops, of late gone dull. Three months more and most of us may be applauding not only "Bolero" but also "Strike Up the Band."

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American Feb 4

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Amusements

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE HERALD

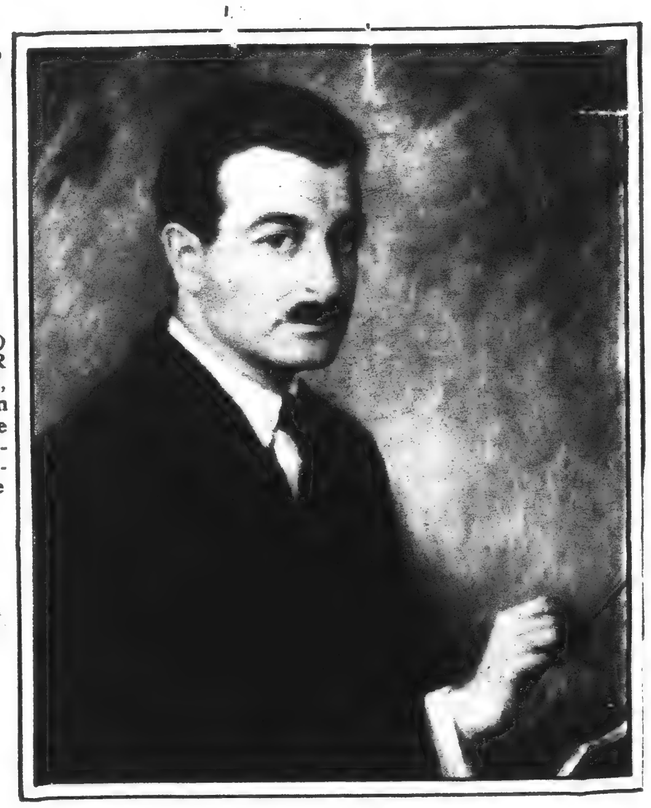
Feb 4

Valuation.

FIEDLER TO CONDUCT BOSTON SYMPHONY POPS.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 3 (AP).—Arthur Fiedler, widely known Boston Symphony Orchestra musician, will be the conductor of the pop concerts at Symphony hall next spring. Symphony hall officials announced today. He will be the first Bostonian conductor of the pops.

Truck Smashes Hearse.



(At right.) ARTHUR FIEDLER, well known and versatile Boston musician, as portrayed by Mme Piutti-Barth.

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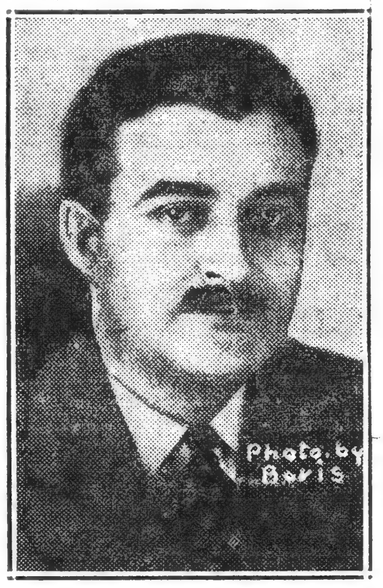
Herald Feb 4

EILEEN MERCEDES FROM THE KIT KAT CLUB, London
Now With GEO. MacKINNON And His All-Girl Revue
At The SILVER SLIPPER 111 ARLINGTON ST
Also Alyce Siemens and the Rutina Anderson Steppers (Cutest Legwavers in Town)
Dinner Show at 7:45 Without Cover Charge
Theatrical Guest Night Wednesday

Feb 6

STON POST, THUR

TO LEAD POPS



Arthur Fiedler, well known musician who gained his greatest popular fame, perhaps, as conductor of the Esplanade concerts last summer, will be conductor of the Pops concerts next spring, it was announced last night. The Pops will open this year on Wednesday, May 7.

Lightening Boston's Pops

Monitor Feb 6 1930

APPOINTMENT of Arthur Fiedler as conductor of Boston's Symphony Hall Pop concerts next spring promises well for the continued success of that characteristic institution. Every spring, for forty-five years, at the close of the regular Boston Symphony Orchestra season, it has been the custom to clear away the seats from the floor, to install tables and to embark upon a two-months season of popular concerts, with refreshments available. These concerts have always been popular. With prohibition they became more popular and more successful. They are a pleasant and a typical feature of Boston life.

Like most human institutions, the Pops require occasional overhauling and modification to adapt them to the changing times. Unfortunately, during the last few years, progress has been made a bit too rapidly. Pops' programs had come to be hardly "lighter" than those of the regular symphony season. Result, a falling off in attendance.

Clearly, a more moderate policy was in order. Good standards of music must be maintained, of course; but it was not desirable to frighten off musical explorers by offering them programs of too forbidding mien. It was possible to soften these rigors now and then with more caressing zephyrs.

Who could best accomplish this result, restore the Pops to popularity and build up new supporters? Since last summer it has been apparent to well-informed observers that Mr. Fiedler was the man. For five weeks in July and August he conducted popular symphony concerts on the Charles River Basin Esplanade. During that time he built programs that struck a happy medium between the severely classic and the popular, thereby attracting constantly increasing audiences. Here, obviously, was the man to restore the Symphony Hall Pops.

reen

Transcript Feb 4

Reviving The Pops

Timely Task for Which Arthur Fiedler Seems the Fittest Man

NO easy task faces Arthur Fiedler, announced this morning as conductor of the Pop Concerts through next spring and summer. The balance of the programs has admittedly gone awry. A new conductor must restore the happy proportion between light and serious numbers, between classic, modern and popular items, to which relation "The Pops" have long owed their vogue. There are many publics to please; some indeed to be won back after a year or two of abstinence; one or another, perhaps, to be restrained, since it would have the concerts too routined and muted.

Fortunately, Mr. Fiedler knows them all. Like them, he is native to this town—the first conductor of The Pops to be such. Fortunately also, he is a musician of flexible mind and wide-ranging taste, asking only of a given piece that it be of interest and merit in the kind, whether Beethoven or George Gershwin is the signature. H. has also the knack of pleasing an audience without yielding too often or too much to its chance whims. He spurs his men and they work for him. It is an open secret that of late he has revitalized the chorus of The Cecilia. By the same token it is his turn to revitalize The Pops, of late gone dull. Three months more and most of us may be applauding not only "Bolero" but also "Strike Up the Band."

Arthur Fiedler New Pop Concerts Leader

Herald Feb 4

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Amusements

American Feb 4

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE HERALD
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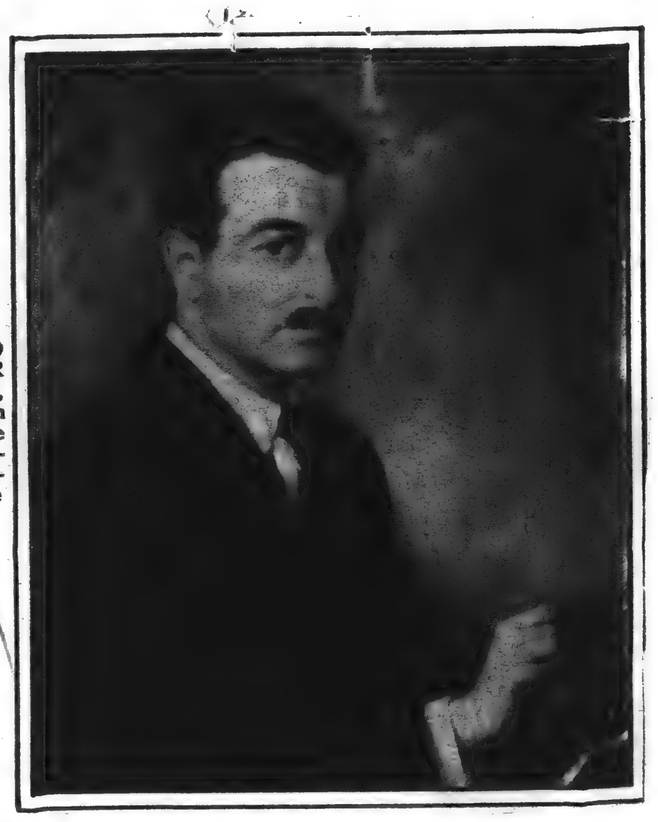
BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 3 (AP).—Arthur Fiedler, widely known Boston Symphony Orchestra musician, will be the conductor of the pop concerts at Symphony hall next spring, Symphony hall officials announced today. He will be the first Bostonian conductor of the pops.

Truck Smashes Hearse.

(At right.) **ARTHUR FIEDLER, well known and versatile Boston musician, as portrayed by Mme Piutti-Barth.**

Herald Feb 9



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Which nothing can excel,
Since such a friend in God we find,
Adieu to fears of every kind.

There is plenty of driving-force in the words which appeared for "Chester" tune in 1778:

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We'll fear them not, we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton
With Prescott and Cornwallis join:
To plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combine.

When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forced,
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

In the book of 1778 Billings had a "Lamentation Over Boston":

By the rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept,
We wept, we wept, we wept,
When we remembered thee, O Boston.

Now, in army life, as some few citizens know, even one good singer in a company is a much-prized possession. But the indications are that in the American military outfits of the Revolution there were whole groups of New Englanders trained in part-singing, who cheered or filled with courage the hearts of their fellow-soldiers with Billings' tunes.

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Rediscovery of "America"

How the American patriotic anthem, "America," was rediscovered by Arthur Fiedler is an interesting little story in itself.

Richard G. Appel, music librarian of the Boston Public Library and lecturer on the history of music in America at Boston University, invited the orchestra leader to look over some of the library's rare examples of the first music printed in America.

Some difficulty was encountered by the musician in following the old-fashioned, crudely engraved notation of Billings' "New England Psalm-Singer." He was also uncertain about some of the intended effects of the self-taught composer—who, by the way, is said by legend to have worked out his musical inspirations with chalk on pieces of leather in the tannery where he worked. Seeking enlightenment, Mr Fiedler began exploring quaint little parenthetical remarks and footnotes scattered by Billings here and there through his pages of music.

Billings was evidently a very impulsive fellow. He handled some problems of book-making one way, some another. Here he supplied words with

RICHARD S. APPEL
Music librarian, Boston Public Library, who aided Mr Fiedler in the discovery of the American "America."

his tunes, and elsewhere printed tunes without other word except a title.

At the bottom of one page the orchestra leader found, in faint lettering, in the volume. Then Fiedler, faithful to his policy of tracking down all available explanatory matter, spied a note in small, faded print, between parentheses: "Adopted (sic) to America tune."

And, sure enough, one full page of music without words bore the barely legible title "America." It was arranged for four voices.

Softly the conductor began whistling the notes of one staff, as, piano-playing fashion, he drubbed on a library table to get the effect of the other three voices. Breaking off, he tried to fit the words to the notes, then halted and stared, puzzled. Mr Appel came to the rescue by offering the use of the piano in the lecture hall.

Experiment showed that the melody was carried by the alto voice, rather than the soprano or tenor, as would be

Continued on the Sixth Page

"AMERICA"
As Sung in 1776

To Thee the tuneful anthem soars,
To Thee, our fathers' God and ours;
This wilderness we chose our seat:
To right secured by equal laws.
From Persecution's iron claws
We here have sought our calm retreat.

"AMERICA"
As We Know It

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

ARTHUR FIEDLER TRYING OUT THE ANTHEM

Use the Globe's Classified columns to Sell or Rent Real Estate. Read the Real Estate advts today.

Wonderful Self Control

Mrs Naggs—John, if I should die I don't believe you would know what to do.

Mr Naggs—Well, perhaps I wouldn't, but I hardly believe I would feel as good as that, Jane.—New Bedford Standard.

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February 15, 1930

Arthur Fiedler to Conduct Boston Symphony "Pop" Concerts

For the first time in their long history, the famous Boston Symphony "Pop" Concerts will be conducted this season by a native of that city. Arthur Fiedler, long regarded as the most versatile member of the Boston

ARTHUR FIEDLER

Symphony Orchestra, has that distinction according to an announcement given to the press last Tuesday, and announced briefly in last week's issue of the MUSICAL COURIER.

Born in Boston about thirty-five years ago and educated at the Boston Latin School, young Fiedler was then sent to Berlin, where he studied the violin with Willy Hess, also piano, composition and conducting at the Hochschule für Musik. When the War broke out he returned to this country and joined the violin section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Karl Muck. Patrons of that tonal organization have known Arthur Fiedler as violinist, viola player, organist, pianist, celesta player, and even as tympanist; and Boston music lovers generally have known him, besides, as a piano accompanist of skill, musicianship and taste, and as an uncommonly able choral conductor. He comes by his musical gifts honestly since his father was for twenty-five years a violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a member of the original Kneisel Quartet. In addition to his talents as musician Mr. Fiedler has been admired by the ladies of the Massachusetts capital as a personable young man.....

Commenting on his selection for this important post, H. T. Parker, eminent critic of the Boston Transcript, expressed himself as follows:

"No easy task faces Arthur Fiedler, announced this morning as conductor of the Pop Concerts through next spring and summer. The balance of the programs has admittedly gone awry. A new conductor must restore the happy proportion between light and serious numbers, between classic, modern and popular items, to which relation the Pops have long owed their vogue. There are many publics to please; some indeed to be won back after a year or two of abstinence; one or another, perhaps, to be restrained, since it would have the concerts too routined and muted.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK ZITS
FEB 15 1930

Fiedler Chosen to Direct "Pop" Concerts in Boston

Boston, Feb. 10.—Arthur Fiedler, Boston pianist, viola player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been chosen as the conductor of the series of "Pop" Concerts to be given in Symphony Hall next spring and summer after the close of the regular symphony concerts. The "Pops" are a Boston institution of the first order. In fact, Boston is the only city in the country where year in year out "Pops" are given, with smoking and drinking permitted—that is the only city where the institution has been kept in vogue for many years without going "rowdy."

For two sesons, the "Pops" have been conducted by Afreddo Casella, Italian pianist, conductor and composer, who created almost a sensation at his first performances. He absolutely refused, however, to play any light music or operatic selections confining his program to symphonic music and to compositions of very high grade, written and not transcribed, for the orchestra.

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Boston Sunday Globe Editorial and News Feature Section

SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 1930 1

DIFFERENT WORDS AND MUSIC ON EARLIER "AMERICA" JUST DISCOVERED

Sung in Revolution---Arthur Fiedler Finds Anthem of William Billings of Boston---Composer Wrote His Notes on Leather With Chalk---Paul Revere Decorated His Psalm Books

By LANNING HUMPHREY.

"AMERICA" was once a real American patriotic anthem, and not a new title for the British tune, "God Save Our Gracious King," sung to the words, "My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty, Of thee I sing."

This fact, just brought to light in Boston, offers a new and highly interesting answer to the query of harried tercentenary committees:

"What did New England soldiers of the Revolution sing for a national anthem?"

Song of the Spirit of '76

Of course you know that picture, "The Spirit of '76," showing a white-haired drummer striding along, flanked on his left by a man of the next generation—maybe his son—blowing a fife, and flanked on his right by a boy drummer—perhaps his grandson. Have you ever wondered what they were playing? Have you ever wondered what the real soldiers of the Revolution liked for music?

Most people would be inclined to say, "Yankee Doodle." And the tune, from somewhere in Britain, is older than the Revolution, and Yankee words were fitted to it when the colonists were gathering their army in Cambridge. But Billings' "America," and a number of other tunes of his, undoubtedly competed with "Yankee Doodle."

Old "America" Sung Everywhere

For years before the British "America" made its first appearance in a music book the American "America" held sway. Countless thousands sang it in church and camp before, during and after the Revolution. This tune held a grip on the public that caused it to reappear in a succession of music books after other one-time favorites ceased to be printed.

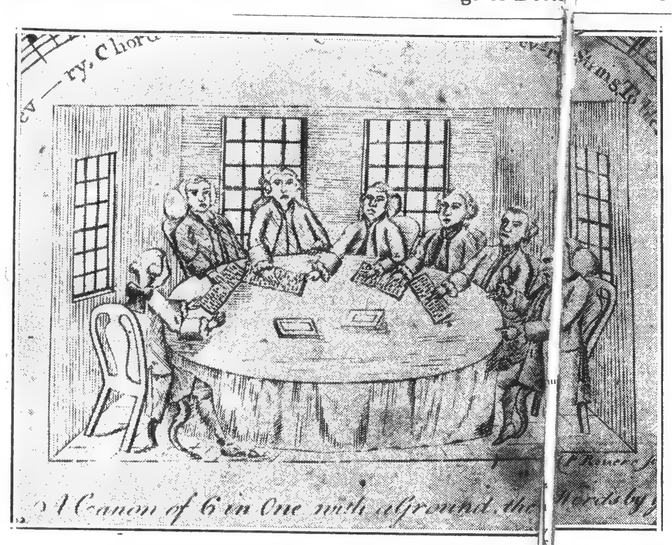
The old "America" was composed by William Billings, Boston-born tanner-singing master, author-composer. He produced the first book of music made up entirely of original compositions of an American—his "New England Psalm-Singer; or, American Chorister," printed in Boston in 1770. His "America" was first published in this collection. The first book to include the other "America" did not appear until 1843. (Smith & Stow's "Psalmist" was the book.)

Although later appearing in the guise of a hymn, the American "America" was originally published by Billings, it now appears, as a patriotic anthem. However, the words were not printed under the musical notation. Furthermore, they bore the title, "New England Hymn."

By a chance discovery Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the "Pops" and Esplanade concerts, has just rediscovered the fact that Billings' tune, "America," originally belonged to the "New England Hymn." In this form, soldiers of the Continental Army must have sung "America."

First Stanza of Song

It was a vigorous tune. Here are the words of the first of the three stanzas (for the general run of the public seem to follow a rule never to pay attention to any but the



The time beater in this old engraving, signed by Paul Revere, may be intended to represent Billings.

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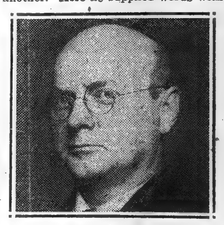

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Boston Sunday Globe Editorial and News Feature Section

SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 1930 1

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Sung in Revolution---Arthur Fiedler Finds Anthem of William Billings of Boston---Composer Wrote His Notes on Leather With Chalk---Paul Revere Decorated His Psalm Books

By LANNING HUMPHREY

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Most people would be inclined to say, "Yankee Doodle." And the tune, from somewhere in Britain, is older than the Revolution, and Yankee words were fitted to it when the colonists were gathering their army in Cambridge. But Billings' "America," and a number of other tunes of his, undoubtedly competed with "Yankee Doodle."

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"A gentleman now living in Philadelphia, distinguished for his great literary attainments, as well as for his musical tastes, often speaks of the great pleasure he enjoyed from this source during that period; and that the name of Billings has been very dear to him, and associated with the happiest recollections, even to the present time."

A Song of His at Trenton

Everyone remembers the picturesque circumstances of Washington's capture of Trenton. It was Christmas night . . . Hessians, well-clothed, well-sheltered from wind and hard-driven snow, well fed, making merry with more food, with wine, with singing . . . Then all confusion, murderous rifle-fire, panic and rout, in the face of a suddenly-appearing army of tattered, underfed, storm-benumbed patriots.

There were New Englanders among the victors. Glover's Marblehead fishermen had ferried Washington and his contingent across on the surprise attack. Gen Greene of Rhode Island was there, with New Englanders in his command. In jubilation, and in thanksgiving, would they not have sung Billings' tune of Boston for which he specified Watt's Christmas poem as suitable words?

Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes!

Two years after the Declaration of Independence, Billings published his second book, with words fited to several of his earlier tunes which had first been printed without them. Included are words to 'Columbia" that help explain how Washington's Continental Army (largely New Englanders) could triumph over such frightful physical handicaps as those of Valley Forge.

Songs to Cheer Men On

Much has been made of the military exploits of Cromwell's "Ironsides," whom he caused to do superhuman deeds by a coolly-calculated plan of making them equally good at drill and psalm-singing. There is the case, for example, of the relief of Gainsborough.

Cromwell's enemies were three times his own number, and on a hill, the base of which could be reached only through a gate which the enemy fire commanded. But Cromwell and his psalm-singing Ironsides swept through the gate and the bullets, on up the hill to victory. A good deal of credit is given the driving force of the religious inspiration in the psalms. But it must not be forgotten that Cromwell's Ironsides were specially well-armed, well-horsed, well-fed.

Surely the sorely-handicapped Continentals must have been psalm-singing soldiers, too, to a sufficient extent. What could not a ragged, hungry soldier do, under the urge of Billings' "Columbia"?

No, all the powers on earth,
Joined in a league with hell,
Can disconcert our plan,
Which nothing can excel,
Since such a friend in God we find,
Adieu to fears of every kind.

There is plenty of driving-force in the words which appeared for "Chester" tune in 1778:

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We'll fear them not, we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton
With Prescott and Cornwallis join:
To plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combine.

When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forced,
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

In the book of 1778 Billings had a "Lamentation Over Boston":

By the rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept,
We wept, we wept, we wept,
When we remembered thee, O Boston.

Now, in army life, as some few citizens know, even one good singer in a company is a much-prized possession. But the indications are that in the American military outfits of the Revolution there were whole groups of New Englanders trained in part-singing, who cheered or filled with courage the hearts of their fellow-soldiers with Billings' tunes.

This sort of music would be doubly welcome in view of the scarcity and scant equipment of military bands among the Americans, compared with the musical resources of the British soldiers.

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As Sung in 1776

To Thee the tuneful anthem soars,
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This wilderness we chose our seat:
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"AMERICA"
As We Know It

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

ARTHUR FIEDLER TRYING OUT THE ANTHEM

The New England Generals, Benjamin Lincoln and Nathaniel Greene, were in operations all the way from New England to the Carolinas, Georgia and Virginia. Soldiers like to serve with leaders who are their heroes, so the plea: "No doubt the reader will excuse my not adapting words to all the tunes, as it is attended with great inconvenience."

Mr Appel explained that in the early days purchasers of music books were just as well satisfied as not to hunt up, or originate, words that could be adapted to a new tune.

A Clew to the Words

In one place it looked as if Billings had printed words for a hymn, and then forgotten to supply the music. A poem by Dr Byles was shown under the reading, "New England Hymn." No music by that title could be found that many New Englanders must have served with them the length of the country.

It has been pointed out by musicologists that many negro spirituals were garbled versions of Methodist hymns. Perhaps they were also inspired by Billings' tunes. At least, the spirituals make frequent use of "Hallelujas"—and Billings wrote several Hallelujah choruses.

Rediscovery of "America"

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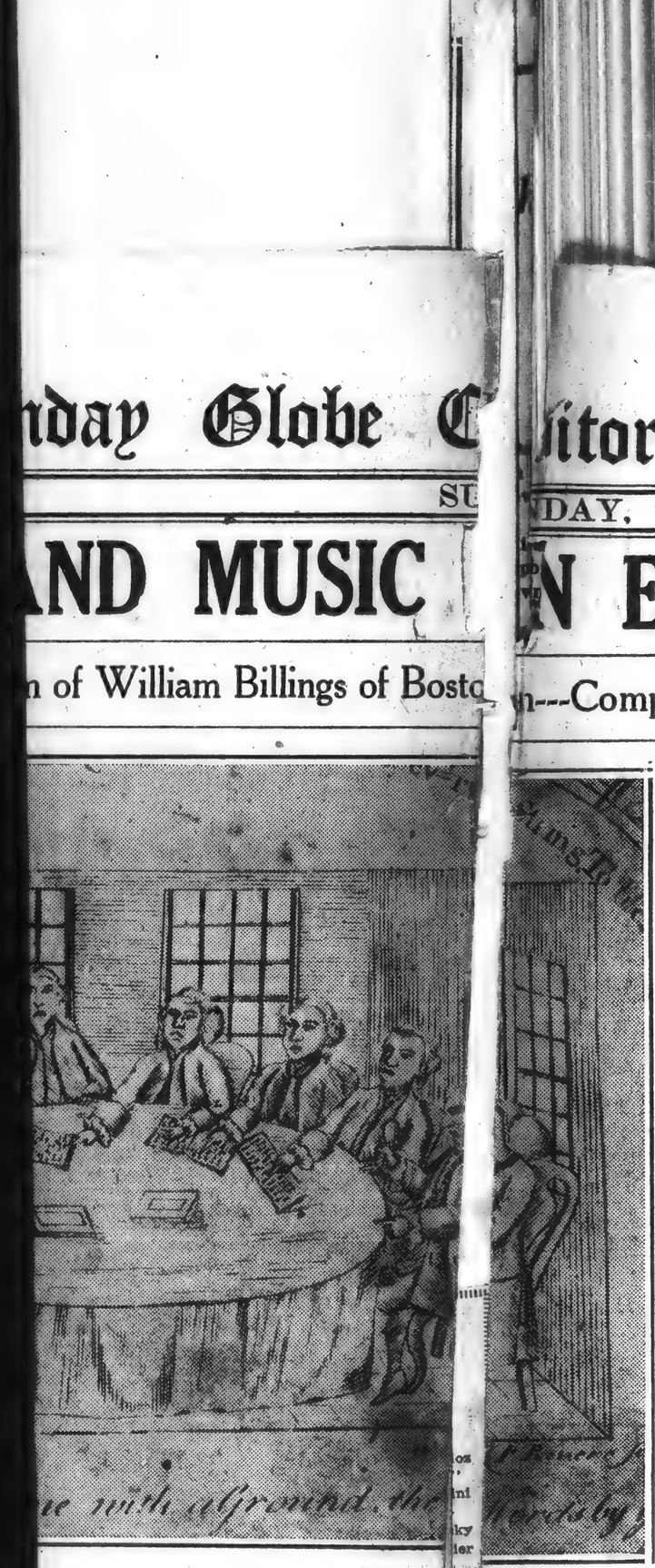

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"A gentleman now living in Philadelphia, distinguished for his great literary attainments, as well as for his musical tastes, often speaks of the great pleasure he enjoyed from this source during that period; and that the name of Billings has been very dear to him, and associated with the happiest recollections, even to the present time."

A Song of His at Trenton

Everyone remembers the picturesque circumstances of Washington's capture of Trenton. It was Christmas night . . . Hessians, well-clothed, well-sheltered from wind and hard-driven snow, well fed, making merry with more food, with wine, with singing . . . Then all confusion, murderous rifle-fire, panic and rout, in the face of a suddenly-appearing army of tattered, underfed, storm-benumbed patriots.

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Joined in a league with hell,
Can disconcert our plan,
Which nothing can excel.
Since such a friend in God we find,
Adieu to fears of every kind.

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And slavery clank her galling chains;
We'll fear them not, we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton
With Prescott and Cornwallis join:
To plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combine.

When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forced,
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

In the book of 1778 Billings had a "Lamentation Over Boston":

By the rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept,
We wept, we wept, we wept,
When we remembered thee, O Boston.

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This sort of music would be doubly welcome in view of the scarcity and scant equipment of military bands among the Americans, compared with the musical resources of the British soldiers.

"AMERICA"
As Sung in 1776

To Thee the tuneful anthem soars,
To Thee, our fathers' God and ours;
This wilderness we chose our seat:
To right secured by equal laws.
From Persecution's iron claws
We here have sought our calm retreat.

"AMERICA"
As We Know It

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

ARTHUR FIEDLER TRYING OUT THE ANTHEM

The New England Generals, Benjamin Lincoln and Nathaniel Greene, were in operations all the way from New England to the Carolinas, Georgia and Virginia. Soldiers like to serve with leaders who are their heroes, so the plea: "No doubt the reader will excuse my not adapting words to all the tunes, as it is attended with great inconveniency."

Mr Appel explained that in the early days purchasers of music books were just as well satisfied as not to hunt up, or originate, words that could be adapted to a new tune.

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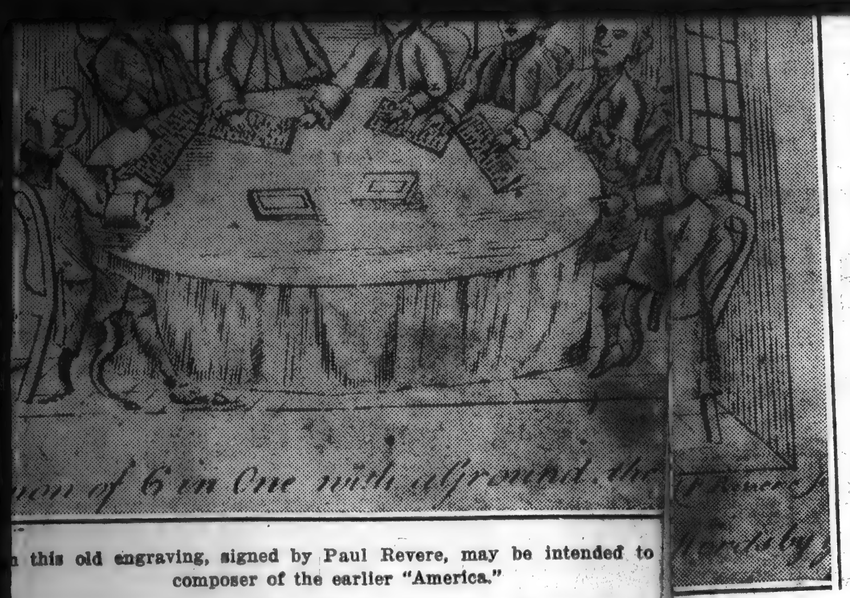

n this old engraving, signed by Paul Revere, may be intended to represent Billings.

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By a chance discovery Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the "Pops" and Esplanade concerts, has just rediscovered the fact that Billings' tune, "America," originally belonged to the "New England Hymn." In this form, soldiers of the Continental Army must have sung "America."

First Stanza of Song

It was a vigorous tune. Here are the words of the first of the three stanzas (for the general run of the public seem to follow a rule never to pay attention to any but the first stanza of a patriotic anthem):

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ARTHUR FIEDLER TRYING OUT THE ANTHEM

POPS OPEN MAY 7

With Arthur Fiedler as their new conductor, the Pop Concerts in Symphony hall will begin at the expiration of the regular Symphony season. Wednesday, May 7, will be the opening night. This will be the 45th season of Boston's warm weather concerts, which have no counterpart in America. Arthur Fiedler will be the first native Bostonian to conduct the Pops. The son of Emanuel Fiedler, a violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years and one of the original members of the Kneisel string quartet, Arthur Fiedler has likewise played in this orchestra for a number of seasons. He is known as a conductor of chamber music concerts, as the leader of the Cecilia Society Chorus, as pianist, and more particularly by the Esplanade concerts of last summer which he organized and conducted. Fiedler's programs at the Pops will include every type of music which is desired by the Pops public and suitable to a symphony orchestra.

According to Pops traditions, refreshments will be served in the course of the concerts at the tables which will cover the floor of Symphony Hall. The Pops will be given each night and on alternate Sundays through May and June.

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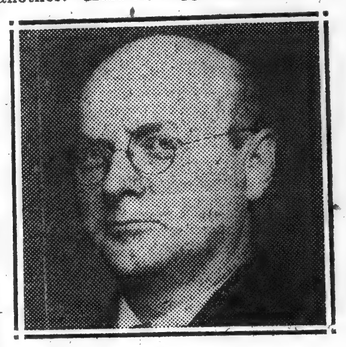
Billings was evidently a very impulsive fellow. He handled some problems of book-making one way, some another. Here he supplied words with his tunes, and elsewhere printed tunes without other word except a title.



RICHARD S. APPEL
Music librarian, Boston Public Library, who aided Mr Fiedler in the discovery of the American "America."

At the bottom of one page the orchestra leader found, in faint lettering, in the volume. Then Fiedler, faithful to his policy of tracking down all available explanatory matter, spied a note in small, faded print, between parentheses: "Adopted (sic) to America tune."

And, sure enough, one full page of music without words bore the barely legible title "America." It was arranged for four voices.

Softly the conductor began whistling the notes of one staff, as, piano-playing fashion, he drubbed on a library table to get the effect of the other three voices. Breaking off, he tried to fit the words to the notes, then halted and stared, puzzled. Mr Appel came to the rescue by offering the use of the piano in the lecture hall.

Experiment showed that the melody was carried by the alto voice, rather than the soprano or tenor, as would be

Continued on the Sixth Page

Use the Globe's Classified columns to Sell or Rent Real Estate. Read the Real Estate advts today.

Wonderful Self Control

Mrs Naggs—John, if I should die I don't believe you would know what to do.

Mr Naggs—Well, perhaps I wouldn't, but I hardly believe I would feel as good as that, Jane.—New Bedford Standard.

162 Trans

Music Is Motion

Apr 26

Arthur Fiedler Filmed as Conductor of The Pops

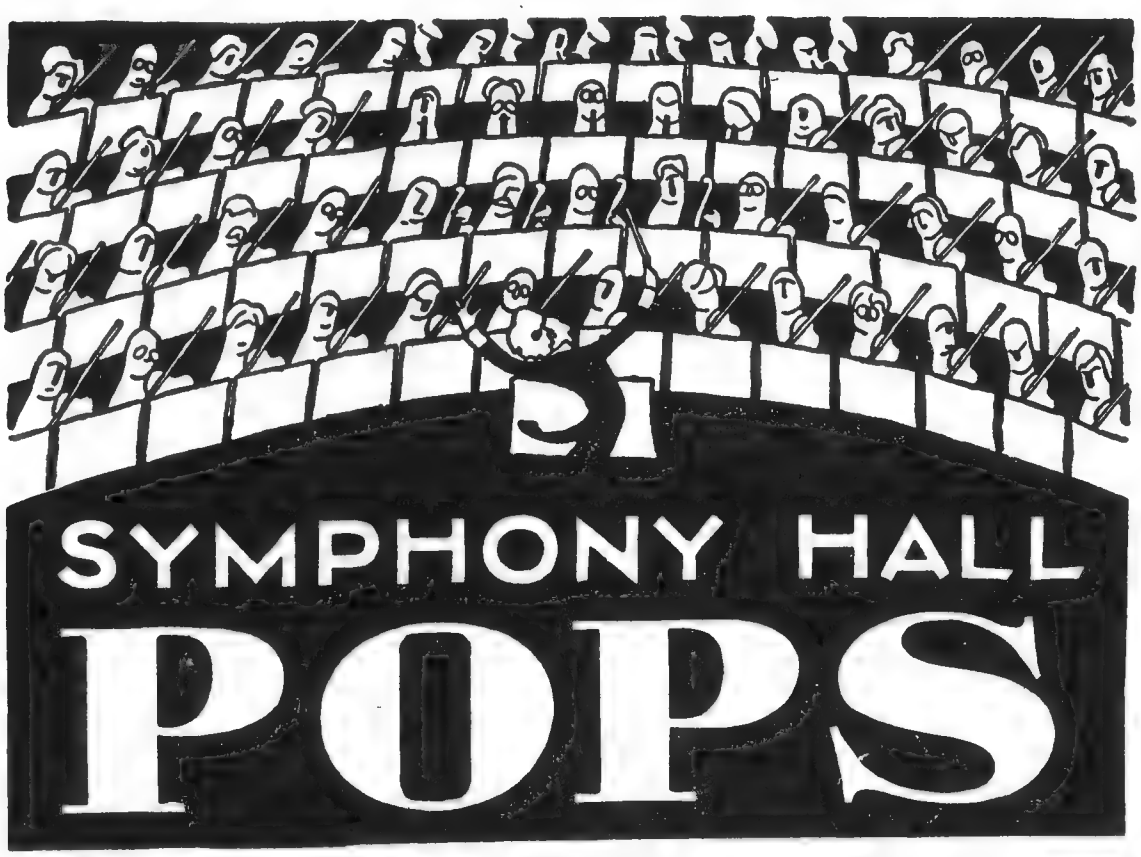
Bos. Sun. Herald

APR 27-1930

RLD OF MUSIC -:- -:- -:- By

(Photo by Boris)

Arthur Fiedler, who will conduct the "Pop" concerts at Sym phony hall this season, starting Wednesday evening, May 7.



85 SYMPHONY PLAYERS
ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor

TUESDAY, MAY 2

OPENING NIGHT

of the Fifty - Ninth Season

TABLE SEATS	$1.50
FIRST BALCONY	$1.50, $1.00, $0.60
SECOND BALCONY (unreserved)	$0.35

(Tax included)

EXHIBITS

1943–44

Oct. 8–9, 15–16, 22–23, 25–26, 29–30	Oils by W. Lester Stevens Serge Koussevitzky — Twentieth Anniversary Exhibition
Nov. 5–6, 12–13, 26–27	Paintings by George Kelly, Roland M. Newhall, Forrest W. Orr, and F. Wenderoth Saunders
Nov. 29–30, Dec. 3–4, 17–18	Six portraits by Boris Chaliapin, forming the Magnavox series of great contemporary musicians
Dec. 24–25, 27–28, 31–Jan. 1	Capehart Collection of paintings interpreting great musical compositions
Jan. 14–15, 21–22, 24–25, 28–29, Feb. 4–5	"Gelatone" Facsimiles of American paintings, original paintings, and etchings and lithographs by noted American artists — complete exhibit courtesy of Associated American Artists Galleries of New York City
Feb. 18–19, 25–26, 28–29	Paintings by eight members of the Guild of Boston Artists
Feb. 25–26, 28–29, Mar. 3–4	Wood carving by John Rood
Mar. 3–4	Photographs and sculpture by Esther Jackson
March 17–18, 24–25	Water colors by Sears Gallagher
April 6–8, 10–11, 14–15	Paintings by six Belmont Hill artists
April 21–22	Soviet Russian exhibition by the Council of American-Soviet Friendship
April 21–22, 28–29	Paintings by Agnes A. Abbot, Sally Cross Bill, and Polly Nordell

THE COPLEY PLAZA

Sunday Afternoon Cocktail Concert

4 to 6:30 p. m., every Sunday — a bright spot with audience participation.

ADMISSION $1.10 (85c IN CASH, 25c IN WAR STAMPS)
GRATUITIES AT YOUR OPTION — IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS, PLEASE!

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Style
Beauty
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MISSING
PAGE(S)

Music and Musicians --- Plays and Players

Pops New Born, Signs, Wonders, And Surprises

Symphony Hall Transformed, New Conductor, Old Ways, Returned Public

THE WORLD may be feminized; but it is still possible to keep a secret where men are most concerned. Consider, for example, Ravel's "Bolero," played at Symphony Hall last evening for the beginning of a forty-fifth summer of Pops. A year and a half ago it went into rehearsal, as ballet, at the Opéra in Paris. The orchestra had not "run it" half "through" before everyone within earshot perceived that it would make no small sensation. Yet somehow the secret was kept—and with a woman leader in the deed—until the first public performance. Thereafter a stirred audience "told the world" and enough of us in America, when Mr. Toscanini and Dr. Koussevitzky produced the piece, knew what to expect.

Or consider the surroundings in which, last evening, Mr. Arthur Fiedler and the orchestra played "Bolero." In our time (as the editorial writers like to say) Symphony Hall has not undergone such change of aspect. Since the end of the Symphony Concerts last Saturday, the making of it was a day-and-night job, finished barely two hours before the first audience began to assemble. Yet not a word oozed out of Symphony Hall nor did "the sleuth-hounds of journalism" pick up the scent until word came to them—with next to no particulars—to despatch photographers, one of whose work appears in neighboring columns on this page.

When Mr. Fiedler was chosen for conductor, a general refitting of The Pops was evidently in prospect. The authorities resolved to extend it to the concert-room. It is their good custom to seek able and sympathetic ability for whatever may be in hand. Accordingly, they asked Mr. Robert Edmond Jones—first, in both senses of the word, of American designers for the theater—to undertake the summer redecoration of Symphony Hall. His work once more praises him. (He was present last evening and must have caught many an echo of the general surprise and approval.) A theater seen in Venice suggested the general scheme to Mr. Jones. To some that scanned the outcome, it also recalled the Redoutensaal in the Hapsburg Palace at Vienna, say with a touch of Schönbrünn, as summer-villa, added. Anyhow in it was hint of the eighteenth century before rococo came, as there must be to suit with the lines, the spacing, the decoration, of the original design by the illustrious McKim.

As it is, to right, left and behind the orchestra runs a deep wainscot of green and gold lattice-work. Above it, by a distribution of soft-colored globes among the usual electric lamps, the familiar grayish panelling takes on a lighter hue. The platforms upon which the players sit, the conductor's stand, the chairs and the music-racks are painted to harmonize with this gray, relieved here and there, where the eye quickly meets it, by arabesques in pale gold. Above the center of the stage hangs a many branched and globed chandelier, around it are sparse and slender brackets, both of distinctly eighteenth-century design.

Finally, to right and left of the proscenium arch are curtains drawn back and looped; while a lambrequin of the same fabric hangs horizontally above them. Precisely of what color this nameless fabric is bids fair to become a subject of pleasing controversy among frequenters of The Pops. Certainly it is crossed and relieved by pale gold arabesques. The authorities at Symphony Hall affirmed that the basic color was gray. Yet under the lights it seemed to the casual eye a tawny brown. Which divergence of fact and impression left most in the confusion besetting Hamlet and Polonius in the play, as they speak of camels, whales and such like.

For the auditorium, around each entrance-door to the floor and the tables runs a frame of the green and gold lattice; while the warm winter red of the walls is now painted a cool summer grey. This grey, with spaciousness and "coolth" in its train—there was need of both in the reeking heat of last evening—continues to the top of the auditorium. From the chandeliers descends the gently decanted light already noted. The chairs at the tables repeat the golden tint. (How much will not a little gilding do!). The tables themselves are painted in pale green with pale gold arabesques. . . . So in Symphony Hall is divested of winter aspect; wears now green and gold and grey befitting oncoming spring and bourgeoning summer; suggests a chaste and elegant haunt of light pleasure, (as my Lord Chesterfield or even Dr. Johnson, might have written); for a warm-weather concert-room, is unique in America, and, may be, overseas.

From top to bottom, the first audience filled floor and balconies, everywhere suggesting new-born interest in the reborn Pops. To see, it was rather more modish than it has run of recent years. Dinner coats and evening gowns were as plentiful as the jackets and skirts of the daily round; while the student of feminine apparel—spring 1930—might observe that the fine-meshed, full-brimmed straw hat has come back—definitely and becomingly. It was to be noted also that Boston—to no small credit—remains an obstinate community against the return of the toe-touching skirt, even for evening wear. The evidence of one's eyes was proof at Symphony Hall, as it was last winter at the Opera House. A connoisseur, who makes his living in such things, confirmed the ocular impression. And out of the Middle West, where it is almost rule and habit, we are borrowing white flannel trousers under a dark jacket as semi-formal summer dress for youth and youngish men.

Less the mode than the new conductor engrossed the audience. It greeted Mr. Fiedler long and loud. It applauded him heartily—and discriminatingly—after every piece and performance. Plainly, it liked his alert, business-like procedures; his swift readiness with extra numbers the moment the clapping warranted them. It took pleasure as well in his youth, agreeable aspect, pleasing manners, flowing and exuberant energy. And before a company in which young women are many, it is no detriment—in this gossiping town—to be an eligible bachelor, not without that quality which it is movie-custom to denote by initials or else by the neuter pronoun. For the first time, moreover, a son of the Symphony Orchestra had risen, by sheer ability, to be conductor of its Pops.

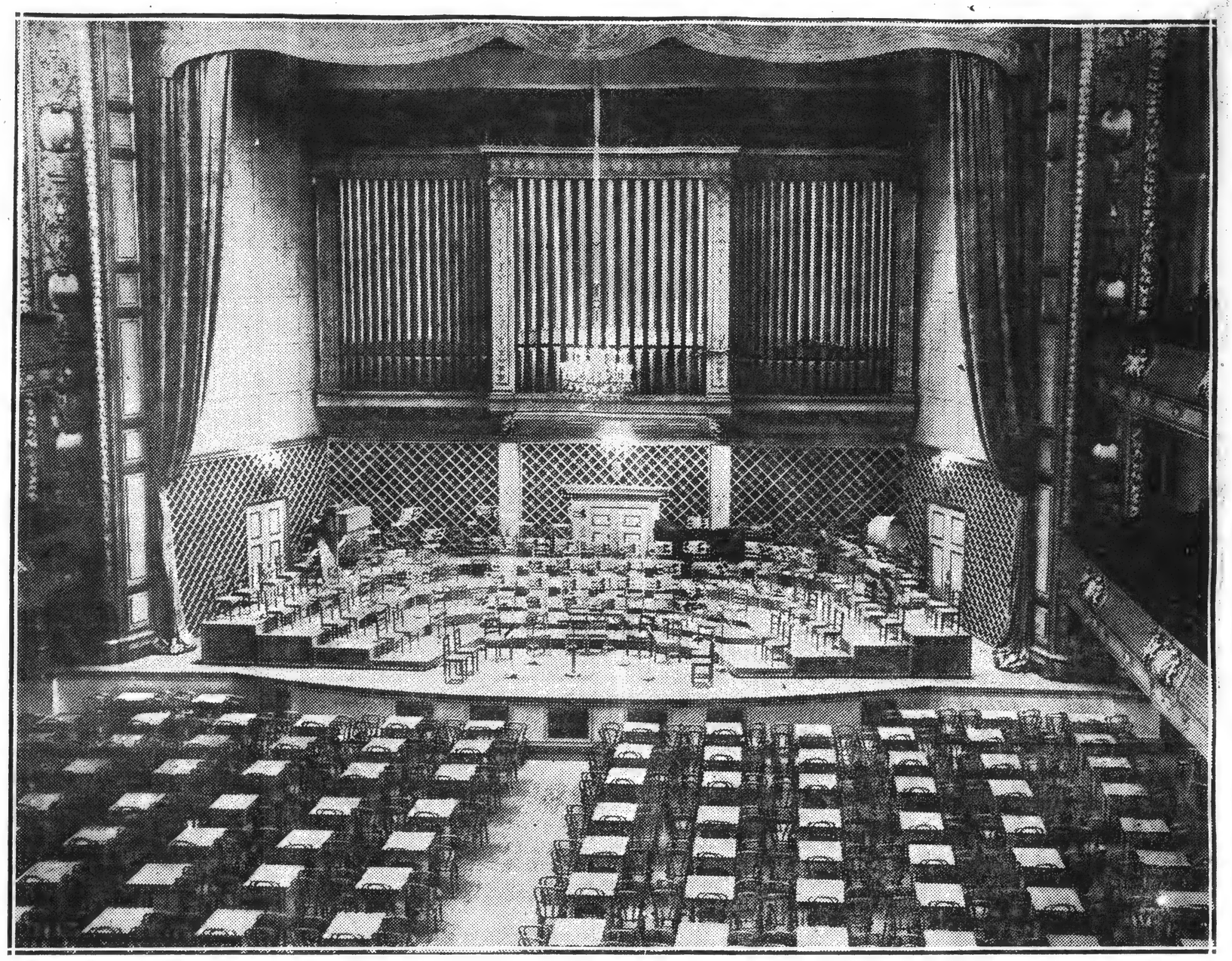
As such, Mr. Fiedler's unflagging energy and quick versatility were most in evidence. He likes sonorities and did not spare them in the pageant and ensemble music from "Aida." Yet his hand was light and flexible upon the changeful overture to "Mignon." His sense of color and contrast ran clear in Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois." He beat out the implacable tune, the relentless rhythm, the unrelaxing crescendo, the final burst of modulation in Ravel's "Bolero." (Tempo of Koussevitzky, not Toscanini.) He felt and conveyed the sensuous rhythm, the sensuous Straussian strings, of the waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier." He "put over" a potpourri from Mr. Romberg's "New Moon" as though the musical plays were his conducting trade. In fact, with two exceptions, and for no small merit, he "put over" every piece, "extras" included. One exception was the "Rhine Journey" of Siegfried—by no means Wagner incandescent in the concert-hall; the less for lack of propulsive force in Mr. Fedler's version. The other, and minor, was the familiar "Moment Musical" of Schubert, which he might have taken with lighter touch and finer-spun melody. . . . And from beginning to end the orchestra — Mr. Theodorowicz again in the concert-master's chair—worked for and with him.

Throughout, again, there was no mistaking the satisfaction of the audience in the return to the long-standing type of Pop program, with lighter and easier-going numbers to the fore. Those who would have The Pops symphony concerts in miniature and at modest prices, enjoyed an inning three seasons long with the departed Casella. They may or may not be a majority of the habitués; certainly they are an insufficiently sustaining public. By the signs of last evening, the casual, idling, trifling audience has returned in numbers, prepared to stay if within reason, and by no means selfishly, it is humored.

After all, it is a good rule of life to play about as much as possible—particularly in the concert-hall—from May to October. Seven or eight months of "due diligence" are quite enough, in human infirmity, for most of us. Slip in the two Richards, Wagner and Strauss; Chaikovsky and Rimsky; Ravel and Debussy, Weber, Mendelssohn, Beethoven even, as Mr. Fiedler intends to do. But let us also hear the sighing or the jigging tunes, not yet quite threadbare, of "Mignon"; Kern and Kálmán and Herbert of the musical plays; Krének fondly fancying he is writing American jazz and Gershwin actually glorifying it. Not too often gladiators may march or flowers whisper. . . . The more, the merrier.

H. T. P.

"When Visitors Are Coming to Town—



—It Is the Time to Put One's Best Foot Forward" (Transcript Photograph by Frank Colby)

Stage and Foreground of Symphony Hall as Newly Decorated by Robert Edmond Jones for The Pops of 1930

At The Pops Tonight

Evening of The Women's City Club

Rakoczy March ..... Berlioz
Overture to The Opera, "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Lullaby from The Ballet, "The Fire-Bird" ..... Stravinsky
Rhapsody, "España" ..... Chabrier
Prelude to The Opera, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ..... Wagner
Valse Triste ..... Sibelius
Tone-Poem, "Pines of Rome" ..... Respighi
Selection from The Opera, "Jonny spielt auf" ..... Krenek
(Shimmy, Jazz, Spiritual, Blues)
Waltz, "Girls of Baden" ..... Komzák
Slavic March ..... Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Fiedler

At the play was in sight. The talkies were in the full flash of menace, and it was supposed by some that their ability to undercut the flesh-and-blood drama in price and outrival it in luxury of housing would bring the curtain down with permanent effect in the old-fashioned theatre. Subsequent events have shown only that the film public has moved on to the new mode, while the play public has been rather better than constant.

It is curious how little the two overlap. On the night when the talkie of "Journey's End" was launched upon London with much pomp and clamor the bookings for the play went up, although it had already run for fifteen months. A musical comedy named "Rio Rita" was produced as a film with all accoutrements of song, dance and spectacle. Yet, later on, the same piece was chosen to open a big theater in London, as though it were in no way a revival or a second-best. As far as London is concerned, new theaters rise as rapidly as new picture houses, although the latter have an immense financial advantage in the capital, since they are permitted, with preposterous lack of logic, to entertain the huge crowds who can find nothing better to do with Sunday evenings. Even Good Friday is not barred to them. One big London film-house was plastered with notices announcing " 'The Flame of Love' —special Good Friday performances." Yet the theater continues. The fountains, replete with goldfish here or ice-cream there, which are the triumph of " a motion-picture cathedral de luxe" have not washed drama away.

The touring system has shown signs of stress, but the revival of the local stock

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Lovers of Music—Not Too Classical—Made Happy

OPENING OF POPS CONCERT

Judging From the Enthusiastic Reception Accorded Last Evening to Arthur Fiedler at the "Pops" Première at Symphony Hall, in Which Both the Audience and Members of the Orchestra Heartily Joined, It Would Seem That the Gifted Conductor Has Hit the Taste of Boston's Spring Concert-Goers. This Does Not Mean That the Classical Is Ignored Under the New Baton but That It Is Pleasantly Relieved by Tunes of the Lighter Sort—in Fact, Even Jazz, Good Jazz, Has a Place in the Varied Repertory Mr. Fiedler Offers. Decorations by Robert Edmond Jones Make a Pleasing Frame for a Pleasing Entertainment.

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Pop Concert, in Bright New Dress, Delights Big First Night Audience

(Continued from Page 1)

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It is Mr. Fiedler's task to restore to the Pops their original nature, that of an agreeable entertainment at which one may hear light and tuneful music, expertly played, and yet speak to one's neighbor, sip a cold drink and even perhaps drop a spoon without fear of being expelled from the hall.

If last night's experience is any criterion, there can be no doubt that the good old-new ways have been successfully restored, to the satisfaction of everybody. The applause which greeted Mr. Fiedler was renewed after every number, indicating that his ideas of program-making were those of his hearers. A thorough musician and an able conductor, he is closely enough in touch with the taste of the great public to understand their requirements. Without sacrifice of musical standards, he is able to contrive programs which contain plenty of tunes and plenty of lilting rhythms. This is what Pops audiences want, and it is what they are entitled to have.

Last night's program contained the Overture to Thomas's "Mignon," Waltzes from "Rosenkavalier," the "Aïda" Fantasia, Siegfried's Rhine Journey, Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois," Ravel's "Bolero," selections from "The New Moon," Blon's "Whispering of the Flowers" and Herbert's "American Fantasy." An admirably contrasted list, with gestures toward classical music and with good measure of popular numbers. The "Bolero" instantly captured the Pop audience, as it had the symphony audiences of last winter.

Programs to come hold equal interest. Tonight, for example, you may hear not only old favorites like Chabrier's "España" and Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave," but the Berceuse from Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" and Respighi's "Pines of Rome," with its famous nightingale. Nor is jazz to be barred. Tonight's program contains also selections from Křenek's jazz opera, "Jonny Spielt Auf," which in the last two years has been performed in every opera house and has made its composer a fortune.

Decidedly, the Pops have come back.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL RETURNS TO AYRSHIRE

SPECIAL TO THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

GIRVAN, Scotland—Sir Charles Fergusson Bt., of Kilkerran, Ayrshire,

SUNSHINE AND SALT AIR—

Now that the first-night frenzy of the idolaters has subsided it is possible to view with calm detachment the impression made by Mr. Arthur Fiedler as new conductor of the Pops concert in Symphony hall. Not since the days of Gustav Struber and the old Music hall (now the Orpheum Theatre), has a Pops band had such an amiable leader, or one who realized so unmistakably that this is summer and that symphonic concerts should end in the late spring. Mr. Fiedler's most potent asset, it would seem, is his ability to make programs befitting the season. For many lean years Pops patrons have hungered for the best in light music, semi-classical or conservatively modernistic. Mr. Fiedler, judging by scrutiny of his programs of the past and the coming week, will do his best to appease that hunger. This is as it should be. The Pops are a beloved institution, to be enjoyed by all who seek to combine friendly sociability and music from 80 finished instrumentalists through a restful evening. With Mr. Fiedler to lead the way, and with the wonderfully cheery color changes in Symphony hall, this should prove an epochal season.

Herald May 11

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Mr. Fiedler is deceiving himself when he classes the applause he receives after these numbers with that which follows the old masters' works. Fools are delighted and amused at the ridiculous novelty of hearing the Symphony orchestra play syncopated tunes. Novelties wear out, and so will Mr. Fiedler's artificial popularity. For any one man to display so great a lack of a sense of proportion as to follow the "Stein Song" with "March Slave" and others of that calibre, is incredible. Jazz is written for the dance and not to listen to. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler would consider clearing the centre of the floor for dancing. It is just as reasonable to do that as to play that sort of thing for his audience.

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Waverley, May 13.

Herald May 17

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LOUIS APPLEBAUM.

Waverley, May 13.

Herald May 17

Concert-Chronicle

May 14

"Skyscrapers" and Mr. Fiedler

A CONDUCTOR could hardly be in more fortunate position than Arthur Fiedler at The Pops. His orchestra likes and respects him; will also work for him. Though the "regular season" is ended at Symphony Hall, it does not demur to three hours of rehearsal when an exacting piece is to be added to the repertory. Once in the concert-room, it adds good will to due diligence; gives back warm and flowing tone, spirited rhythm, a pervading precision and alertness that more than one of Mr. Fiedler's predecessors was unable to command. The audience is as friendly and good-tempered. It likes the range of the programs; is expectant of the "extras"; welcomes the freedom from every musical snobbishness. If a novel piece is in hand, it listens curious and well-disposed.

For the first time, yesterday, Mr. Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," was played "in concert form" at The Pops. An unaccustomed audience found it a little lengthy, say in the Coney-Island section, but applauded it as heartily as could be expected at first acquaintance. It may hardly have believed its ears when it heard three-quarters of the Symphony Orchestra playing "sweet jazz" and playing it uncommonly well. "A ballet of American life" said the program—evidently a "high-brow" ballet, yet pounding or snapping out discords when Americans were at work, falling into popular idioms when they were at play, quite as though the composer were to the manner born. Indeed he is—this Mr. Carpenter of Chicago, writing for the Metropolitan Opera House and symphony concerts. After Carpenter, Bartók—in six brief Roumanian Dances, so short that the end surprised many, yet not lacking the harsh rhythms, the pungent melodies, the strident or languorous voice he is wont to find in mid-European folk-music. Two modernists on one program. Evidently Mr. Fiedler believes that we listeners like to live in our own time.

Freshly heard and idiomatically played, "Skyscrapers" renewed every impression that sets the ballet high in American music and high among Mr. Carpenter's "works." The beginning, rough-coated with dissonance, piercing and hammering at the ear, is the sound of daily work translated into tones. Nervously and with a din up go our towers of steel and stone. After the day's work, the night's play. To it in crowds; to it with excitement. Thousands of feet shall beat out the syncopated rhythms. Thousands of voices sing the jazzy tunes, half-gay, half-smeary. The sentimental mood deepens and the Spiritual, or something next of kin, sounds. The sportive mood returns; jazz it up. . . . Somewhere in the distance the skyscrapers are looming through the shining night. Soon it will be morning and work again. Mr. Carpenter readily finds his final "apotheosis," as the journeymen of the old ballet called it; finds and also poetizes. American rhythms,

Concert Chronicle

Cecilia at the Pops

Trans May 15

THE "Pops," like their winter brethren, the Symphony Concerts, have their novelties. But let these have the qualities which quickly catch the popular imagination, and they soon cease to be novelties and are added to the regular Pops repertory. Thus not so many years ago the presence of music by Ravel on a Pops program would have been matter for special comment. The presence of his "La Valse" there now leads only to the comment that it has come to take its place side by side with

"L'Arlesienne," the "Flight of the Bumble Bee," the meditation from "Thais" admirably played last evening by Mr. Theodorowicz), and Sousa's march, "Stars and Stripes Forever." Further is it worth noting that its performance was greeted with such volume of applause as to cause Mr. Fiedler bid his men rise to their feet in acknowledgment.

Last evening too had its novelties; novelties which could easily win place in the repertory did they not call for too great an amount of assistance from outside the orchestra. This assistance requires nothing less than a full chorus—provided last evening by the Cecilia Society of which Mr. Fiedler is also the conductor. The reference is to the presence on this program of the "Coronation Scene" from Musorgsky's opera "Boris Godunov," of Henschel's "Morning Hymn," of the Polovtsian Dances out of Borodin's opera "Prince Igor." That these gave pleasure there can be no doubt. For the "Cecilia" was in fine form and Mr. Fiedler conducted with an excellent blending of skill and imagination. Musorgsky's gorgeous music wanted only its pictorial setting to complete its gorgeousness; the chorus provided its portion, the orchestra exceeded that sometimes provided by opera orchestras, Mr. Harry Newcombe sang persuasively the solo passages. And Mr. Fiedler read the score in manner to provide no little thrill. Henschel's "Morning Hymn" sounded as fresh, in its sustained mood, as the day it was first heard. But a final "punch" in an excellent program came from the barbaric dances from "Prince Igor." If memory slips not, it was Dr. Koussevitzky who first brought them to the Symphony Concerts in their choral form. Mr. Monteux has played them as purely orchestral pieces. Thus new are they to the repertory of the orchestra. And now they come to the "Pops." Could the "Cecilia" be a sort of auxiliary chorus to the "Pops" they would keep their place in its repertory. Mr. Fiedler gave to these dances that virility, more, that barbaric energy which is the making of them. From tempo to increased tempo the activity grew wilder. Frenzy followed frenzy in this music. It is putting it mildly to say that the young conductor was masterly in the reading of this score, that chorus and orchestra gave him all he required of them. A. H. M.

Incidents and Prospects

The schedule for next week at The Pops includes the first Sunday concert and the annual "Harvard Night." On Sunday Chaikovsky and lesser Russians will divide the program. Nothing longer than a single symphonic movement will be played. "Harvard Night" falls on Monday, with the Glee Club assisting in eight light numbers, four of which are folk-songs.

Other incidents of the week are a repetition of "Bolero" on Tuesday and of the jazz potpourri from "Jonny spielt auf" on Wednesday. Ferdy Grofe's "Mississippi Suite"—jazz-rhythms and jazzy sentiment astutely blended—is listed for next Thursday; Casella's familiar "Italia" returns on Saturday. On the same evening Prokofiev comes for the first time into The Pops with the second movement of his "Scythian Suite"—the Dance of Black Spirits.

Bax's Second Symphony, confided by the composer to Dr. Koussevitzky for production last winter in Boston and New York, will be played in London next Tuesday. Mr. Goossens will conduct and for the first time the composer will hear his music. American praise has whetted English expectation.

Concert-Chronicle

Trans May 16

Sartorial Suggestion

FROM a correspondent signing herself (or himself) G. C. comes a pleasing fancy submitted herewith to the management of Symphony Hall:

"I have been thinking since The Pops reopened that the rather baroque stage decorations of Symphony Hall call for something more glamorous than formal dress on the members of the orchestra. Why not powdered wigs and court dress? How appropriate these costumes would be, for example, to the "Rosenkavalier" waltzes!

But hardly, if this department may take its turn at suggestion, to the jazz of "Jonny spielt auf" or the melodious haulage of the Volga Bargemen. And fancy a whitened wig upon the raven locks, tossing and confused, of Mr. Fiedler! "No, a thousand times, no!" says the young person who is taking this dictation.

End and Accomplishment

THIS CLIPPING FROM
QUINCY, MASS.
PATRIOT LEDGER
MAY 17 1930

The Pops at Symphony hall, Boston, though 45 years old, were never younger. Indeed, they have taken a new lease on life and have for their new conductor, Arthur Fiedler, who has in recent seasons attracted a great deal of attention by his obvious and rising talent. Known as the conductor of chamber concerts, of the Esplanade concerts last summer, of the Cecilia Society chorus, as pianist and viola player of the Boston Symphony orchestra, he will be the first Boston conductor of the Pops. Many clubs and organizations engage groups of seats together, and arrange for bus parties from distant points to visit the Pops. Arthur Fiedler's programs are designed to appeal to every element of the Pops' audiences which perhaps are as mixed as any musical public. Programs for the coming week:

Sunday night a Russian-Tschaikowsky program and Monday, "Harvard Night" Orchestra, and Harvard Glee club, will give a varied program.

TUESDAY MAY 20

March, "El Capitan".....Sousa
Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Liebesfreud.....Kreisler
Fantasia, "Tosca".....Puccini
Animals' Carnival, Zoological Fantasy.....Saint-Saens
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Bolero.....Ravel
Waltz, "Sleeping Beauty"..Tschaikowsky
Dubinushka, Folk Song.....Arranged by Jacchia
Selection, "New Moon".....Romberg

WEDNESDAY, OPERATIC.

Polonaise, "Eugen Onegin"..Tschaikowsky
Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Song of India, from "Sadko".....Rimsky-Korsakov
Fantasia, "Aida".....Verdi
Prelude and Love Death, "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Duet, "Hansel and Gretel"..Humperdinck
Introduction to Act 3, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Selection from "Jonny Spielt Auf".....Krenek
Intermezzo, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini

THURSDAY

March, "High School Cadets".....Sousa
Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Minuet.....Bolzoni
Espana, Rhapsody.....Chabrier
Mississippi Suite.....Grofe
Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod
Overture Solennelle, "1812" Tschaikowsky
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Dream Melody, "Naughty Marietta".....Herbert
Procession of the Boyards.....Halvorsen

FRIDAY

March, Second Connecticut Regiment.....Reeves
Minuet.....Boccherini
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Spanish Suite, "La Feria".....Lacome
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Marche Slave.....Tschaikowsky
Selection, "The Fortune Teller"...Herbert
Waltz, "Blue Danube".....Strauss
American Patrol.....Meacham

SATURDAY

March, "Maple Leaf".....Laurandeau
Overture to "Orpheus".....Offenbach
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
Scythian Suite, Second Movement.....Prokofieff
Largo.....Handel
(Solo violin: Julius Theodorowicz, Harp, Organ Strings)
Italia, Rhapsody.....Casella
Selection, "Show Boat".....Kern
Waltz, "Girls of Baden".....Komzak
Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar

Music Notes

May 15 Globe

Events at the Pops this week include the first of the fortnightly Sunday evening programs tonight, devoted to Russian music; the annual Harvard night with numbers by the Harvard Glee Club tomorrow night, an operatic program, including a duet from "Hansel and Gretel" to be sung by Jeska Schwartz Morse and Bernice Fisher Butler, Wednesday night, and the usual array of light music, old and new, on the other nights. The hour of beginning has been shifted from 8:15 to 8:30.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE—MAY 18, 1930

AUDIENCES MORE ATTENTIVE NOW

Fiedler, Conductor of the "Pops," Says People Will Always Appreciate Good Music

"Audiences are much more attentive to music today than were those of past years," says Arthur Fiedler, who is now conducting his first season of the "Pops" concerts. "There may be some slight difficulty in getting started at the beginning of a concert, but as soon as the music begins there is almost immediate quiet."

Mr Fiedler has brought back to the "Pops" the operatic fantasias. Listeners will be able to hear representative works of ultra-modern composers.

Examples of good "symphonic" jazz, will be given, such as Gershwin's

ARTHUR FIEDLER

doubly famous "Rhapsody in Blue" and the later "An American in Paris." Grofe's (pronounced Grow-fay's) "Mississippi Suite" also will be played.

The new conductor's manner is brisk and impresses one as being the outlet of a large store of energy. He smiles warmly. Collar open at throat, hair tousled, face damp from exertions of rehearsal, Mr Fiedler spoke between puffs on a much enjoyed cigarette. His manner of speaking is quiet yet precise.

Jazz to Disappear

He was talking about future music of the United States, whether there would evolve a music of a distinctly national character other than jazz, and what sort of music would it be?

"I think its characteristics will be the musical utterance of many phases of the mechanistic life of large, modern, American cities. Certain details of the life of the large centers have penetrated to no small extent into the provincial sections and the obscure corners of our country. The widespread distribution and use of modern mass-produced material goods has contributed to the quickening of the national pulse and thus will have an effect upon the musical impulses of all parts of the Nation, as such distribution and use constitutes a common bond of interest between the differing temperaments of North, South, East, and West."

Jazz of the African and Negroid types will, he believes, ultimately disappear. Fiedler regards Honegger, a Frenchman, and Prokofieff, a Russian, although not of this country, to have expressed uncommonly well, in such works as "Pacific 231" and the ballet "Pas D'Acier" ("Steps of Steel" is a literal translation), the mechanistic propensities of turbulent modern American life. He thinks the methods which these composers have used in writing their music and the general spirit of their music will be drawn upon in the native American music of the future. Other compositions which he regards as having helped to point the way are Ernest Bloch's "American Rhapsody," and Frederick S. Converse's "Flivver Ten Million."

First Appearance in Berlin

Mr Fiedler, eminent as violinist, pianist, and player of the viola and celesta, was born here in 1894 and obtained his early education in this city. His first musical training came from his father, Emanuel Fiedler, for 25 years a first violin of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a member of the original Franz Kneisel Quartet.

In Arthur's early 'teens, the elder Fielder retired from the Symphony and the family went to Vienna. Thence, after a short time they moved to Berlin in order that Arthur could attend the Royal Academy of Music there. At that time Arthur was 15 and one of the youngest students enrolled in the academy. His first public appearance was made as a conductor in Berlin when he was 17.

He joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as viola in 1915 and for a long time was its youngest player. About six years ago Mr Fiedler founded the "Boston Sinfonietta," a small orchestra of about 20 Symphony men. The "Sinfonietta," with Mr Fiedler conducting, has done much modern music written in the smaller forms.

He also is the conductor of the Cecilia Society Chorus. The open-air concerts given on the Charles River Esplanade last Summer were organized and conducted by Mr Fiedler. He is a bachelor.

Grand Opera's Future

During the past few months there has been much splattering of ink concerning the present state and the future of grand opera. Mr Fiedler, asked to give his opinion regarding the presentation of grand opera to modern audiences, answered, with great emphasis, that although the radio exerts a strong influence and reaches a tremendous and otherwise inacessible audience, personal appearances of musical bands never would be entirely displaced by mechanically reproduced music.

He believes that while radio, or opera in the "talkies," may serve to acquaint many people with music hitherto unfamiliar, both devices undoubtedly will whet the appetites of many listeners to hear such music performed by real, live artists.

"I think that with the assistance of people of wealth there are sufficient financial resources in this country to carry on opera permanently. Whereas the metropolitan and Provincial operas of European countries are backed by Government subsidy, opera in America should be assisted by persons of wealth, independent of official position. I don't care what you say, in spite of the radio, there will always be a desire to hear—in the flesh—the two main branches of music, the symphonic orchestra and the opera."

No Reason for Fear

Black—I wonder why a dog puts such an implicit trust in a man?

White—Well, you never heard of a man trying to borrow money off a dog after selling him a used car.—Stray Stories.

tone."

May 17 Globe

The physics laboratory opens new methods of investigation of the beauty of music, according to the dean, who said the reduction of music into its mechanical components makes it possible to penetrate musical secrets which defy ordinary analysis.

"There are scores of ways," he said, "in which we can create beauty by deviation from true pitch, constant intensity and so on. When it can be shown that deviation from pitch in a particular way is beautiful it will be recognized as a principle in art."

Samuel Chotzinoff, in the New York World, recently published the following "musical caricature" of Dr Koussevitzky:

"The Boston Symphony was once the wonder of the world. At the end of the late war it was listed in the class of the maimed and wounded. Frenchmen were imported to cure it, but their ministrations proved to be the medicine of diplomacy. The directors decided to try something Russian and engaged Mr Serge Koussevitzky. Mr Koussevitzky was celebrated as a phenomenal virtuoso on the double bass who, having acquired wealth, assembled an orchestra, chartered a boat and sailed the Volga, bringing symphonic culture to the unlettered inhabitants of the banks of this famous stream. Mr Koussevitzky arrived in Boston, captured the allegiance of the town without a struggle and, coming to Carnegie Hall, was greeted by the public and the press as the resuscitator of the comatose Bostonians.

"And now again, as in pre-war days, the Boston Orchestra fills Carnegie Hall. Dr Koussevitzky has turned the trick—and knows it. There is a unanimous rattle of applause as the elegant doctor makes his appearance, a tribute which has time to grow into a demonstration while he walks leisurely to his platform. He is sleek, and his form is tailored to perfection. He walks like a general who, after having achieved a colossal victory, is prevailed upon to exhibit himself to his grateful countrymen. He knows the psychology that actuates mobs; he also knows his own worth. Before mounting his stand he faces the adoring multitude and remains immovable as if waiting for the applause to rise to proportions sufficiently magnificent to merit his acknowledgment. The thunder having grown large, the doctor lifts his head to the gallery and draws an arc by lowering it (the head) to the first row of the orchestra, a geometrical procedure which is repeated as often as the general enthusiasm warrants it.

"The doctor expects a conscious silence from the auditorium before he gives his men the signal to begin. The signal is accomplished by his raising both arms very slowly, as if with this action he was actually drawing up the spirit of silence from the cellar to the ceiling. The atmosphere is that proper to a seance, and at the psychological moment the doctor, who is the medium, releases the scheduled phenomena. He addresses himself primarily to the instruments seated on his right and left; in consequence of which the listeners have always before them one or the other side of his face. These profiles are charged with unusual feeling, the outward expression of the doctor's consuming reactions to the music he invokes. His exhortations to the first and second fiddle sections are visible to the audience, yet there is that in his beseeching attitude that says: "My frenzy is being watched by a full house—give all that you can—press your fingers and draw your bows with all the strength you have—and do not omit to look up at me whenever convenient."

Concert-Chronicle

May 14

"Skyscrapers" and Mr. Fiedler

A CONDUCTOR could hardly be in more fortunate position than Arthur Fiedler at The Pops. His orchestra likes and respects him; will also work for him. Though the "regular season" is ended at Symphony Hall, it does not demur to three hours of rehearsal when an exacting piece is to be added to the repertory. Once in the concert-room, it adds good will to due diligence; gives back warm and flowing tone, spirited rhythm, a pervading precision and alertness that more than one of Mr. Fiedler's predecessors was unable to command. The audience is as friendly and good-tempered. It likes the range of the programs; is expectant of the "extras"; welcomes the freedom from every musical snobbishness. If a novel piece is in hand, it listens curious and well-disposed.

For the first time, yesterday, Mr. Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," was played "in concert form" at The Pops. An unaccustomed audience found it a little lengthy, say in the Coney-Island section, but applauded it as heartily as could be expected at first acquaintance. It may hardly have believed its ears when it heard three-quarters of the Symphony Orchestra playing "sweet jazz" and playing it uncommonly well. "A ballet of American life" said the program—evidently a "high-brow" ballet, yet pounding or snapping out discords when Americans were at work, falling into popular idioms when they were at play, quite as though the composer were to the manner born. Indeed he is—this Mr. Carpenter of Chicago, writing for the Metropolitan Opera House and symphony concerts. After Carpenter, Bartók—in six brief Roumanian Dances, so short that the end surprised many, yet not lacking the harsh rhythms, the pungent melodies, the strident or languorous voice he is wont to find in mid-European folk-music. Two modernists on one program. Evidently Mr. Fiedler believes that we listeners like to live in our own time.

Freshly heard and idiomatically played, "Skyscrapers" renewed every impression that sets the ballet high in American music and high among Mr. Carpenter's "works." The beginning, rough-coated with dissonance, piercing and hammering at the ear, is the sound of daily work translated into tones. Nervously and with a din up go our towers of steel and stone. After the day's work, the night's play. To it in crowds; to it with excitement. Thousands of feet shall beat out the syncopated rhythms. Thousands of voices sing the jazzy tunes, half-gay, half-smeary. The sentimental mood deepens and the Spiritual, or something next of kin, sounds. The sportive mood returns; jazz it up. . . . Somewhere in the distance the skyscrapers are looming through the shining night. Soon it will be morning and work again. Mr. Carpenter readily finds his final "apotheosis," as the journeymen of the old ballet called it; finds and also poetizes. American rhythms,

Concert Chronicle

Trans May 15

Cecilia at the Pops

THE "Pops," like their winter brethren, the Symphony Concerts, have their novelties. But let these have the qualities which quickly catch the popular imagination, and they soon cease to be novelties and are added to the regular Pops repertory. Thus not so many years ago the presence of music by Ravel on a Pops program would have been matter for special comment. The presence of his "La Valse" there now leads only to the comment that it has come to take its place side by side with

"L'Arlesienne," the "Flight of the Bumble Bee," the meditation from "Thais" admirably played last evening by Mr. Theodorowicz), and Sousa's march, "Stars and Stripes Forever." Further is it worth noting that its performance was greeted with such volume of applause as to cause Mr. Fiedler bid his men rise to their feet in acknowledgment.

Last evening too had its novelties; novelties which could easily win place in the repertory did they not call for too great an amount of assistance from outside the orchestra. This assistance requires nothing less than a full chorus—provided last evening by the Cecilia Society of which Mr. Fiedler is also the conductor. The reference is to the presence on this program of the "Coronation Scene" from Musorgsky's opera "Boris Godunov," of Henschel's "Morning Hymn," of the Polovtsian Dances out of Borodin's opera "Prince Igor." That these gave pleasure there can be no doubt. For the "Cecilia" was in fine form and Mr. Fiedler conducted with an excellent blending of skill and imagination. Musorgsky's gorgeous music wanted only its pictorial setting to complete its gorgeousness; the chorus provided its portion, the orchestra exceeded that sometimes provided by opera orchestras, Mr. Harry Newcombe sang persuasively the solo passages. And Mr. Fiedler read the score in manner to provide no little thrill. Henschel's "Morning Hymn" sounded as fresh, in its sustained mood, as the day it was first heard. But a final "punch" in an excellent program came from the barbaric dances from "Prince Igor." If memory slips not, it was Dr. Koussevitzky who first brought them to the Symphony Concerts in their choral form. Mr. Monteux has played them as purely orchestral pieces. Thus new are they to the repertory of the orchestra. And now they come to the "Pops." Could the "Cecilia" be a sort of auxiliary chorus to the "Pops" they would keep their place in its repertory. Mr. Fiedler gave to these dances that virility, more, that barbaric energy which is the making of them. From tempo to increased tempo the activity grew wilder. Frenzy followed frenzy in this music. It is putting it mildly to say that the young conductor was masterly in the reading of this score, that chorus and orchestra gave him all he required of them. A. H. M.

Incidents and Prospects

The schedule for next week at The Pops includes the first Sunday concert and the annual "Harvard Night." On Sunday Chaikovsky and lesser Russians will divide the program. Nothing longer than a single symphonic movement will be played. "Harvard Night" falls on Monday, with the Glee Club assisting in eight light numbers, four of which are folk-songs.

Other incidents of the week are a repetition of "Bolero" on Tuesday and of the jazz potpourri from "Jonny spielt auf" on Wednesday. Ferdy Grofe's "Mississippi Suite"—jazz-rhythms and jazzy sentiment astutely blended—is listed for next Thursday; Casella's familiar "Italia" returns on Saturday. On the same evening Prokofiev comes for the first time into The Pops with the second movement of his "Scythian Suite"—the Dance of Black Spirits.

Bax's Second Symphony, confided by the composer to Dr. Koussevitzky for production last winter in Boston and New York, will be played in London next Tuesday. Mr. Goossens will conduct and for the first time the composer will hear his music. American praise has whetted English expectation.

Concert-Chronicle

Trans May 16

Sartorial Suggestion

FROM a correspondent signing herself (or himself) G. C. comes a pleasing fancy submitted herewith to the management of Symphony Hall:

"I have been thinking since The Pops reopened that the rather baroque stage decorations of Symphony Hall call for something more glamorous than formal dress on the members of the orchestra. Why not powdered wigs and court dress? How appropriate these costumes would be, for example, to the "Rosenkavalier" waltzes!

But hardly, if this department may take its turn at suggestion, to the jazz of "Jonny spielt auf" or the melodious haulage of the Volga Bargemen. And fancy a whitened wig upon the raven locks, tossing and confused, of Mr. Fiedler! "No, a thousand times, no!" says the young person who is taking this dictation.

End and Accomplishment

THIS CLIPPING FROM
QUINCY, MASS.
PATRIOT LEDGER
MAY 17 1930

The Pops at Symphony hall, Boston, though 45 years old, were never younger. Indeed, they have taken a new lease on life and have for their new conductor, Arthur Fiedler, who has in recent seasons attracted a great deal of attention by his obvious and rising talent. Known as the conductor of chamber concerts, of the Esplanade concerts last summer, of the Cecilia Society chorus, as pianist and viola player of the Boston Symphony orchestra, he will be the first Boston conductor of the Pops. Many clubs and organizations engage groups of seats together, and arrange for bus parties from distant points to visit the Pops. Arthur Fiedler's programs are designed to appeal to every element of the Pops' audiences which perhaps are as mixed as any musical public. Programs for the coming week:

Sunday night a Russian-Tschaikowsky program and Monday, "Harvard Night" Orchestra, and Harvard Glee club, will give a varied program.

TUESDAY MAY 20

March, "El Capitan".....Sousa
Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Liebesfreud.....Kreisler
Fantasia, "Tosca".....Puccini
Animals' Carnival, Zoological Fantasy.....Saint-Saens
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Bolero.....Ravel
Waltz, "Sleeping Beauty"..Tschaikowsky
Dubinushka, Folk Song.....Arranged by Jacchia
Selection, "New Moon".....Romberg

WEDNESDAY, OPERATIC.

Polonaise, "Eugen Onegin"..Tschaikowsky
Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Song of India, from "Sadko".....Rimsky-Korsakov
Fantasia, "Aida".....Verdi
Prelude and Love Death, "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Duet, "Hansel and Gretel"..Humperdinck
Introduction to Act 3, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Selection from "Jonny Spielt Auf".....Krenek
Intermezzo, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini

THURSDAY

March, "High School Cadets".....Sousa
Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Minuet.....Bolzoni
Espana, Rhapsody.....Chabrier
Mississippi Suite.....Grofe
Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod
Overture Solennelle, "1812" Tschaikowsky
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Dream Melody, "Naughty Marietta".....Herbert
Procession of the Boyards.....Halvorsen

FRIDAY

March, Second Connecticut Regiment.....Reeves
Minuet.....Boccherini
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Spanish Suite, "La Feria".....Lacome
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Marche Slave.....Tschaikowsky
Selection, "The Fortune Teller"...Herbert
Waltz, "Blue Danube".....Strauss
American Patrol.....Meacham

SATURDAY

March, "Maple Leaf".....Laurandeau
Overture to "Orpheus".....Offenbach
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
Scythian Suite, Second Movement.....Prokofieff
Largo.....Handel
(Solo violin: Julius Theodorowicz
Harp, Organ Strings)
Italia, Rhapsody.....Casella
Selection, "Show Boat".....Kern
Waltz, "Girls of Baden".....Komzak
Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar

Music Notes

May 18 Globe

Events at the Pops this week include the first of the fortnightly Sunday evening programs tonight, devoted to Russian music; the annual Harvard night with numbers by the Harvard Glee Club tomorrow night, an operatic program, including a duet from "Hansel and Gretel" to be sung by Jeska Schwartz Morse and Bernice Fisher Butler, Wednesday night, and the usual array of light music, old and new, on the other nights. The hour of beginning has been shifted from 8:15 to 8:30.

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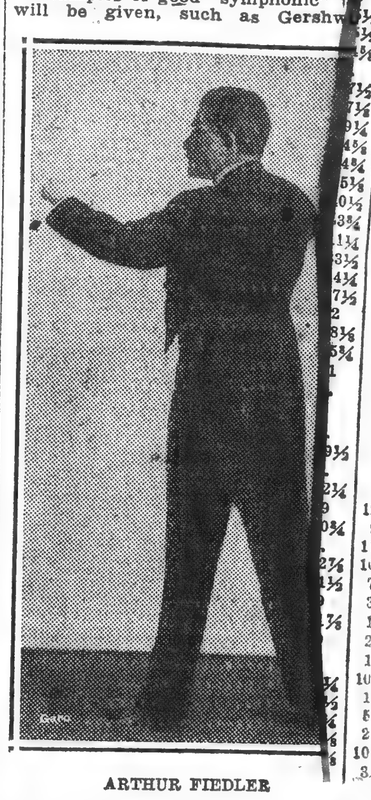
AUDIENCES MORE ATTENTIVE NOW

Fiedler, Conductor of the "Pops," Says People Will Always Appreciate Good Music

"Audiences are much more attentive to music today than were those of past years," says Arthur Fiedler, who is now conducting his first season of the "Pops" concerts. "There may be some slight difficulty in getting started at the beginning of a concert, but as soon as the music begins there is almost immediate quiet."

Mr Fiedler has brought back to the "Pops" the operatic fantasias. Listeners will be able to hear representative works of ultra-modern composers.

Examples of good "symphonic" jazz will be given, such as Gershwin's doubly famous "Rhapsody in Blue" and the later "An American in Paris." Grofe's (pronounced Grow-fay's) "Mississippi Suite" also will be played.



ARTHUR FIEDLER

The new conductor's manner is brisk and impresses one as being the outlet of a large store of energy. He smiles warmly. Collar open at throat, hair tousled, face damp from exertions of rehearsal, Mr Fiedler spoke between puffs on a much enjoyed cigarette. His manner of speaking is quiet yet precise.

Jazz to Disappear

He was talking about future music of the United States, whether there would evolve a music of a distinctly national character other than jazz, and what sort of music would it be?

"I think its characteristics will be the musical utterance of many phases of the mechanistic life of large, modern, American cities. Certain details of the life of the large centers have penetrated to no small extent into the provincial sections and the obscure corners of our country. The widespread distribution and use of modern mass-produced material goods has contributed to the quickening of the national pulse and thus will have an effect upon the musical impulses of all parts of the Nation, as such distribution and use constitutes a common bond of interest between the differing temperaments of North, South, East, and West."

Jazz of the African and Negroid types will, he believes, ultimately disappear. Fiedler regards Honegger, a Frenchman, and Prokofieff, a Russian, although not of this country, to have expressed uncommonly well, in such works as "Pacific 231" and the ballet "Pas D'Acier" ("Steps of Steel" is a literal translation), the mechanistic propensities of turbulent modern American life. He thinks the methods which these composers have used in writing their music and the general spirit of their music will be drawn upon in the native American music of the future. Other compositions which he regards as having helped to point the way are Ernest Bloch's "American Rhapsody," and Frederick S. Converse's "Flivver Ten Million."

First Appearance in Berlin

Mr Fiedler, eminent as violinist, pianist, and player of the viola and celesta, was born here in 1894 and obtained his early education in this city. His first musical training came from his father, Emanuel Fiedler, for 25 years a first violin of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a member of the original Franz Kneisel Quartet.

In Arthur's early 'teens, the elder Fielder retired from the Symphony and the family went to Vienna. Thence, after a short time they moved to Berlin in order that Arthur could attend the Royal Academy of Music there. At that time Arthur was 15 and one of the youngest students enrolled in the academy. His first public appearance was made as a conductor in Berlin when he was 17.

He joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as viola in 1915 and for a long time was its youngest player. About six years ago Mr Fiedler founded the "Boston Sinfonietta," a small orchestra of about 20 Symphony men. The "Sinfonietta," with Mr Fiedler conducting, has done much modern music written in the smaller forms.

He also is the conductor of the Cecilia Society Chorus. The open-air concerts given on the Charles River Esplanade last Summer were organized and conducted by Mr Fiedler. He is a bachelor.

Grand Opera's Future

During the past few months there has been much splattering of ink concerning the present state and the future of grand opera. Mr Fiedler, asked to give his opinion regarding the presentation of grand opera to modern audiences, answered, with great emphasis, that although the radio exerts a strong influence and reaches a tremendous and otherwise inacessible audience, personal appearances of musical bands never would be entirely displaced by mechanically reproduced music.

He believes that while radio, or opera in the "talkies," may serve to acquaint many people with music hitherto unfamiliar, both devices undoubtedly will whet the appetites of many listeners to hear such music performed by real, live artists.

"I think that with the assistance of people of wealth there are sufficient financial resources in this country to carry on opera permanently. Whereas the metropolitan and Provincial operas of European countries are backed by Government subsidy, opera in America should be assisted by persons of wealth, independent of official position. I don't care what you say, in spite of the radio, there will always be a desire to hear—in the flesh—the two main branches of music, the symphonic orchestra and the opera."

No Reason for Fear

Black—I wonder why a dog puts such an implicit trust in a man?

White—Well, you never heard of a man trying to borrow money off a dog or selling him a used car.—Stray Stories.

tone."

May 17 Globe

The physics laboratory opens new methods of investigation of the beauty of music, according to the dean, who said the reduction of music into its mechanical components makes it possible to penetrate musical secrets which defy ordinary analysis.

"There are scores of ways," he said, "in which we can create beauty by deviation from true pitch, constant intensity and so on. When it can be shown that deviation from pitch in a particular way is beautiful it will be recognized as a principle in art."

Samuel Chotzinoff, in the New York World, recently published the following "musical caricature" of Dr Koussevitzky:

"The Boston Symphony was once the wonder of the world. At the end of the late war it was listed in the class of the maimed and wounded. Frenchmen were imported to cure it, but their ministrations proved to be the medicine of diplomacy. The directors decided to try something Russian and engaged Mr Serge Koussevitzky. Mr Koussevitzky was celebrated as a phenomenal virtuoso on the double bass who, having acquired wealth, assembled an orchestra, chartered a boat and sailed the Volga, bringing symphonic culture to the unlettered inhabitants of the banks of this famous stream. Mr Koussevitzky arrived in Boston, captured the allegiance of the town without a struggle and, coming to Carnegie Hall, was greeted by the public and the press as the resuscitator of the comatose Bostonians.

"And now again, as in pre-war days, the Boston Orchestra fills Carnegie Hall. Dr Koussevitzky has turned the trick—and knows it. There is a unanimous rattle of applause as the elegant doctor makes his appearance, a tribute which has time to grow into a demonstration while he walks leisurely to his platform. He is sleek, and his form is tailored to perfection. He walks like a general who, after having achieved a colossal victory, is prevailed upon to exhibit himself to his grateful countrymen. He knows the psychology that actuates mobs; he also knows his own worth. Before mounting his stand he faces the adoring multitude and remains immovable as if waiting for the applause to rise to proportions sufficiently magnificent to merit his acknowledgment. The thunder having grown large, the doctor lifts his head to the gallery and draws an arc by lowering it (the head) to the first row of the orchestra, a geometrical procedure which is repeated as often as the general enthusiasm warrants it.

"The doctor expects a conscious silence from the auditorium before he gives his men the signal to begin. The signal is accomplished by his raising both arms very slowly, as if with this action he was actually drawing up the spirit of silence from the cellar to the ceiling. The atmosphere is that proper to a seance, and at the psychological moment the doctor, who is the medium, releases the scheduled phenomena. He addresses himself primarily to the instruments seated on his right and left; in consequence of which the listeners have always before them one or the other side of his face. These profiles are charged with unusual feeling, the outward expression of the doctor's consuming reactions to the music he invokes. His exhortations to the first and second fiddle sections are visible to the audience, yet there is that in his beseeching attitude that says: "My frenzy is being watched by a full house—give all that you can—press your fingers and draw your bows with all the strength you have—and do not omit to look up at me whenever convenient."

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POP PROGRAMS

To the Editor of The Herald:

A correspondent in your paper has taken exception to the present policy of the Pop Concerts, stating that the programs are too jazzy, etc. The organization which produces these concerts, like any other commercial enterprise, is not in business for its health. I have been a constant patron of the Pops since the days when the corks popped an obbligato to the music, and have had a fair opportunity to observe the temper and taste of the audiences. For artistic and educational purposes, the Symphony concerts, running through their long season, would seem to fulfil that object, but the summer public want something lighter and different. I am not prejudiced in that I fully enjoy a symphony by Beethoven, Tchaikowski or Brahms, but, like the majority of Pop patrons, I enjoy lighter selections. If saxophones have invaded the sacred precincts of Symphony hall, surely they are justified in such a brilliant composition as Ravel's "Bolero," which was received with tumultuous applause. The previous season of more classical numbers, with a fading patronage, would seem to uphold my attitude. On the three occasions that I have already attended these new Pops, the hall has been packed. The box office barometer tells the story. WALTER H. DUGAN.

Waverley, May 18.

TO CLOSE THE POPS DISCUSSION

To the Editor of The Herald:

In reply to Mr. Louis Appiebaum's letter Saturday, and his caustic criticism of Arthur Fiedler and his Symphony programs (they are Pop concerts, not heavy classics, which we enjoy through the winter season):

I feel that Mr. Fiedler has met for the first time in the 45 seasons of the Pops a method of amusement and of educating the uncultivated ear to enjoy the true beauties of the highest class of music. I heard him send over "Sweet Adeline" in such a superb way that all jocular memories faded into oblivion and it seemed almost as though a "Verdi" had composed it. "The New Moon," very pretty and tuneful as a light opera, assumed proportions almost unbelievable.

Both only enhanced the understanding of the heavier selections which followed. Romberg, composer of "The New Moon," is a musician, beyond all question. "The Stein Song" Mr. Applebaum refers to, interpreted by Fiedler and his orchestra, will be an absolutely different composition than the rendition by crooning Vallee and his imitators.

Why, when we have had such a God-given privilege as Arthur Fiedler brought to us last summer on the Charles river esplanade, try to pick holes and flaws in things that we don't understand or wouldn't start unravelling? GEORGE KENDALL.

Belmont, May 19.

DANCE MUSIC NIGHT AT POPS

Fiedler Successful With Players and Audience

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The present unprecedentedly popular season of Pop Concerts at Symphony Hall is drawing to a close, but still Mr. Fiedler, adept beyond most of his predecessors in the art of programme making, continues to tempt the musical appetite with ingeniously prepared lists.

Last evening, for example, there was a programme of music of the dance—a most fortunate scheme for a concert that should first of all please the listener. Nor, thanks to Mr. Fiedler's skill and the wide range of his musical sympathies, was there even a hint of the monotony that might have been expected.

For the term "dance" included ballet music from Rameau (by way of Mottl), Stravinsky ("Petrouchka"), and Ponchielli ("La Gioconda"); the festive Polonaise from Tchaikovsky's "Eugen Onegin"; a bit of jazz from Gershwin and a Tango, "Jalousie"; a Strauss waltz; such an esoteric bit as the first of Erik Satie's "Gymnopadies" as orchestrated by Debussy and, of course, the Ravel "Bolero," sensation of the last Symphony season and the reigning hit of the current Pops.

As conductor Mr. Fiedler gains steadily in confidence and authority. There were, to be sure, moments of unsteadiness last evening, and the performance of "Petrouchka" had not quite the Koussevitzkian brilliance. But on the whole the new conductor's touch is both firm and flexible. Despite the surfeit that a waning season brings, the men respond willingly and at times eagerly to his wishes. And the audiences—last night's was no exception—have taken Mr. Fiedler to their hearts.

Pops to Hold Request Night

Pops concerts for this week include the first Request Night and for the first time in years a brand new piece has not only received a place on the annual request program, but the greatest number of votes. Ravel's "Bolero" has proved more popular with this year's audience than the "1812" overture or the "Largo," which have usually headed the list.

The concert scheduled for Sunday evening, June 1, is to be a part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts' opening exercises to celebrate the tercentenary of the Bay State colony. The trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have contributed this concert to the commonwealth for the entertainment of its guests, the Centennial Legion. All other nights are open to the public.

CONTINUING POPS

For the Symphony Hall Pop concerts of the coming week Arthur Fiedler has prepared a set of attractive programmes that avoid the pitfalls of overseriousness and undue frivolity. Again the popular classics and the deserving lighter pieces, whether old or new, have both their due places on his lists.

To mention outstanding items, Ravel's "Bolero," sensation of the Pops as of the preceding Symphony season, will be repeated on Monday evening. On Tuesday will be heard the music of the Flower Maidens from Wagner's "Parsifal," seldom performed outside the opera house. Wednesday brings Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala" and Tchaikovsky's "Slavic March," while Thursday is the annual "request night," with "Bolero" as the piece most favored by the balloters.

Pieces suitably patriotic will be played on Friday, which is decoration Day, and there will be the usual popular programme on Saturday evening.

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REQUEST BILL AT POPS

The ballot box at Symphony hall having been closed and the votes counted, Arthur Fiedler's first request program at the Pops is announced. On Request Night, next Thursday, the Pops public will hear a program entirely of its own choice.

Much interest attaches to two new pieces upon the program, all the other numbers having appeared on request programs of previous seasons. Ravel's "Bolero," the first of these, led in the number of votes by a large margin. "Bolero," recently written by Ravel, who is considered the foremost of living French composers, was introduced here by Serge Koussevitzky last winter.

The other piece new to request programs is Gershwin's "Rapsody in Blue." This also had a large vote, despite the fact that it has not yet been played at the Pop concerts this season.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Summer Music In America

The musical season in the principal American cities is still supposed to end by May 1 at the latest, and not to commence until October. But in recent years more and more Summer music, performed for the most part out of doors, has been offered in American cities.

A tourist whose principal interest is in music might now, instead of making the customary tour of Europe from Bayreuth to Munich to Salzburg to Verona and so on through a long list of European cities where Summer music is offered, make a tour of these United States so numerous, and so varied are the concerts and operatic performances to be given in this country the coming Summer. Let us enumerate casually some of what such a musical tourist could find in the United States between now and Oct 1, next.

In Boston there will presumably be the Esplanade concerts by an orchestra of about 50 Boston Symphony men, offering nightly programs of popular classics free of charge. These will, if given, follow the Pops season at Symphony Hall, which closes about July 4. This year a number of special concerts by such choral societies as the Handel and Haydn are planned for the several parks in Boston as part of the tercentenary celebration.

In New York there is the usual season of Summer symphony concerts at the Lewisohn Stadium, by the Philharmonic Orchestra, nightly from July 7 to Aug 31. Willem van Hoogstraten and Alfred Coates will conduct Beethoven Choral Symphony and the Verdi Requiem are announced as special features. The usual programs are of a much higher standard than those of the Pops and the Esplanade concerts in Boston. They approximate those given by the Boston Symphony in its subscription series during the Winter. These Stadium concerts are made possible by the generosity of public-spirited citizens of New York. The price of admission is 25 cents to a $1, so that a deficit is inevitable.

Chicago's Summer Opera

In Philadelphia the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Alexander Smallens, will give outdoor Symphony concerts at Fairmount Park nightly for eight weeks, beginning July 7. These concerts are planned to be on a par with the Stadium concerts in New York. The price of tickets is the same, 25 cents to $1, with a concession in this case to purchasers of subscription series tickets. This is the first year of these Philadelphia concerts, and on the popular response will depend their continuance.

In Chicago, or rather at Ravinia Park, just outside the city, there is again to be a season of grand opera at which principal singers from the Chicago and Metropolitan Operas will appear. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra plays for the opera and gives a number of symphony concerts besides under Eric Delamarter, its assistant conductor. The 19th season at Ravinia begins June 21 and runs for 10 weeks. Among the celebrated singers to appear are Lucrezia Bori, Elizabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Marinelli, and Edward Johnson, principals from the Metropolitan Opera; and Florence Macbeth, Virgilio Lazzari, Desire Defrere, Giuseppe Cavadore, and Vittorio Trevisan, principals from the Chicago Civic Opera. The repertory includes many standard French and Italian operas, also some relatively unfamiliar works, such as Rabaud's "Marouf," and Puccini's "Rondine."

No comparable Summer season of French and Italian opera is offered anywhere else in the world. The only comparable opera in Summer in Europe is the German performances at such cities as Munich. Louis Eckstein, president of the Ravinia Company, is financially responsible for this remarkable Chicago enterprise. The deficit on last year's season was said to be $70,000. Audiences were very large, and press comment enthusiastic, but this sort of thing cannot make money.

Pacific Coast Concerts

On the Pacific Coast there are important orchestral concerts in Summer. At the Hollywood Bowl, near Los Angeles, the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, one of the best in America, gives a long series of open-air concerts, under various distinguished conductors, including for the season to begin July 8 next Molinari, Arbes and Alfred Mertz, among others. Soloists engaged for this Summer at Hollywood include Elsa Alsen, Richard Crooks, Percy Grainger and Margaret Matzenauer.

Near San Francisco there is also a Summer orchestral series, with such distinguished guest conductors as Bruno Walter. These California Summer concerts are of true symphonic caliber, not like our Pops, but like the New York Stadium concerts.

Smaller American cities, some of them, have important Summer music, notably Cincinnati, where the Zoo Opera gives a series of performances comparable in scope to those of the San Carlo Opera in its best days. Even Syracuse, N Y, a city in the class with Providence and Worcester, announces for this Summer open-air concerts by a symphony orchestra of 80 players, sponsored by Syracuse University.

St Louis has a musical enterprise of its own, under municipal auspices, a Summer season of light opera by an excellent company. This year's repertory includes such recent favorites as "Show Boat," "Blossom Time," "The Desert Song" and Romberg's new "Nina Rose," tried out in Chicago last Spring and to be given in New York next Fall. Sixteen hundred free seats nightly and thousands of better ones at from $2 down to 25 cents permit huge audiences. This year is the 12th season of the St Louis Municipal Opera. The audiences during the past 11 seasons have totalled 4,140,139 persons, according to the enterprising publicity department of the company.

Nor does this exhaust the list of Summer music in America. The enumeration should suffice to prove, however, that a musician might well conclude to "see (or rather hear) America first."

Programs of the Week

SYMPHONY HALL. Evenings 8:30 to 10:45—The Pops, Arthur Fiedler, conductor.

Monday Evening, June 9—March, "Queen of Sheaba" (Gounod); overture, "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn); "Kammenoi Ostrow" (Rubinstein); fantasia, "Samson and Delilah" (Saint-Saens); "Espana" (Chabrier); violin solo, "Carmen Fantasy" (Bizet-Sarasate), Nicolai Kassman; "An American in Paris" (Gershwin); waltz, "La Bacarolle" (Waldteufel); "Volga Bargemen's Song" (arranged by Jacchia); "Marche Slave" (Tschaikowsky3.

Tuesday Evening, June 10—March, "Father of Victory" (Ganne); overture to "Egmont" (Beethoven); "Spring" (Grieg); fantasia, "La Tosca" (Puccini); prelude and love-death, "Tristan und Isolde" (Wagner); march from "The Love for Three Oranges" (Prokofieff); Fourth Symphony, finale (Tschaikowsky); selection, "The Fortune Teller" (Herbert); waltz, "Estudiantina" Waldteufel); "Sixth Hungarian Dance" (Brahms); "America."

Wednesday Evening, June 11—Prelude to "Carmen" (Bizet); overture to "Rienzi" (Wagner); "En Sourdine" (Tellam); Fantasia, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi); "Finlandia" (Sibelius); "Ave Maria" (Bach-Gounod); overture solemnelle, "1812" (Tschaikowsky); selection, "Eileen" (Herbert); waltz, "Vienna Blood" (Strauss); Triumphal March from "Aida" (Verdi).

Thursday Evening, June 12—"Entrance of the Guests Into the Wartburg" (Wagner); overture to "William Tell" (Rossini); Fantasia, "Carmen" (Bizet); Tufts Songs; "Bolero" (Ravel); marimba solos by Lawrence White, "I Love Thee" (Grieg), "The Rosary" (Nevin), "Scherzzo Tarentelle" (Wienawski); Tufts songs; selection, "Sweet Adeline" (Kern); "Love Dream" (Liszt-Herbert); "Strike Up the Band" (Gershwin).

Friday Evening, June 13—Wedding March, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn); overture to "Der Freischutz" (Weber); prelude to "The Deluge" (Saint-Saens); fantasia, "Madame Butterfly" (Puccini); "Scythian Suite" (Prokofieff); "Hindu Song" (Rimsky-Korsakov); overture to "Rienzi" (Wagner); selection, "New Moon" (Romberg); "At Dawning" (Cadman-Herbert); "Procession of Bacchus" (Delibes).

Saturday Evening, June 14—March, "Semper Fidelis" (Sousa); overture, "The Roman Carnival" (Berlioz); "Ave Maria" (Schubert-Wilhelmj); fantasia, "Faust" (Gounod); "Irish Rhapsody" (Herbert); "Valse Trieste" (Sibelius); "Les Preludes" (Liszt); selection, "Fifty Million Frenchmen" (Porter); "Volga Bargemen's Song" (arrangement by Jacchia); "Espana" (Chabrier).

Sunday Evening, June 15—Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, opus 72 (Beethoven); Concerto in D Minor for two violins and string orchestra (Bach), solo violins, Julius Theodorowicz and Robert Gundersen; "Bolero" (Ravel); prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnburg," prelude to "Lohengrin," "The Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkure," overture to "Tannhauser" (Wagner).

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Fiedler has chosen his program for the next Sunday Pop concert, June 15, from Beethoven, Bach and Wagner, with the addition of Ravel's inevitable Bolero. There is no concert tonight. All nights this week are open to the public, and the programs include some novelties as well as many old favorites. The request program will be repeated June 17, so that the hundreds unable to get in to hear it on request night might have another opportunity. The management announces that the attendance this season is the largest in the entire history of the Pops.

Tonight at 8:30, in the Copley-Plaza Hotel, the People's Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr Henry Hadley, will present what is announced as "a special Boston program of high-class music" for the 35th annual convention of the American Federation of Musicians. Admission is by invitation only. The concert is not open to the general public.

Announcements of Boston concerts next season have begun to arrive. Claire Clairbert, a new coloratura soprano from Brussels, who makes her American debut in opera at San Francisco Sept 13, will give her first Boston recital at Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon, Nov 9. Kreutzberg and Georgi, dancers, will reappear at Symphony Hall Nov 20. Miss Clairbert is regarded by her manager as an unusual "find," and a genuinely impressive array of press notices and testimonials accompanies the announcement of her Boston debut. A coloratura of the first rank, capable, as this one is said to be, of filling such roles as Manon and Violetta, as well as more strictly coloratura parts, is something much to be desired these days. No successor to Galli-Curci is yet in sight, and her career, though by no means ended, cannot last more than, let us say, 20 years more.

Lawrence Tibbett's final concert of the season just ended was sung in Chicago, May 8. His concluding opera engagement of the season came two days later at Cleveland, as Germont in the Metropolitan Opera Company's performance of "Traviata," in the Auditorium there. Immediately afterward he left for California, where he will at once begin his new talkie picture, "The New Moon," at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City. During the next 24 weeks Tibbett is to complete two feature talkie pictures there before beginning his next season of concert and opera. Through this new medium Tibbett is reaching the general public. On completion of these latest talkies, the baritone will make a concert tour, which engages him up to Jan 9, when he will rejoin the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York for the balance of the season.

Mme Galli-Curci, following a Summer's vacation at her estate, Sul Monte in the Catskills, sails early next October to fulfill a concert tour of the British Isles during that month, November and December. Her managers have signed contracts for 32 engagements to be sung by her in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. This will mark Mme Galli-Curci's second tour of the British Isles. These contracts concluded, Mme Galli-Curci returns to America for an extensive concert tour during the Winter and Spring, when she will appear in the East, South and Middle West.

Tito Schipa ended his activities of the recent concert season with a recital April 29, and a broadcast over the Victor hour May 1, sailing the following day, with his family, for Europe. There he is to sing concerts in Italy and one in Paris before embarking June 1st for opera engagements in South America. During his stay there, being Winter months south of the Equator, Schipa will sing 20 opera performances in the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres, concluding about Aug 25, and afterward make 10 appearances in opera in Santiago, Chile, at the Teatro Municipale, completing the series of engagements at the end of September. Returning direct to Europe, Schipa is to make a Continental tour in opera and concert, arriving in America for his annual engagements with the Chicago Opera Company in that city, which extends through December and January. The tenor's opera and concert appearance in this country will last up until May of next year.

The report that Maria Jeritza, star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, purposed to sever her relations with that company next season and embark on a three-year world tour, starting in August, under the management of F. C. Coppicus of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau, has been categorically denied in person by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and by representatives of the bureau in question.

If Paderewski carries out his intention of making a seventeenth tour of the United States he will begin it approximately thirty-nine years after his initial tour of this country. The Polish pianist played first in Boston in the Autumn of 1891, which was also the Autumn of his 31st birthday. The sensation that he created then has never been forgotten. It repeated the sensation of his London debut in May, 1890.

He is said to have recovered entirely from his appendicitis operation of last September and to be ready for the 75 American concerts now booked for him. Two recitals each have been arranged in New York, Boston and Chicago. The present Summer he will spend at his chateau at Morges, Switzerland.—New York Telegram.

Music Notes and Comment

Tonight at ymphony Hall there will be a special concert by 95 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given for the Centennial Legion by the Tercentenary Commission. This is not open to the public.

At the Pops this week the Monday night program includes a group by American composers. Chadwick's Sinfonietta, Converse's "Flivver Ten Million," Carl McKinley's "Masquerades," and Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue are the chosen pieces. It is noteworthy that three of these composers are resident in Boston. The piano part in Gershwin's celebrated rhapsody will again be played by Mr Sanroma, as it was on last week's request program. Friday is Tech night, open, however, to the public. The program as a whole shows that Mr Fiedler is following out the wishes of the patrons of the concerts as expressed in the voting for the request program, which includes a number of old favorites and two new ones, Ravel's Bolero, which won more votes than anything else, and Gershwin's Rhapsody.

Fifth Week of Pops, Symphony

Tonight at Symphony Hall the Pop Concerts enter upon their fifth week with a concert of 95 members of the Symphony Orchestra at which the Centennial Legion will be the guests of the Massachusetts Bay Colony Tercentenary Commission of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The concert is not open to the general public.

From Monday evening through Saturday the Pops follow their regular course. No special nights are announced, though the concert of Monday evening will be liberally patronized by students and graduates of the New England Conservatory and music by three members of the faculty, Messrs. Chadwick, Converse and McKinley figure on the programme. Jesus Maria Sanroma of the pianoforte department will play the solo part in Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Mr. Fiedler's programme for the remaining concerts are true to the present policy of making the Pops somewhat more popular without neglecting entirely the serious side of music. On every list is to be found a beginning and generally a closing march, a standard overture, an operatic fantasia and in most cases a light opera selection. Ravel's "Bolero," the particular hit of the season, will be repeated on Thursday evening.

Pops Concert for Visitors

A remarkably impressive ceremony attended the special concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night. Crowding the hall for the occasion, which was the official opening of the Massachusetts Bay Colony Tercentenary, were the guests of the Commonwealth. The honored guests were the Centennial Legion, composed of military organizations from the Thirteen Original States.

Addresses of welcome were delivered in behalf of the Commonwealth by Governor Allen, and for the city by Thomas A. Mullen, member of the city industrial commission, in the absence of Mayor Curley. The musical program, in which 95 members of the orchestra participated, was conducted by Arthur Fiedler. The concert was a gift of the trustees of the orchestra to the Commonwealth as its tercentenary contribution.

The program began with Reeves "Second Connecticut Regiment" march, and ended with Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy." Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" added to the patriotic coloring, while the program itself was printed in red, white and blue.

The audience was very enthusiastic.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Music With Color and Light

The committee in charge of the observance of the Tercentenary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was reported last week as considering the use this Summer of the "clavilux," or light organ. The idea under discussion was to place the clavilux on a float to be anchored in the Charles River Basin, where its play of light and color could be watched by persons listening to the Esplanade concerts.

This, by the way, was the first intimation this season that Esplanade concerts are again to be given, presumably by an orchestra of Boston Symphony men, to be conducted by Arthur Fiedler. It must not be taken as official, though the continuance of the concerts was forecast last Fall. Some readers may be curious about the "clavilux," and about the idea of combining music with light and color.

The clavilux is the invention of an American, Thomas Wilfrid. It has been shown publicly on several occasions in this city. Ever-shifting rays of light are thrown on a screen. The play of form and color, which can be made to take a wider variety of shapes, is, in the opinion of the inventor, a new art, capable of standing alone, giving aesthetic pleasure of a new kind. This new art lends itself readily, it is claimed, to combination with music.

For nearly two centuries, and perhaps for longer than that, some people interested in music have persisted in finding importance in the psychological phenomenon known as color audition. Many people when they listen to music can at will see in their mind's eye a great variety of color.

From the days of an 18th century Jesuit father, named Catel, who published a work on the subject, attempts have been made to identify certain colors with certain tones in the musical scale. The note C, for example, would be to some ears red, the note F green, and so on. The difficulty has been that no two investigators of color audition have fitted the same color to the same tone. C for some would not be red, but blue, and F not green, but yellow.

Color Audition

There is no doubt, however, that the phenomenon of color audition is genuine. The writer of these lines, and probabaly some readers of them, can at will see colors, even pictures, while listening to music. But no two listeners agree on seeing the same picture, or the same color scheme, for the same music.

Composers, too, have played with the idea of color audition. Skriabin's tone poem, "Prometheus," has directions in the score that a play of colored lights on a screen should accompany every orchestral performance of it. Attempts have been made on single occasions in Moscow, and in New York, to carry out these directions. But the results have not been sufficiently impressive to make the use of the lights obligatory.

Schoenberg's little "drama with music," "Die Glueckliche Hand," was intended as a blend of pantomime, music and an elaborate scheme of light effects designed to convey the sequence of moods in the piece. But most of these light effects seem to have been missing from the recent New York performance by the League of Composers and the Philadelphia Orchestra, to judge from reviews. Other similar instances could readily be collected from the works of various composers, some of them less modern than Schoenberg and Skriabin.

Up to the present no elaborate or thoroughgoing attempts have been made in Boston to demonstrate the artistic possibilities of combining music with light and color. When the Boston Symphony plays Skraibin "Prometheus" the lights by which the composer set such store are omitted. It will, therefore, be interesting to observe the results of combining the clavilux with the Esplanade concerts, should the proposed scheme be carried out.

Nor is this device the only one perfected to attain the end of making a "light organ." There have been and are a number of other "light organs." In recent years in this country, however, Mr Wilfred's invention has tended to monopolize the field. Whether this is due to its superiority to all other devices only those who have seen the others can say.

The clavilux is certainly a novel and interesting [illegible] to watch. But one spectator [illegible] effect a bit monotonou[illegible] first half-hour.

Music in Boston

The Pops

Arthur Fiedler and his orchestra of symphony players drew a large and enthusiastic audience to Symphony Hall last evening to listen to a symphonic-Wagner program. And an excellent program it was, initiated by Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, enhanced by Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins and string orchestra with Julius Theodorowicz and Robert Gundersen to play the solos, punctuated halfway through by the "Bolero" of the gamesome M. Ravel, and concluded with four Wagnerian pieces, the preludes to "Meistersinger" and "Lohengrin," the overture to "Tannhäuser," and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre."

At this late date in the Pops season Mr. Fiedler might well have been forgiven a slackened performance. Yet in very few places did his men show the desultoriness which sometimes invades at this time of year. Attacks were firm and concise. The strings maintained the firm, warm, velvety tone which is their usual characteristic. The new leader retains the verve and elastic vigor which infuse his readings with life and colorfulness. The Beethoven was crisp, brilliant, and sufficiently emotional. The melodies of the Bach Concerto were announced incisively and eloquently. Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Gundersen exhibited musicianliness and technical adroitness. "Bolero" bounced along in its invincible rhythms. Of the Wagnerian pieces, the most compelling interpretation was that of the strident Valkyries. The "Tannhäuser" Overture was well planned, and turned out in a workmanlike manner, but it gave little evidence of the burning depths latent in the score.

As a program maker for this type of concert, Mr. Fiedler might hardly be bettered. So adroitly does he combine the somber with the brilliant, the light with the weighty, that only analysis reveals the fact that with each program he is courting that varied and large company which now frequent a rejuvenated and revivified Pops.

For tonight's concert the entire hall has been taken over by Boston University. Other nights will be open to the public. The request program will be repeated tomorrow night. Saint-Saëns's "Animals' Carnival" will be a feature of the Wednesday program. Thursday night brings a novelty—a program of music for the dance, from the eighteenth century to George Gershwin. Gershwin's music will be featured again Saturday night, with "An American in Paris" and the "Rhapsody in Blue" on the list.

MUSIC

POP CONCERT

An audience surprisingly large for a very warm evening voiced heartiest approval of the program of old musical friends presented last night by Arthur Fiedler and his orchestra as the 37th offering of the season in Symphony hall. The selections chosen afforded an entertainment free from monotony, varied in feeling and intensity by turns appealing in delicacy of harmony, amusing and suggestive of hilarity, or bursting forth with grandeur and richness that stirred the imagination. The concert began with Beethoven's overture to Leonore, continuing with the concerto in D minor by Bach. Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Gundersen well deserved the tumult of applause which greeted their rendition of the violin solos and duets.

With every repetition of Ravel's picturesque "Bolero," it seems that it grows in favor, and last night's audience indicated by laughter in the eyes and intent following of the fast-increasing tempo and volume of tone that the "Bolero" was becoming an intimate acquaintance, and that the hearers were almost seeing a company of phantom dancers rollicking in time to the music. For the final group there were four superb Wagnerian numbers, the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," the prelude to "Lohengrin," the magnificent "Ride of the Valkyries" and the finely-shaded overture to "Tannhauser." Because of the general character of the program, no encores were given.

F. A. B.

Gossip of the Town

Boston's greatest stage-door sensation since the passing of the matinee-idol era, they tell us, is Arthur Fiedler, violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and now its Pops conductor. There are those who insist that the adoration of his many women-fans has got to the point where it has ceased to amuse him and begun to border on annoyance and there are those who'll tell you he enormously enjoys the whole situation. If you ask the girls about it point-blank they'll tell you he carries about him a romantic-Bohemian air, plus something very Bostonese which distinguishes this really native New Englander from the average "dashing foreigner."

From those who speak more or less officially, comes the data that there are more opera-glasses down front at the present Pops than ever before in the history of the concerts. To put it dramatically, once upon a time when some highly popular piece of music was to be played by the orchestra the comment would be a delighted: "Ah, the Liebeslied is next." But nowadays it is: "Ah, here comes Arthur Fiedler." When he comes out at the stage-door of Symphony Hall there is the inevitable group of tittering girls and women who stand about in groups, trying painfully hard to pretend they are there for any reason at all under the sun except to see their baton-wielding idol.

And what does Mr. Fiedler do? He merely glances up the street and down, his gaze directed rather up to the northern star and the dipper. Adjusts his camel-hair coat somewhat and his sheaf of music—probably music that is—and finally tumbles into his simple, rather ramshackle, and somewhat battered automobile and is off. If you listen close you can almost hear the faintly audible: "Ah, there goes Arthur Fiedler."

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the Prince of Wales [illegible] for more than two years.

Advertisement

POPS CONCERTS SET ATTENDANCE RECORDS

This, the 45th season of Pop concerts at Symphony Hall and the first under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, has to date broken all attendance records, proof positive that Mr. Fiedler's programmes and his conducting of them have captured the public's fancy.

During the coming week the concerts will run true to their present form. On each programme will be music to appeal to nearly every taste; only the extremes of seriousness and triviality are avoided. On Monday George Gershwin's amusing fantasy, "An American in Paris," has place on the programme. Thursday is the annual Tufts night and a feature of the programme will be a group of marimba solos by Lawrence White.

Honegger's "Pacific 231," the epic of the locomotive, will be played on Friday. Saturday's programme is as usual of a frankly popular character, while that of the following evening is more substantial, featuring the music of Beethovan, Bach and Wagner with Ravel's "Bolero" for good measure.

A Symphonic Pops And Mr. Fiedler

AFTER a sweltering midsummer day, one turned one's way last evening to the Pops. For the thirty-seventh program of the season Mr. Fiedler, following the custom of recent years, had arranged a "symphonic" evening. The second half of his program was "all-Wagner"; the first ranged through Beethoven, Bach and Ravel. For the hearing, on this day of torrid temperatures, Symphony Hall, upstairs and down, was well filled, expressed approval by applause which went well beyond routine.

Mr. Fiedler began with Beethoven's overture, "Leonore, No. 3." For Pops as for winter concerts came the meditative measures, the tumults and ardors, the stirring and martial trumpet calls, the concentrated drama which epitomizes the whole of the operatic action of the composer's "Fidelio." Next Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Gundersen played the three movements of Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins. If from the mazes of Bach's counterpoint one would single out one particular thing above all others, it would probably be his amazing rhythmic vitality. With regard for this dominant Bachian characteristic the two violinists played the concerto—or at least the first and last movement of it. While the melting dissonances and the suave melodic lines of the middle movement brought a Bach from another world.

But it was Ravel's "Bolero" which received the warmest approval on this hot evening Introduced for the first time this last season, it is already a prime favorite at the "Pops." Few pieces have been more frequently played this summer. And audiences "cry for more." Mr. Fiedler paces it at Koussevitzkian (and Ravellian) tempo; holds in restraint through many repetitions its tremendous powers; finally, and gradually releases them, urging toward the end his men to greater and greater energies. The result is the one result which the piece was designed to bring: overpowering tension and its final fulfillment. But "Bolero" has its by-products also: in the intermission one heard it whistled in the hall!—The sophisticated brain-created melody of a Ravel a subject for a casual whistler!

From Wagner's music-dramas Mr. Fiedler played four selections: the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the prelude to "Lohengrin," the "Ride of the Valkyries," the overture to "Tannhäuser." Skillfully Mr. Fiedler pictured the dignity and the pomp as well as the humor of the guild-singers of old, the religious solemnity of pilgrims and the voluptuousness of the Venusberg of ancient legend, the pounding flight of the steeds of demi-divine warrior-maidens finding their way through clouds and air, the exaltation which is the essence of the crescendos and climaxes of the prelude to "Lohengrin."—The standard of the playing at the Pops remains at the high level at which it began. Mr. Fiedler is able and imaginative and forceful conductor. And the audiences warm to him.

A. H. M.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
GAZETTE

POP CONCERTS

The 45th season of the Pop concerts in Boston were inaugurated this past month amid scenes of enthusiasm such as have not graced a similar occasion for years Symphony hall has been redecorated to mark the beginning of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 50th year, and Boston's Tercentenary by Robert E. Jones, distinguished young American draftsman of many important stage settings, including those of the Russian Ballet, John Barrymore's "Hamlet", Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures" and Schonberg's "Die Gluckliche Hand." The color scheme is green,gray and gold.

When Arthur Fiedler, first active Bostonian conductor of these concerts, came to the pedium, he received an ovation from the audience which filled the hall. He is a member of the orchestra, playing the viola and celesta. The Pops have always been attractive, but in the last few years have experienced a slight slump, caused apparently by a conductorial tendency to turn them into symphonic rites at which audiences were expected to listen in awesome silence. It is Mr. Fiedler's task to restore to the Pops their original nature, that of an agreeable entertainment at which one may hear light tuneful music, expertly played, and to speak to one's neighbor, sip a cold drink and even perhaps drop a spoon without fear of being expelled from the hall.

The programs have contained so far the interesting "Bolere" of Ravel", "Berceuse" of Stravinsky, Respighi's "Pines of Rome", plenty of old favorites, and selections from Krenek's jazz opera, "Johnny Spielt Auf", which in the last two years has been preferred in every opera house and has made its composer a fortune.

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American June 27 – '30

THIRD OF SUNDAY POP CONCERTS

Globe J16

"Symphonic-Wagner" and "Bolero" Program

The seventh week of the current Pops season opened last evening with a Sunady evening concert, the third of the season and the second open to the public, with a program described as "Symphonic Wagner."

From Beethoven came the "Leonore Overture No. 3"; from Bach the Concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra. For the Wagner portion, the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" and that to "Lohengrin"; the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkuere"; and the Overture to "Tannhaeuser." And by no means least, from the audience's point of view, Ravel's "Bolero."

This program was the first this season to approximate an evening devoted to important symphonic music. The auditorium was well filled despite the oppressive weather and interests out of doors.

Messrs Theodorowicz and Gundersen were the soloists in the Bach concerto. The general excellence of their playing was great indeed. Pleasing to a high degree were the smoothly flowing, limpid melodies of the Largo.

Mr Fiedler displayed impressive ability in the taxing program and deservedly received from the listeners evidences of full approval. His conducting was almost always authoritative and keenly planned; choice of tempi and dynamic qualities were generally tasteful and musicianly.

As much as one enjoyed the balance of the program, one did not hold in equal regard Mr Fiedler's performance of the "Tannhaeuser" excerpt. In this it seemed that tempi were frequently too retarded and that the quality of tone sometimes was not of the best.

"Bolero" held its favor and last evening's audience, which demonstrated fully its enjoyment of the insistent rhythm and the carefree melodic content of this ingenious and irrestistible piece.

POPS HISTORY RIVALS THAT OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

By MOSES SMITH

There must be many people who, like myself, didn't realize that the now permanent Boston institution—the Pops—has a history almost coincidental with that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

In 1885, four years after the establishment of the orchestra by Major Henry L. Higginson, it became apparent that in order to attract the desired European musicians something more than the short symphony would have to be offered. That was why the Pops concerts came into existence that year, with one Neuendorff, operatic conductor, at the helm. The Pops concerts have continued ever since, with one notable exception. As in the case of the regular symphony concerts, they were held in the old Boston Music Hall, on the spot where Loew's Orpheum now stands. The model was borrowed from the "Bilse" concerts in Berlin. In place of rows of seats, tables and chairs; in place of symphonic fare, Strauss waltzes, marches, operatic pieces and an occasional weightier number, in place of silent music-worshippers, gay and chattering folk sipping—or drinking—wine and beer, munching a pretzel or a sandwich.

Arthur Fiedler

These Pops concerts have had an outward physiognomy more or less similar from their beginning down to our time. But the time spent in looking into old program books is well paid for by the interesting and often amusing facts one unearths.

Take the case of the "missing" season, 1890. In that year the manager of the orchestra, Charles A. Ellis, while away on a tour, neglected to apply for the necessary liquor license on time. As a result, there were no Pops concerts in that year, for without liquor Pops were unthinkable. Now times have changed!

There is no doubt that the element of music, in those days, was of secondary interest. And why not? As late as 1900 one reads on the bill of fare that a lobster salad was obtained for 40 cents. A glass of claret or Rhine wine cost 15 cents. But enough of this, before the reader faints!

At least once a year there was a "Bicycle" night. Bicycles were checked free, and, to add to the gaiety of the nineties, numbers of the program began with successive initials of the word "bicycle." If these amusements seem tame to our sophisticated 1930 generation let us look in on a Harvard night of 40 years ago. The students, somewhat the worse, as the phrase went, for liquor, became obstreperous. And on one occasion the conductor, Timothee Adamowski, became so enraged at the bedlam that he walked off the stage and refused to come back!

The programs show what progress has taken place in the cultivation of musical taste. Galops and gavottes, waltzes, and marches appear in great plenty. Symphonic music was not entirely neglected, but it was more nearly the exceptional thing than is true today. Then, as now, operatic music was always a favorite.

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Finally we have Arthur Fiedler, youthful and ingratiating, as popular as any, very likely, in the long history of Pops, revitalizing an institution that threatened to succumb to decay. More power to his good right arm!

Growth of Popular Taste Revealed By Season of the Pops

Adv. By Morris Hastings June 22

THE POP concerts at Symphony Hall are commencing the last two weeks of a season which has been more successful than any since those days, some four or five years ago, when Jacchia steered their course.

If, unlike Voltaire's Candide, who was content to cultivate his garden and let the world wag as it would, you decide to investigate the reason for this pleasant fact, several obvious factors jump out at you immediately.

In the first place, Arthur Fiedler, the present conductor, has kept the Pops "popular." Glance at almost any of his programs and you find them teeming with the dear, familiar names.

Selecting a program at random—which happens to be the one for next Wednesday—we find that it is made up of compositions by strictly melodious composers. There is the eminently whistleable march "On the Mall" by that expert bandmaster, Goldman. There is the Overture to Thomas "Mignon," a tasty bit of pastry.

On the same program there is a Fantasia from "Cavalleria Rusticana"—ever popular whether it be played on the violin, hand-organ or kazoo. "The Lost Chord," a sincere and well-loved "heart song," is not forgotten; nor is the solemn overture "1812."

But how, we well may ask, does Mr. Fiedler know precisely what public taste is? Might it not be that Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen like to hear what Dr. Koussevitzky—or Mr. Fiedler think they should like to hear? Would audiences turn their thumbs down at a program which included a Beethoven symphony or a Richard Strauss tone-poem?

Many Great Names

Not that Mr. Fiedler omits what are familiarly called the "classics." He has played, and played exceedingly well, scenes from Moussorgsky's monumental "Boris Goudonov." He has included Wagnerian selections—"Meistersinger," "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser."

Of more modern composers he has played Converse's adroit foolery, "Flivver Ten Million," fragments from Stravinsky's fantastic "Fire-Bird" Suite, a portion of Prokoffieff's barbaric "Scythian Suite."

All of these compositions — which our Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen might popularly be supposed to dub "highbrow"—Mr. Fiedler has deftly tucked into a setting of what is known amongst members of the orchestra as "gum-drops," palatable but not particularly nourishing.

It is from the suggestions sent in by the public for "Request Night" that the conductor derives his information on "what the people want." This year when the ballots were counted, there was great astonishment at Symphony Hall. For, leading the list of compositions requested by a majority of two to one, was Ravel's "Bolero."

This Spanish impressionistic dance by the leader of French modernists has taken the popular fancy as have few other pieces of music in recent years. And, let cynics take notice, the "Bolero" is extremely fine music. What in the hands of a lesser composer might have been a mere show piece with its unchanging theme and rhythm emerges from the pen of Monsieur Ravel as a brilliant and genuinely evocative dance-poem.

The appearance of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" on the list of "requests" was another surprise this year. Far from denoting the inferiority of popular taste, it reveals the fact that people are realizing to a greater extent the importance of this striking music by the most vital of our modern American composers.

As for the other members on the "request program," they stay about the same year in and year out. There are the Handel "Largo," "The Ride of the Valkyries," the "Blue Danube" and the "Peer Gynt Suite," to mention a few. Surely, no one will make so bold as to say that there is a measure of bad music in such a list.

Nor will anyone criticize the audiences at the Pops for the enthusiasm with which they greet Mr. Fiedler. Repeated hearings of the interpretations of this excellent musician convince us that he will go far. His tempi are always precise, his readings are clear and vigorous. And his comprehension is extraordinarily convincing.

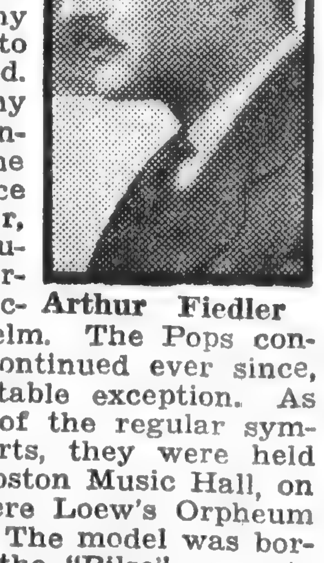
POPS HISTORY RIVALS THAT OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

June 27 American

By MOSES SMITH

There must be many people who, like myself, didn't realize that the now permanent Boston institution—the Pops—has a history almost coincidental with that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

In 1885, four years after the establishment of the orchestra by Major Henry L. Higginson, it became apparent that in order to attract the desired European musicians something more than the short symphony would have to be offered. That was why the Pops concerts came into existence that year, with one Neuendorff, operatic conductor, at the helm. The Pops concerts have continued ever since, with one notable exception. As in the case of the regular symphony concerts, they were held in the old Boston Music Hall, on the spot where Loew's Orpheum now stands. The model was borrowed from the "Bilse" concerts in Berlin. In place of rows of seats, tables and chairs; in place of symphonic fare, Strauss waltzes, marches, operatic pieces and an occasional weightier number, in place of silent music-worshippers, gay and chattering folk sipping—or drinking—wine and beer, munching a pretzel or a sandwich.



Arthur Fiedler

These Pops concerts have had an outward physiognomy more or less similar from their beginning down to our time. But the time spent in looking into old program books is well paid for by the interesting and often amusing facts one unearths.

Take the case of the "missing" season, 1890. In that year the manager of the orchestra, Charles A. Ellis, while away on a tour, neglected to apply for the necessary liquor license on time. As a result, there were no Pops concerts in that year, for without liquor Pops were unthinkable. Now times have changed!

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Amusements

WILBUR LAST THREE TIMES

"BROKEN DISHES"

With DONALD

OH, SIR THOMAS!

Post Jan 13

The concert given by the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York in Albert Hall, London, under the inspiring leadership of Toscanini, must have been a great occasion. The King and the Queen were there; George Bernard Shaw "wore a raincoat throughout the concert," although the roof did not leak, as that of Mechanics Hall used to do at times when grand opera was given there.

Yes, it was a great occasion, with but one "out" about it to Bostonians. Sir Thomas Beecham, the more or less eminent conductor, who has been to America, told the players "that they now surpassed the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras and were the best in the world."

Oh, Sir Thomas, how could you? You who, as guest conductor, led our incomparable Symphony Orchestra as recently as 1928, and declared then that it was the finest in the world. Has it gone back since then or has the Philharmonic gone forward? We are not disposed to admit either hypothesis.

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Interesting St. Louisans—William E. Walter

(Continued from Page 5.)

for the good of Poland. I thought he would take his political defeat very seriously. I expected to see him come in the figure of tragedy itself, as he used to do sometimes on tour when neuritis would attack his arm. But he didn't. He came in beaming.

"'At last I'm out of prison,' he said."

It was the job with the old National Orchestra that gave Walter his first experience at doctoring run-down symphony organizations. After he had straightened out some of its tangled affairs it was absorbed by the New York Philharmonic and his services were retained by the new society. Then, affairs of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra were getting in bad shape and Ossip Gabrilowitsch asked him to come out to Detroit and see what he could do. He went, and in three years as manager he put the flagging orchestra back on its feet. The Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia was the next patient, and then came an emergency call from St. Louis. The St. Louis orchestra was sinking rapidly and needed a doctor in a hurry. Indeed, it was a case worse even than that in Detroit. "Doctor" Walter came on the run and sat up with his patient late at night. And he pulled the patient through.

WILLIAM WALTER himself as authority for the statement that there is only one way to make an orchestra succeed. And that, he assures you, is not by exercising any magic touch. No orchestra is built up or rejuvenated by a magic touch.

"It is a matter," he says, "of playing the best music possible in the best manner possible. The best music is always available. The best manner depends on how much you can pay the director and the players, because your ability to secure an able director and able instrumentalists hangs on the price you can pay.

"An orchestra's growth always must be slow. It can never hope to pay its own way. It must be regarded as art galleries and public libraries are regarded. It must be largely maintained by the community as a cultural institution. While in one way the symphony orchestra is the most aristocratic of the arts, it is in another way the most democratic, because it appeals to all classes. The price of tickets, therefore, must be kept within the reach of all. A symphony orchestra can't charge musical comedy prices, and it still couldn't pay its own way if it did, because an orchestra can give only two or three performances a week.

"OUR WHOLE effort in the last three years has been to keep away from ballyhoo methods, to get the best conductors possible and give the best performance possible. Many great orchestras have tried sensational methods in an effort to popularize symphony and have always regretted it. Sensationalism doesn't go. That is accepted now as an axiom of the business. But at the same time the orchestra must present variety. It must play not only the classics but must also put modern music before the public in decent doses. As the art of music develops the symphony orchestra must keep up with it. Music changes, just as painting does. Symphony orchestras are becoming numerous now. There are 76 or 77 in the United States at the present time in cities ranging down to a population of 40,000, and they are operating on budgets that range from $20,000 to $950,000 a year. I get a lot of letters asking what this one or that one can do toward building up a better orchestra. There is only one thing to tell them, and I tell it to them: 'Play the best music possible with the best musicians you can hire.'"

WILLIAM E. WALTER.

By GUY FORSHE

Of the Post-Dispatch Sunday Magazine Staff

WHEN he w in Clevela lie Walter promise of ing, with t practice, a They even far as to ho some day he would be a concert pianist. But a millstone intervened—a very literal millstone in this instance. This millstone had been cast off in the belief that it would never do any more good in the world and had been left leaning against a fence. Willie used to play around it. One day it fell over on Willie's left hand and gave him a convincing excuse for refusing to practice. Thus, he relates now, that worn-out millstone whose usefulness was supposed to be ended saved the world from having to listen to one more very bad pianist.

Some 10 years later young Walter went to the University of Michigan. He specialized in Latin and Greek, with every intention of becoming a teacher of classical languages. Upon graduation he had some very good offers, too. But something intervened again. This time it was a stubborn mental disorder popularly called the "newspaper bug." He had worked on the college weekly, which is an almost certain source of infection. So, having been infected, he could do nothing but get a job as a reporter and let the disease run its course, as it was bound to do anyway. The result was, the world was spared another bad teacher. "Damned bad teacher," I think he said when he told me about it.

So it went. One thing or another saved the world from having to put up with William E. Walter in some role for which he was not fitted, and in time he recovered on his own power from the bite of the newspaper bug. By that time his course was cut out for him. It led in a roundabout way to the discovery that he had a peculiar genius for doctoring run-down symphony orchestras and putting them on their feet. He was somewhat late in getting around to it, but he became eventually a symphony orchestra doctor. He is manager of the rejuvenated St. Louis orchestra now; has been for three years. That's why it is rejuvenated—rejuvenated from an artistic standpoint, anyway. He has a way of putting new life into symphony orchestras and making the most of what is there already. "Doctor" is a more appropriate term in his case than manager. That is what they call him in the East, where he made his reputation in this pursuit—symphony doctor. At symphony doctoring he is hard to match. But his acquaintances say it was a "break" for everybody when Providence or whatever it was steered him away from pianism and teaching.

WHETHER William E. Walter looks the part of a symphony doctor I am unable to say. He is the first one I ever saw. But he doesn't look either like a concert pianist or a professor of classical languages. He is rather too jovial in appearance and manner and too well-fed looking. He is a short, stout man of 60, who appears to be at least 10 years younger; who laughs readily, talks volubly and never looks worried. He was evasive when I asked him if he attributed his disposition to the fact that he had remained a bachelor. He likes good food and is celebrated for his ability to procure it in hotels and restaurants where its presence is scarcely suspected by the average diner. The secret seems to be in knowing just what to tell the waiter to tell the chef. He likes good books, too. His suite at the Coronado Hotel contains a library of extraordinary proportions. He likes Balzac and Zola especially. He likes good music, likes to travel in Europe. He likes Paderewski.

He can talk for hours about the famous Polish pianist and statesman. He regards his association with Paderewski as the brightest spot in his life, brighter even than his three years on the staff of the old New York Sun under Charles A. Dana. The friendship had its beginning in the early nineteen hundreds, when Walter was engaged to travel ahead of Paderewski on an American tour and organize concerts for him. It continued through the years of the pianist's popularity on the American concert stage, and when Paderewski became Premier of Poland after the war Walter remained with him in Warsaw for several months as his American secretary. He got to know the Polish genius as few other persons have known him. "A man of really true nobility," he says of Paderewski. "A man of stupendous knowledge, in every sense a gentleman."

In his capacity, at various times, as music critic, press agent, concert organizer, symphony orchestra manager, he also got to know many other great artists, as well as innumerable lesser lights of the concert stage. He knew all of that galaxy of opera stars who shone so brightly in the nineties and early nineteen hundreds. Homer, Sembrich, Melba, Eames, Nordica, Calve, Caruso—the list is a long one. That period was a sort of golden age of singers. It produced great instrumentalists, too. But Paderewski, he declares, was the greatest personality of them all and is the greatest personality in music at the present time.

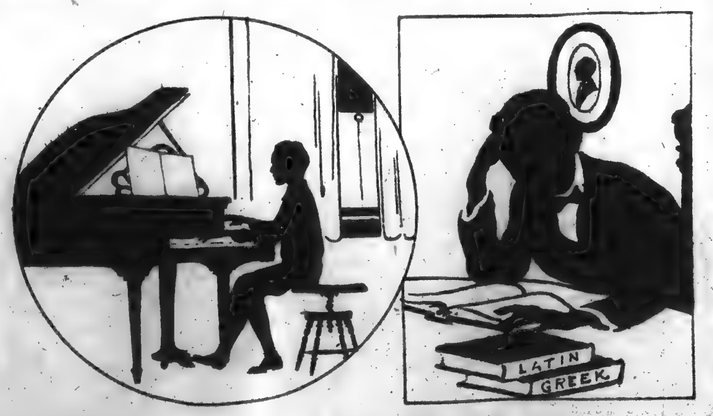
"All great artists," he asserts, "are great for something besides their music. Unless they are they seldom become great artists. They must create for themselves a rich background either of culture or character. Paderewski has both. He is a great musician who is many-sided. He has the mind of a philosopher."

Next to Paderewski, the subject William Walter likes best to talk about is the old New York Sun. What a newspaper the Sun was! How newspapers have changed since the days of Charles A. Dana! Reporters had to dig for news in those days and write it themselves. There was no such thing as a rewrite man. There was hardly such a thing as a typewriter. Dana wouldn't have them in the office. They made too much noise. Reporters had to come in and write their stuff in longhand with purple ink on yellow paper.

And what stuff they could write! Of course, no old-timer of the Sun staff would ever concede now that a modern reporter knows how to get a story or to write it.

WALTER worked three and a half years for the Sun. Before that he worked for two years on the staff of the Cleveland Press. Before that—but I may as well go back to the beginning. He was born in Cleveland in 1869 of New England stock. He was—and is—the elder of two brothers, the younger being no less a personage than Eugene Walter, the distinguished playwright. William finished a four-year high school course in three and went to the University of Michigan.

After two years his money ran out and he appealed to an uncle, Prof. Edward L. Walter of Michigan, for aid. Uncle Edward said William was too frivolous and would have to show evidence of realization that life was something besides a succession of cocktails. So he went to work polishing windows and doorknobs in a Cleveland drug store. After a year of that Uncle Edward was convinced and sent for William to come back to school. William went, and by way of further demonstrating his seriousness of purpose, proceeded to win admitttance to Phi Beta Kappa. He was graduated in the class of 1892. It



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William E. Walter

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'As an experi...ed reporter, I ... $15 a week to ...rt, and eventu... was put on ...s rates, which ...e it possible to ... at least $35 a ... Columns ... columns then, ... unleaded non... type. It took ...t of digging to ...one. I got to ... regarded as a ...ight young man,' ...t so far as I can ...member now, ...ut the only per...ent contribu...n I made to ...rnalism was the ...vention of the ...ord 'peepul.' I ...ce reported a ...ech Henry Clay ...lzer made from ...cart in Mulberry ...reet, and in writ...g my story spelled ...erything phonet...ally. 'Peepul' ...s the only word ...t caught hold."

...n from a space... reporter to a ...chestra manager ...any way you look ...'s case it was so ...ars now to have ...natural develop... he became deeply ...

He refers to that ...he started to "get ... over to the New ...Advertiser as music ...here six years.

...ewspaper reporter ... music critic he ... is already entering into a ...tional phase of some kind, ...h it's usually hard telling what ...ng to emerge from the transition. ...er emerged as opera press agent. ...worked for Henry W. Savage, who ... producing "Parsifal" in English. ...ty soon came the tour with Pad...wski and Walter then found he ... saved $1000, a discovery which he

celebrated by going to Europe and staying there until he had spent it all. It fastened upon him the horrible habit of going abroad every year.

After that his summer address was always Paris or Berlin or Vienna or some other continental city. For some 13 years a job as press agent for the Boston Symphony Orchestra made that possible. It had other advantages, too. It enabled him to learn the delicate technique of arranging symphony programs, making up annual deficits and handling temperamental performers. It brought about his intimate acquaintance with a number of famous artists. One valuable friendship was that with Dr. Karl Muck, whom Walter regards as the greatest symphony conductor ever to wield a baton.

WALTER liked Boston. He says he stayed there too long. It was the war that took him away. He was unable to get into a combatant branch of service, so went along with the Y. M. C. A. to do concert organization work on the western front. That was in 1918. Producing entertainments for soldiers immediately after the war, he got to Paris every now and then and saw a great deal of his old friend, Paderewski. Paderewski had come to Paris as one of the Polish delegates to the peace conference. When he returned to Warsaw as Premier of Poland he took Walter along with him.

"As secretary, I wrote a few state papers," Walter relates, "and watched the wheels go round in Polish politics. That was a lean but interesting year. We were never hungry but were frequently cold. Czecho-Slovakia controlled the coal supply and hated Poland. As a result, there wasn't a hotel in Warsaw that was heated on both sides at the same time. I would have enjoyed staying longer in Warsaw, but the invading bolsheviki were getting close to the city and I was sent to conduct a trainload of women and children to Paris. There I got a cablegram asking me to come back to New York and take charge of affairs of the old National Symphony Orchestra. I was flattered and accepted before I thought. So here I am, a symphony orchestra manager."

The years since then have been more profitable in a financial sense. But he looks back with greater fondness on those hectic and exciting months in Europe during and following the war. He had during that period several glimpses of the soul of Paderewski under circumstances that stamped them in his memory.

"I remember particularly the night of July 31, 1914," he relates. "It was a tragic night. The war had begun. Nobody knew where or how it would end. I had left Brussels on the night of July 29 for Switzerland, to be present at a fete to be given at Paderewski's home in Morges. As it turned out, I traveled on the last through train that went out of Brussels until after the war. Swiss soldiers in uniform were hastening to the border to go on frontier duty the next day. War was in the air. I was one of many Americans caught in Europe and wondering how I was going to get out. The scene at Paderewski's home was one of both comedy and tragedy. Four distinguished pianists were there, and all were playing jazz—four playing at once on two pianos—Ernest Schelling, Josef Hofmann, Opienski and Stowjowski. I never saw such a sight. An air of hysteria seemed to reign. In the next room were Paderewski, David Jayne Hill, former United States Ambassador to Germany, and several French, English and Swiss diplomats. They kept the telephones busy all night talking to Rome, London and Paris. Paderewski seemed unusually calm and serious. The war clouds had affected him deeply. I shall never forget the picture he presented when at dawn he stood on the terrace with a group of statesmen and musicians around him.

"'GENTLEMEN,' he said, 'the time of reckoning has come. I don't know whether it will be six months or six years. But, believe me, gentlemen, Germany is beaten and Poland will be free.'

"Incidentally, it was through Paderewski and his influence that President Wilson incorporated the freedom of Poland among his famous Fourteen Points.

"There is another incident I won't forget. It happened in Morges in the spring of 1920. Paderewski's finances were in a shocking condition. He had sacrificed everything—time, money, effort—for Poland. He had abandoned music in the spring of 1918 to devote

(Concluded on Page 8.)

INTERESTING ST. LOUISANS

William E. Walter

Symphony Manager Who Is Specialist in Doctoring Ailing Orchestras and Whose Acquaintanceship Includes All of the Great Musical Figures of the Last Forty Years.

By GUY FORSHEY

Of the Post-Dispatch Sunday Magazine Staff

WHEN he was a boy in Cleveland, Willie Walter showed promise of becoming, with time and practice, a pianist. They even went so far as to hope that some day he would be a concert pianist. But a millstone intervened—a very literal millstone in this instance. This millstone had been cast off in the belief that it would never do any more good in the world and had been left leaning against a fence. Willie used to play around it. One day it fell over on Willie's left hand and gave him a convincing excuse for refusing to practice. Thus, he relates now, that worn-out millstone whose usefulness was supposed to be ended saved the world from having to listen to one more very bad pianist.

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WHETHER William E. Walter looks the part of a symphony doctor I am unable to say. He is the first one I ever saw. But he doesn't look either like a concert pianist or a professor of classical languages. He is rather too jovial in appearance and manner and too well-fed looking. He is a short, stout man of 60, who appears to be at least 10 years younger; who laughs readily, talks volubly and never looks worried. He was evasive when I asked him if he attributed his disposition to the fact that he had remained a bachelor. He likes good food and is celebrated for his ability to procure it in hotels and restaurants where its presence is scarcely suspected by the average diner. The secret seems to be in knowing just what to tell the waiter to tell the chef. He likes good books, too. His suite at the Coronado Hotel contains a library of extraordinary proportions. He likes Balzac and Zola especially. He likes good music, likes to travel in Europe. He likes Paderewski.

He can talk for hours about the famous Polish pianist and statesman. He regards his association with Paderewski as the brightest spot in his life, brighter even than his three years on the staff of the old New York Sun under Charles A. Dana. The friendship had its beginning in the early nineteen hundreds, when Walter was engaged to travel ahead of Paderewski on an American tour and organize concerts for him. It continued through the years of the pianist's popularity on the American concert stage, and when Paderewski became Premier of Poland after the war Walter remained with him in Warsaw for several months as his American secretary. He got to know the Polish genius as few other persons have known him. "A man of really true nobility," he says of Paderewski. "A man of stupendous knowledge, in every sense a gentleman."

In his capacity, at various times, as music critic, press agent, concert organizer, symphony orchestra manager, he also got to know many other great artists, as well as innumerable lesser lights of the concert stage. He knew all of that galaxy of opera stars who shone so brightly in the nineties and early nineteen hundreds. Homer, Sembrich, Melba, Eames, Nordica, Calve, Caruso—the list is a long one. That period was a sort of golden age of singers. It produced great instrumentalists, too. But Paderewski, he declares, was the greatest personality of them all and is the greatest personality in music at the present time.

"All great artists," he asserts, "are great for something besides their music. Unless they are they seldom become great artists. They must create for themselves a rich background either of culture or character. Paderewski has both. He is a great musician who is many-sided. He has the mind of a philosopher."

Next to Paderewski, the subject William Walter likes best to talk about is the old New York Sun. What a newspaper the Sun was! How newspapers have changed since the days of Charles A. Dana! Reporters had to dig for news in those days and write it themselves. There was no such thing as a rewrite man. There was hardly such a thing as a typewriter. Dana wouldn't have them in the office. They made too much noise. Reporters had to come in and write their stuff in longhand with purple ink on yellow paper.

And what stuff they could write! Of course, no old-timer of the Sun staff would ever concede now that a modern reporter knows how to get a story or to write it.

WALTER worked three and a half years for the Sun. Before that he worked for two years on the staff of the Cleveland Press. Before that—but I may as well go back to the beginning. He was born in Cleveland in 1869 of New England stock. He was—and is—the elder of two brothers, the younger being no less a personage than Eugene Walter, the distinguished playwright. William finished a four-year high school course in three and went to the University of Michigan.

After two years his money ran out and he appealed to an uncle, Prof. Edward L. Walter of Michigan, for aid. Uncle Edward said William was too frivolous and would have to show evidence of realization that life was something besides a succession of cocktails. So he went to work polishing windows and doorknobs in a Cleveland drug store. After a year of that Uncle Edward was convinced and sent for William to come back to school. William went, and by way of further demonstrating his seriousness of purpose, proceeded to win admitttance to Phi Beta Kappa. He was graduated in the class of 1892. It was at this point that the deadly newspaper bug got its work and William became a reporter. He fell downstairs getting to the office when the Cleveland Press hired him $15 a week.

"I used to read the New York papers regularly," he relates, "and, like every young reporter of the time, I early decided that Cleveland wasn't worth working unless I could get on the New York staff. I finally got to New York and about the first thing I saw was the golden dome of the New York World building. Right there I almost forgot the Sun for the moment. I went on the Sun office, however, and to my surprise they hired me.

"As an experienced reporter, I got $15 a week to start, and eventually was put on space rates, which made it possible to earn at least $35 a week. Columns were columns then, not unleaded nonpareil type. It took a lot of digging to get one. I got to be regarded as a 'bright young man,' as far as I can remember now, but the only permanent contribution I made to journalism was the invention of the word 'peepul.' I once reported a speech Henry Clay Pulitzer made from a cart in Mulberry Street, and in writing my story spelled everything phonetically. 'Peepul' was the only word that caught hold."

The transition from a space-writer reporter to a symphony orchestra manager is quite a transition any way you look at it, but in Walter's case it was so gradual that it seemed to have been a logical development. About 1890 he became deeply interested in music. He refers to that time as the time when he started to "get foolish." He went over to the New York Commercial Advertiser as music critic and stayed there six years.

WHEN a newspaper reporter becomes a music critic he is already entering into a professional phase of some kind, although it's usually hard telling what to emerge from the transition. Walter emerged an opera press agent. He worked for Henry W. Savage, who was producing "Parsifal" in English. Pretty soon came the tour with Paderewski and Walter then found he had saved $1000, a discovery which he celebrated by going to Europe and staying there until he had spent it all. It fastened upon him the horrible habit of going abroad every year.

After that his summer address was always Paris or Berlin or Vienna or some other continental city. For some 13 years a job as press agent for the Boston Symphony Orchestra made that possible. It had other advantages, too. It enabled him to learn the delicate technique of arranging symphony programs, making up annual deficits and handling temperamental performers. It brought about his intimate acquaintance with a number of famous artists. One valuable friendship was that with Dr. Karl Muck, whom Walter regards as the greatest symphony conductor ever to wield a baton.

WALTER liked Boston. He says he stayed there too long. It was the war that took him away. He was unable to get into a combatant branch of service, so went along with the Y. M. C. A. to do concert organization work on the western front. That was in 1918. Producing entertainments for soldiers immediately after the war, he got to Paris every now and then and saw a great deal of his old friend, Paderewski. Paderewski had come to Paris as one of the Polish delegates to the peace conference. When he returned to Warsaw as Premier of Poland he took Walter along with him.

"As secretary, I wrote a few state papers," Walter relates, "and watched the wheels go round in Polish politics. That was a lean but interesting year. We were never hungry but were frequently cold. Czecho-Slovakia controlled the coal supply and hated Poland. As a result, there wasn't a hotel in Warsaw that was heated on both sides at the same time. I would have enjoyed staying longer in Warsaw, but the invading bolsheviki were getting close to the city and I was sent to conduct a trainload of women and children to Paris. There I got a cablegram asking me to come back to New York and take charge of the affairs of the old National Symphony Orchestra. I was flattered and accepted before I thought. So here I am, a symphony orchestra manager."

The years since then have been more profitable in a financial sense. But he looks back with greater fondness on those hectic and exciting months in Europe during and following the war. He had during that period several glimpses of the soul of Paderewski under circumstances that stamped them in his memory.

"I remember particularly the night of July 31, 1914," he relates. "It was a tragic night. The war had begun. Nobody knew where or how it would end. I had left Brussels on the night of July 29 for Switzerland, to be present at a fete to be given at Paderewski's home in Morges. As it turned out, I traveled on the last through train that went out of Brussels until after the war. Swiss soldiers in uniform were hastening to the border to go on frontier duty the next day. War was in the air. I was one of many Americans caught in Europe and wondering how I was going to get out. The scene at Paderewski's home was one of both comedy and tragedy. Four distinguished pianists were there, and all were playing jazz—four playing at once on two pianos—Ernest Schelling, Josef Hofmann, Opienski and Stowjowski. I never saw such a sight. An air of hysteria seemed to reign. In the next room were Paderewski, David Jayne Hill, former United States Ambassador to Germany, and several French, English and Swiss diplomats. They kept the telephones busy all night talking to Rome, London and Paris. Paderewski seemed unusually calm and serious. The war clouds had affected him deeply. I shall never forget the picture he presented when at dawn he stood on the terrace with a group of statesmen and musicians around him.

"'GENTLEMEN,' he said, 'the time of reckoning has come. I don't know whether it will be six months or six years. But, believe me, gentlemen, Germany is beaten and Poland will be free.'

"Incidentally, it was through Paderewski and his influence that President Wilson incorporated the freedom of Poland among his famous Fourteen Points.

"There is another incident I won't forget. It happened in Morges in the spring of 1920. Paderewski's finances were in a shocking condition. He had sacrificed everything—time, money, effort—for Poland. He had abandoned music in the spring of 1918 to devote

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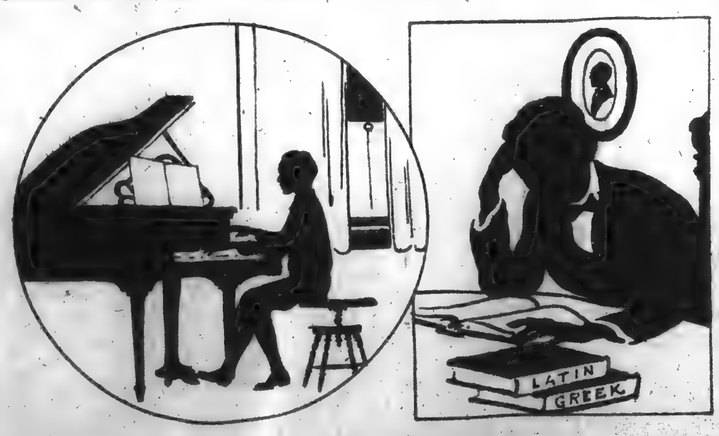

WILLIAM E. WALTER.

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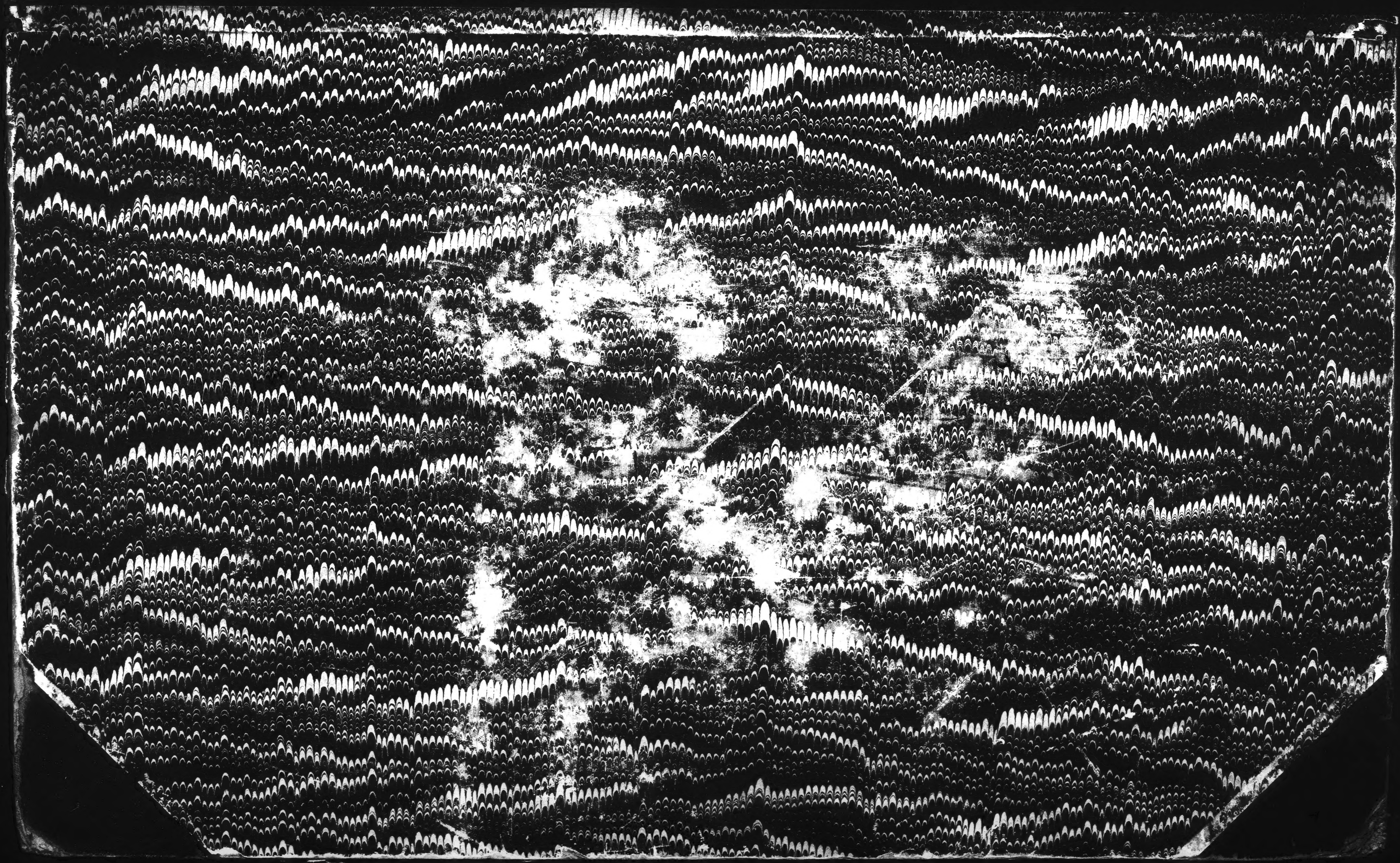

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